

IRISH
MYTHOLOGY



PASSAGeway
TO PREHISTORY

BY
DAVID HUTTNER

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Cover by David Huttner

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Converting the World to English

Illustrations in this Book

[Figure 1: Loch Léin](#)

[Figure 2: Creeslough, Donegal County \(the former Tir Conal\)](#)

[Figure 3: Desmond Castle, Adare, County Limerick, Ireland](#)

[Figure 4: Dover's white cliffs](#)

[Figure 5: Photo of Jeremiah Curtin](#)

[Figure 6: An arch druid in judicial habit](#)

[Figure 7: Macha](#)

[Figure 8: Ventry Harbor & town \(named after Fin\) in County Kerry](#)

[Figure 9: The Gai Bolga \(Lightning Spear\) of Lugh of the Long-arm](#)

[Figure 10: Fraternal hostility numbers and Biblical occurrence](#)

[Figure 11: Kinealy town, near Donegal, and the remains of its dun](#)

[Figure 12: Ballyshannon](#)

[Figure 13: Artist's image of Fin Mccumhail](#)

[Figure 14: Cahirciveen, County Kerry, Ireland](#)

[Figure 15: Cuchulain carrying the corpse of Ferdiad](#)

[Figure 16: Deirdre's Lament](#)

[Figure 17: Maiv, Queen of Connaught](#)

[Figure 18: Cucúlin](#)

These (*the most authentic primitive myths*)*

to one knowing the language,

might be derived from the least modified survivors

of the given peoples' primitive society.

-- Jeremiah Curtin, 1940: 29

**Except for the author's introduction, paragraphs in regular text are those of our Irish ancestors. Paragraphs in italics and parenthetical expressions that begin with "H" are those of the author, David Huttner.*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

1. THE SON OF THE KING OF ERIN AND THE GIANT OF LOCH LÉIN

2. THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF KING O'HARA

3. THE WEAVER'S SON AND THE GIANT OF THE WHITE HILL

4. THE KING OF ERIN AND THE QUEEN OF THE LONESOME ISLAND

5. THE SHEE AN GANNON AND THE GRUAGACH GAIRE

6. THE FISHERMAN'S SON AND THE GRUAGACH OF TRICKS

7. THE THIRTEENTH SON OF THE KING OF ERIN

8. KIL ARTHUR

9. FAIR, BROWN AND TREMBLING

10. SHAKING-HEAD

11. THE BIRTH OF FIN MACCUMHAIL AND THE ORIGIN OF THE FENIANS OF ERIN

12. FIN MACCUMHAIL AND THE FENIANS OF ERIN IN THE CASTLE OF FEAR DUBH

13. FIN MACCUMHAIL AND THE KNIGHT OF THE FULL AXE

14. *GILLA NA GRAKIN AND FIN MACCUMHAIL*

15. *FIN MACCUMHAIL, THE SEVEN BROTHERS AND THE KING OF FRANCE*

16. *BLACK, BROWN AND GRAY*

17. *FIN MACCUMHAIL AND THE SON OF THE KING OF ALBA*

18. *CUCÚLIN*

19. *OISIN IN TIR NA N-OG*

20. *FIN MACCUMHAIL, THE HARD GILLA AND THE HIGH KING*

21. *THE BATTLE OF VENTRY*

AN AFTERWORD

LIST OF WORKS REFERRED TO IN THE TEXT

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

CONNECT WITH DAVE

INTRODUCTION

This book is a supplement to my major work, *Decoding the Deluge and Finding the Path for Civilization* (hence “DTD”). *Irish Mythology* contains my interpretation of many of the myths and myth-tales collected by Jeremiah Curtin from the Gaelic-speaking rural people of northern and western Ireland in the late 1800s. The last two myths herein, “Fin MacCumhail, the Hard Gilla and the High King” and “The Battle of Ventry” first appeared in Curtin’s *Hero Tales of Ireland*, Little Brown and Co., Boston, 1894. Little Brown first published the others in 1890. Dover Publications republished them in 1975 as, *Myths and Folk Tales of Ireland*.

These myths (compromised prehistoric news stories) and myth-tales (compromised stories that describe our prehistoric ancestors) are incredibly entertaining – dramatic, colorful, funny and wise. You can enjoy them purely for their entertainment value as little children do when you read aloud to them. If that’s all you want from them or if that’s what you want *first*, skip forward to the first one and ignore my italicized interpretations. Enjoy!

For the rest of you and those of you returning from a first reading, for all of you adults that want to take responsibility for your lives and share in our species’ responsibility to manage the planet, these tales are the best efforts of our Irish ancestors, efforts as good as those of ancestors anywhere, to pass on to us their most important, passionate and bloody learning, their “sacred” prehistory. They had to make tremendous sacrifices to do this for us because phonetic writing is only about 5ky (*thousand years*) old. For the previous 100-200 ky of our *Homo sapiens* ancestors’ existence and the entire 2 million years of our parent species’ (*Homo erectus*) existence, *prehistory* could only be composed and maintained orally. The tales had to be compromised in a manner that was acceptable to both the most wishful thinkers within the tribe (people whom Freud would refer to as the *superego* forces) and the most realistic people within the tribe (people that Freud would refer to as the *id*-like forces). The folks in the middle, the tribe’s *ego* operators, were charged with articulating the finished product, locking the story into poetic lines and verses that the most honest and trustworthy men of the tribe could memorize and teach to a generation of youngsters like themselves. Typically, these sacred oral histories could only be

fashioned or repeated at night with a solemn and sober quorum of the tribe in attendance.

In the modern era, the keepers of these Irish myths and myth-tales were the poorest and most conservative, Gaelic-speaking people of northern and western Ireland. They tended to be descendants of the *Fir Bolgs*, close relatives of the *Belgae* (earlier, *Pelasgians*) the *Homo sapiens* that took the Isles from *Homo erectus* in the last chapter of the Species War, the 35-40 ky war that swept over the entire planet, by far the most important series of events in the life of man, the cryptic major subject of all our religions and most of our holidays. These ancestors were forced by the Great Flood of 14,634 years BPE (before the present era, year 2000, much more on the Flood later) to leave the isles, but many of them returned in the early-mid Third Millennium B.C. from Greece or the Carpathian Basin where they had learned the most advanced metallurgy of those times. They found tin in Britain and gold in Ireland and, with these ores, they founded what became the Trojan empire, centered at Troy, on the plains of Cambridge, a few km from the modern city of Cambridge. The *Fir Bolgs* and their Trojan lords were defeated by the Goidelic Celts of the continent in the Trojan War, which lasted from 1194 to 1183 B.C. Unlike some of their relatives, the *Fir Bolgs* were too proud to forget their past and accept the falsified prehistory of their Goidelic conquerors, which portrayed the Goidels as early arrivers to the Isles and erased the history of their violent conquest. The descendants of the *Fir Bolgs* paid a terrible price in persecution for their intransigence. Each generation became poorer and more disdainful of the modern world, which they associated with their persecutors. But it is to them and Jeremiah Curtin, the man that learned Gaelic and earned their confidence enough to record their myths and translate them into English, that we are chiefly indebted for the prehistory that you are about to learn.

I took up Jeremiah's scientific challenge, fulfilled his dream to "discover who the characters are beneath their disguises" and Freud's dream to use psychoanalysis to "uncover the prehistory of a nation." I have done the same with most of the world's mythology. There are surely mistakes still in my work, but I'm confident that the New Social Science of the [Peace Love and Progress Party](#) is the basic blueprint for the civilized, sustainable, classless, nationless and happy world *that you need to build*.

1. THE SON OF THE KING OF ERIN AND THE GIANT OF LOCH LÉIN¹

On a time there lived a king and a queen in Erin, and they had an only son. They were very careful and fond of this son; whatever he asked for was granted, and what he wanted he had.

When grown to be almost a young man the son went away one day to the hills to hunt. He could find no game—saw nothing all day. Towards evening he sat down on a hillside to rest, but soon stood up again and started to go home empty-handed. Then he heard a whistle behind him, and turning, saw a giant hurrying down the hill.

*After the Species War had ended in various parts of the world, no one could feel certain that *Homo erecti* didn't still exist somewhere.² Global communications didn't exist. Fear of remaining Neanderthal survivors was as obsessional as the repressed, unconscious, positive side of the ambivalence felt toward them, positive sentiment that translated into a hope that survivors existed.³*

*Our *Homo erectus* parent species became one of the original four, universal elements of the godhead, one of the groups of ancestors and relatives with whom all of us are obsessed owing to*

¹ *Loch Léin* is the former name of one of the Lakes of Killarney.

² To use *Homo erectus* as both the singular and the plural name for our parent species encourages the wishful thinking that there were only a few of them. They were, as the Germanic myth of Balder (DTD, v2, Ch. 21) assures us, secure atop the food chain for about 2 million years. Even during the depths of the Ice Age, 65-70 ky ago, at the start of the Species War, there were as many of these hunter-gatherers as the food chain could accommodate, probably about 2,000,000 worldwide. Similarly, I use *Homo sapien* as the adjective and singular term for us. When in a realistic mood, I refer to us by what is still a more accurate label: *Homo paranoidus schizophrenus*.

³ *Neanderthal* refers to the largest, western variant of *Homo erectus*. They were a little shorter than us but much stronger and more robust. "Giant" ministers to our guilt for having exterminated them. Beat up a runt, you're a bully. Beat up a giant...

*our strong ambivalence (mixed emotions) for them, one of the folks that condensed into pagan gods and demons or (with modern religion) God and Satan. They are the element most feared (owing to our guilt toward them). They are the gods thought to take our lives. They and their hypothetical survivors became distorted symbolically. First, they became totem animals because hunter-gatherers hoped that the souls of the dead would be reincarnated as the animals they needed as food. In the Neolithic, totem gods were reconfigured into hominid form as "giants," "demons" etc. Finally, with the triumph of modern religion, pagan gods were demoted to "leprechauns," "witches," "trolls," etc. In their positive aspect, they remain as a principal part of "God the Father." They are also and entirely Christianity's "Holy Ghost." In the Mideast, to where *Homo erectus* survivors in the high mountains of Central Asia were long dragged; the "Black-headed People" were enslaved throughout the Neolithic and most of the Bronze Age. They were always viewed more negatively in the Mideast where the Species War had begun. There they became the Jinn and the greater part of Islam's "Satan." In the 14th or 15th Century B.C., the Hapiru or Habiru killed the last of our parent species, who were living on reservations that Hammurabi had provided for them in the Transjordan area ("the Holy Land"). See Decoding the Deluge for most everything you'd ever want to know about our prehistory, our parent species and the Species War.*

The giant came to him, took his hand, and said: "Can you play cards?"

Primitive people are generally unconscious of their internal (mental) events. Their belief in magic derives from unconsciousness of their subjective associations and impulses. Events associated in the primitive mind or impulses subject to superego censorship are mistakenly thought by the ego to be causally related in or produced by the external world. Primitive men are never fully conscious of their hypotheses and fail to test them, which is what distinguishes magic (play science) from science.

"I can indeed," said the king's son.

"Well, if you can," said the giant, "we'll have a game here on this hillside."

So, the two sat down, and the giant had out a pack of cards in a twinkling. (H *Magic!*)

"What shall we play for?" asked the giant.

"For two estates," answered the king's son.

They played: the young man won, and went home the better for two estates. (H *Our Homo sapien ancestors took all the estates, the entire Earth, from Homo erectus.*) He was very glad, and hurried to tell his father the luck he had. Next day he went to the same place, and didn't wait long till the giant came again.

"Welcome, king's son," said the giant. "What shall we play for to-day?"

"I'll leave that to yourself," answered the young man.

"Well," said the giant, "I have five hundred bullocks with golden horns and silver hoofs, and I'll play them against as many cattle belonging to you."

Notice that the giant wagers his "bullocks" against the king's son's "cattle." "Bullock" is a term often reserved for bulls that have been castrated. The fact that the "giant" has only bullocks to wager suggests that his gene line may be in danger, that he and his people may need a new bull with which to interbreed. This is hardly the first time that we have come across allusions to the "giants" wanting or needing to inter-marry with our immediate Homo sapien ancestors. See for example, in DTD, allusions to: "the sons of heaven," "The Rape of Dinah" in Genesis 34, fertility rites that propitiate Homo erectus, the Saturn rites and the row over Achilles' concubine, Breisis.

"Agreed," said the king's son.

They played. The giant lost again. He had the cattle brought to the place; and the king's son went home with the five hundred bullocks. The king his father was outside watching, and was more delighted than the day before when he saw the drove of beautiful cattle with horns of gold and hoofs of silver.

When the bullocks were driven in, the king sent for the old blind sage (*Sean dall Glic*), to know what he would say of the young man's luck. "My advice," said the old blind sage, "is not to let your son go the way of the giant again, for if he plays with him a third time, he'll rue it."

But nothing could keep the king's son from playing the third time. Away he went, despite every advice and warning, and sat on the same hillside. He waited long, but no one came. At last,

he rose to go home. That moment he heard a whistle behind him, and turning, saw the giant coming.

“Well, will you play with me to-day?” asked the giant.

“I would,” said the king’s son, “but I have nothing to bet.”

“You have indeed.”

“I have not,” said the king’s son.

“Haven’t you your head?” asked the giant of Loch Léin, for it was he that was in it.

Just look at what this myth says! The giant was thought to inhabit Loch Léin, a famous lake where votive offerings were made. This myth confirms what we concluded in DTD. The wealth of votive offerings that the Irish people threw into lakes and ponds such as Loch Léin (from which wishing wells descend) were offerings to Neanderthal. They were a protective response to guilt, paranoia, and obsessional fear resulting from the extermination of Homo erectus and the disposal of Homo erectus corpses in bodies of water. As I showed in Chapter 23 of DTD, the potlatch ceremonies, made famous by the Northwest Pacific Coast tribes, were similarly motivated. Here too is the origin of that popular proverb, “Quit while you’ve a head.”

“I have,” answered the king’s son.

“So have I my head,” said the giant; “and we’ll play for each other’s heads.”

This third time the giant won the game; and the king’s son was to give himself up in a year and a day to the giant in his castle.

The outcome of the card games and wagers reflects prehistoric fact and obsessional fear. The king’s son won all the land and animals just as our ancestors took the entire earth and its animals from Homo erectus. Yet the boy appears to have lost his head with the third game, just as our ancestors feared that they would lose theirs if the “Homo erecti still at large” or the “gods” deigned to administer justice.

The young man went home sad and weary. The king and queen were outside watching, and when they saw him approaching, they knew great trouble was on him. When he came to where they were, he wouldn’t speak, but went straight into the castle, and wouldn’t eat or drink. He was sad and lamenting for a good while, till at last he disappeared one day, the king and queen

knew not whither. After that, they didn't hear of him—didn't know was he dead or alive.

The young man after he left home was walking along over the kingdom for a long time. One day he saw no house, big or little, till after dark he came in front of a hill, and at the foot of the hill saw a small light. He went to the light, found a small house, and inside an old woman sitting at a warm fire, and every tooth in her head as long as a staff. She stood up when he entered, took him by the hand, and said, "You are welcome to my house, son of the king of Erin." Then she brought warm water, washed his feet and legs from the knees down, gave him supper, and put him to bed.

When he rose next morning, he found breakfast ready before him. The old woman said: "You were with me last night; you'll be with my sister to-night, and what she tells you to do, do, or your head'll be in danger. Now take the gift I give you. Here is a ball of thread: do you throw it in front of you before you start, and all day the ball will be rolling ahead of you, and you'll be following behind winding the thread into another ball."

He obeyed the old woman, threw the ball down, and followed. All the day he was going up hill and down, across valleys and open places, keeping the ball in sight and winding the thread as he went, till evening, when he saw a hill in front, and a small light at the foot of it.

Like a kitten, he follows the magical ball of thread. It and the rustic setting indicates that the old women are witches. Good witches, grúagachs, giants, leprechauns, brownies and fairies are compromise formations for Homo erectus. The king's son and the witches spending the night together suggest that these Homo erectus goddesses accepted him as family and vice versa. The union of the "nobility" with the Sídhe (fairies, pronounced "shee") is the principal method by which Irish religion attempted to resolve the believer's guilt, obsessional fear and paranoia vis-à-vis Neanderthal.

He went to the light and found a house, which he entered. There was no one inside but an old woman with teeth as long as a crutch.

"Oh! Then you are welcome to my house, king's son of Erin," said she. "You were with my sister last night; you are with me to-night; and it's glad I am to see you."

She gave him meat and drink and a good bed to lie on. When he rose next morning breakfast was there before him, and when he had eaten and was ready for the journey, the old woman gave him a ball of thread, saying: "You were with my younger sister the night before last; you were with me last night; and you'll be with my elder sister to-night. You must do what she tells you, or you'll lose your head. You must throw this ball before you, and follow the clew till evening."

*The witches were women associated with both *Homo erectus* and *Homo sapien* men. Of these, the "good" and the "beautiful" witches were generally the *Homo erectus* women. "Bad" witches were *Homo sapien* collaborators. They are part of the network of the pagan gods, gods that modern times demoted to fairies, witches, giants, et al. These good witches are not only manipulating him. They are playing with him as with a kitten, a kitten and a ball of yarn. Search for "witches" in DTD's eBook.*

He threw down the ball: it rolled on, showing the way up and down mountains and hills, across valleys and braes. All day he wound the ball; unceasingly it went till nightfall, when he came to a light, found a little house, and went in.

Inside was an old woman, the eldest sister, who said: "You are welcome, and glad am I to see you, king's son."

She treated him as well as the other two had done. After he had eaten breakfast next morning, she said: "I know well the journey you are on. You have lost your head to the Giant of Loch Léin, and you are going to give yourself up. This giant has a great castle. Around the castle are seven hundred iron spikes, and on every spike of them but one is the head of a king, a queen, or a king's son. The *seven* hundredth spike is empty, and nothing can save your head from that spike if you don't take my advice.

Freud discovered the first two universal objects of ambivalence and elements of the godhead: our competing, same-sex parent and the primal fathers, the alpha males of the horde when we lived as the gorillas still live. (See the Totemism Section in Chapter 4 of DTD.) Freud referred to these two elements, which are closely associated in our minds, as the Oedipus Complex, or, for women, the Electra Complex. The other three universal objects of ambivalence and elements of the godhead are: our parent species and our

ongoing genetic competitors. The Homo sapien victors of the Species War contracted the ambivalence felt toward their victims and gradually arose to pantheons everywhere, becoming a 5th, derivative and universal element of the godhead. (As Hyam Maccoby discovered, the executioner is hated to the extent that his victim is loved and loved to the extent that his victim is hated.) I refer to our ambivalence for and obsession with these three universal elements of the godhead as the Fraternal complex. The obsession with number seven is symptomatic of the ongoing side of our Fraternal complex, ambivalence toward our ongoing genetic competitors, the political expression of which is the K and R Class Struggle. (K is the quality reproductive strategy of the large mammals and the rich; R is the quantity reproductive strategy of the small animals and the poor. The two extremes cause and define each other and are the root cause of all our persistent and pervasive social ills without exception.) All religious works are loaded with number seven. Try to guess the connection between "seven" and our unconscious hostility toward genetic competitors before I explain it below. To emphasize how obsessively this number appears, I italicized every occurrence of it in DTD. The number seven will keep popping up obsessively until we bridle our Fraternal complex, until we civilize our world by minimizing K and R, which means maximizing, respectively, equal opportunity and population control. We must change reproduction from a private right to a socially conferred privilege (or duty)] and create equal opportunity for all our children. Basic equal opportunity requires free trade and immigration, guaranteed necessities (food, housing and medical care), equal educational opportunity, strict limitations upon gifts and inheritance and eliminating cronyism and nepotism from public companies. Equal political opportunity can never exist because by the time we are adults and of age to vote -we are not equal. That will still be true even when we are born with equal opportunity. Cronyism can be eliminated from the government and the party only after we account for these lasting K and R differences by weighting one's vote not only according to his percent of the electorate but also according to his percent of the contributions (i. e. taxes or party donations).

"Here is a ball for you: walk behind it till you come to a lake near the giant's castle. When you come to that lake at midday the ball will be unwound.

"The giant has three young daughters, and they come at noon every day of the year to bathe in the lake. You must watch them well, for each will have a lily on her breast—one a blue, another a white, and the third a yellow lily. You mustn't let your eyes off the one with the yellow lily.

Yellow is a symbol for caution and safety.

Watch her well: when she undresses to go into the water, see where she puts her clothes; when the three are out in the lake swimming, do you slip away with the clothes of Yellow Lily.

"When the sisters come out from bathing, and find that the one with the yellow lily has lost her clothes, the other two will laugh and make game of her, and she will crouch down crying on the shore, with nothing to cover her, and say, 'How can I go home now, and everybody making sport of me? Whoever took my clothes, if he'll give them back to me, I'll save him from the danger he is in, if I have the power.'"

*Sounds like a setup, doesn't it? It sounds as if the Neanderthals want the king's son to marry one of their daughters. Not knowing about genes, these early ancestors and relatives would have found it impossible to understand why the apparently identical sexual organs, which functioned reproductively for each subspecies in a mechanically-identical way, could not combine to produce fertile offspring. And we can deduce that the *Homo erectus/Homo sapien* hybrids were sterile for three reasons. First, hybrids are almost always sterile. Second, the two species or sub-species were unable to peacefully coexist (the myths and rituals from all over the world invariably include "deluge" material that decodes to reveal the extermination of *Homo erectus* by our immediate ancestors). Third, we know that different varieties of *Homo erectus* genes are not among us. We all descend from a single African female. (Search for "hybrids" and "Eve" in the digital version of DTD.)*

The king's son followed the ball till nearly noon, when it stopped at a lake not far from the giant's castle. Then he hid behind a rock at the water's edge, and waited.

At midday the three sisters came to the lake, and, leaving their clothes on the strand, went into the water. When all three were in the lake swimming and playing with great pleasure and sport, the king's son slipped out and took the clothes of the sister with the yellow lily. After they had bathed in the lake to their hearts' content, the three sisters came out. When the two with the blue and the white lilies saw their sister on the shore and her clothes gone, they began to laugh and make sport of her.

Then, cowering and crouching down, she began to cry and lament, saying: "How can I go home now, with my own sisters laughing at me? If I stir from this, everybody will see me and make sport of me."

The sisters went home and left her there. When they were gone, and she was alone at the water crying and sobbing, all at once she came to herself and called out: "Whoever took my clothes, I'll forgive him if he brings them to me now, and I'll save him from the danger he is in if I can."

*An alleged, closer familial connection with the *Homo erecti*, the original "gentry," is what defined the *Homo sapien* gentry.⁴ Intermarriage between us and them, were it fully possible, would have prevented the Species War. The "royalty" thought to be part of *Homo erectus*' family were the logical (magical and wishful) descendants of the *ixtlitzins* (puppet surrogates of the gods, chosen by magician priests and required to be worshipped before being ritually sacrificed at the end of month-long, end-to-end festivals).*

When he heard this, the king's son put the clothes out to her, and stayed behind himself till she told him to come forth.

Then she said: "I know well where you are going. My father, the Giant of Loch Léin, has a soft bed waiting for you—a deep tank of water for your death. [H *Here's the bed, displaced from the stealing of the clothes scene.*] But don't be uneasy; go into the water, and wait till I come to save you. Be at that castle above before my father. When he comes home to-night and asks for you,

⁴⁴ Belief in the lords of the Isles, the British gentry, was stronger than the belief in others because all Europe knew that the *Homo erecti* had been driven westward, toward the Isles; and it was hoped that an accommodation was reached there, saving *Homo erectus* from extinction and us from damnation.

take no meat from him, but go to rest in the tank when he tells you."

*Numerous rituals and myths, which appear all over the world but are exceptionally popular in the New World and Eurasia's cul-de-sacs, psychoanalyze to tell how our ancestors dealt with *Homo erecti*. They recycled them into *Homo sapiens* babies. (They cannibalized them.) They then disposed of the less edible body parts in one of three ways: (1) they burned them in huge bonfires; (2) threw them into water bodies or (3) loaded them onto rafts that they set ablaze and shoved out to sea. The first, most common method, has been commemorated in two ways: by the fire festivals held all over the world and by the throwing of dirt upon the ashes, a practice that caused mounds to gradually accumulate at these sacred locations. "Fairy Mounds" once dotted Ireland, and the Gaelic word for the fairies, *Sídhe*, literally means "People of the Fairy Mounds." Some mounds later supported sacrificial temples, became enlarged into pyramids, interred emperors and terracotta warriors, etc. See, for example, in DTD, the Myth of Balder (Ch. 21), and Chapters 29 and 30.*

*At least among the Celts and the Scythians, the obsessional fear of *Homo erectus* (later the "giants," the "Devil," or "God") returning and destroying the world by fire or water was inspired by what had been another crime. These ancestors (and probably others too) had eliminated some of the *Homo erecti* by holding their heads under water, for that was the form that religious sacrifice often assumed among their descendants. (Cf. Rutherford: 63) In a kinder, gentler period, "baptism" repetitiously and compulsively modified associations with the same primordial traumas. At a more conscious level, symbolic, baptismal travails were thought to protect the baptized one by giving him or her a "fiery soul," by endearing him or her to the *Homo erectus* gods.*

The giant's daughter left the king's son, who went his way to the castle alone at a fair and easy gait, for he had time enough on his hands and to spare.

When the Giant of Loch Léin came home that night, the first question he asked was, "Is the son of the king of Erin here?" "I am," said the king's son.

"Come," said the giant, "and get your evening's meat."

"I'll take no meat now, for I don't need it," said the king's son. (H "*Unlike those nasty ancestors of mine, I've become a vegetarian, Sir.*")

"Well, come with me then, and I'll show you your bed." He went, and the giant put the king's son into the deep tank of water to drown, and being tired himself from hunting all day over the mountains and hills of Erin, he went to sleep.

That minute his youngest daughter came, took the king's son out of the tank, placed plenty to eat and to drink before him, and gave him a good bed to sleep on that night. The giant's daughter watched till she heard her father stirring before daybreak; then she roused the king's son, and put him in the tank again.

Soon the giant came to the tank and called out: "Are you here, son of the king of Erin?"

"I am," said the king's son.

"Well, come out now. There is a great work for you today. I have a stable outside, in which I keep five hundred horses, and that stable has not been cleaned these *seven* hundred years. My great-grandmother when a girl lost a slumber-pin (*bar an suan*) somewhere in that stable, and never could find it. You must have that pin for me when I come home to-night; if you don't, your head will be on the *seven* hundredth spike tomorrow."

Cleaning of the Augean stables was one of the twelve labors that Heracles (a famous hybrid of Greek mythology) was forced to perform. Like many other "Greek" myths, this was probably borrowed from Irish (Fir Bolg) mythology because it's only a summary of what we see here. "Cleaning out a stable and removing the slumber pin within it" is symbolic of reversing Homo sapien-Homo erectus relations. The horse was a symbol for Homo erectus, and the slumber pin is a symbol for an arrow. Our ancestors used the bow and arrow to put the Homo erecti to sleep—permanently. This invention, once laminated and able to cast an arrow with enough force to penetrate a Homo erectus rib cage, enabled our ancestors to break away from the Homo erectus long house (wherein tribal peoples lived polyamorously); to live autonomously and, eventually, to launch and win the Species War.

Deborah Conant, a jazz harpist, has observed that the harp, the instrument of the "angels," was inspired by the sound and shape of the hunting bow, the invention of our ancestors that enabled them to defeat a physically stronger opponent. After the Species War, even the names for this guilt-piquing weapon became everywhere taboo. Note also that angels are often depicted with halos. In Neolithic times, "angels" were soldiers in the army of the sun god. The sun god was the chief or condensation of the propitiated and co-opted Homo erecti or (later) the Homo sapien counterpart. The sun god and his army were thought, in Pleistocene and early Neolithic times, to daily and seasonally battle the "demons" (unpropitiated Homo erectus spirits or the negative aspects of the universal elements of the godhead) for control of the sun. The angel's halo replaced the sun's aurora (a uniform of sorts), and the harp replaced the bow and arrow. (Page 33 shows HR Millar's drawing of Irish sun god Lugh's magical "Gai Bolga," "spear of lightning," which was, of course, a compromised bow and arrow.)

Then two shovels were brought for him to choose from to clean out the stable, an old and a new one. He chose the new shovel, and went to work. For every shovelful he threw out, two came in; and soon the door of the stable was closed on him.

When the stable-door was closed, the giant's daughter called from outside: "How are you thriving now, king's son?"

"I'm not thriving at all," said the king's son; "for as much as I throw out, twice as much comes in, and the door is closed against me."

If still alive as gods or otherwise, the Homo erecti wouldn't want anything about their past to be compromised or forgotten; and it isn't possible to compensate them for the wrongs they suffered.

"You must make a way for me to come in, and I'll help you," said she.

"How can I do that?" asked the king's son.

However, she did it. The giant's daughter made her way into the stable, and she wasn't long inside till the stable was cleared, and she saw the *bar an suan*.

Anal eroticism may also be implied here.

"There is the pin over there in the corner," said she to the king's son, who put it in his bosom to give to the giant.

The arrow is now in the bosom of Homo sapien, a reversal of the prehistoric past; symbolic justice has been accomplished.

Now he was happy, and the giant's daughter had good meat and drink put before him. When the giant himself came home, he asked: "How did you do your work to-day?"

"I did it well; I thought nothing of it."

"Did you find the *bar an suan*?"

"I did indeed; here 't is for you."

"Oh! Then," said the giant, "it is either the devil or my daughter that helped you to do that work, for I know you never did it alone."

"It's neither the devil nor your daughter, but my own strength that did the work," said the son of the king of Erin.

"You have done the work; now you must have your meat."

"I want no meat to-day; I am well satisfied as I am," said the king's son.

"I'm not one of those vile, animal- and Neanderthal-eating Homo sapiens, Mr. Giant, Sir."

"Well," said the giant, "since you'll have no meat, you must go to sleep in the tank."

"If I don't kill you by eating you, I'll kill you by drowning you."
The mythmakers are switching from one obsessional fear of Neanderthal to another.

He went into the tank. The giant himself was soon snoring, for he was tired from hunting over Erin all day. The moment her father was away, Yellow Lily came, took the king's son out of the tank, gave him a good supper and bed, and watched till the giant was stirring before daybreak. Then she roused the king's son and put him in the tank.

"Are you alive in the tank?" asked the giant at daybreak.

"I am," said the king's son.

"Well, you have a great work before you to-day. That stable you cleaned yesterday hasn't been thatched these *seven* hundred years, and if you don't have it thatched for me when I come home to-night, with birds' feathers, and not two feathers of one color or kind, I'll have your head on the *seven* hundredth spike to-morrow."

Birds are symbolic of the phallus and the spirits. Obtaining their feathers is symbolic of an ordeal that tests his sexual and spiritual strength.

“Here are two whistles—an old, and a new one; take your choice of them to call the birds.”

The king’s son took the new whistle, and set out over the hills and valleys, whistling as he went. But no matter how he whistled, not a bird came near him. At last, tired and worn out with traveling and whistling, he sat down on a hillock and began to cry. That moment Yellow Lily was at his side with a cloth, which she spread out, and there was a grand meal before him.

Again, the king’s son’s choice of new equipment is symbolic of our tendency to falsify or black out the past, especially, our parent species. Worshiping a faceless and poetic but imaginary “God” is no substitute for recognizing and remembering our true creators and forbears.

*As for the second half of the name, “Yellow Lily,” lilies, rooted to the bottom of ponds, grow upright in the water. The buds grow and open to emit a bulbous flower, which later retracts into the water to form its seeds. It associates with a person standing in the water, with *Homo erectus* bobbing up and down in his watery grave. That’s why Christians give lilies at Easter. Earlier, the Egyptians had a thriving cult of “Abydos,” a man who was thought to be within the water lily. Search for “Abydos” in digital DTD.*

Also note that a couple in the woods has need of a blanket for more than just eating. Confirm our earlier interpretations of the clothes at the swimming hole and the cleaning of the stables.

He hadn’t finished eating and drinking, before the stable was thatched with birds’ feathers, and no two of them of one color or kind. [*H* Yellow Lily, like all the *Homo erectus* fairies, has extraordinary powers.]

When he came home that evening the giant called out: “Have you the stable thatched for me to-night?”

“I have indeed,” said the king’s son; “and small trouble I had with it.”

“If that’s true,” said the giant, “either the devil or my daughter helped you.”

The "demons" (unpropitiated *Homo erectus* spirits) and "giants" (the *Homo erecti* "still at large") condensed with the negative aspect of the other elements of the godhead into the "Devil."

"It was my own strength, and not the devil or your daughter that helped me," said the king's son.

He spent that night as he had the two nights before. Next morning, when the giant found him alive in the tank, he said: "There is great work before you to-day, which you must do, or your head'll be on the spike to-morrow. *Below here, under my castle, is a tree nine hundred feet high, and there isn't a limb on that tree, from the roots up, except one small limb at the very top, where there is a crow's nest. The tree is covered with glass from the ground to the crow's nest.* In the nest is one egg: you must have that egg before me here for my supper to-night, or I'll have your head on the seven hundredth spike to-morrow." [H emphasis mine]

Notice that the above paragraph contains a subtle admission and turning point in the tale! "Giants" are generally symbolic of the thoroughly evil *Homo erecti* feared to be still at large. To say that there is a glass tree, 900 feet high, with only one branch and nest at the top, holding the giant's castle and **under** the castle tells us that the "giant" and his castle and daughter are in heaven. Their race has been extinct for a long time, and they are the *Homo erectus* component of "God," the component that takes our lives when not adequately propitiated with sacrifices and reparations, the component that includes Christianity's "Holy Ghost." He and She have transcendent powers, which explains why They and the witch/sisters are so well organized.

Also, number nine, as in 0,1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9, is symbolic of the end of the line—especially *Homo erectus'* gene line. That's what this branchless, nine-hundred-foot-high tree—beneath the giant's castle—with him, his daughter and her egg at the top—represents. It is the long, narrow, extinct, family tree of *Homo erectus*. The king's son must climb that tree and fertilize that egg. He must impregnate the giant's daughter. He must make reparations for our archaic ancestor's extinction.

Crows were also symbolic of *Homo erectus*. "Bran," which in Gaelic has crow as one of its meanings, was also the name of a Síde warrior god and the name of Fin MacCumhail's fairy dog. The crow

*was also the symbol for Cronus (Saturn to the Romans), the Greek lord of the Titans (Neanderthal). Crows are black, and the *Homo erecti* were, in the myths of several peoples, referred to as the “black-headed” or “black-haired people.” (Search for these terms in DTD.)*

*Then, as is characteristic of all neurotic symptoms (as half-measures or compromise formations reflecting ambivalence), the negative emotions toward *Homo erectus* and the father take over. The myth-maker’s superego, the agency of the mind that guards against pain and censors potentially dangerous dreams, objects to the developing message and the myth-makers’ ego placates the superego by stating that the giant’s intention is to eat the egg.*

The giant went hunting, and the king’s son went down to the tree, tried to shake it, but could not make it stir. Then he tried to climb; but no use, it was all slippery glass. Then he thought, “Sure I’m done for now; I must lose my head this time.”

He stood there in sadness, when Yellow Lily came, and said: “How are you thriving in your work?”

Of course, fertilizing the “crow’s” egg requires her assistance.

“I can do nothing,” said the king’s son.

“Well, all that we have done up to this time is nothing to climbing this tree. [H *Until now, they’ve only been flirting with one another.*] But first, let us sit down together and eat, and then we’ll talk,” said Yellow Lily.

Here is the sexual climax to the dream: “the king’s son” and the Neanderthal goddess make a baby.

They sat down, she spread the cloth again, and they had a splendid feast. When the feast was over... [H *It is now necessary to repeat the love-making mythologically.*] ... she took out a knife from her pocket and said, “Now you must kill me, strip the flesh from my bones, take all the bones apart, and use them as steps for climbing the tree. When you are climbing the tree, they will stick to the glass as if they had grown out of it; but when you are coming down, and have put your foot on each one, they will drop into your hand when you touch them. Be sure and stand on each bone, leave none untouched; if you do, it will stay behind.

She’s saying, “You must accept me as I am. Take all of me—even my slanted forehead, my receding chin and my reptilian skull.” Her dismemberment is also symbolic of the pain of childbirth, and

her bones “stick to the tree” because they are closely symbolic of the dead Neanderthal of her family tree.

Put all my flesh into this clean cloth by the side of the spring at the roots of the tree. When you come to the earth, arrange my bones together, put the flesh over them, sprinkle it with water from the spring, and I shall be alive and well before you.

*Many myths told of gods making *Homo sapiens* by sprinkling water or blood upon *Homo erectus* bones (e. g. Quetzalcoatl making the men of the 5th Sun) or “casting behind them the bones of the Earth that turned into men (e. g. Deucalion). These referred to *Homo sapiens* cannibalizing *Homo erecti* to reproduce their own kind. Here, the Irish mythmaker is suggesting that the same metaphorical process might be used to make a hybrid baby. The hybrids were the greatest warriors and heroes of our mythologies. Like mules, they tended to be bigger and smarter than both parents, but they were sterile. *Homo sapiens* and *Homo erecti* could only combine their genes in one generation of sterile hybrids. Thus, the Species War was inevitable. The world could only belong to them or us.*

But don’t forget a bone of me on the tree.”

“How could I kill you,” asked the king’s son, “after what you [H *Homo erecti*] have done for me [H us *Homo sapiens*]?”

Here, in one synecdochic line, is a perfect expression of the prehistoric component of the Fraternal complex, the mainspring of past human guilt, the prehistoric model for man’s ongoing, Fraternal complex insanity. We murdered our father species. We murdered the race that begot us, protected us and shared with us their culture.

“If you won’t obey, you and I are done for,” said Yellow Lily. “You must climb the tree, or we are lost; and to climb the tree you must do as I say.”

The king’s son obeyed. He killed Yellow Lily, cut the flesh from her body, and disjoined the bones, as she had told him. As he went up, the king’s son put the bones of Yellow Lily’s body against the side of the tree, using them as steps, till he came under the nest and stood on the last bone. Then he took the crow’s egg; and coming down, put his foot on every bone, and then took it with him, till he came to the last bone, which was so near the ground

that he failed to touch it with his foot. He now placed all the bones of Yellow Lily in order again at the side of the spring, put the flesh on them, sprinkled it with water from the spring.

She rose up before him, and said: "Didn't I tell you not to leave a bone of my body without stepping on it? Now I am lame for life! You left my little toe on the tree without touching it, and I have but nine toes."

As Freud and psychoanalysis tell us time and again, the foot or the toe is symbolic of genitalia. Yellow Lily losing a toe has a double meaning. First, it symbolizes her hymen, which got left behind. The prince deflowered her. Secondly, her being left with only 9 toes is an assertion of the reality principle. The id of the myth-maker(s) is subtly admitting that the hybrid baby will not be fertile. It will not appreciably extend the life of Homo erectus' genes on Earth.

The Prince's relatively easy job of climbing the tree is symbolic of the relatively easy male role in reproduction: providing for the pregnant woman and child.

When the giant came home that night, the first words he had were, "Have you the crow's egg for my supper?"

"I have," said the king's son.

"If you have, then either the devil or my daughter is helping you."

"It is my own strength that's helping me," said the king's son.

Notice that the Prince's refusal to credit Yellow Lily for her contributions reflects Homo sapiens' failure to recognize and credit our parent species (whom we have blacked out of consciousness) for their contributions: conquering the big cats, rising securely to the top of Earth's food-chain, accomplishing the primal revolution that launched civilization, teaching us their language and Paleolithic culture. (See the "Totemism" subsection of Chapter 4 of DTD.)

"Well, whoever it is, I must forgive you now, and your head is your own."

With the birth of progeny, Neanderthal is satisfied (for the time being, anyway). Our boy is released.

So, the king's son was free to go his own road, and away he went, and never stopped till he came home to his own father and

mother, who had a great welcome before him; and why not? For they thought he was dead.

When the son was at home a time, the king called up the old blind sage, and asked, "What must I do with my son now?"

"If you follow my advice," said the old blind sage, "you'll find a wife for him; and then he'll not go roaming away again, and leave you as he did before."

The king was pleased with the advice, and he sent a message to the king of Lochlin to ask his daughter in marriage.

Confirm our interpretation of the giant's pedigree. Although Curtin's note here says that "Lochlin" refers to Denmark, it appears to me—and a Gaelic-speaking friend confirms—that "Lochlin" is just the imported, anglicized form of the Gaelic "Loch Léin." The Giant of Loch Léin is the native, Neanderthal counterpart of the imported (Homo sapien) King of Lochlin. They are corresponding, prehistoric and ongoing Fraternal complex objects.

The King of Lochlin came with the daughter and a ship full of attendants, and there was to be a grand wedding at the castle of the king of Erin.

Now, the king's son asked his father to invite the Giant of Loch Léin and Yellow Lily to the wedding. The king sent messages for them to come.

The king's son wisely anticipates that the giant and his daughter might have something to say about the proposed new marriage. But how do you tell your parents that their daughter-in-law is a Neanderthal—literally?

The day before the marriage there was a great feast at the castle. As the feast went on, and all were merry, the Giant of Loch Léin said: "I never was at a place like this but one man sang a song, a second told a story, and a third played a trick."

Then the king of Erin sang a song, the king of Lochlin told a story, and when the turn came to the giant, he asked Yellow Lily to take his place.

She threw two grains of wheat in the air, and there came down on the table two pigeons.

The previous references assure us that the mythmakers are reflecting upon Homo erectus, our exterminated parent species. Repression of the positive side of the ambivalence felt toward them

caused them to be projected as spirits. These spirits were universal, timeless (due to their association with ongoing genetic competitors) and magnified (due to the condensation of historical multitudes into a few mythological characters). The power of these giants/gods and their magic also grew in inverse proportion to the diminishing power of the individual vis-à-vis society.

The cock pigeon pecked at the hen and pushed her off the table. Then the hen called out to him in a human voice, "You wouldn't do that to me the day I cleaned the stable for you."

Next time Yellow Lily put two grains of wheat on the table. The cock ate the wheat, pecked the hen, and pushed her off the table to the floor. The hen said: "You would not do that to me the day I thatched the stable for you with birds' feathers, and not two of one color or kind."

The third time Yellow Lily put two more grains of wheat on the table. The cock ate both, and pushed the hen off to the floor. Then the hen called out: "You wouldn't do that to me the day you killed me and took my bones to make steps up the glass tree nine hundred feet high to get the crow's egg for the supper of the Giant of Loch Léin, and forgot my little toe when you were coming down, and left me lame for life." [H *Notice that the "loss of the little toe and lameness" is the last and most important of all her grievances. Its insertion here confirms that it symbolizes her lost virginity, the thing most at issue during the king's son's wedding.*]

"Well," said the king's son to the guests at the feast, "when I was a little younger than I am now, I used to be everywhere in the world sporting and gaming; and once when I was away, I lost the key of a casket that I had. I had a new key made; and after it was brought to me, I found the old one. Now, I'll leave it to anyone here to tell what am I to do—which of the keys should I keep?"

Notice that bachelorhood is described as "sporting and gaming," and married life is compared to being in a casket, a coffin—to death. That's the negative side of his speech.

Our transitions to exogamy and monogamy, brought about by the primal revolution and class differences that started in the Neolithic respectively, have both been imperfect and incomplete. Few, if any of us, ever find a partner that we love and desire as much as we love our opposite-sex parent and our siblings. Our First Mask

masks our greatest loves to facilitate and resign ourselves to our unhappy exogamous and monogamous marriages. We must first civilize the world (with equal opportunity and population control, the antidotes to the K and R strategies. Thereafter, we can adopt the Stage II system of marriage and child-rearing to perfect the transitions to exogamy and monogamy and enable everyone to enjoy love and marriage with the best possible partner. Marriage is especially challenging in the male-dominated West, where males are thought to be smarter than females, and are expected to make all the decisions. Females are, in fact, much smarter than males regarding love and marriage. Here the prince admits this and asks others to tell him what to do.

On the positive side, he is recalling the sexual relations he enjoyed with Yellow Lily, "having the key in the box." But the mythmakers' superegos would not permit this explicit expression of sexuality. They compromised it. It was not the box that was lost and a new box found, but the key and a new key. This conversion of a sexual symbol into its opposite is likely if the mythmakers were of the opposite sex from their protagonist. And this we already know to be likely owing to the creative metaphors about childbirth and reproduction and the moral injunction that is the myth's message: stand by your woman. Women appear to have played a much more active role in Irish mythology than they did in western mythology generally. Perhaps this was owing to the destruction and suppression first of the Trojan or Fir Bolg priesthood by the Goidelic Celts, then of the druidic priesthood by the Romans and later suppression of the druids by the Catholic Church. The long absence of an organized, male-dominated, clerical hierarchy, gave greater scope to female religious activity and influence.

"My advice to you," said the king of Lochlin, "is to keep the old key, for it fits the lock better, and you're more used to it."

When he damaged it, "left the toe on the tree," he bought it!

Then the king's son stood up and said: "I thank you, King of Lochlin, for a wise advice and an honest word. This is my bride, the daughter of the Giant of Loch Léin. I'll have her, and no other woman. Your daughter is my father's guest, and no worse, but better, for having come to a wedding in Erin."

The king's son married Yellow Lily, daughter of the Giant of Loch Léin, the wedding lasted long, and all were happy.

And so, we see that "Yellow Lily" was a safe (yellow) fairy with respect to all Irishmen. The main purpose of this myth-tale was to affect the union of the Síde and the Irish people through the intermarriage of their royal families. Once that unity was affected, the Irish needed not to fear the Giant of Loch Léin—at least not until their unconscious past was reactivated by similar, unconscious hostility toward one another, toward ongoing genetic competitors.

*We shall see that this method of dealing with obsessional "deluge" fear, guilt, and paranoia (and the ongoing, unconscious hostility toward genetic competitors with which it associates) is characteristic of Irish mythology. I have referred to our unconscious ambivalence toward one another as genetic competitors and the associated, prehistoric, *Homo erectus* model for that ambivalence, as the *Fraternal complex*. It is dynamically like the *Oedipal complex*, but the objects are different. The resolutions of each complex require us to renounce instinctual impulses and accept forms of compensation. All revolutions in our social behavior, all great advances in our civility and cooperation involve this.*

*Note also that the K strategy correlates with male domination and the West, and the R strategy correlates with female domination and the East to produce western MK and eastern FR extreme societies. These East-West cultural differences would have begun no later than the first divisions of the first militarily-successful *Homo sapien* tribal family in lower Mesopotamia. Thereafter, the differences were maintained by force of habit (tradition) and gender shaping of the most important cultural institutions, religion and—especially—language. (See DTD, Chapters 7, 13 and the Conclusion.)*



Loch Léin, home of this myth-tale's giant



This photo of Creeslough, Donegal County was taken by Renan Ferreira. Donegal is roughly the former Tir Conal, the home of “Fair Brown and Trembling” (Myth-tale 9, below).

2. The Three Daughters of King O'Hara

The next myth-tale is so challenging that it requires its own introduction. Our tendency to draw linguistic distinctions and the many aspects of this myth are likely to prevent you from seeing that it is actually about only one subject. Recall that I have insisted above and in all my other works that the K and R Class Struggle is the root cause of all our pervasive and persistent social ills, without exception. That struggle and its prehistoric model, both aspects of the Fraternal complex, can be attributed to and described as **unbridled reproductive (or genetic) competition**. Even the Oedipus Complex can be seen as a symptom of this competition, of our Fraternal complex, once one realizes that but for this problem, we would have a civilized world in which the Stage II system of marriage and child rearing would be inaugurated and would totally eliminate the Oedipus Complex and all other marital and family problems. You might want to read "Stage II of the Nonviolent Rainbow Revolution" before studying this myth. (All the eBooks of the Party are FREE to download at <https://PeaceLoveAndProgressParty.org/downloads>. If you want to try to interpret it without my help, you can more easily read the myth-tale by itself on the web at <https://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/celt/mfli/mfli02.htm>.

There was a king in Desmond whose name was Coluath O'Hara, and he had three daughters. On a time when the king was away from home, the eldest daughter took a thought that she'd like to be married.

*The fact that O'Hara's kingdom is in Desmond tells us that he is a real king and not just perceived as such by his children.*⁵

⁵ Wikipedia tells us: "The Kingdom of Desmond was a historic kingdom located on the southwestern coast of Ireland. The name is Irish in origin – *Deas-Mhumhain* – which means *South Munster*. The Kingdom of Desmond originated in 1118, based on the Treaty of *Glanmire*, when the major parts of the prior Kingdom of Munster fractured into the Kingdom of Desmond and the Kingdom of Thomond (Irish: *Tuadh-Mhumhain*, meaning *North Munster*)."

So, she went up in the castle, put on the cloak of darkness which her father had, and wished for the most beautiful man under the sun as a husband for herself.

For a long time, I thought that “putting on a cloak of darkness” only meant going to sleep and dreaming. In dreams, we are able to contemplate and see things that our superegos otherwise block. But notice: it’s a cloak of darkness that her father, the king, had. Here, “cloak of darkness” also refers to the ability of rich and powerful people to employ others, to delegate tasks to them and secretly have their way. The “most beautiful man under the sun” would be the man who looks most like her father. We love our siblings too, but more for their sexuality than their faces. See sexual and sibling imprinting in Chapter 4 of DTD. The mention of only the father in the first paragraph confirms that she has him in mind.

She got her wish; for scarcely had she put off the cloak of darkness, when there came, in a golden coach with four horses, two black and two white, the finest man she had ever laid eyes on, and took her away.

“Two white and the two black horses” has many possible interpretations. Here’s the right one: the white horses symbolize his heterosexual side and the black ones his homosexual side. He is a bisexual man. He is like her father “the finest man she had ever laid eyes on” because he is rich and powerful. He hides his homosexual side except as needed to seduce other men.

If mom has a partner whom she loves and doesn’t stay too close to us for too long (producing effeminate and unmistakably homosexual young men and masculine and unmistakably homosexual young women), then we transfer our desires to our sibling(s) or whomever is most like a sibling. Other factors such as age differences notwithstanding, people with only same-sex siblings become homosexual; people with only opposite-sex siblings become heterosexual and people with both become bisexual. Of course, sexual orientation refers not to what we do but what we want to do with whom. Since nobody gets to choose his siblings, homophobia and sexual orientation discrimination is monstrous.

When the second daughter saw what had happened to her sister, she put on the cloak of darkness, and wished for the next best man in the world as a husband.

She put off the cloak; and straightway there came, in a golden coach with four black horses, a man nearly as good as the first, and took her away.

The second team of four black horses says that this man is homosexual. He too is most beautiful and successful because, like their father, he is a latent (hidden) homosexual. Loveless, angry and malicious latent homosexual people rise right to the top in our savage K and R world. Latent homosexual people, Orwellian Big Brothers, are also compulsive liars. If you can lie about something as basic as whom you love, then you can and do lie about virtually everything else. Homophobia forces latent homosexual people to adopt a false persona, a Third Mask, that portrays them as the opposite of the loving person hiding beneath the mask. The Third Mask gradually makes them into the monsters of society. The wealthiest and most powerful families (like the O'Hara's of this tale) are simply those that have been the most and the longest dominated by latent homosexuals. The major cause of homophobia, in men, is their need to become killing machines due to our savagely-high, unregulated and female-instinct-driven birthrate, due to women being baby-making machines. The other major source of homophobia, effecting men and women, is the post-Neolithic compulsion to be monogamous. Monogamy forces bisexual folks to be only half satisfied and homosexual folks to choose between having children and having love. For the first K farmers to leave the long house, unrestrained reproductive competition translated into property accumulation, and monogamous marriage was needed to keep the property intact and pass it to one or a very few genetic heirs. But (homosexual) sons were also needed to defend their claims to private property and do the hard work of farming. The very monogamy that the first Ks needed to constitute themselves as a class oppressed their homosexual sons. Our Party proposes a "Group Marriage Bill" and the "Stage II" plan for marriage and child rearing, the simplified and standardized socialist family, which will eliminate all sexual, marital and family problems. ("Royalty" claims constitute a Fifth Mask. For the five masks, see Article 28 of Selected Works, v1.)

The third sister put on the cloak, and wished for the best white dog in the world.

The first two sisters imprinted each other and are latently homosexual. The youngest sister is young enough to have been like an only child and heterosexual. She chooses a “white dog,” a heterosexual man because she values love more than material success. Heterosexuals, especially heterosexual men, are disfavored and discriminated against in workplaces dominated by latent homosexuals of their own gender, by wearers of the Third Mask. Heterosexual men can be accurately described as the dogs of the daytime. See DTD, Chapter 4 for “sexual imprinting.” See DTD, Stage II or Selected Works, Vol. 1, for the basic, historically-created masks.

Presently he came, with one man attending, in a golden coach and four snow-white horses and took the youngest sister away.

The dog comes with four white horses. Confirm that he’s a heterosexual man. By marrying him, she is breaking with the tradition of her “royal,” Fifth and Third Mask family. (It is safe to assume that at least the first member of every “royal,” Fifth Mask family had the Third Mask before adopting the Fifth.)

When the king came home, the stable-boy told him what had happened while he was gone. He was enraged beyond measure when he heard that his youngest daughter had wished for a white dog, and gone off with him.

When the first man brought his wife home he asked: “In what form will you have me in the daytime—as I am now in the daytime, or as I am now at night?”

“As you are now in the daytime.”

So, the first sister had her husband as a man in the daytime; but at night he was a seal.

This bisexual husband desires his wife, but she is homosexual and has no sexual desire for him. She is also turned off by his bisexual inability to be monogamous.

The second man put the same question to the middle sister, and got the same answer; so, the second sister had her husband in the same form as the first.

The second sister and her man are both latently homosexual. Both have married for security, property accumulation and reproduction of their own genes. This too is not a happy marriage.

When the third sister came to where the white dog lived, he asked her: "How will you have me to be in the daytime—as I am now in the day, or as I am now at night?"

"As you are now in the day."

So, the white dog was a dog in the daytime, but the most beautiful of men at night.

These two are both heterosexuals who physically love and desire each other. She is much younger than her two older sisters and is, effectively, an only child. He, like most heterosexual men, is not one of the more materially successful savages. Heterosexuals are disfavored and even discriminated against in the workplaces dominated by their own gender where latent homosexuals thrive. Heterosexual men can be seen as dogs in the daytime. These two, though unlikely to become rich, are a very happy couple.

After a time, the third sister had a son; and one day, when her husband was going out to hunt, he warned her that if anything should happen to the child, not to shed a tear on that account.

Our Paleolithic ancestors lacked means of birth control other than that of the folded legs, which isn't very effective. But aside from that, the Species War was caused by the inability of our ancestors to control their instinct to reproduce their own genes and allow Homo erecti to live out their time as suggested in the Volsunga Saga – as honored forebears not permitted to marry with and reproduce their own kind. As it was, they tried desperately to reproduce their own kind. They were understood to be deeply resentful of our ability to leave children in the world. Hybrids, especially hybrid women, were thought to be baby stealers. Hybrids were viewed as having a right to take our babies because they all tended to side with us in a Species War in which they had no genetic stake. See for examples in DTD: The Sons of Bohr, Dionysus, the Inca child sacrifices, "Fin MacCumhail, the Seven Brothers and the King of France," "Camaxtli," "Putana" and all the references to baptism. Baptism is everywhere an attempt to protect human babies by infusing them with the "Holy Spirit" (of Homo erectus).

The dog's prescience tells us that this dog metaphor has a double meaning. The white dog is a heterosexual man under a fairy spell. In Irish mythology, spells of the gods that transform, restrict or impair people's lives, were known as geis (pronounced "gaysha"—

*singular, “gaysh”). (Cf. Rolleston: 164-165.) These “magic spells” were cast by the gods as punishment and reflect our own guilt and fear due to the injustices committed by our *Homo sapiens* ancestors or the hiding or denying of truth. As Rolleston observed, “The violation or observance of a geis is often the turning point in a tragic narrative.” (Ibid.) These were burdens that victims had to undergo until, at some critical time or in some critical (taboo) situation, a geis was properly observed, until restraint and respect for the gods were properly demonstrated, until ambivalence was balanced. This open-endedness of the geis also made it a convenient vehicle for transporting characters through time, as is about to happen here, to *Tir-na-nOg* and the *Species War*. Thus, the geis enabled both the ongoing and the prehistoric models for the complexes (*Oedipal* and *Fraternal*) to be described in a single story.*

While he was gone, a great gray crow that used to haunt the place came and carried the child away when it was a week old.

*You see, the gray crow “that used to haunt the place” is symbolic of a hybrid. It wants children; and as an infertile but highly-valued *Homo sapien* ally and god of the *Species War*, it is entitled to them. This is why Zeus (Greek symbol of the *Species War* victors) promised to allow his hybrid son Aiacos to repopulate his kingdom with “as many people as there were ants carrying grains of corn up a nearby oak tree.” It is why the young men serving in Camaxtli’s temple (Ch. 35 of DTD) were allowed sexual liberties allowed to no others. Though I sometimes overlook them, make no mistake about it. The hybrids were gods. They associate with a *Homo erectus* parent; but much more importantly, they were the vanguard of the *Species War* victors, the derivative element of the godhead.*

Remembering the warning she shed not a tear for the loss. All went on as before till another son was born. The husband used to go hunting every day, and again he said she must not shed a tear if anything happened.

The fact that the husband goes hunting every day provides us with another indication that this myth derives from Pleistocene times. I don’t know about you, but I am extremely humbled by the fact that ancestors of this long ago were this wise!

When the child was a week old a great gray crow came and bore him away; but the mother did not cry or drop a tear. All went well till a daughter was born. When she was a week old a great gray crow came and swept her away. This time the mother dropped one tear on a handkerchief, which she took out of her pocket, and then put back again.

When the husband came home from hunting and heard what the crow had done, he asked her, "Did you shed tears this time?"

"I have dropped one tear," said she.

Then he was very angry; for he knew what harm she had done by dropping that one tear. [*H One must not fail to give sacrifice to the gods. One must not begrudge "the Lord" his due. Cuchulainn, Finn Mccumhail, Conan Maol McMorna, Bellerophon, Achilles, Sampson, Huitzilopochtli, Camaxtli, Mixcoatl, Heracles et al. were gods, components of the poetic construct -- God.*]

Soon after, their father invited the three sisters to visit him and be present at a great feast in their honor. They sent messages, each from her own place, that they would come. The king was very glad at the prospect of seeing his children; but the queen was grieved, and thought it a great disgrace that her youngest daughter had no one to come home with her but a white dog.

The latent homosexual heads of the family, although always in denial of their homosexuality, understand that their material success has something to do with their personalities, which in turn has something to do with having same-sex siblings and not being heterosexual. Thus, latent homosexuality, fear, especially fear of truth and change (associated with the removal of their masks) and malevolence and knavery of every sort tend to be uniform and to increase as you go up the social ladder! George Orwell was a prophet, and his magnum opus (1984) was only commercially successful because it was too subtle for the scoundrels to understand and censor!

Confirm that the royal O'Hara family, like virtually all of the more affluent Ks, are malicious latent homosexuals.

The white dog was in dread that the king wouldn't leave him inside with the company, but would drive him from the castle

to the yard, and that the dogs outside wouldn't leave a patch of skin on his back, but would tear the life out of him.

*To defeat *Homo erectus* in the Species War, our *Homo sapiens* ancestors needed the bow and arrow. The bow and arrow was superior to *Homo erectus*' spear and more than compensated for his superior strength. They also needed the domestic dog to compensate for *Homo erectus*' superior sensory ability. They could see, smell and hear much better than we do. So, we have to suspect that the "white dog" is different from the other dogs and possibly a *Homo erectus* man.*

The youngest daughter comforted him. "There is no danger to you," said she, "for wherever I am, you'll be, and wherever you go, I'll follow and take care of you."

*The youngest daughter is a paragon of loyalty and devotion. She is exactly the kind of *Homo sapien* woman *Homo erectus* always wanted but couldn't find.*

When all was ready for the feast at the castle, and the company were assembled, the king was for banishing the white dog; but the youngest daughter would not listen to her father—would not let the white dog out of her sight, but kept him near her at the feast, and divided with him the food that came to herself.

When the feast was over, and all the guests had gone, the three sisters went to their own rooms in the castle. Late in the evening the queen took the cook with her [*H The queen turns to the cook at night, gives free play to her own instincts!*], and stole in to see what was in her daughters' rooms. They were all asleep at the time. What should she see by the side of her youngest daughter but the most beautiful man she had ever laid eyes on.

Then she went to where the other two daughters were sleeping; and there, instead of the two men who brought them to the feast, were two seals, fast asleep. The queen was greatly troubled at the sight of the seals. When she and the cook were returning, they came upon the skin of the white dog. She caught it up as she went, and threw it into the kitchen fire.

*Throwing the dog's skin into the fire indicates the queen's intolerance of genetic diversity, shows that her Fraternal complex is out of control. If, as we suspect, that skin belongs to a *Homo erectus* man, throwing it on a fire seriously offends the gods. A fiery death*

*that is not a sacrifice to the gods is an insult to them, a callous reminder of the fires in which *Homo erectus* victims of the “deluge” were burned—sometimes alive. See “The Fire Festivals,” Volume 2, Chapter 29 of DTD. It also suggests animal alienation, the Second Mask that all of us acquired due to expunging the memory of our parent species after the Species War. Finally, throwing the son-in-law/dog’s skin in the kitchen fire may also symbolize the mother-in-law’s desire for him. This, going about at night with the cook, and peeking into the bedrooms of others hints of an unwillingness to respect sexual taboos.*

The skin was not five minutes in the fire when it gave a crack that woke not only all in the castle, but all in the country for miles around.

*The Second Mask, our intolerance of genetic diversity and animal alienation threatens the entire ecosystem and makes us the monsters of the nature. It derives from Species War guilt and especially expunging the memory of *Homo erectus* and the Species War after the Great Flood of roughly 14,634 years BPE, a Great Flood that followed the discovery of horticulture. The knowledge of horticulture spread globally like the wildfires soon created by the frenzy of slashing and burning to lay claim to the lowest, most fertile and irrigable lands, lands that no one had previously owned. These wildfires caused global desertification and carbonation of the atmosphere, global warming that caused a major ice sheet (probably Greenland) to collapse at that time, a mere 8-9 ky this side of the LGM (last glacial maximum) when the glaciers were still massive. I estimate that the ocean level rose 100 feet and the tidal waves (from three major pieces of ice) doubled that. Up to half the world’s people and all the first farmers died. Everyone feared that the *Homo erectus* gods had brought the Flood as punishment for the Species War. Among the peoples victimized by The Flood, it became taboo to even think about *Homo erectus* because doing so might elicit more punishment. Consequently, most of our oral histories (mythologies) became much more compromised at this time, virtually expunging the memory of our parent species, *Homo erectus*. But this severed our link with the rest of nature and aborted the Neolithic (Stone Age agriculture) for 5-6 ky. It restarted only as people realized that without agriculture, a return to cannibalism*

*was inevitable. When the modern religions were later devised to abolish blood sacrifice and improve distant neighbor relations in the interest of trade, the Creator could only be abstract, faceless, in the sky somewhere or all around –anything but the *Homo erectus* ashes under our mounds and bones under our feet. “On the seventh day, God created us in his image” categorically different from all the other animals and plants. This alienation from our animal, great ape, being (the Second Mask) made us the monsters of nature, created our false, allopathic theory of disease (disease is NOT caused by microbes and there is no such thing as a virus) and created the universal prejudice against dark skin. (Because all the other apes have dark skin, the sight of dark skin, on a human, conflicts with and threatens to blow the lid off the whole kettle of trauma-induced, religious lies.)*

*Confirm that this man, the white dog, is a *Homo erectus* and probably the last of his subspecies. That’s why his skin being thrown in a fire “gave a crack that woke not only all in the castle, but all in the country for miles around.” The whole of nature reacts to the monstrous effects of *Homo sapiens* severing their link with nature.*

The husband of the youngest daughter sprang up. He was very angry and very sorry, and said: “If I could have spent three nights with you under your father’s roof, I should have got back my own form again for good, and could have been a man both in the day and the night; but now I must go.”

*The *Homo erectus* gods, the angry gods “that take our lives,” could be using this man to test *Homo sapiens*’ ability to change, to improve themselves by bridling their instincts to overproduce their own genes. At this point, we have failed the test!*

He rose from the bed, ran out of the castle, and away he went as fast as ever his two legs could carry him, overtaking the one before him, and leaving the one behind. He was this way all that night and the next day; but he couldn’t leave the wife, for she followed from the castle, was after him in the night and the day too, and never lost sight of him. In the afternoon he turned, and told her to go back to her father; but she would not listen to him. At nightfall, they came to the first house they had seen since leaving the castle.

He turned and said: "Do you go inside and stay in this house till morning; I'll pass the night outside where I am."

The wife went in. The woman of the house rose up, gave her a pleasant welcome and put a good supper before her. She was not long in the house when a little boy came to her knee and called her "mother."

Obviously, this old woman is the hybrid recipient of one of the youngest daughter's children, one of the babies that were carried off by the gray crow. She lives in the wilderness. She is like those Neanderthals who, long after the Species War had ended, were believed to be still at large in remote parts of the world. Women who consorted with men of both camps during the Species War later became the earth-mothers and fertility goddesses and eventually the "witches" of late pagan and modern times. Confirm my interpretation of the child stealing.

The woman of the house told the child to go back to his place, and not to come out again.

"Here is a pair of scissors," said the woman of the house to the king's daughter, "and they will serve you well. Whatever ragged people you see, if you cut a piece off their rags, that moment they will have new clothes of cloth of gold."

*In giving the princess this pair of magical scissors, this hybrid goddess is giving her the opportunity to ameliorate her Fraternal complex by showing charity and kindness to the downtrodden, the losers in our fiercely savage, genetic competition. Ferocious genetic competition associates, in all man's religions, with the prehistoric model for the Fraternal complex, with the "Deluge," with our extermination of *Homo erectus*. Throughout the protracted, 35,000-to 40,000-year Species War, the *Homo erecti* were continually displaced by the expanding *Homo sapien* population and denied access to rivers, lakes and coastlines. They lacked water for drinking and bathing and game for food and clothing. They became ever more desperate and pathetic.*

She stayed that night, for she had good welcome. [H *The gods smiled upon this sister.*] Next morning, when she went out, her husband said: "You'd better go home now to your father."

"I'll not go to my father if I have to leave you," said she.

Pagan people knew exactly what this myth-tale was about. They wanted to believe that intermarriage had secured peace between Heaven and Earth. European belief in the Fifth Mask was strongest with respect to the British Isles, where Homo erectus had been driven and where He made His last stand in Europe.

So, he went on, and she followed. It was that way all day till night came; and at nightfall they saw another house at the foot of a hill, and again the husband stopped and said: "You go in; I'll stop outside till morning."

The woman of the house gave her a good welcome. After she had eaten and drunk, a little boy came out of another room, ran to her knee, and said, "Mother." The woman of the house sent the boy back to where he had come from, and told him to stay there.

A second hybrid goddess has acquired her second child.

Next morning, when the princess was going out to her husband, the woman of the house gave her a comb, and said: "If you meet any person with a diseased and a sore head, and draw this comb over it three times, the head will be well, and covered with the most beautiful golden hair ever seen."

Several of the sacred rituals reviewed in volume 2, Chapter 29 of DTD reveal that the hirsute Homo erectus people, denied adequate water for bathing, were plagued by lice, fleas and fungi. Here the goddess offers the princess another opportunity to ameliorate her Fraternal complex and to symbolically atone for past crimes.

She took the comb, and went out to her husband.

"Leave me now," said he, "and go back to your own father."

"I will not," said she, "but I'll follow you while I have the power."

So, they went forward that day, as on the other two. At nightfall they came to a third house, at the foot of a hill, where the princess received a good welcome. After she had eaten supper, a little girl with only one eye came to her knee and said, "Mother."

The princess began to cry at sight of the child, thinking that she herself was the cause that it had but one eye. Then she put her hand into her pocket where she kept the handkerchief on which she had dropped the tear when the gray crow carried her infant

away. She had never used the handkerchief since that day, for there was an eye on it. She opened the handkerchief, and put the eye in the girl's head. It grew into the socket that minute, and the child saw out of it as well as out of the other eye; and then the woman of the house sent the little one to bed.

Now she has atoned for her earlier failure to readily relinquish her children to the gods — “The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want...”

Next morning, as the king's daughter was going out, the woman of the house gave her a whistle, and said: "Whenever you put this whistle to your mouth and blow on it, all the birds of the air will come to you from every quarter under the sun. Be careful of the whistle, as it may serve you greatly."

*This is a mystery. How can whistles or birds right wrongs like those inflicted upon *Homo erectus*? Perhaps this gift is not meant to serve others. The goddess says, “...it may serve you greatly.”*

"Go back to your father's castle," said the husband when she came to him, "for I must leave you to-day."

They went on together a few hundred yards, and then sat on a green hillock, and he told the wife: "Your mother has come between us; but for her we might have lived together all our days. If I had been allowed to pass three nights with you in your father's house, I should have got back my form of a man both in the daytime and the night. The Queen of *Tir na n-Og* [the land of youth (the land of the fairies)] enchanted and put on me a spell, that unless I could spend three nights with a wife under her father's roof in Erin, I should bear the form of a white dog one half of my time; but if the skin of the dog should be burned before the three nights were over, I must go down to her kingdom and marry the queen herself. And it is to her I am going today. I have no power to stay, and I must leave you; so, farewell, you'll never see me again on the upper earth."

*So, a fairy queen, malicious enough to marry people against their will, presently rules *Tir na n-Og*, the land of the immortal fairies (formerly pagan gods). She is cynical too, for her geis said, in effect, “There is no love in the *Homo sapien* world, and unless you can prove otherwise, you must return here and marry me.” This malicious, fairy queen associates with her evil, latent homosexual*

*mother. Here, the Queen per se is the negative aspect of one aspect of each of the complexes and two elements of the godhead (competing parent and *Homo erectus*).*

He left her sitting on the mound, went a few steps forward to some bulrushes, pulled up one, and disappeared in the opening where the rush had been.

*Appropriately, the entrance to *Tir na n-Og* is next to a fairy mound and among bulrushes. Uninhabitable marshes would have served as one of *Homo erectus*' last sanctuaries. The baby Moses, the Hebrew prophet, was found among the bulrushes, as was the dismembered, Egyptian god Osiris.*

She stopped there, sitting on the mound lamenting, till evening, not knowing what to do. At last, she bethought herself, and going to the rushes, pulled up a stalk, went down, followed her husband, and never stopped till she came to the lower land.

Tir na n-Og is the land of the immortal gods. In the era of modern religion, pagan gods were reduced to the good fairies (Sídhe or Tuatha De Danann) and bad fairies (giants or Fomorians).

After a while she reached a small house near a splendid castle. She went into the house and asked, could she stay there till morning. "You can," said the woman of the house, "and welcome." [H She is a good fairy.]

Next day, the woman of the house was washing clothes, for that was how she made a living. The princess fell to and helped her with the work. That day the Queen of *Tir na n-Og* and the husband of the princess were married.

*The husband has become the king of *Tir na n-Og*. But in this case, he is no more than second in command.*

Near the castle, and not far from the washer-woman's, lived a henwife with two ragged little daughters. One of them came around the washerwoman's house to play. The child looked so poor and her clothes were so torn and dirty that the princess took pity on her, and cut the clothes with the scissors which she had. That moment the most beautiful dress of cloth of gold ever seen on woman or child in that kingdom was on the henwife's daughter.

Confirm our interpretation of the magic scissors. The princess is redeeming herself with the gods. By helping the washerwoman with her work and the henwife's daughter with her scissors, she has

*shown that her Fraternal complex, her hostility toward genetic competitors (and by association, *Homo erectus*) is under control.*

When she saw what she had on, the child ran home to her mother as fast as ever she could go.

“Who gave you that dress?” asked the henwife.

“A strange woman that is in that house beyond,” said the little girl, pointing to the washer-woman’s house.

The henwife went straight to the Queen of *Tir na n-Og* and said: “There is a strange woman in the place, who will be likely to take your husband from you, unless you banish her away or do something to her; for she has a pair of scissors different from anything ever seen or heard of in this country.”

When the queen heard this, she sent word to the princess that, unless the scissors were given up to her without delay, she would have the head off her.

*This bad fairy queen is the *Homo erectus* counterpart of her evil, latent homosexual same-sex parent.*

The princess said she would give up the scissors if the queen would let her pass one night with her husband. The queen answered that she was willing to give her the one night.

*Apparently, the Queen of *Tir na n-Og* doesn’t love her husband. He is only a trophy for her. She is, like the Princess’ queen mother, latently homosexual.*

The princess came, gave up the scissors and went to her own husband; but the queen had given him a drink, and he fell asleep and never woke till after the princess had gone in the morning.

Next day, another daughter of the henwife went to the washerwoman’s house to play. She was wretched-looking, her head being covered with scabs and sores.

The princess drew the comb three times over the child’s head, cured it and covered it with beautiful golden hair. The little girl ran home and told her mother how the strange woman had drawn the comb over her head, cured it and given her beautiful golden hair.

The henwife hurried off to the queen and said: “That strange woman has a comb with wonderful power to cure, and give golden hair; and she’ll take your husband from you unless you

banish her or take her life." [H *Among savages, no good deed goes unpunished.*]

The queen sent word to the princess that unless she gave up the comb, she would have her life. The princess returned as answer that she would give up the comb if she might pass one night with the queen's husband.

The queen was willing, and gave her husband a draught as before. When the princess came, he was fast asleep, and did not waken till after she had gone in the morning.

The pair of magical items (the scissors and the comb) provides for a "run" in which the drama can be multiplied. Here, the drama has become Oedipal because, in the possession of "the Queen," the husband symbolizes the princess's father. Our superegos will not permit the full realization of the Oedipal wish (murder of the competing parent and seizure and possession of the other parent).

On the third day, the washerwoman and the princess went out to walk, and the first daughter of the henwife with them.

When they were outside the town, the princess put the whistle to her mouth and blew. That moment the birds of the air flew to her from every direction in flocks. Among them was a bird of song and new tales.

The princess went to one side with the bird. "What means can I take," asked she, "against the queen to get back my husband? Is it best to kill her, and can I do it?"

"It is very hard," said the bird, "to kill her. There is no one in all *Tir na n-Og* who can take her life but her own husband.

The princess/protagonist's (or the mythmaker's) superego will not let her kill the queen (mother). The husband (her father) must kill the queen (mother) if she is to have him.

Inside a holly-tree in front of the castle is a wether, in the wether a duck, in the duck an egg, and in that egg is her heart and life.⁶ No man in *Tir na n-Og* can cut that holly-tree but her husband.

⁶ A wether is a castrated, male sheep.

*Holly trees and bushes are ever-green and have red berries. They reminded our ancestors of Species War bonfires, with *Homo erectus* babies and body parts in them.*

*Frazer interpreted this type of episode, which is very common all over the world, as indicative of a primitive belief that the soul could be stored somewhere for safekeeping. This is a misinterpretation that may derive in part from a misunderstanding of the Australian aborigines. Their souls only enter and leave bodies at birth and death. Our ancestors, in Neolithic times, probably also forgot what this allegory referred to. It refers to the difficulty of killing large animals—especially Neanderthal—with the bow and arrow and to the complex social cooperation of many people in various places that was necessary to win the Species War. Especially in Lower Paleolithic times, before lamination was perfected, an arrow had to penetrate the rib cage in an appropriate spot to hit the heart. The heart is fragile—like an egg—and emits one's life-blood when penetrated. Also, as symbols for Species Warriors, the Queen and the husband are not two persons, but hundreds of thousands or millions. The complex cooperation needed to win the Species War required persons to make weapons, grow food, provide intelligence, ferry warriors over rivers, etc. This was especially true of the last major battles in the Isles, where *Homo erectus* was concentrated. He too learned from experience.*

The princess blew the whistle again. A fox and a hawk came to her. She caught and put them into two boxes, which the washerwoman had with her, and took them to her new home.

The bow and arrow allow the archer to use stealth, to remain concealed (like a fox) at a great distance from his prey and to fire shot after shot without being detected. Also, the queen's heart is at the center of all these things that are at the center of a tree because trees symbolize our family tree (ancestors and relatives can be depicted on a cladogram that looks like a tree). Finally, the hawk flies like an arrow to find its prey. The fox and hawk, stealth and the arrow, are the weapons that won the Species War.

When the henwife's daughter went home, she told her mother about the whistle. Away ran the henwife to the queen, and said: "That strange woman has a whistle that brings together all

the birds of the air, and she'll have your husband yet, unless you take her head."

"I'll take the whistle from her, anyhow," said the queen. So, she sent for the whistle.

The princess gave answer that she would give up the whistle if she might pass one night with the queen's husband. The queen agreed, and gave him a draught as on the other nights. He was asleep when the princess came and when she went away.

Before going, the princess left a letter with his servant for the queen's husband, in which she told how she had followed him to *Tir na n-Og*, and had given the scissors, the comb, and the whistle, to pass three nights in his company, but had not spoken to him because the queen had given him sleeping draughts; that the life of the queen was in an egg, the egg in a duck, the duck in a wether, the wether in a holly-tree in front of the castle, and that no man could split the tree but himself.

As soon as he got the letter the husband took an axe, and went to the holy-tree. When he came to the tree he found the princess there before him, having the two boxes with the fox and the hawk in them. He struck the tree a few blows; it split open, and out sprang the wether. He ran scarce twenty perches before the fox caught him. The fox tore him open; then the duck flew out. The duck had not flown fifteen perches when the hawk caught and killed her, smashing the egg. That instant the Queen of *Tir na n-Og* died.

The interposing of the tree, the wether, the fox, the duck, the hawk, (non-combatant support groups) and the egg distances the husband and his young wife (like archers) from the murder victim and thereby lessens their responsibility and potential guilt for the crime.

The husband kissed and embraced his faithful wife. He gave a great feast; and when the feast was over, he burned the henwife, with her house built a palace for the washerwoman and made his servant secretary.

The burning of the evil henwife is symbolic of the burning of witches and the less-edible remains of Homo erectus victims of the Species War. Search for "witches" and "fire festivals" in digital DTD.

They never left *Tir na n-Og*, and are living there happily now; and so may we live here.

With a good, mixed subspecies couple on the thrones of Tir na n-Og, men no longer need fear the fairies. We may rest peacefully—for the moment—until our hostility for each other, for our ongoing genetic competitors, rekindles prehistoric fears.

Over time and due in part to their similarities, the ambivalent objects of both of the complexes became amalgamated, first into the gods and the demons and later into modern religions' "God" and "Devil." The prehistoric components of the godhead provide religion with timelessness. The ongoing components provide universality. Timelessness and universality, the infinite four dimensions of the projected and amalgamated spirits, provide the religious awe that men unconsciously attribute to "God" and "Devil."

Instead of making these unconscious conflicts conscious and encouraging their resolution through instinctual renunciation and compensation in the form of new laws and customs, religions prescribe obsessive rituals and injunctions that merely balance opposing emotions. Thus, religions provide believers with a universal (statistically normal) and ready-made neurosis that believers can, in the best of times, only manage within survivable bounds.

Desmond Castle, Adare, County Limerick, Ireland



3. THE WEAVER'S SON AND THE GIANT OF THE WHITE HILL

Here is a remarkable myth that, in my opinion, decodes to describe one of the most important battles of the Species War. The loss of place names and the trivial title suggests that at some prehistoric point in the gradual, intergenerational transformation of prehistory into allegorical dream, the majority either forgot or ceased to believe in – or to tolerate -- the supremely-important, original subject of the myth.

There was once a weaver in Erin who lived at the edge of a wood; and on a time when he had nothing to burn, he went out with his daughter to get fagots for the fire.

They gathered two bundles, and were ready to carry them home, when who should come along but a splendid-looking stranger on horseback. And he said to the weaver: "My good man, will you give me that girl of yours?"

"Indeed then, I will not," said the weaver.

"I'll give you her weight in gold," said the stranger, and he put out the gold there on the ground.

*With the glut of references that we've come across in DTD and in the preceding two myths to *Homo erectus*' sexual desire for our immediate ancestors, we must immediately suspect that the stranger is a fairy (Neanderthal). The setting ("the edge of a wood") and the "stranger" possessing gold support this interpretation. The "gods" were thought to have accumulated gold due to votive offerings at lakes and streams.*

So, the weaver went home with the gold and without the daughter. He buried the gold in the garden, without letting his wife know what he had done. When she asked, "Where is our daughter?" the weaver said: "I sent her on an errand to a neighbor's house for things that I want."

Night came, but no sight of the girl. The next time he went for fagots, the weaver took his second daughter to the wood; and when they had two bundles gathered, and were ready to go home, a second stranger came on horseback, much finer than the first, and asked the weaver would he give him his daughter.

"I will not," said the weaver.

"Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you her weight in silver if you'll let her go with me;" and he put the silver down before him. The weaver carried home the silver and buried it in the garden with the gold, and the daughter went away with the man on horseback.

When he went again to the wood, the weaver took his third daughter with him; and when they were ready to go home, a third man came on horseback, gave the weight of the third daughter in copper, and took her away. The weaver buried the copper with the gold and silver.

*The mythological record is unequivocal in suggesting that *Homo erectus* passionately desired our women. See, for example, in DTD, the numerous references to prostitutes and beautiful female attendants at temples. See also the analysis of Genesis' "sons of heaven," "The Rape of Dinah" and references to fertility rites wherein women symbolically offer themselves to *Homo erectus*.*

*The record is almost as clear in showing that *Homo erectus* women never won any beauty contests wherein our men were the judges. In "The Son of the King of Erin and the Giant of Lock Léin," the king's son must be persuaded to marry the giant's daughter. In another myth that we shall come to below, Oisin's fairy bride appears with the head of a pig.*

Now, the wife was lamenting and moaning night and day for her three daughters, and gave the weaver no rest till he told the whole story.

Now, a son was born to them; and when the boy grew up and was going to school, he heard how his three sisters had been carried away for their weight in gold and silver and copper; and every day when he came home, he saw how his mother was lamenting and wandering outside in grief through the fields and pits and ditches, so, he asked her what trouble was on her; but she wouldn't tell him a word. At last, he came home crying from school one day, and said: "I'll not sleep three nights in one house till I find my three sisters." Then he said to his mother: "Make me three loaves of bread, mother, for I am going on a journey."

Next day he asked had she the bread ready. She said she had, and she was crying bitterly all the time. "I'm going to leave

you now, mother," said he; "and I'll come back when I have found my three sisters."

He went away, and walked on till he was tired and hungry; and then he sat down to eat the bread that his mother had given him, when a red-haired man came up and asked him for something to eat.

The red-haired man is a fellow Celt. Rolleston explains what most of us have observed: many of the later-arriving highland or Goidelic Celts had red hair. (Cf. Rolleston: 19)

"Sit down here," said the boy. He sat down, and the two ate till there was not a crumb of the bread left.

The boy told of the journey he was on; then the red-haired man said: "There may not be much use in your going, but here are three things that'll serve you—the sword of sharpness, the cloth of plenty, and the cloak of darkness.

*The fact that the red-haired Celt offers magical gifts suggests that he is a god symbolic of the positive aspect of our genetic competitors. During the Species War, the negative aspect of this ambivalent element of the godhead was projected onto *Homo erectus*. Note also that red hair, due to its rarity, was often interpreted as a sign of divinity in either animals or people. (See Frazer or the red-haired boy in "Fin MacCumhail, the Seven Brothers and the King of France," Chapter 15, below.) The weaver's son receives the backing of his fellow *Homo sapiens* because he proves himself willing to cooperate and reciprocate.*

No man can kill you while that sword is in your hand... [H *The sword is a symbol for the combined might of *Homo sapiens*. Literally, it's the unmentionable bow and arrow, not a sword.*] ...and whenever you are hungry or dry, all you need do is to spread the cloth and ask for what you'd like to eat or drink, and it will be there before you. [H *At this point, the cloth of plenty appears to be symbolic of our (*Homo sapien*) ability to survive through cooperative production and exchange. But for our ongoing genetic competitors to be devoting themselves to this boy, to be giving him their collective service and protection assures us that the boy is not on a private mission. He is on a mission of vital service to humanity!*!] When you put on the cloak, there won't be a man or a woman or a living thing in the world that'll see you; and you'll go to whatever

place you have set your mind on quicker than any wind." [H *In the previous myth, "putting on the cloak of darkness" meant using others to secretly carry out your will. Here, it means the same; but "others" encompasses every Homo sapien.*]

The red-haired man went his way, and the boy traveled on. Before evening a great shower came, and he ran for shelter to a large oak-tree.

Erect, symmetrically-growing and of hardwood, oak trees were universally associated with the gods. To a lesser extent, ash and birch trees were too—especially among the Indo-European peoples. The upper-most branches of the tree symbolize either the earliest ancestors of one's cladogram (family tree) or one's contemporary generation or one's future progeny or every presently-living, Earthly species—depending upon where one positions himself and how one mentally orients the tree with respect to linear time. See "The Oak Trees and Other Sacred Symbols," Chapter 34, in DTD.

When he got near the tree his foot slipped, the ground opened, and down he went through the earth till he came to another country.

For the ancestors who made this myth, time progresses upward. (They're optimists.) He and we are the trunk, and the roots of the tree are his and our ancestors. We are going with him far back into prehistoric time, into Tir-na-nog, the land and time of the beautiful Sídhe (the people of the fairy mounds). We are transitioning gently and metaphorically to this time because it was horrific. It traumatized all our ancestors to varying degrees. In order for our ancestors' meager, social resources to be spent on preserving for us the most important (sacred) history, through oral-historical-tribal times; that history had to be converted into metaphorical form that met with the approval of both the tribe's most cool, collected and realistic people and its most traumatized and hysterical people. In our time, when our resources for recording and preserving history are infinitely cheaper and greater; the New Social Science of the Peace Love and Progress Party is devoted to extracting and determined to extract from mythology the naked, historical truth and teach it to everyone. For only thus can we know ourselves, the one natural, objective and material world and how to collectively go forth in it.

When he was in the other country he put on the cloak of darkness and went ahead like a blast of wind, and never stopped till he saw a castle in the distance; and soon he was there.

But he found nine gates closed before him, and no way to go through.

Nine is the symbol for the end of the line, death and Neanderthal, especially (infertile) hybrids. Cats have nine lives, and cats (especially lions) were associated with Neanderthal. Like him, they are hairy, extremely dangerous as in-fighters; and they have a protruding snout and an elongated skull. Ordinarily, nine Neanderthal gates would stop anyone from proceeding; but...

It was written inside the cloak of darkness that this eldest sister lived in that castle.

Our boy is following orders. He is on a military mission and has been informed that his eldest or highest-ranking "sister" lives in this castle. "Sister" has been a gentle metaphor for female/spy/contact.

He was not long at the gate looking in when a girl came to him and said, "Go on out of that; if you don't, you'll be killed."

"Do you go in," said he to the girl, "and tell my sister, the woman of this castle, to come out to me."

The girl ran in; out came the sister, and asked: "Why are you here, and what did you come for?"

"I have come to this country to find my three sisters, who were given away by my father for their weight in gold, silver, and copper; and you are my eldest sister."

She knew from what he said that he was her brother.

This bartered sister didn't recognize him by sight or by a name. This tells us that "brother" and "sister" are figurative; and the strangers that purchased the girls were hybrids enlisted in the Homo sapien, Species War cause. The high price compensated the parents for their girls' allegiance and bravery. The rustic introduction to this myth, the events preceding the descent to Tir na n-Og, were designed as a gentle segue from the mundane present into the violent and traumatic, Species War past.

So, she opened the gates and brought him in, saying: "Don't wonder at anything you see in this castle. My husband is

enchanted. I see him only at night. He goes off every morning, stays away all day, and comes home in the evening."

*The eldest sister says that her husband's strangeness is owing to him being enchanted. But as you will see, unlike the husband of the youngest daughter of King O'Hara, there is nothing else in this myth to indicate that this husband is under geis. This husband is a hybrid. She sees him "only at night" because they are living in and he is working on the fringe of Neanderthal society, a society that, by the latter half of the Species War, would have learned to distrust both of them. Also, by some late time in the Species War; *Homo erectus* would have forbidden *Homo erectus* people to marry *Homo sapiens*. Only hybrids with opposite-sex, *Homo sapien* parents would have been allowed to take that risk, to marry a *Homo sapien*. For the same reasons, the *Homo sapien* forces would have targeted such couples as potential spies. Fully *Homo sapien* couples, who refused to split up, would have been killed by the *Homo erecti* early on in the Species War.*

The sun went down; and while they were talking, the husband rushed in, and the noise of him was terrible. He came in the form of a ram, ran upstairs, and soon after came down a man.

*If Freud were doing the analysis, he would conclude that this ram/man husband is a totem representation of the weaver's daughter's father—of the weaver. But we've already been told that the weaver knows not of his daughters' whereabouts, hasn't seen her in many years. Moreover, this husband and the weaver's son will consistently relate to one another with the cordiality of people who are not well acquainted; and there is nothing else in the myth to indicate that this brother-in-law (or either of the brothers-in-law that you haven't met yet) is a biological father symbol. The *Homo erecti* became symbolized as totem animals not only because they were more ape-like but also because our hunter-gatherer ancestors wished that there might be more of both. The first Asians who walked into North America and found it teaming with game and who didn't want to believe that they had caused the extinction of our parent species imagined that their Species War victims had been transformed into animals. Thus, their myths speak constantly of "the animal people." Everywhere, "Jinns" were thought to pass in and out of animal form. The Impichiumas of aboriginal Australians were*

*similarly intended to multiply the animal people. Totem gods were symbols not only for the primal father but also – and even more so—for our parent species, for *Homo erectus*.*

*The hybrid husband runs up the stairs as a ram because at first glance he appears shockingly like the other animals. He runs down as a man because after personal interaction with him, the boy perceives his *Homo sapien* qualities; he becomes familiar. Similarly, the totem gods resumed their human form during the Neolithic when animals became less fearsome (the fiercest ones were driven to extinction and many of the others domesticated). The *Homo erectus* gods also seemed more human as Species War victors contracted the ambivalence of their victims and began to stand beside them in the pantheons of various Neolithic peoples. Next to their *Homo sapien* killers in the pantheon, the *Homo erectus* gods looked more like humans and less like the lower animals. For more details, see DTD.*

“Who is this that’s with you?” asked he of the wife.

“Oh! That’s my brother, who has come from Erin to see me,” said she. [H Irish people preserved this very old myth. Later generations of them assumed that “the weaver’s son” had come from Ireland. But as we’ll see, he came from the continent.]

Next morning, when the man of the castle was going off in the form of a ram [H to join Neanderthal hunters], he turned to the boy and asked, “Will you stay a few days in my castle? You are welcome.”

“Nothing would please me better,” said the boy; “but I have made a vow never to sleep three nights in one house till I have found my three sisters.”

*Deconstruct the poetry. Do you see the realistic kernel in that exchange, the portion of the original news story that our more realistic ancestors have preserved for us within this highly-compromised myth? You are hearing what remains of a dramatic event at the Paleolithic Boundary, at the time of the most violent and important events in the life of Man. The boy is on a historically important mission to contact and give instructions to female, *Homo sapien* spies and their collaborating hybrid husbands who are living behind or close to enemy lines.*

“Well,” said the ram, “since you must go, here is something for you.” And pulling out a bit of his own wool, he gave it to the

boy, saying: "Keep this; and whenever a trouble is on you, take it out, and call on what rams are in the world to help you."

Wool is what weavers and weavers' sons need; but this wool that the hybrid husband is giving, his wool, a part of himself, is something vital to the boy's mission. The "rams of the world" are supplying something strategic for a Species War campaign.

Away went the ram. The boy took farewell of his sister, put on the cloak of darkness, and disappeared. He traveled till hungry and tired, and then he sat down, took off the cloak of darkness, spread the cloth of plenty, and asked for meat and drink. After he had eaten and drunk his fill, he took up the cloth, put on the cloak of darkness, and went ahead, passing every wind that was before him, and leaving every wind that was behind.

*Notice the very first line of the above paragraph: "away went the ram." The boy didn't leave both the sister and "her husband" as you might expect. The subtle suggestion is that hybrid allies were activated by the boy's message. The boy might symbolize an advance contingent of *Homo sapien* Species Warriors. "He" is telling allied hybrid and mixed couples to start performing strategic services that they must render for an invading *Homo sapien* army.*

They are traveling as quickly and secretly as possible, probably by night (under "the cloak of darkness"), stopping at the locations of known sympathizers for shelter and provisions (using the red-haired man's "the cloth of plenty"). They are secretly notifying forces and—as you will see—readying the weapons and means of transport for an attack upon the Neanderthals.

About an hour before sunset, he saw the castle in which his second sister lived. When he reached the gate, a girl came out to him and said: "Go away from that gate, or you'll be killed."

*Now we can see the meaning of this line: *Homo sapiens* must enter secretly by a rear entry and not the front one. Otherwise, they risk revealing to the Neanderthal community that the occupants are *Homo sapien* sympathizers.*

*The Species War began about 35-40,000 years before it got to Western Europe, Neanderthal's area of greatest concentration. Long before the war got to Europe, mixed *Homo erectus/Homo sapien* couples would have become social outcasts, feared and shunned by both sides—except when needed to fight or provide*

strategic services. Such households, on the interface of the two societies, would have adopted a hostile posture toward the whole of the outside world.

“I’ll not leave this till my sister who lives in the castle comes out and speaks to me.”

The girl ran in, and out came the sister. When she heard his story and his father’s name, she knew that he was her brother, and said; “Come into the castle, but think nothing of what you’ll see or hear. I don’t see my husband from morning till night. He goes and comes in a strange form, but he is a man at night.”

This is the first “sister” encounter that makes mention of a name, and now we know that the “name” is a password.

*At some time after *Homo erectus* had been completely exterminated and no unambiguous material evidence of the Species War remained, younger generations were reluctant to interpret literally the historical accounts of men who were “half like animals.” Many did not want to believe that we had murdered our parent species. To satisfy the incredulous and the wishful thinkers of subsequent generations, these historical beings were compromised as “giants, ram/men, witches, leprechauns, etc.”*

About sunset there was a terrible noise, and in rushed the man of the castle in the form of a tremendous salmon. He went flapping upstairs; but he wasn’t long there till he came down a fine-looking man.

What we’re reading is a foreign-language translation of a Gaelic run, a series of highly repetitious, poetic verses that are only slightly modified from episode to episode. Everything that I said about the episode with the first totem animal/husband/hybrid applies to this one.

“Who is that with you?” asked he of the wife. “I thought you would let no one into the castle while I was gone.”

“Oh! This is my brother, who has come to see me,” said she.

“If he’s your brother, he’s welcome,” said the man.

*“Your brother, a fellow spy, won’t be, like most *Homo sapiens*, negatively disposed toward me.”*

They supped, and then slept till morning. When the man of the castle was going out again, in the form of a great salmon, [H to

fish with his Neanderthal brethren], he turned to the boy and said: "You'd better stay here with us a while."

"It's not safe for you out there, in the day-time, in this Neanderthal territory." Notice too that the husband is said to change back into a salmon when leaving the house. This suggests that his transformation in and out of human form has another, objective meaning. If all these husbands are hybrids, then they identify with their *Homo sapien* parent when at home with the *Homo sapien* wife and with the *Homo erectus* parent when hunting with their Neanderthal mates. In the former, *Homo sapiens* setting; they operated more in a thinking mode. In the latter setting, more often in a feeling and sensory mode.

"I cannot," said the boy. "I made a vow never to sleep three nights in one house till I had seen my three sisters. I must go on now and find my third sister."

"I cannot waste any time in mustering the allied hybrids for an important battle for which they are to perform strategic services."

The salmon then took off a piece of his fin and gave it to the boy, saying: "If any difficulty meets you, or trouble comes on you, call on what salmons are in the sea to come and help you."

*The above line sounds as if clans are being referred to. The individual's (the clan's) totem animal is the animal species in which his (their) dreams compromise the competing parent, the parent species and the primal father. Clan members were thought to have inherited the special abilities of their totem animal ancestor. Here, it sounds as if the *Homo erectus* ram, salmon and (as you'll soon see) eagle clans are donating their special services to *Homo sapiens* in a Species War campaign. You would think it unlikely that any entire mixed-community clan would be united in supporting either side. But, perhaps, in addition to the *Homo sapien* women, it was *Homo sapien*'s greater cleverness and promise of victory that, at this late time in the Species War, caused them to go over, en masse, to the *Homo sapien* side.*

They parted. The boy put on his cloak of darkness, and away he went, more swiftly than any wind. [H Again he left at night.] He never stopped till he was hungry and thirsty. Then he sat down, took off his cloak of darkness, spread the cloth of plenty,

and ate his fill; when he had eaten, he went on again till near sundown, when he saw the castle where his third sister lived. All three castles were near the sea. Neither sister knew what place she was in, and neither knew where the other two were living.

*Hallelujah, here is the very specific information we needed to break the “dream” wide open! If the sisters had been biological sisters, then the three Neanderthal or hybrids that purchased them under nearly identical conditions would have been in league with each other, and the sisters would have been reunited in their new land. For us now to be told that they have no information about each other’s whereabouts confirms that the introduction to the myth, their origin as sisters in the household of a “weaver,” is only symbolic. Indeed, we shall see that, like a weaver who pulls together strands of yarn to make a strong fabric, this “weaver’s son” united men for a common cause. He found the various “sisters” because he had been given secret instructions and directions “inside his cloak of darkness.” Confirm my startling conclusion: the “boy” is a military contingent whose mission was to signal hybrid allies to commence planned operations in support of an imminent invasion. The three women are sisters only in the sense of having a common purpose as *Homo sapiens* spies.*

*Moreover, that all three castles were near the sea tells us that this is what remains of the oral history of the Species War invasion of either Britain or Ireland. The oral historical record (mythology) is clear in telling us that the Species War proceeded out of Mesopotamia and, in Europe, from East to West. The map in DTD of the rock monuments of Western Europe also makes the geographical progression of the war quite clear. The extensive, ritual burning of massive bonfires throughout Europe also assures us, as does the archeological record for earlier *Homo erectus* settlements, that the Neanderthal sought to defend themselves by living in ever-larger groups. This was imperative in any case as they were driven into crowded cul-de-sacs and islands such as Western Europe. But it meant that every new phase of the war tended to be bigger and bloodier. Larger *Homo sapien* forces had to be mustered for each campaign as the war moved westward. This was especially true for the invasions of Britain and Ireland. Judging by the geography and the bonfires and the rock monuments and the*

intensity of Irish religious belief—great numbers of Neanderthal must have occupied Britain and Ireland. Militarily, the problem was very much the same as it was to be at Normandy in the twentieth century. How was a foothold to be established by a force large enough not to be overwhelmed?

The third sister took her brother in just as the first and second had done, telling him not to wonder at anything he saw. They were not long inside when a roaring noise was heard, and in came the greatest eagle that ever was seen. The eagle hurried upstairs, and soon came down a man.

“Who is that stranger there with you?” asked he of the wife.

He, as well as the ram and salmon, knew or expected the boy; he only wanted to try his wife. It is not the “sisters” who know the boy personally or expect a visit—it is the hybrid husbands!

“This is my brother, who has come to see me.”

The above line may have been an actual password, or the modification of a compromised password that husband, “sister” and “brother” had been instructed to give and listen for.

They all took supper and slept that night. When the eagle was going away in the morning, he pulled a feather out of his wing, and said to the boy: “Keep this; it may serve you. If you are ever in straits and want help, call on what eagles are in the world, and they’ll come to you.”

Our boy has now passed all the information and organized all the allies, as was required of him.

There was no hurry now, for the third sister was found; and the boy went upstairs with her to examine the country all around, and to look at the sea.

They are reconnoitering.

Soon he saw a great white hill, and on the top of the hill a castle.

Eureka! On a clear day, the white cliffs of Dover can be seen from the French coast. They are the first thing that anyone crossing the Channel sees. See the photo at the end of this chapter. The concentration of stone alignments in Brittany leaves no doubt that the Species War proceeded from Brittany to the south coast of England. (See Figures 90 and 103 of DTD.) Later generations of men and women forgot who Neanderthal was. They doubted the reality

of the Species War oral history, and many living in Ireland knew not of Dover's white cliffs. For their benefit, the original war story was distorted into the myth-tale that we are reading, a tale about a "white hill" with a recognized military goal, "a castle" on top of it.

"In that castle on the white hill beyond," said the sister, "lives a giant, who stole from her home the most beautiful young woman in the world..."

*The ubiquitous claim that the *Homo erecti* kidnapped *Homo sapien* women is a simplification of inter-species, genetic competition. It can be attributed to several factors. *Homo sapien* men had a relative lack of desire for *Homo erectus* women. The two subspecies were unable to combine their genes in more than one generation of sterile hybrids, and *Homo erectus* men apparently had a great desire for our women. Toward the end of their days, this reflected their desperation to keep their genes alive by interbreeding with us. See the account of Genesis 34, "The Rape of Dinah," in DTD. Of course, the alleged abduction provides an excuse for the invasion.*

From all parts the greatest heroes and champions and kings' sons are coming [H *This much was certainly true.*] to take her away from the giant and marry her.

*Here we see another reason why royalty and great warriors could allegedly go to *Tir na n-Og* and back at will. Not only were these people associated with the fairies (the Neanderthal whom they or their ancestors had fought), but also war veterans have recurrent nightmares from their individual traumas (i. e. brushes with death) acquired during war. Note also that shared experiences and the grand outline of the war were (are) easily talked about and did not become repressed in the minds of the veterans. Later generations amalgamated, aggrandized and immortalized the characters in poetry and song, thus giving birth to the gods of human culture.*

There is not a man of them all who can conquer the giant and free the young woman; but the giant conquers them, cuts their heads off, and then eats their flesh.

DTD cites repeated mythological references to cannibalism. Here is another one. Primitive men cut off their enemy's heads due to the superstitious belief that the "soul" could re-enter the body through the nose or the mouth if the head was still attached.

Several unsuccessful attempts to conquer the Neanderthal-held British Isles might have been made.

When he has picked the bones clean, he throws them out; and the whole place around the castle is white with the bones of the men that the giant has eaten. [H *Another bingo! Large areas of the southern coast of England are chalky!*]

“I must go,” said the boy, “to that castle to know can I kill the giant and bring away the young woman.”

So, he took leave of his sister, put on the cloak of darkness, took his sword with him, and was soon inside the castle. The giant was fighting with champions outside. When the boy saw the young woman, he took off the cloak of darkness and spoke to her.

Mythology condenses the many into one with the power of the many. Also, “the most beautiful woman in the world,” both here and in the Iliad, is a good dramatic effect that helps to distance the listener from the bloody and terrible realities of war. Women, territory and the opportunity to procreate were and are the spoils of war.

“Oh!” said she, “what can you do against the giant? No man has ever come to this castle without losing his life. The giant kills every man; and no one has ever come here so big that the giant did not eat him at one meal.”

“And is there no way to kill him?” asked the boy.

“I think not,” said she.

“Well, if you’ll give me something to eat, I’ll stay here; and when the giant comes in, I’ll do my best to kill him. But don’t let on that I am here.”

Then he put on the cloak of darkness, and no one could see him.

Species War mythology the world over tells of the use of Homo sapien women for espionage and subversion.

When the giant came in, he had the bodies of two men on his back. He threw down the bodies and told the young woman to get them ready for his dinner. Then he snuffed around, and said: “There’s someone here; I smell the blood of an Erineach.”

The mythological record is replete with references to cannibalism. The archeological record (the absence of pre-agricultural revolution skulls that are not either broken open or

*enlarged around the foramen magnum) verifies that it was universal in Pleistocene times. The familiar line, "I smell the blood of an Irishman (Englishman, etc.)," testifies to *Homo erectus'* extraordinary sensory ability. The Norse god Heimdall could "hear the sound of grass growing." The elongated shape of *Homo erectus'* skull also implies extraordinary sensory abilities. See DTD, Chapter 10 and elsewhere.*

"I don't think you do," said the young woman; "I can't see anyone."

"Neither can I," said the giant; "but I smell a man."

Homo sapien women of the Neanderthal camp may have helped to lure Neanderthal into forest clearings and other places opportune for ambushes.

With that the boy drew his sword; and when the giant was struck, he ran in the direction of the blow to give one back; then he was struck on the other side.

How likely is anyone to "run" in the direction of a blow received from "a sword"? A sword blow is delivered from close. Obviously, an arrow wound, from a bow that one can run toward or (more likely) away from, has been compromised.

They were at one another this way, the giant and the boy with the cloak of darkness on him [H *Confirm: arrows were launched by archers in hiding.*], till the giant had fifty wounds, and was covered with blood. Every minute he was getting a slash of a sword, but never could give one back. At last, he called out: "Whoever you are, wait till to-morrow, and I'll face you then."

*Again, it is impossible to give an enemy repeated blows with a sword without being seen. But it is possible to deliver blows unseen with a bow and arrow. In DTD, many references to the bow and arrow are decoded from mythology around the word. The mythology and "heroic literature" of our ancestors reveals that this weapon, the weapon that killed *Homo erectus*, was so closely connected with emotional trauma that it became taboo. With the onset of nightfall, the *Homo sapien* archers would have melted away.*

So, the fighting stopped; and the young woman began to cry and lament as if her heart would break when she saw the state the giant was in. "Oh! You'll be with me no longer; you'll be killed now;

what can I do alone without you?" and she tried to please him and washed his wounds.

In hand-to-hand combat, our immediate ancestors would have been no match for Neanderthal. He was much bigger-boned and stronger.

"Don't be afraid," said the giant; "this one, whoever he is, will not kill me, for there is no man in the world that can kill me." Then the giant went to bed, and was well in the morning.

*This claim of invulnerability is echoed in the Norse myth of Balder. (See DTD.) The earliest unlaminated bows would not have cast arrows with enough force to penetrate a *Homo erectus* rib cage. The bow enabled the Species War only after it was horn-laminated on the inside or, still later, sinew-laminated on the outside.*

Next day the giant and the boy began in the middle of the forenoon, and fought till the middle of the afternoon. The giant was covered with wounds, and he had not given one blow to the boy, and could not see him, for he was always in his cloak of darkness. So, the giant had to ask for rest till next morning.

Our immediate ancestors were not stupid. They knew not to try to match their strength with Neanderthal's. The above paragraph describes hit and run guerrilla warfare with bows and arrows. Such tactics later gave rise to "trickster heroes" and, as a reaction formation, a "Heroic Age" of literature.

While the young woman was washing and dressing the wounds of the giant, she cried and lamented all the time, saying: "What'll become of me now? I'm afraid you'll be killed this time; and how can I live here without you?"

"Have no fear for me," said the giant. "I'll put your mind at rest. In the bottom of the sea is a chest locked and bound, in that chest is a duck, in the duck an egg; and I never can be killed unless someone gets the egg from the duck in the chest at the bottom of the sea and rubs it on the mole that is under my right breast."

Here's the same type of passage that we saw in the previous myth-tale. That "the egg must be rubbed on a mole beneath the right breast," makes the meaning even clearer. Arrows had to penetrate Neanderthal ribcages near the heart to kill them. Arrows and laminated, hardwood bows had to be produced in abundance and archers trained. Successful, late Species War campaigns were

cooperative and coordinated efforts that involved the whole of Homo sapien society, which is a second meaning of the "egg" being external to the giant's body and difficult to get to.

While the giant was telling this to the woman, to put her mind at rest, who should be listening to the story but the boy in the cloak of darkness. The minute he heard of the chest in the sea, he thought of the salmons. So, off he hurried to the seashore, which was not far away. Then he took out the fin that his eldest sister's husband had given him, and called on what salmons were in the sea to bring up the chest with the duck inside, and put it out on the beach before him.

The fin and the salmon clansmen refer to the hybrid fishermen, living near the English Channel, whose dugouts and rafts were used to ferry invaders across the Channel.

Our ancestors wanted to learn and pass on important history. But succeeding, disbelieving generations or post-Great-Flood generations, fearful of the vindictive Homo erectus gods and the punishment they could inflict, caused the inheritance to be progressively compromised. Only once a myth had attained a form that perfectly compromised superego and id demands, a form that satisfied the tribal majority, did it become fixed. Gaelic poetry was used to lock the lines into place. The continuity of the Gaelic (Fir Bolg) society minimized the accidental loss of prehistoric detail.

He had not long to wait till he saw nothing but salmon, -the whole sea was covered with them, moving to land; and they put the chest out on the beach before him. But the chest was locked and strong; how could he open it?

Neanderthal's chest was strong. His bones and muscles were much larger and heavier than ours. He evolved with the spear!

He thought of the rams; and taking out the lock of wool, said: "I want what rams are in the world to come and break open this chest!"

That minute the rams of the world were running to the seashore, each with a terrible pair of horns on him; and soon they battered the chest to splinters.

Ram and mountain goat horn was used to laminate the first strongbows. The soft, inner part of the horn was scraped out and the remaining tough, ringhorn hide of the horn was used as laminate to

strengthen the wood of the bow. Mixed with water, the pulverized inside of the same horn became the glue needed to attach the horn hide to the concave side of the bow. The horn bow and the later, sinew-laminated bow corresponded to the Chatelperronian and Aurignacian tool kits respectively. See DTD (Chapter 10) and the archeological record.

Out flew the duck, and away she went over the sea. The boy took out the feather, and said: "I want what eagles are in the world to get me the egg from the duck."

That minute the duck was surrounded by the eagles of the world, and the egg was soon brought to the boy.

The eagles, perhaps men who were indeed of an eagle or bird clan, provided reconnaissance. Eagles and other predatory birds fly high and see far. The eagle clan may also refer to the men who made arrows and used feathers as fletching to stabilize them in flight by feathering their ends. See the discussion of arrows in DTD.

Notice too that if this type of fable were symbolic of a primitive belief that the soul could be stored for safe-keeping (as Frazer believed), then the giant would not have been killed by rubbing the egg that contains the soul against the mole under his right breast. That rubbing would more likely refer to restoring the soul to the giant's body. If the egg contained the giant's "soul," then smashing the egg would have symbolized killing the giant.

He put the feather, the wool, and the fin in his pocket, put on the cloak of darkness, and went to the castle on the white hill, and told the young woman, when she was dressing the wounds of the giant again, to raise up his arm.

Next day they fought till the middle of the afternoon. The giant was almost cut to pieces, and called for a cessation.

The young woman hurried to dress the wounds, and he said: "I see you would help me if you could: you are not able. But never fear, I shall not be killed." Then she raised his arm to wash away the blood, and the boy, who was there in his cloak of darkness, struck the mole with the egg. The giant died that minute.

Of course, the "mole under the right breast" symbolizes the heart under the left breast. Myths, like dreams, are compromise formations, neurotic symptoms that reflect extreme ambivalence

toward the familial and ancestral objects of the Oedipal and Fraternal complexes, objects that condensed into "God" and "Devil."

The boy took the young woman to the castle of his third sister. [H Any Neanderthal allies who pledged not to mate with their own kind (i. e. Siegfrieds), might have been spared. But contra the latest crop of anthropologist/wishful-thinkers, none of them or their hybrid offspring "transitioned" into *Homo sapiens*. Except for the genes of our earliest, common, mutant ancestors; *Homo erectus* genes are not among us. See DTD, Chapter 10.] Next day he went back for the treasures of the giant, and there was more gold in the castle than one horse could draw. They spent nine days in the castle of the eagle with the third sister.

Confirm that this brother-in-law is a hybrid. Like the hybrids, he is associated with the number nine—0,1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9--the end of the line—the end of a gene line.

Then the boy gave back the feather, [H the arrows that weren't launched] and the two went on till they came to the castle of the salmon, where they spent nine more days with the second sister; and he gave back the fin. [H The dugouts or rafts were only borrowed. This brother-in-law was also a hybrid.]

When they came to the castle of the ram, they spent fifteen days with the first sister, and had great feasting and enjoyment.

Fifteen minus nine, for the hybrids, leaves six, sex. There was indeed great feasting and fun to be had at the camp of the eldest and highest ranking sister. Many if not most of the women of the defeated, Neanderthal side would have been spared. Some of these would have been held by Neanderthal against their will, as prisoners. Most, if not all of the others, would have pretended to have been prisoners.

Then the boy gave back the lock of wool [H the hornbow] to the ram ... [H Bows and arrows were everywhere taboo after the Species War. Many guilty ancestors denied knowing anything about them!] ...and taking farewell of his sister and her husband, set out for home with the young woman of the white castle, who was now his wife, bringing presents from the three daughters to their father and mother.

At last, they reached the opening near the tree; they came up through the ground and went on to where he met the red-

haired man. Then he spread the cloth of plenty, asked for every good meat and drink, and called the red-haired man. He came. The three sat down, ate and drank with enjoyment.

I suspect that this myth's introduction and ending are latter-day additions, stock footage of the poets. The introduction bridged the modern, mundane world and "Tir na n-Og" (the violent Pleistocene past). The ending ushers us out of Tir na n-Og and back to relative safety. Our superstitious ancestors, believers in gods and spirits, thus maintained a buffer between themselves and the traumatic past. But we must thoroughly understand our past if we are to learn from it and avoid repeating past mistakes.

When they had finished, the boy gave back to the red-haired man the cloak of darkness, the sword of sharpness, and the cloth of plenty, and thanked him.

*He retired from fighting but not for long. We repress our Fraternal hostility toward those genetically competing associates with whom we must cooperate. When in competition with a formidable competitor, such as *Homo erectus*, *Homo sapiens* lost their hostility toward one another. For *Homo sapiens*, the class struggle, the ongoing aspect of the Fraternal complex, began as soon as the Species War ended.*

"You were kind to me," said the red-haired man; "you gave me of your bread when I asked for it, and told me where you were going. I took pity on you; for I knew you never could get what you wanted unless I helped you. I am the brother of the eagle, the salmon, and the ram."

This last line confirms that these "brothers" were part of a well-planned and coordinated military mission. Their ambivalence for one another was repressed and projected onto others. Those who can suspend their genetic hostility and cooperate with others are usually reciprocated.

They parted. The boy went home, built a castle with the treasure of the giant, and lived happily with his parents and wife.

**Homo sapiens* were happier after the Species War. But we won't stop dreaming about paradise and begin to build it until we minimize the K and R class struggle (the ongoing aspect of the Fraternal complex) by respectively maximizing equal opportunity and population control. Doing this and eliminating the mental*

illnesses that cap consciousness of K and R amounts to a Four Front War: (1) for love and against homophobia, (2) for public education about our prehistory and basic psychology and against fundamentalism, (3) for equal opportunity and against K and (4) for population control and against R. If we commit ourselves to this civilizing and sustaining war, we can inaugurate the Stage II system of marriage and child-rearing that will perfect our transitions to exogamy and monogamy, guarantee everyone love with the perfect partner, save everyone the frustration and countless wasted hours of searching for love, eliminate violence, empower women within the family as never before, make geniuses of our guys and gifted family leaders of our gals and create the paradise we dream of. Please read, "Stage II of the Nonviolent Rainbow Revolution."



Dover's white cliffs are shown above. On a clear day, they can be seen from the coast of France.

4. THE KING OF ERIN AND THE QUEEN OF THE LONESOME ISLAND

There was a king in Erin long ago, and this king went out hunting one day, but saw nothing till near sunset, when what should come across him but a black pig.

*Black and green are the colors most associated with the fairies, with *Homo erectus*. Gray is associated with the hybrids.*

“Since I’ve seen nothing all day but this black pig, I’ll be at her now,” said the king; so, he put spurs to his horse and raced after the pig.

When the pig was on a hill, he was in the valley behind her; when he was on a hill, the pig was in the valley before him. At last, they came to the sea-side, and the pig rushed out into the deep water straight from the shore. The king spurred on his horse and followed the black pig through the sea till his horse failed under him and was drowned. Then the king swam on himself till he was growing weak, and said: “It was for the death of me that the black pig came in my way.”

The black pig is a fairy in disguise.

But he swam on some distance yet, till at last he saw land. The pig went up on an island; the king too went on shore, and said to himself: “Oh! It is for no good that I came here; there is neither house nor shelter to be seen.”

But he cheered up after a while, walked around, and said: “I’m a useless man if I can’t find shelter in some place.”

After going on a short space, he saw a great castle in a valley before him. When he came to the front of the castle, he saw that it had a low door with a broad threshold all covered with sharp-edged razors, and a low lintel of long-pointed needles. The path to the castle was covered with gravel of gold. The king came up, and went in with a jump over the razors and under the needles. When inside he saw a great fire on a broad hearth, and said to himself, “I’ll sit down here, dry my clothes, and warm my body at this fire.”

As he sat and warmed himself, a table came out before him with every sort of food and drink, without his seeing anyone bring it.

“Upon my honor and power,” said the king of Erin, “there is nothing bad in this! I’ll eat and drink my fill.”

Then he fell to, and ate and drank his fill. When he had grown tired, he looked behind him, and if he did he saw a fine room, and in it a bed covered with gold. “Well,” said he, “I’ll go back and sleep in that bed a while, I’m so tired.”

He stretched himself on the bed and fell asleep. In the night he woke up, and felt the presence of a woman in the room. He reached out his hand towards her and spoke, but got no answer; she was silent.

When morning came, and he made his way out of the castle, she spread a beautiful garden with her Druidic spells over the island, -so great that though he traveled through it all day he could not escape from it. At sunset he was back at the door of the castle; and in he went over the razors and under the needles, sat at the fire, and the table came out before him as on the previous evening. He ate, drank, and slept on the bed; and when he woke in the night, there was the woman in the room; but she was silent and unseen as before.

In our dreams, the dead people whom we love and miss are always silent. This is a compromise that the Id (the realistic agency of the mind) demands. This realization is what enabled me recently, in Edition 23 of Decoding the Deluge, to identify Fintann by interpreting the following description of “him” from the earliest known Fintann myth, from Airne Fíngein (Fíngen’s Night-Watch):

“And he is mute (i. e. his speech was not good although he could speak) from the time that he heard the wave-roar of the Flood against the side of Mt. Olivet, while he was on Tul Tuinde in the Southwest of Ireland. [H *Tul Tuinde (“Hill of the Wave”) is a hill in the Arra Mountains near Lough Derg, where some of the Fintann legends say he waited out the Flood in a cave.*] His speech was taken away from him and he has hidden himself and was asleep as long as the Flood was upon the world, and he was without good

speech from that time onward until tonight; and the truth of Ireland, her inherited knowledge, her prophecy, her tradition, her just laws were hidden until tonight. *For he is the only righteous man that the Flood left behind it.* Tonight, a beautiful spirit of prophecy in the shape of a gentle youth has been sent from the Lord, and a ray of the sun hits Fintann in his lips and it has extended through the trench of the back of his neck so that there are *seven* chains or *seven* good speeches of *filid* on his tongue since that time. And tonight, the tradition and inherited knowledge was revealed. So that it was told 'silence is better than foolish speech.'" –Bondarenko: 3

Fintann, the most enigmatic and oft-debated character of Irish mythology, is symbolic of the Irish people who were washed out to sea by the Great Flood, which in Appendix H of Edition 23 of DTD and with the help of Rafinesque's translation of the Walam Olum, the latest ice core data, the most recent Deucalion myth and the obsessions of traumatized Aboriginal African Americans, I identified as having occurred roughly 14,634 BP. The fairy woman, Rothníam, delivers this speech and denounces the Flood survivors with the line I've italicized because she is expressing the point of view of the survivors of the Flood victims. But the people in the lowest, coastal areas would have consisted, disproportionately, of the avaricious, masked, latent homosexual gangsters of those early, first and aborted Neolithic times who caused the Flood by slashing and burning the irrigable land to lay claim to it. Of course, their contemporary, motivated-only-by-fear counterparts, the latent homosexual oil gangsters and "growth" maniacs of every variety, will soon bring on another flood. [Latent homosexuals, who cannot enjoy adult (sexual) love and are motivated only by fear value only what contributes to their individual survival: money, power and their own genetic offspring.]

The seven good speeches of filid (poetry of the filí poets) extend "like a ray of light from his lips through the trench of the back of his neck." Here "trench" refers to the slight trench on a fish's back and is also a displacement for the ocean trench to the bottom of which the Flood victims were swept. Return to our myth tale:

When he went out on the second morning the king of Erin saw a garden three times more beautiful than the one of the day before. He traveled all day, but could not escape, -could not get out of the garden. At sunset, he was back at the door of the castle; in he went over the razors and under the needles, ate, drank, and slept, as before.

In Genesis 3, in the earliest Sumerian mythology, in Aztec mythology and perhaps other mythologies, the garden was—as herein—symbolic of the lengthy period before the Species War when Homo sapien lived in relative peace with Homo erectus.

In the middle of the night, he woke up, and felt the presence of the woman in the room. "Well," said he, "it is a wonderful thing for me to pass three nights in a room with a woman, and not see her nor know who she is!" [H *Every teenager's dream!*]

"You won't have that to say again, king of Erin," answered a voice.

And that moment the room was filled with a bright light, and the king looked upon the finest woman he had ever seen. "Well, king of Erin, you are on Lonesome Island.

The Irish often conceived of Tir na n-Og, the land of the fairies, the land of eternal youth, as an island to the west of them. Like the Norse, the Greeks, and others, they assuaged their guilt over having completely exterminated Homo erectus with a bit of wishful thinking. They believed that some of the Homo erecti had escaped to this western Tir na n-Og. This widespread belief assures us that, like the Scandinavians, some of the Irish Species War victors had loaded rafts with Homo erectus body parts, set the rafts afire and shoved them out to sea. Here the hypothetical western isle is dubbed "Lonesome Island." Apparently, it was believed that some of the fairies were lonesome for Ireland. See the Myth of Balder, in DTD, Chapter 21.

I am the black pig that enticed you over the land and through the sea to this place, and I am queen of Lonesome Island. My two sisters and I are under a Druidic spell, and we cannot escape from this spell till your son and mine shall free us.

How is it possible for a fairy queen, a queen of the gods, to herself be under a spell, Druidic or otherwise? We shall discover the answer below, and I guarantee that it will surprise you.

*At any rate, the crux of her message is clear. These fairies want to interbreed with the royal family of Ireland. Can you imagine any motive that the Irish people may have had for wanting to believe that their leaders were reincarnated fairies or hybrids? It certainly would have helped the faithful to alleviate their obsessional fear, guilt and paranoia vis-à-vis the *Homo erectus* gods wouldn't it. However, if immortal gods really did exist—exist independently of our neurotic projections—then these immortal beings would have no need of offspring. As you are beginning to see, intermarriage between the gods and the royals was the standard technique by which Irish religion dealt with the prehistoric aspect of the Fraternal complex, with fear, guilt and paranoia toward *Homo erectus*. This was a typically pagan technique that secured some of the "divine providence" that Christians would later derive from Jesus. Jesus, the mythical "son of God" and leader of both the murderous primordial brotherhood and the Species War victors, the part of each of us that would like to kill our same-sex parent and all our ongoing genetic competitors, was sacrificed to "God" the fathers, to the primal fathers, the parent species, the same sex parent and the ongoing genetic competitors, to satisfy "God's" need for revenge. The Christian believer has only to believe in Jesus as the amalgamated, murderous son and participate magically in his sacrifice (receive the "Holy Communion") to be off the hook with "God," with the four original and universal elements of the godhead, all of them fathers of sorts. Jews derive similar blessedness by being "chosen" and Moslems by obeying orders.*

Now, king of Erin, I will give you a boat to-morrow morning, and do you sail away to your own kingdom."

In the morning, she went with him to the seashore to the boat. The king gave the prow of the boat to the sea, and its stern to the land; then he raised the sails, and went his way. The music he had was the roaring of the wind with the whistling of eels, and he broke neither oar nor mast till he landed under his own castle in Erin.

Three quarters of a year after, the queen of Lonesome Island gave birth to a son. She reared him with care from day to day and year-to-year till he was a splendid youth. She taught him

the learning of wise men one half of the day and warlike exercises with Druidic spells the other half.

One time the young man, the prince of Lonesome Island, came in from hunting, and found his mother sobbing and crying.

“Oh! What has happened to you, mother?” he asked.

“My son, great grief has come on me. A friend of mine is going to be killed to-morrow.”

“Who is he?”

“The king of Erin. The king of Spain has come against him with a great army. He wishes to sweep him and his men from the face of the earth, and take the kingdom himself.”

The “luck of the Irish” is, of course, a product of this ongoing love affair between the fairies and the (much more fictional) royalty of Ireland.

“Well, what can we do? If I were there, I’d help the king of Erin.” [H *The hybrid son would have the potentials of a champion.*]

“Since you say that, my son, I’ll send you this very evening. With the power of my Druidic spells, you’ll be in Erin in the morning.”

The prince of Lonesome Island went away that night, and next morning at the rising of the sun he drew up his boat under the king’s castle in Erin. He went ashore, and saw the whole land black with the forces of the king of Spain, who was getting ready to attack the king of Erin and sweep him and his men from the face of the earth.

The prince went straight to the king of Spain, and said, “I ask one day’s truce.”

“You shall have it, my champion,” answered the king of Spain.

The prince then went to the castle of the king of Erin, and stayed there that day as a guest. Next morning early, he dressed himself in his champion’s array, and, taking his nine-edged sword, (H *Here’s number nine again, associated with a hybrid.*) he went down alone to the king of Spain, and, standing before him, bade him guard himself.

They closed in conflict, the king of Spain with all his forces on one side, and the prince of Lonesome Island on the other. They fought an awful battle that day from sunrise till sunset. They made

soft places hard, and hard places soft; they made high places low, and low places high; they brought water out of the centre of hard gray rocks, and made dry rushes soft in the most distant parts of Erin till sunset; and when the sun went down, the king of Spain and his last man were dead on the field.

This hybrid resembles Cucúlin, the Ulster Champion whom you'll meet in a Chapter below and who in "The Cattle Raid of Cooley" was "more than a match for all the men of Ireland."

Neither the king of Erin nor his forces took part in the battle. They had no need, and they had no chance. Now the king of Erin had two sons, who were such cowards that they hid themselves from fright during the battle; but their mother told the king of Erin that her elder son was the man who had destroyed the king of Spain and all his men.

Of course, in order for the hybrid (half-fairy) son to assume the throne of Ireland (or become heir to the throne), full-blooded Homo sapien sons must be disposed of. For this to be done gracefully, they must prove to be unworthy representatives of our race.

There was great rejoicing and a feast at the castle of the king of Erin. At the end of the feast the queen said: "I wish to give the last cup to this stranger who is here as a guest;" and taking him to an adjoining chamber which had a window right over the sea, she seated him in the open window and gave him a cup of drowsiness to drink. When he had emptied the cup and closed his eyes, she pushed him out into the darkness.

Of course, the prince of Lonesome Island represents an intense threat to the queen's gene line, to the succession of her sons. Here's an instance of genetic competitors (the queen and the prince) being of different sexes.

The prince of Lonesome Island swam on the water for four days and nights, till he came to a rock in the ocean, and there he lived for three months, eating the seaweeds of the rock, till one foggy day a vessel came near and the captain cried out: "We shall be wrecked on this rock!" Then he said, "There is someone on the rock; go and see who it is."

They landed, and found the prince, his clothes all gone, and his body black from the seaweed, which was growing all over it.

"Who are you?" asked the captain.

"Give me first to eat and drink, and then I'll talk," said he. They brought him food and drink; and when he had eaten and drunk, the prince said to the captain; "What part of the world have you come from?"

"I have just sailed from Lonesome Island," said the captain. "I was obliged to sail away, for fire was coming from every side to burn my ship."

All of you who have read DTD know why Homo erectus was associated with fire.

"Would you like to go back?"

"I should indeed."

"Well, turn around; you'll have no trouble if I am with you."

The captain returned. The queen of Lonesome Island was standing on the shore as the ship came in.

"Oh, my child!" cried she, "Why have you been away so long?"

"The queen of Erin threw me into the sea after I had kept the head of the king of Erin on him, and saved her life too."

"Well, my son, that will come up against the queen of Erin on another day."

Now, the prince lived on Lonesome Island three years longer, till one time he came home from hunting, and found his mother wringing her hands and shedding bitter tears.

"Oh! What has happened?" asked he.

"I am weeping because the king of Spain has gone to take vengeance on the king of Erin for the death of his father, whom you killed."

"Well, mother, I'll go to help the king of Erin, if you give me leave."

"Since you have said it, you shall go this very night."

Ah, it's great to be Irish, isn't it!

He went to the shore. Putting the prow of his bark to the sea and her stern to land, he raised high the sails, and heard no sound as he went but the pleasant wind and the whistling of eels, till he pulled up his boat next morning under the castle of the king of Erin and went on shore.

The whole country was black with the troops of the king of Spain, who was just ready to attack, when the prince stood before him, and asked a truce till next morning.

"That you shall have, my champion," answered the king. So, there was peace for that day.

Like most Homo sapiens, the King of Spain hadn't learned from his ancestors' experience.

Next morning at sunrise, the prince faced the king of Spain and his army, and there followed a struggle more terrible than that with his father; but at sunset neither the king of Spain nor one of his men was left alive.

The two sons of the king of Erin were frightened almost to death, and hid during the battle, so that no one saw them or knew where they were. But when the king of Spain and his army were destroyed, the queen said to the king: "My elder son has saved us." Then she went to bed, and taking the blood of a chicken in her mouth, spat it out, saying: "This is my heart's blood; and nothing can cure me now but three bottles of water from *Tubber Tintye*, the flaming well."

As we learned in DTD, Homo erectus corpses were not only cremated. Many were disposed of in bodies of water. Thus, a flaming well is another obvious and compound symbol for "the fairies."

When the prince was told of the sickness of the queen of Erin, he came to her and said: "I'll go for the water if your two sons will go with me."

"They shall go," said the queen; and away went the three young men towards the East, in search of the flaming well.

In the morning, they came to a house on the roadside; and going in, they saw a woman who had washed herself in a golden basin, which stood before her. [H *Long after the Homo erecti had lost their historical identity, had become spirits and had ascended to heaven; they were offered gold and every other kind of valuable. People continued to throw valuables to "the fairies" in the wells, lakes and ponds where they were believed to still reside. As a result, the fairies were believed to have gold galore.*] She was then wetting her head with the water in the basin, and combing her hair with a golden comb. She threw back her hair, and looking at the prince,

said: "You are welcome, sister's son. What is on you? Is it the misfortune of the world that has brought you here?"

"It is not; I am going to *Tubber Tintye* for three bottles of water."

"That is what you'll never do; no man can cross the fiery river or go through the enchantments around *Tubber Tintye*. Stay here with me, and I'll give you all I have."

The two fairy sisters, though forced to live apart, still have a shared area that no man can enter, a love greater for each other than for any man.

"No, I cannot stay, I must go on."

"Well, you'll be in your other aunt's house to-morrow night, and she will tell you all." [H *Make that three sisters.*]

Next morning, when they were getting ready to take the road, the elder son of the queen of Erin was frightened at what he had heard, and said: "I am sick; I cannot go farther."

"Stop here where you are, till I come back," said the prince. Then he went on with the younger brother, till at sunset they came to a house where they saw a woman wetting her head from a golden basin, and combing her hair with a golden comb. She threw back her hair, looked at the prince, and said: "You are welcome, sister's son! What brought you to this place? Was it the misfortune of the world that brought you to live under Druidic spells like me and my sisters?"

This was the elder sister of the queen of the Lonesome Island.

*Wonder of wonders! Just look at that! What you just read proves that this myth is stone old. It also supports Frazer's thesis that magic was replaced by propitiation. At the same time, it supports my contention that the gods were never invented, that they always corresponded to distinct historical beings—even when men tried to manipulate them with magic. The Druidic spells that the Queen of Lonesome Island and her fairy sisters are supposed to be under, are the spells that the magicians of our most primitive Irish ancestors cast in attempt to manipulate the *Homo erectus* gods and goddesses. One of the most common magical spells that they would have tried to cast upon the *Homo erectus* gods would have been a spell aimed at keeping the *Homo erecti* in the spirit world—in *Tir na**

n-Og. Remember the attempts of the Kwakiutls in DTD to keep the gods at bay? This is the kind of spell that the Queen of Lonesome Island and her sisters are under. They are confined to Tir na n-Og.

*As people lost faith in their own magical power, and as the power of the gods rose in their estimation, they sought ways of propitiating them. Yet they never suspected that the magic of their ancestors had been as ineffectual as their own. In Germanic mythology (DTD) we saw this explained by the belief that Freja had taught the Aesir (*Homo erectus* gods) her magic when, after the stalemated war between the Vanir (*Species War* victors) and the Aesir, they joined forces to fight the giants ("evil *Homo erecti* still at large"). I submit that there is no other likely way to explain this apparent contradiction. The myth to which we are listening originated at a time not long after the *Species War*. This was a time when our Irish ancestors were in transition between magical and worshipful (propitiatory) rites.*

"No," said the prince; "I am going to *Tubber Tintye* for three bottles of water from the flaming well."

"Oh, sister's son, it's a hard journey you're on! But stay here to-night; to-morrow morning I'll tell you all."

In the morning, the prince's aunt said: "The queen of the Island of *Tubber Tintye* has an enormous castle, in which she lives. She has a countless army of giants, beasts, and monsters to guard the castle and the flaming well. There are *thousands* upon *thousands* of them, of every form and size. When they get drowsy, and sleep comes on them, they sleep for *seven* years without waking. The queen has *twelve* [H another Fraternal complex number—*twelve*—every month of the year—the continuous insult and injury of genetically competing associates] attendant maidens, who live in *twelve* chambers. She is in the thirteenth and innermost chamber herself. The queen and the maidens sleep during the same *seven* years as the giants and beasts. When the *seven* years are over, they all wake up, and none of them sleep again for another *seven* years. If any man could enter the castle during the *seven* years of sleep, he could do what he liked. But the island on which the castle stands is girt by a river of fire and surrounded by a belt of poison-trees."

Again, as I showed you in DTD, Homo erectus was associated with the fire and the trees, especially the oak trees. But this “belt of poison trees” surrounding the maidens sounds like a chastity belt.

The aunt now blew on a horn, and all the birds of the air gathered around her from every place under the heaven, and she asked each in turn where it dwelt, and each told her; but none knew of the flaming well, till an old eagle said: “I left *Tubber Tintye* to-day.”

Like birds, spirits and gods fly. Naturally, they associate with one another.

“How are all the people there?” asked the aunt.

“They are all asleep since yesterday morning,” answered the old eagle.

The aunt dismissed the birds; and turning to the prince, said, “Here is a bridle for you. Go to the stables, shake the bridle, and put it on whatever horse runs out to meet you.”

He's in for a magic ride on a magic horse.

Now the second son of the queen of Erin said: “I am too sick to go farther.”

“Well, stay here till I come back,” said the prince, who took the bridle and went out.

The prince of the Lonesome Island stood in front of his aunt's stables, shook the bridle, and out came a dirty, lean little shaggy horse. “Sit on my back, son of the king of Erin and the queen of Lonesome Island,” said the little shaggy horse.

This was the first the prince had heard of his father. He had often wondered who he might be, but had never heard who he was before. [H *Altruism previously motivated him to save the King of Erin.*]

It was natural for people to hope that hybrids would save them from the wrath of the angry gods. Hybrids had been heroes during the Species War. As altruists, they're ready to save anyone, anytime, under any conditions.

He mounted the horse, which said: “Keep a firm grip now, for I shall clear the river of fire at a single bound, and pass the poison-trees; but if you touch any part of the trees, even with a thread of the clothing that's on you, you'll never eat another bite; [H *Sounds like he's being told not to have oral sex with the maidens.*]

and as I rush by the end of the castle of *Tubber Tintye* with the speed of the wind, you must spring from my back through an open window that is there; and if you don't get in at the window, you're done for. [H *He must connect with the right woman and no other.*] I'll wait for you outside till you are ready to go back to Erin."

The castle defenses also keep mortals out. If he approaches it as mortals do, on the ground, he'll suffer the consequences.

The prince did as the little horse told him. They crossed the river of fire, escaped the touch of the poison-trees, and as the horse shot past the castle, the prince sprang through the open window, and came down safe and sound inside.

The whole place, enormous in extent, was filled with sleeping giants and monsters of sea and land,—great whales, long slippery eels, bears, and beasts of every form and kind [H *every totem animal*]. The prince passed through them and over them till he came to a great stairway. At the head of the stairway, he went into a chamber, where he found the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, stretched on a couch asleep. "I'll have nothing to say to you," thought he, and went on to the next; and so, he looked into twelve chambers. In each was a woman more beautiful than the one before. But when he reached the thirteenth chamber and opened the door, the flash of gold took the sight from his eyes. He stood a while till the sight came back, and then entered. In the great bright chamber was a golden couch, resting on wheels of gold. The wheels turned continually [H *The Great Goddess turns as does her symbol—the moon.*]; the couch went round and round, never stopping night or day. On the couch lay the queen of *Tubber Tintye*; and if her twelve maidens were beautiful, they would not be beautiful if seen near her. At the foot of the couch was *Tubber Tintye* itself, -the well of fire. There was a golden cover upon the well, and it went around continually with the couch of the queen.

*The queen associates with the revolving moon. Twelve maidens plus one queen equals thirteen. The year has 13 lunar months. The well of fire associates with the sun, the Species War bonfires and the use of water to drown *Homo erectus*. (See DTD.)*

"Upon my word," said the prince, "I'll rest here a while." And he went up on the couch, and never left it for six days and nights.

The prince had wonderful "six" with this beautiful woman. At age four or five, my Oedipal son posted the number "8754" on his parents' bedroom door. Scolding us, he declared, "From now on, this is your room number." -Get it?

On the seventh morning he said, "It is time for me now to leave this place." So, he came down and filled the three bottles with water from the flaming well. In the golden chamber was a table of gold, and on the table a leg of mutton with a loaf of bread; and if all the men in Erin were to eat for a *twelvemonth* from the table, the mutton and the bread would be in the same form after the eating as before [H *more magic and wishful thinking*].

The prince sat down, ate his fill of the loaf and the leg of mutton, and left them as he had found them. Then he rose up, took his three bottles, put them in his wallet, and was leaving the chamber, when he said to himself: "It would be a shame to go away without leaving something by which the queen may know who was here while she slept [H *having "six" with him*]." So, he wrote a letter, saying that the son of the king of Erin and the queen of the Lonesome Island had spent six days and nights in the golden chamber of *Tubber Tintye*, had taken away three bottles of water from the flaming well, and had eaten from the table of gold. Putting this letter under the pillow of the queen, he went out, stood in the open window, sprang on the back of the lean and shaggy little horse, and passed the trees and the river unharmed.

When they were near his aunt's house, the horse stopped, and said: "Put your hand into my ear, and draw out of it a Druidic rod; then cut me into four quarters, and strike each quarter with the rod. Each one of them will become the son of a king, for four princes were enchanted and turned into the lean little shaggy horse that carried you to *Tubber Tintye*. When you have freed the four princes from this form you can free your two aunts from the spell that is on them, and take them with you to Lonesome Island."

The prince did as the horse desired; and straightway four princes stood before him, and thanking him for what he had done, they departed at once, each to his own kingdom.

The prince removed the spell from his aunts, and, traveling with them and the two sons of the queen of Erin, all soon appeared at the castle of the king.

*We're told here that the two subspecies were involved not only in a killing war but in a spell-casting war too. The Prince of Lonesome Island ends this war by freeing four *Homo sapiens* princes who, in turn, allow him to free his *Homo erectus* aunts from their spells.*

When they were near the door of their mother's chamber, the elder of the two sons of the queen of Erin stepped up to the prince of Lonesome Island, snatched the three bottles from the wallet that he had at his side, and running up to his mother's bed, said: "Here, mother, are the three bottles of water which I brought you from *Tubber Tintye*."

*Might not our immediate ancestors be projecting their own lack of self-esteem vis-à-vis *Homo erectus* onto the king of Erin's sons? After all, by trying to erase the memory of *Homo erectus*, by erasing in full his historical identity, our ancestors denied our parent species the credit they deserved. *Homo erectus* conquered the large cats, gave us fire, taught us their language, how to use the spear and the club, how to clothe ourselves in hides, shelter in caves and make stone tools. They also accomplished the primal revolution that launched civilization. Moreover, kings were likely receptacles for inadequacy. As we learned in Chapter 5 of DTD, the original kings were the puppet imitations of "God" created by the magician priests. It was hoped that a beneficent relationship between the puppet God and the people would magically produce the same beneficence between the real God and the people. Over time and with plenty of wishful thinking and clever maneuvering of the kings, most people began to believe that the kings were in fact more closely related to the gods or reincarnations of them. The mythmakers here are exposing the queen's *Homo sapien* sons as the frauds that all the royalty and gentry (the king's friends and family) actually were ("are" in the case of those stilling acting out the role).*

"Thank you, my son; you have saved my life," said she.

*Water from the fiery well at *Tubber Tintye* was apparently what the fairies were thought to drink to cure all illnesses and remain immortal.*

The prince went on his bark and sailed away with his aunts to Lonesome Island, where he lived with his mother seven years.

Notice that they sailed away on a "bark." This is another sign of how primitive this myth is.

When seven years were over, the queen of *Tubber Tintye* awoke in the golden chamber; and with her the twelve maidens and all the giants, beasts, and monsters that slept in the great castle. When the queen opened her eyes, she saw a boy about six years old playing by himself on the floor. He was beautiful, bright and had gold on his forehead and silver on his poll.

*The boy is a hybrid. The top of his head is silver rather than black like *Homo erectus*, but the gold on his forehead is a symbol for *Homo erectus*. Did the mythmakers overlook the fact that hybrids, like the son of the Queen of Lonesome Island and the King of Erin, were sterile? Either that or they succumbed to the wishful thinking that the Irish King was a reincarnated *Homo erectus*. But wishful thinking knows no bounds!*

When she saw the child, she began to cry and wring her hands, and said: "Some man has been here while I slept." Straightway she sent for her *Seandallglic* (old blind sage), told him about the child, and asked: "What am I to do now?"

The old blind sage thought a while, and then said; "Whoever was here must be a hero; for the child has gold on his forehead and silver on his poll [H *Confirm my interpretation of these symbols. The boy is a hybrid like the heroes of old.*], and he never went from this place without leaving his name behind him. Let search be made, and we shall know who he was."

When heroes knock-up sleeping women, they leave their names.

Search was made, and at last they found the letter of the prince under the pillow of the couch. The queen was now glad, and proud of the child. Next day, she assembled all her forces, her giants and guards; and when she had them drawn up in line, the army was *seven* miles long from van to rear. The queen opened through the river of fire a safe way for the host, and led it on till she came to the castle of the king of Erin. She held all the land near the castle; so, the king had the sea on one side and the army of the queen of *Tubber Tintye* on the other, ready to destroy him and all that he had. The queen sent a herald for the king to come down.

"What are you going to do?" asked the king when he came to her tent. "I have had trouble enough in my life already, without having more of it now."

"Find for me," said the queen, "the man who came to my castle and entered the golden chamber of *Tubber Tintye* while I slept, or I'll sweep you and all you have from the face of the earth."

The king of Erin called down his elder son, and asked: "Did you enter the chamber of the queen of *Tubber Tintye*?"

"I did."

"Go, then, and tell her so, and save us."

He went; and when he told the queen, she said: "If you entered my chamber, then mount my gray steed."

He mounted the steed; and if he did, the steed rose in the air with a bound, hurled him off his back, in a moment, threw him on a rock, and dashed the brains out of his head.

The king called down his second son, who said that he had been in the golden chamber. Then he mounted the gray steed, which killed him as it had his brother.

Now the queen called the king again, and said: "Unless you bring the man who entered my golden chamber while I slept, I'll not leave a sign of you or anything you have upon the face of the earth."

Notice that the threat to "not leave a sign of you or anything you have upon the face of the earth"—IS EXACTLY WHAT OUR ANCESTORS DID TO HOMO ERECTUS.

Straightway the king sent a message to the queen of Lonesome Island, saying: "Come to me with your son and your two sisters!"

The queen set out next morning, and at sunset she drew up her boat under the castle of the king of Erin. Glad were they to see her at the castle, for great dread was on all.

Next morning, the king went down to the queen of *Tubber Tintye*, who said: "Bring me the man who entered my castle, or I'll destroy you and all you have in Erin this day."

The king went up to the castle; immediately the prince of Lonesome Island went to the queen. [H *There were no condoms in those days.*]

"Are you the man who entered my castle?" asked she.

"I don't know," said the prince.

"Go up now on my gray steed!" said the queen.

He sat on the gray steed, which rose under him into the sky. The prince stood on the back of the horse, and cut three times with his sword as he went under the sun. [H *Goddess is moon, god is sun.*] When he came to earth again, the queen of *Tubber Tintye* ran to him, put his head on her bosom, and said: "You are the man."

Homo erectus must have tried desperately to keep his genes alive. See for example Genesis 34, "The Rape of Dinah," as it is interpreted in DTD. Our immediate ancestors understood this and represented this fairy queen as being overjoyed to have given birth.

Now she called the queen of Erin to her tent, and drawing from her own pocket a belt of silk, slender as a cord, she said: "Put this on."

The queen of Erin put it on, and then the queen of *Tubber Tintye* said: "Tighten, belt!" The belt tightened till the queen of Erin screamed with pain.

"Now tell me," said the queen of *Tubber Tintye*, "who was the father of your elder son."

"The gardener," said the queen of Erin.

Again, the queen of *Tubber Tintye* said, "Tighten, belt!"

The queen of Erin screamed worse than before; and she had good reason, for she was cut nearly in two.

"Now tell me who was the father of your second son."

"The big brewer," said the queen of Erin.

The queen of Erin's sons had not a drop of the Homo erectus blood that all royalty are supposed to have.

Said the queen of *Tubber Tintye* to the king of Erin: "Get this woman dead."

The king put down a big fire then, and when it was blazing high, he threw the wife in, and she was destroyed at once.

This is EXACTLY THE WAY OUR ANCESTORS DISPOSED OF MOST HOMO ERECTUS CORPSES. Here the "fairies" are avenging themselves upon and displacing members of a royal family that are so despicable as to be perfect scapegoats. And what better way could there be to make peace with the angry gods than by inter-marrying our truly royal family with theirs!

"Now do you marry the queen of Lonesome Island, and my child will be grandchild to you and to her," said the queen of *Tubber Tintye*.

This was done, and the queen of Lonesome Island became queen of Erin and lived in the castle by the sea. And the queen of *Tubber Tintye* married the prince of Lonesome Island, the champion who entered the golden chamber while she slept.

Now the king of Erin sent ten ships with messages to all the kings of the world, inviting them to come to the wedding of the queen of *Tubber Tintye* and his son, and to his own wedding with the queen of Lonesome Island.

Bad guys everywhere are on notice not to mess with the Irish.

The queen removed the Druidic spells from her giants, beasts, and monsters; then went home, and made the prince of Lonesome Island king of *Tubber Tintye* and lord of the golden chamber.

And with the recitation of this myth-tale, all the obsessional, prehistoric and contemporary Fraternal fears, guilt and paranoia of the Irish people were temporarily allayed.

5. THE SHEE AN GANNON⁷ AND THE GRUAGACH GAIRE⁸

The *Shee an Gannon* was born in the morning, named at noon, and went in the evening to ask his daughter of the king of Erin.

A “Shee” (*Sídhe* or *fairy*) is a *Homo erectus*. A *fairy* “an *gannon*,” “of a light-haired one,” of a *Homo sapien*, would be a *hybrid*. The first line, which suggests that a *Homo erectus* or *hybrid* can be a new and short-lived phenomenon, is uttered with a newly evolved tongue in a newly evolved cheek. While this myth-tale seems to lack the serious echo of the myths that originated as oral history, it is nevertheless quite true to what we already know of our prehistory. Again, the goal of this story, the pay-off, occurs when the *Shee an Gannon* marries into the Irish royal family. The tongue-in-cheek mood tells us that this tale was composed at a time when the Irish still enjoyed hearing such assurance but had observed the pattern and probably questioned its veracity.

“I will give you my daughter in marriage,” said the king of Erin; “you won’t get her, though, unless you go and bring me back the tidings that I want, and tell me what it is that put a stop to the laughing of the *Gruagach Gaire*, who before this laughed always, and laughed so loud that the whole world heard him. There are twelve iron spikes out here in the garden behind my castle. On eleven of the spikes are the heads of kings’ sons who came seeking my daughter in marriage, and all went away to get the knowledge I wanted. Not one could get it and tell me what stopped the *Gruagach Gaire* from laughing. I took the heads off them all when they came back without the tidings for which they went, and I’m

⁷ *Shee an Gannon*, in Gaelic *Sighe an Gannon*, the *fairy* of Gannon, the *fairy* of the light-haired one. A *fairy* “of a light-haired one,” of a *Homo sapien*, would be a *hybrid*. The Glennagannon Stream is in the northern-most tip of Ireland, in County Donegal.

⁸ *Gruagach* means “the hairy one.” *Homo erectus* was hairy. *Gruagach Gaire* means “the laughing gruagach.”

greatly in dread that your head'll be on the twelfth spike, for I'll do the same to you that I did to the eleven kings' sons unless you tell what put a stop to the laughing of the *Gruagach*."

The *Shee an Gannon* made no answer but left the king and pushed away to know could he find why the *Gruagach* was silent. He took a glen at a step, a hill at a leap, and traveled all day till evening. Then he came to a house. The master of the house asked him what sort was he, and he said: "A young man looking for hire."

"Well," said the master of the house, "I was going to-morrow to look for a man to mind my cows. If you'll work for me, you'll have a good place, the best food a man can eat in this world, and a soft bed to lie on."

The *Shee an Gannon* took service and ate his supper. Then the master of the house said: "I am the *Gruagach Gaire*; now that you are my man and have eaten your supper, you'll have a bed of silk to sleep on."

Next morning, after breakfast, the *Gruagach* said to the *Shee an Gannon*: "Go out now and loosen my five golden cows and my bull without horns and drive them to pasture; but when you have them out on the grass, be careful you don't let them go near the land of the giant."

*The Gruagach Gaire's five cows are golden, and his bull has no horns. He is, therefore, a friendly fairy. His nemesis, "the giant," is a more modern descendant of the evil Fomorians, unidentified and unpropitiated *Homo erecti* believed to have been still at large.*

The new cowboy drove the cattle to pasture, and when near the land of the giant, he saw it was covered with woods and surrounded by a high wall. He went up, put his back against the wall, and threw in a great stretch of it; then he went inside and threw out another great stretch of the wall, and put the five golden cows and the bull without horns on the land of the giant. Then he climbed a tree, ate the sweet apples himself, and threw the sour ones down to the cattle of the *Gruagach Gaire*.

Soon a great crashing was heard in the woods, -the noise of young trees bending, and old trees breaking. The cowboy looked around, and saw a five-headed giant pushing through the trees; and soon he was before him.

"Poor miserable creature!" said the giant; "but weren't you impudent to come to my land and trouble me in this way? You're too big for one bite, and too small for two. I don't know what to do but tear you to pieces."

"You, nasty brute," said the cowboy, coming down to him from the tree, "tis little I care for you;" and then they went at each other.

So great was the noise between them that there was nothing in the world but what was looking on and listening to the combat. They fought till late in the afternoon, when the giant was getting the upper hand; and then the cowboy thought that if the giant should kill him, his father and mother would never find him or set eyes on him again, and he would never get the daughter of the king of Erin. The heart in his body grew strong at this thought. He sprang on the giant, and with the first squeeze and thrust he put him to his knees in the hard ground, with the second thrust to this waist, and with the third to his shoulders.

"I have you at last; you're done for now!" said the cowboy.

Then he took out his knife, cut the five heads off the giant, and when he had them off he cut out the tongues and threw the heads over the wall. Then he put the tongues in his pocket and drove home the cattle. That evening, the *Gruagach* couldn't find vessels enough in all his place to hold the milk of the five golden cows. After supper the cowboy would give no talk to his master, but kept his mind to himself, and went to the bed of silk to sleep.

Next morning, after breakfast the cowboy drove out his cattle, and going on farther than the day before, stopped at a high wall. He put his back to the wall, threw in a long stretch of it, then went in and threw out another long stretch of it. After that, he put the five golden cows and the bull without horns on the land, and going up on a tree, ate sweet apples himself, and threw down the sour ones to the cattle.

Now, the son of the king of *Tisean* set out from the king of Erin on the same errand, after asking for his daughter; and as soon as the cowboy drove in his cattle on the second day, he came along by the giant's land, found the five heads of the giant thrown out by

the cowboy the day before, and picking them up, ran off to the king of Erin and put them down before him.⁹

“Oh, you have done good work!” said the king. “You have won one third of my daughter.”

*As in the last myth, might not this impostor who appropriates credit for another's work be a projection of our ancestors' own low self-esteem? Low self-esteem certainly resulted from having erased the memory of *Homo erectus* and having denied him credit for so much of the incipient culture inherited from him.*

Soon after the cowboy had begun to eat sweet apples, and the son of the king of *Tisean* had run off with the five heads, there came a great noise of young trees bending, and old trees breaking, and presently the cowboy saw a giant larger than the one he had killed the day before.

“You miserable little wretch!” cried the giant; “what brings you here on my land?”

“You wicked brute!” said the cowboy, “I don't care for you;” and slipping down from the tree, he fell upon the giant.

The fight was fiercer than his first one; but towards evening, when he was growing faint, the cowboy remembered that if he should fall, neither his father nor mother would see him again, nor would he get the daughter of the king of Erin. This thought gave him strength; and jumping up, he caught the giant, put him with one thrust to his knees in the hard earth, with a second to his waist, with a third to his shoulders, and then swept the five heads off him and threw them over the wall, after he had cut out the tongues and put them in his pocket.

Number five (“5”) associates with the five fingers of the hand, with work. Killing the five-headed giants was hard work.

Leaving the body of the giant, the cowboy drove home the cattle, and the *Gruagach* had still greater trouble in finding vessels for the milk of the five golden cows. After supper, the cowboy said not a word, but went to sleep.

Next morning, he drove the cattle still farther, and came to green woods and a strong wall. Putting his back to the wall, he

⁹ *Tisean* (pronounced *Tishyán*; *an* as in *pan*) means “envy.” Son of King *Tisean* means “Son of King Envy.”

threw in a great piece of it, and going in, threw out another piece. Then he drove the five golden cows and the bull without horns to the land inside, ate sweet apples himself, and threw down the sour ones to the cattle.

The son of the king of *Tisean* came and carried off the heads as on the day before.

Presently, a third giant came crashing through the woods, and a battle followed more terrible than the other two. Towards evening the giant was gaining the upper hand, and the cowboy, growing weak, would have been killed; but the thought of his parents and the daughter of the king of Erin gave him strength, and he swept the five heads off the giant, and threw them over the wall after he had put the tongues in his pocket.

Then the cowboy drove home his cattle; and the *Gruagach* didn't know what to do with the milk of the five golden cows, there was so much of it.

But when the cowboy was on the way home with the cattle, the son of the king of *Tisean* came, took the five heads of the giant, and hurried to the king of Erin.

"You have won my daughter now," said the king of Erin when he saw the heads; "but you'll not get her unless you tell me what stops the *Gruagach Gaire* from laughing."

On the fourth morning, the cowboy rose before his master, and the first words he said to the *Gruagach* were: "What keeps you from laughing, you who used to laugh so loud that the whole world heard you?"

"I'm sorry," said the *Gruagach*, "that the daughter of the king of Erin sent you here."

"If you don't tell me of your own will, I'll make you tell me," said the cowboy; and he put a face on himself that was terrible to look at, and running through the house like a madman, could find nothing that would give pain enough to the *Gruagach* but some ropes made of untanned sheepskin hanging on the wall.

Gruagachs were said to have a hairy swath down their backs. This is an unmistakable tip-off that they were Homo erecti.

He took these down, caught the *Gruagach*, fastened his two hands behind him, and tied his feet so that his little toes were

whispering to his ears. When he was in this state the *Gruagach* said: "I'll tell you what stopped my laughing if you set me free."

So, the cowboy unbound him, the two sat down together, and the *Gruagach* said: "I lived in this castle here with my *twelve* sons. We ate, drank, played cards, and enjoyed ourselves, till one day when my sons and I were playing, a wizard hare came rushing in, jumped on our table, defiled it, and ran away.

"On another day, he came again; but if he did, we were ready for him, my *twelve* sons and myself. As soon as he defiled our table and ran off, we made after him, and followed him till nightfall, when he went into a glen. We saw a light before us. I ran on, and came to a house with a great apartment, where there was a man with *twelve* daughters, and the hare was tied to the side of the room near the women.

Notice that this man of the house is NOT a giant. He is a Homo sapien.

"There was a large pot over the fire in the room, and a great stork boiling in the pot.

We're into the challenging part now. If you want to try to get it yourself, use scratch paper to cover my remarks. The stork symbolizes the right to have progeny. The (Homo erectus) Gruagach and the Homo sapien man shall compete for the resources needed to reproduce their genes, for the right to have offspring.

The man of the house said to me: 'There are bundles of rushes at the end of the room. Go there and sit down with your men!' [H *You know, of course, that the real source of the Gruagach's discontent is that his gene line is extinct.*]

"He went into the next room and brought out two pikes, one of wood, the other of iron, and asked me which of the pikes would I take. I said, 'I'll take the iron one,' for I thought in my heart that if an attack should come on me, I could defend myself better with the iron than the wooden pike.

A pike is a pointed spear or anything like an arrow with a point on it. The Gruagach being a Neanderthal means that this myth, as usual, has the Species War as its context; so, the "pikes" are compromised symbols for the weapon that won the Species War, the bow and arrow. Since the bows and arrows of the Species War were made of wood, the Gruagach should have chosen the wooden one.

Even if iron arrows did exist, they wouldn't fly very well. The myth-tale is attempting to reverse the outcome of our most important prehistory in microcosm, in a symbolic anecdote.

“The man of the house gave me the iron pike, and the first chance of taking what I could out of the pot on the point of the pike. I got but a small piece of the stork, and the man of the house took all the rest on his wooden pike.

The Homo sapien man got the stork, the right to reproduce progeny, because he had possession of the bow and arrow. Arrows are also used to shoot down birds, of which the stork is one.

“We had to fast that night; and when the man and his twelve daughters ate the flesh of the stork, they hurled the bare bones in the faces of my sons and myself.

The number 12 is symbolic (as usual) of the ongoing Fraternal complex hostility toward genetic competitors, twelve or “every month of the year” hostility. When signifying 12-child-families, which is what each of these symbols for the Species War belligerents has, 12 indicates raging Fraternal complexes, reproductive instincts that are totally out of control. The mythmakers are telling us that this is what made the Species War (and makes savagery in general) inevitable.

“We had to stop all night that way, beaten on the faces by the bones of the stork.

“Next morning, when we were going away, the man of the house asked me to stay a while; and going into the next room, he brought out twelve loops of iron and one of wood, and said to me: ‘Put the heads of your twelve sons into the iron loops, or your own head into the wooden one;’ and I said: ‘I’ll put the twelve heads of my sons in the iron loops, and keep my own out of the wooden one.’

“He put the iron loops on the necks of my twelve sons, and put the wooden one on his own neck. Then he snapped the loops one after another, till he took the heads off my twelve sons and threw the heads and bodies out of the house; but he did nothing to hurt his own neck.

See the lowest, engraved panel of one of the bronze doors of the Temple at Balawat (Figure 43I in Ch. 19 of DTD, volume 1). The

Homo erectus slaves in this procession all have large wooden collars around their necks.

“When he had killed my sons he took hold of me and stripped the skin and flesh from the small of my back down, and when he had done that he took the skin of a black sheep that had been hanging on the wall for *seven* years and clapped it on my body in place of my own flesh and skin; and the sheepskin grew on me, and every year since then I shear myself, and every bit of wool I use for the stockings that I wear I clip off my own back.”

*This mythical explanation for *Homo erectus*’ hirsute body would have originated as a reaction formation intended to mollify the angry gods by making light of our differences. Tezcatlipocha painting Quetzalcoatl’s (*Homo erectus*) face to make it beautiful served the same purpose. See Durán (1579).*

When he had said this, the *Gruagach* showed the cowboy his back covered with thick black wool.

After what he had seen and heard, the cowboy said: “I know now why you don’t laugh, and small blame to you. But does that hare come here still to spoil your table?”

“He does indeed,” said the *Gruagach*.

Both went to the table to play, and they were not long playing cards when the hare ran in; and before they could stop him he was on the table, and had put it in such a state that they could not play on it longer if they had wanted to.

But the cowboy made after the hare, and the *Gruagach* after the cowboy, and they ran as fast as ever their legs could carry them till nightfall; and when the hare was entering the castle where the *twelve* sons of the *Gruagach* were killed, the cowboy caught him by the two hind legs and dashed out his brains against the wall; and the skull of the hare was knocked into the chief room of the castle, and fell at the feet of the master of the place.

“Who has dared to interfere with my fighting pet?” screamed he.

*Our *Homo sapien* ancestors domesticated the wolf by imprinting orphaned newborn pups with humans. Selective breeding over thousands of years has produced the many dog breeds we have today. Although the dog doesn’t enter today’s archeological record until c. 18,000 BC, I believe that Orion’s two dogs and the many*

*"hares" in these Irish myths assure us that the Species War victors used dogs to hunt *Homo erectus* and alert us to his presence, thereby neutralizing his sensory advantages.¹⁰ Finn McCool, whom you'll meet below, also had a hunting dog; and the Irish were famed for their wolfhounds. An early name for the Irish, Hyperboleans, meant something like "Dog People."*

"I," said the cowboy; "and if your pet had had manners, he might be alive now."

The cowboy and the *Gruagach* stood by the fire. A stork was boiling in the pot, as when the *Gruagach* came the first time. The master of the house went into the next room and brought out an iron and a wooden pike, and asked the cowboy which would he choose.

*This tale wishfully undoes the wrongs done to *Homo erectus* and reestablishes him on earth and within the Irish royal family. As Evans-Wentz has noted, the same term, "gentry," was commonly applied to both fairies and lords. Such wishful thinking was, as I've noted, especially strong in the Isles, *Homo erectus'* last European sanctuary.*

"I'll take the wooden one," said the cowboy; "and you may keep the iron one for yourself."

So, he took the wooden one; and going to the pot, brought out on the pike all the stork except a small bite, and he and the *Gruagach* fell to eating, and they were eating the flesh of the stork all night. The cowboy and the *Gruagach* were at home in the place that time.

Homo erectus is once more at home in the world. He hunts and reproduces his line. (He has the stork.)

In the morning the master of the house went into the next room, took down the twelve iron loops with a wooden one,

¹⁰ Several years after I started circulating my books on CDs, several years after I concluded that the domestic dog had to be at least 40,000 years old and not 20,000 years old as archaeologists had long thought based upon findings in England; molecular biologists began to prove me right. See for example, *Science News*, vol. 151, n 26, p. 400, June 28, 1997. Herein, the findings of Robert K. Wayne and colleagues at UCLA are reported. They say that the domestic dog appeared 100,000 years ago, if not earlier.

brought them out, and asked the cowboy which would he take, the *twelve* iron or the one wooden loop.

“What could I do with the *twelve* iron ones for myself or my master? I’ll take the wooden one.”

He put it on, and taking the *twelve* iron loops, put them on the necks of the *twelve* daughters of the house, then snapped the *twelve* heads off them, and turning to their father, said: “I’ll do the same thing to you unless you bring the *twelve* sons of my master to life, and make them as well and strong as when you took their heads.”

The master of the house went out and brought the *twelve* to life again; and when the *Gruagach* saw all his sons alive and as well as ever, he let a laugh out of himself, and all the Eastern world heard the laugh.

He has removed the wooden collars from the necks of the Gruagach’s sons, released them from bondage. “To collar” someone (e. g. a slave or a criminal) descends from this practice. Of course, the first collars were wooden.

*This scoundrel with the twelve daughters and the pet hare is a typical trickster. He is a scapegoat who bears away all the *Homo sapien* responsibility and guilt for the Species War. Although the name “trickster” derives from North American mythology wherein such characters are especially prevalent, they are found in the mythologies of most peoples. The trickster originally symbolized the ignoble, hit and run tactics of *Homo sapien*, Species War archers. The hare was a common symbol for the trickster because it runs fast, and an upside-down image of it is in the moon. So, the pet hare is an amalgam of the tricksters, the hare in the moon and the hunting dogs used by the Species War victors.*

Perhaps when our Irish ancestors so often referred in their myth-history to “the Eastern world” or “the East” they were dimly recalling a time when their ancestors divided somewhere in lower Mesopotamia or the Caspian Basin, some going East and others going West. In DTD, we discovered four words—in addition to the many that are reprinted from Donnelly—that are virtually identical among peoples that are greatly separated geographically. In the next myth-tale, we’ll determine—with great confidence—that this was the case.

Then the cowboy said to the *Gruagach*: “It’s a bad thing you have done to me, for the daughter of the king of Erin will be married the day after your laugh is heard.”

All along, the Irish king’s greatest concern has been the welfare of Homo erectus, or so they would have liked the world and the gods to believe.

“Oh! Then we must be there in time,” said the *Gruagach*; and they all made away from the place as fast as ever they could, the cowboy, the *Gruagach* and his twelve sons.

On the road, they came to a woman who was crying very hard.

“What is your trouble?” asked the cowboy.

“You need have no care,” said she, “for I will not tell you.”

“You must tell me,” said he, “for I’ll help you out of it.”

Henceforth, with the bad fairies (giants) killed, and the best one, a hybrid, soon to be united with the royal family, we Irish should have no problems.

“Well,” said the woman [H “I didn’t want to denounce the English to you gods, but since you insist...”] “I have three sons, and they used to play hurley with the three sons of the king of the Sassenach, and they were more than a match for the king’s sons.¹¹ And it was the rule that the winning side should give three wallops of their hurleys to the other side; and my sons were winning every game, and gave such a beating to the king’s sons that they complained to their father, and the king carried away my sons to London, and he is going to hang them there to-day.”

“I’ll bring them here this minute,” said the cowboy.

“You have no time,” said the *Gruagach*.

“Have you tobacco and a pipe?” asked the cowboy of the *Gruagach*.

“I have not,” said he.

“Well, I have,” said the cowboy; and putting his hand in his pocket, he took out tobacco and a pipe, gave them to the *Gruagach*, and said: “I’ll be in London and back before you can put tobacco in this pipe and light it.”

¹¹ *Sassenach*, English.

He disappeared, was back from London with the three boys all safe and well, and gave them to their mother before the *Gruagach* could get a taste of smoke out of the pipe.

"Now come with us," said the cowboy to the woman and her sons, "to the wedding of the daughter of the king of Erin."

They hurried on; and when within three miles of the king's castle there was such a throng of people that no one could go a step ahead.

"We must clear a road through this," said the cowboy.

"We must indeed," said the *Gruagach*; and at it they went, threw the people some on one side and some on the other, and soon they had an opening for themselves to the king's castle. As they went in, the daughter of the king of Erin and the son of the king of *Tisean* were on their knees just going to be married. The cowboy drew his hand on the bridegroom, and gave a blow that sent him spinning till he stopped under a table at the other side of the room.

Women are totally insecure and passive within male-dominated, western, savage K and R society. Because women are better at finding and choosing the mate who looks most like their opposite sex parent and because they are more focused on and knowledgeable about love, marriage and family life, they need to be the leaders in these spheres. The western world will be loveless until they are.

"What scoundrel struck that blow?" asked the king of Erin.

"It was I," said the cowboy.

"What reason had you to strike the man who won my daughter?"

"It was I who won your daughter, not he; and if you don't believe me, the *Gruagach Gaire* is here himself. He'll tell you the whole story from beginning to end, and show you the tongues of the giants."

So, the *Gruagach* came up and told the king the whole story, how the *Shee an Gannon* had become his cowboy, had guarded the five golden cows and the bull without horns, cut off the heads of the five-headed giants, killed the wizard hare, and brought his own twelve sons to life. "And then," said the *Gruagach*, "he is the only

man in the whole world I have ever told why I stopped laughing, and the only one who has ever seen my fleece of wool."

When the king of Erin heard what the *Gruagach* said and saw the tongues of the giants fitted into the heads, he made the *Shee an Gannon* kneel down by his daughter, and they were married on the spot. Then the son of the king of *Tisean* was thrown into prison, and the next day they put down a great fire, and the deceiver was burned to ashes.

The prince of Tisean IS MADE TO SUFFER THE SAME FATE THAT WE DEALT HOMO ERECTUS—CREMATION. By him suffering the fate that we unconsciously expect for ourselves, our obsessional fears are (temporarily) allayed. Best of all, with a hybrid god in our royal family, justice is sure to prevail throughout the land and nobody will dare to mess with us.

The wedding lasted nine days, and the last day was better than the first.

*There's good old number nine again, symbolic of cats, death and hybrids. That last line sobers us up. It admits that the tale is replete with wishful thinking. But for those of us that can appreciate Irish mythology at its deepest level, it is a passageway to prehistory. It illuminates our past, a past that most humans have totally blacked out due to trauma. ***Illuminate our past also illuminates our path forward.****

6. THE FISHERMAN'S SON AND THE *GRUAGACH* OF TRICKS

This myth-tale deals with one of the darkest and grimmest aspects of the Species War. It is marvelously creative and testifies to the very early, Pleistocene origins of these popular, Irish myths.

There was an old fisherman once in Erin who had a wife and one son. The old fisherman used to go about with a fishing-rod and tackle to the rivers and lochs and every place where fish resort, and he was killing salmon and other fish to keep the life in himself and his wife and son.

*The "killing" as opposed to the "catching" of fish suggests guilt from eliminating other living beings. Our primitive ancestors were respectful of other animals and plants. They believed that other species also embodied "souls" that were, in the case of totem animals (and sometimes plants), the souls of ancestors or (more often) *Homo erectus* relatives. The gradual development of Species War guilt, the expunction of *Homo erectus*' memory and the Second Mask, especially after the Great Flood, alienated us from nature.*

The son was not so keen or so wise as another; and the father was instructing him every day in fishing, so that if himself should be taken from the world, the son could support the old mother and get his own living.

The son being "not so keen or wise as another" is a hint of what happened to him.

One day when the father and son were fishing in a river near the sea, they looked out over the water and saw a small dark speck on the waves. It grew larger and larger, till they saw a boat, and when the boat drew near, they saw a man sitting in the stern of it.

There was a nice beach near the place where they were fishing. The man brought the boat straight to the beach, and stepping out drew it up on the sand. They saw then that the stranger was a man of high degree [H duine uasal].

Chapter 5 of DTD cites six explanations for the magnification or aggrandizement of the gods. Some of the more important ones are: the universality of the guilt, paranoia and obsessional fear with

respect to the *Homo erecti*; the displacement onto them of repressed, negative feelings toward ongoing genetic competitors and the metaphorical condensation of multitudes into individual mythological characters. Even “the fairies” (pagan gods, degraded in the modern era) were credited with extraordinary power, wealth (from the votive offerings) and dignity (resulting from *Homo sapien* reaction formations). Everywhere, kings and feudal lords claimed to be (and were hoped to be) descended from these gods. They appropriated the title of the gods: *gentry*.

But the makers of this myth have their own, particular reason for aggrandizing this Neanderthal “stranger of high degree.”

After he had put the boat high on the sand, he came to where the two were at work, and said: “Old fisherman, you’d better let this son of yours with me for a year and a day, and I will make a very wise man of him. I am the *Gruagach na g-cleasan* [H *Gruagach* of tricks], and I’ll bind myself to be here with your son this day year.”¹²

Homo erectus taught us much and accomplished much for which he was not credited owing to the need to repress the memory of his identity. He lived in semi-permanent communities within a range about as large as our own. He was a skilled hunter and a fabricator of stone tools. He learned how to make fire; he possessed totem religion; and he had a rudimentary digital language. (See Jurmain, Nelson and Turnbaugh, Mellars and Stringer and “speech” in digital DTD.) More importantly, *Homo erectus* partially accomplished the transition to exogamy (we’re still not fully there yet) and thereby launched civilization. (See Freud’s *Totem and Taboo*.)

However, as of the Species War, our ancestors had nothing to learn from Neanderthal. Even if they did, what would a Neanderthal man want with a teenage, *Homo sapien* boy? Our ancestors were unanimous in saying that they wanted to mate with us. They were

¹² Pronounced ná glássan. Remember, *Gruagach* means “the hairy one.” It refers to a *Homo erectus*.

*unanimous too in fearing that the *Homo erectus* gods would steal our children. But what's the *Gruagach*'s, *Homo erectus*' motive here?*

"I can't let him go," said the old fisherman, "till he gets his mother's advice."

"Whatever goes as far as women I'll have nothing to do with," said the *Gruagach*. "You had better give him to me now, and let the mother alone." [H *These are definitely Westerners!*]]

They talked till at last the fisherman promised to let his son go for the year and a day. Then the *Gruagach* gave his word to have the boy there at the seashore that day year. The *Gruagach* and the boy went into the boat and sailed away.

When the year and a day were over, the old fisherman went to the same place where he had parted with his son and the *Gruagach*, and stood looking over the sea, thinking would he see his son that day.

At last, he saw a black spot on the water, then a boat. When it was near, he saw two men sitting in the stern of the boat. When it touched land, the two, who were *duine uasal* in appearance, jumped out, and one of them pulled the boat to the top of the strand. Then that one, followed by the other, came to where the old fisherman was waiting, and asked: "What trouble is on you now, my good man?"

"I had a son that wasn't so keen nor so wise as another, and myself and this son were here fishing, and a stranger came, like yourself to-day, and asked would I let my son with him for a year and a day. I let the son go, and the man promised to be here with him to-day, and that's why I am waiting at this place now."

"Well," said the *Gruagach*, "am I your son?"

"You are not," said the fisherman.

"Is this man here your son?"

"I don't know him," said the fisherman.

"Well, then, he is all you will have in place of your son," said the *Gruagach*.

The old man looked again, and knew his son. He caught hold of him and welcomed him home.

"Now," said the *Gruagach*, "isn't he a better man than he was a year ago?"

"Oh, he's nearly a smart man now!" said the old fisherman.

The son is now a graduate of Neanderthal University. However, only genetic offspring are taught free of charge; others must pay tuition. We must still suspect the Neanderthal man's motive here for taking the son. Moreover, could Neanderthal really educate him, or is the alleged education a reaction formation to some other change in the son's condition?

"Well," said the *Gruagach*, "will you let him with me for another year and a day?" [H "Shall we award him a Masters?"]

"I will not," said the old man; "I want him myself."

The *Gruagach* then begged and craved till the fisherman promised to let the son with him for a year and a day again. But the old man forgot to take the word of the *Gruagach* to bring back the son at the end of the time; and when the *Gruagach* and the boy were in the boat, and had pushed out to sea, the *Gruagach* shouted to the old man: "I kept my promise to bring back your son today. I haven't given you my word at all now. I'll not bring him back, and you'll never see him again."

The Gruagach of Tricks lived up to his name.

The fisherman went home with a heavy and sorrowful heart, and the old woman scolded him all that night till next morning for letting her son go with the *Gruagach* a second time.

Then himself and the old woman were lamenting a quarter of a year; and when another quarter had passed, he said to her: "I'll leave you here now, and I'll be walking on myself till I wear my legs off up to my knees, and from my knees to my waist, till I find where is my son."

So, away went the old man walking, and he used to spend but one night in a house, and not two nights in any house, till his feet were all in blisters. One evening late he came to a hut where there was an old woman sitting at a fire.

"Poor man!" said she, when she laid eyes on him, "it's a great distress you are in, to be so disfigured with wounds and sores. What is the trouble that's on you?"

"I had a son," said the old man, "and the *Gruagach na gleasan* came on a day and took him from me."

"Oh, poor man!" said she. "I have a son with that same *Gruagach* these twelve years, and I have never gotten him back or got sight of him, and I'm in dread you'll not get your son back

either. [H *For some reason, Homo sapiens who are kidnapped or tricked into being given to this Gruagach are never seen again.*] But to-morrow, in the morning, I'll tell you all I know, and show you the road you must go to find the house of the *Gruagach* na gleasan."

Next morning, she showed the old fisherman the road. He was to come to the place by evening. When he came and entered the house, the *Gruagach* shook hands with him, and said: "You are welcome, old fisherman. It was I that put this journey on you, and made you come here looking for your son."

"It was no one else but you," said the fisherman.

"Well," said the *Gruagach*, "you won't see your son to-day. At noon tomorrow I'll put a whistle in my mouth and call together all the birds in my place, and they'll come. Among others will be twelve doves. I'll put my hand in my pocket, this way, and take out wheat and throw it before them on the ground. The doves will eat the wheat, and you must pick your son out of the twelve. If you find him, you'll have him; if you don't, you'll never get him again."

Those of you with weak stomachs can skip what follows and proceed to the next myth or myth-tale. Those of you who wish to try to figure this out yourselves can use a sheet of paper to block out my italicized comments in what follows.

The rest of you should recall at this point a passage from DTD wherein I quote the work of Michael Harner. Harner quotes from the diary of conquistador Bernal Diaz. Diaz lived to tell of his service with Hernan Cortez and the conquest of Mexico:

"I think my readers must have heard enough of this tale of Cholula, and I wish that I were finished with it. But I cannot omit to mention the cages of stout wooden bars that we found in the city, full of men and boys who were being fattened for the sacrifice at which their flesh would be eaten."
(Diaz, 1963: 203)

The fisherman's son is among prisoners that have been caged like birds and are being fattened up to be eaten. Prior to the Neolithic Age (Stone Age of Agriculture) cannibalism was the universally accepted norm. Some of the Homo sapiens taken prisoner

*by *Homo erectus* may indeed have been recaptured, negotiated for or (after having been killed) paid for with "blood labor." Notice too the number twelve again. "Twelve" (months a year) is symbolic of the ongoing component of our fraternal hostility.*

After the *Gruagach* had said these words, the old man ate his supper and went to bed.

In the dead of night, the old fisherman's son came. "Oh, father!" said he, "it would be hard for you to pick me out among the twelve doves, if you had to do it alone; but I'll tell you. When the *Gruagach* calls us in, and we go to pick up the wheat, I'll make a ring around the others, walking for myself; and as I go, I'll give some of them a tip of my bill, and I'll lift my wings when I'm striking them. There was a spot under one of my arms when I left home, and you'll see that spot under my wing when I raise it tomorrow. Don't miss the bird that I'll be, and don't let your eyes off it; if you do, you'll lose me forever."

Men and boys who had long been crammed into a cage or other small enclosure to be fattened up before being slaughtered may have become unrecognizable. Also, the "spot under his arm" may allude to primitive rituals in which cannibalism is commemorated by dancers with white circles painted on their limbs, circles that indicated the choicest cannibal cuts of meat. See DTD, volume 3, Figure 78.

Next morning the old man rose, had his breakfast and kept thinking of what his son had told him. At midday the *Gruagach* took his whistle and blew. Birds came to him from every part, and among others the twelve doves.

*There may have been other prisoners of various sorts at the Gruagach's place, others compared to whom the *Homo sapien* young men were gentle doves.*

He took wheat from his pocket, threw it to the doves, and said to the father: "Now pick out your son from the twelve."

The old man was watching, and soon he saw one of the doves walking around the other eleven and hitting some of them a clip of its bill, and then it raised its wings, and the old man saw the spot. The bird let its wings down again, and went to eating with the rest. The father never let his eyes off the bird. After a while he said to the *Gruagach*: "I'll have that bird there for my son."

"Well," said the *Gruagach*, "that is your son. I can't blame you for having him; but I blame your instructor for the information he gave you, and I give him my curse."

So, the old fisherman got his son back in his proper shape, and away they went, father and son, from the house of the *Gruagach*. The old man felt stronger now, and they never stopped traveling a day till they came home. The old mother was very glad to see her son, and see him such a wise, smart man.

It would have further demeaned the surviving parents to remember their son or his killers (whom he was undoubtedly "not so keen or wise as") as less than extraordinary.

After coming home, they had no means but the fishing; they were as poor as ever before. At this time, it was given out at every crossroad in Erin, and in all public places in the kingdom, that there were to be great horse-races. Now, when the day came, the old fisherman's son said: "Come away with me, father, to the races."

The old man went with him, and when they were near the race-course, the son said: "Stop here till I tell you this: I'll make myself into the best horse that's here to-day, and do you take me to the place where the races are to be, and when you take me in, I'll open my mouth, trying to kill and eat every man that'll be near me, I'll have such life and swiftness; and do you find a rider for me that'll ride me, and don't let me go till the other horses are far ahead on the course. Then let me go. I'll come up to them, and I'll run ahead of them and win the race. After that every rich man there will want to buy me of you; but don't you sell me to any man for less than five hundred pounds; and be sure you get that price for me. And when you have the gold, and you are giving me up, take the bit out of my mouth, and don't sell the bridle for any money. Then come to this spot, shake the bridle, and I'll be here in my own form before you."

*The parent/mythmakers wanted to believe that their son had learned powerful magic from *Homo erectus* before he died and that he was reincarnated after he died.*

Note also that there is a real-life, factual basis for this horse episode. Domesticated animals that love their masters and then are sold and relocated or lost often find their way back to their original

home and master. Everywhere the countryside abounds with tales of shrewd old men who "sell" such a dog or horse only to get him back free of charge. In primitive times, when there were no modern highways and few fences to obstruct the travel of a runaway animal, this phenomenon would have been commonplace.

Furthermore, a Neolithic horse race could also be a metaphor for slavery. The poverty-stricken fisherman may have sold the son into bondage. Supporting this interpretation is the condition for the "son's" return: that the father keeps the bridle. In the coming episode of this run, wherein the son is to become a dog and win a hunting contest, the condition for his return is once more that the father keeps the rope on which the dog is led. If slavery was intended, then keeping the rope or the bridle is symbolic of maintaining knowledge of the son's whereabouts and later buying him from or helping him to escape from his master. Adding to the likelihood of this slavery interpretation is an Aztec custom that may have been universal at one time: slaves incapable of working off their debt could be sold in the meat market.

The son made himself a horse, and the old fisherman took him to the race. He reared and snorted, trying to take the head off every man that came near him.

For the horse to be "trying to take the head off every man that came near him" is a reaction formation to the father's (the myth-maker's) humiliation through identification with a son that has been cannibalized. You, the listener, are not supposed to know that yet—but you will.

The old man shouted for a rider. A rider came; he mounted the horse and held him in. The old man didn't let him start till the other horses were well ahead on the course; then he let him go.

The new horse caught up with the others and shot past them. So, they had not gone half way when he was in at the winning-post. When the race was ended, there was a great noise over the strange horse. Men crowded around the old fisherman from every corner of the field, asking what would he take for the horse.

"Five hundred pounds," said he.

"Here 'tis for you," said the next man to him.

In a moment the horse was sold, and the money in the old man's pocket. Then he pulled the bridle off the horse's head, and made his way out of the place as fast as ever he could.

The negative side of the Fraternal complex derives from the semi-civilized state of human society, from the inadequacy of our self-knowledge, our law and our organization. Due to this negativity, no one can be expected not to take unfair advantage of his neighbor when the opportunity arises. Here, the father has helped the son to breach a contract, to avoid working off a debt. Debt may also have remained from the "education" that the Gruagach provided the fisherman's son during the first year and a day of the son's absence.

It was not long till he was at the spot where the son had told him what to do. The minute he came, he shook the bridle, and the son was there before him in his own shape and features. Oh, but the old fisherman was glad when he had his son with him again, and the money in his pocket! The two went home together. They had money enough now to live, and quit the fishing. They had plenty to eat and drink, and they spent their lives in ease and comfort till the next year, when it was given out at all the cross roads in Erin, and every public place in the kingdom, that there was to be a great hunting with hounds, in the same place where the races had been the year before.

When the day came, the fisherman's son said: "Come, father, let us go away to this hunting."

"Ah!" said the old man, "what do we want to go for? Haven't we plenty to eat at home, with money enough and to spare? What do we care for hunting with hounds?"

"Oh! They'll give us more money," said the son, "if we go."

Both dogs and horses are domesticated animals that serve masters, but these are also racing animals. The slavery interpretation doesn't seem to connect with the racing. There are at least two other symbolic aspects to these episodes.

The fisherman listened to his son, and away they went. When the two came to the spot where the son had made a horse of himself the year before, he stopped, and said to the father: "I'll make a hound of myself to-day, and when you bring me in sight of the game, you'll see me wild with jumping and trying to get away; but do you hold me fast till the right time comes, then let go. I'll

sweep ahead of every hound in the field, catch the game, and win the prize for you.

"When the hunt is over, so many men will come to buy me that they'll put you in a maze; but be sure you get three hundred pounds for me, and when you have the money, and are giving me up, don't forget to keep my rope. Come to this place, shake the rope, and I'll be here before you, as I am now. If you don't keep the rope, you'll go home without me."

When the father concentrates upon the son, here and below, the father is "in a maze." The "maze" is a displaced symbol. Can you see what it symbolizes?

The son made a hound of himself, and the old father took him to the hunting-ground. When the hunt began, the hound was springing and jumping like mad; but the father held him till the others were far out in the field. Then he let him loose, and away went the son. Soon he was up with the pack, then in front of the pack, and never stopped till he caught the game and won the prize.

When the hunt was over, and the dogs and game brought in, all the people crowded around the old fisherman, saying: "What do you want of that hound? Better sell him; he's no good to you."

They put the old man in a maze there were so many of them, and they pressed him so hard. [H *Here's the maze again. What does it symbolize? I'll give you a hint: it's a displaced dream symbol. Most of this myth developed as the recurrent dream of a parent or parents who had lost a child to Homo erectus cannibalism.*]

He said at last: "I'll sell the hound; and three hundred pounds is the price I want for him."

"Here 'tis for you," said a stranger, putting the money into his hand.

The old man took the money and gave up the dog, without taking off the rope. He forgot his son's warning.

That minute the *Gruagach na g-cleasan* called out: "I'll take the worth of my money out of your son now;" and away he went with the hound.

"Taking the worth of my money" again supports the slavery interpretation. This myth-tale describes two different ways in which people fell victim to cannibalism.

The old man walked home alone that night, and it is a heavy heart he had in him when he came to the old woman without the son. And the two were lamenting their lot till morning. Still and all, they were better off than the first time they lost their son, as they had plenty of everything, and could live at their ease.

Again, these racehorse and race dog episodes both administer to the parents' grief and humiliation over having lost their only child to cannibalism. They accomplish this first by depicting the son as a powerful magician. They accomplish this secondly and more importantly by replacing the awareness that the son was captured because he couldn't run well or that they were dull witted for selling him into slavery with the belief that the son ran like a champion dog or horse and met his doom due only to an oversight. Recall how their humiliation surfaced at the top of the myth-tale: "The son was not so keen nor so wise as another"—as the man who ate him.

The *Gruagach* went away home, and put the fisherman's son in a cave of concealment that he had, bound him hand and foot, and tied hard knots on his neck up to the chin. From above there fell on him drops of poison, and every drop that fell went from the skin to the flesh, from the flesh to the bone, from the bone to the marrow, and he sat there under the poison drops, without meat, drink, or rest.

THE SON HAS NOW BEEN EATEN. HE HAS KNOTS ON HIS NECK AS HE IS IN A CANNIBAL'S ESOPHAGUS. POISON DROPS UPON HIM IN A NEANDERTHAL STOMACH! The "maze" was a displaced symbol for the intestines of a cannibal. This myth-tale is the Irish forerunner of the Babylonian "Labu" and the Greek myth of Daedalus, the Minotaur and the Labyrinth. Search for "Labu" in digital DTD. This Irish myth had to be the original because it is too detailed and creative to have developed other than as a recurrent dream.

In the *Gruagach*'s house was a servant-maid, and the fisherman's son had been kind to her the time he was in the place before. On a day when the *Gruagach* and his eleven sons were out hunting, the maid was going with a tub of dirty water to throw it into the river that ran by the side of the house. She went through

the cave of concealment where the fisherman's son was bound, and he asked of her the wetting of his mouth from the tub.

"Oh! The *Gruagach* would take the life of me," said she, "when he comes home, if I gave you as much as one drop."

The "cave of concealment" is the host's large intestine, his colon. The "dirty water" is sewage-contaminated water that will make the host contract diarrhea if he swallows so much as a drop.

"Well," said he, "when I was in this house before, and when I had power in my hands, it's good and kind I was to you; and when I get out of this confinement I'll do you a turn, if you give me the wetting of my mouth now."

The maid put the tub near his lips.

"Oh! I can't stoop to drink unless you untie one knot from my throat," said he.

Then she put the tub down, stooped to him, and loosed one knot from his throat. When she loosed the one knot, he made an eel of himself and dropped into the tub. There he began shaking the water, till he put some of it on the ground, and when he had the place about him wet, he sprang from the tub, and slipped along out under the door. The maid caught him but could not hold him; he was so slippery. He made his way from the door to the river, which ran near the side of the house. [H *Diarrhea has loosened the Neanderthal's bowels and caused him to pass our boy as a worm.*]

*However primitive they were in their beliefs, the ancestors who lost children to *Homo erectus* cannibals before the end of the Species War were emotionally no different from parents of today—especially those of us who have only one child to leave in the world. It is devastating to lose an only child. [Yes, I fully comprehend the seriousness and potential psychological pain of the population control reform that I am advocating. It was not easy for me to open myself up to the meaning of this myth. But I also comprehend that the alternative—not making these reforms—will ultimately entail a worse fate and a greater suffering for all our progeny. Moreover, if we become a civilized society that operates by civilized rules, we will overcome our alienation toward one another and "the family" that we love and identify with will transition from the nuclear family to the species family.] Many parents who lost a child to cannibalism probably devoted countless hours of the creative energy of their*

*unconscious minds to constructing this myth. It envisioned a better fate for their only child than the one that he had received. For the most part, only males would have been eaten because mythology from all over the world is consistent in depicting *Homo erectus* as desirous of *Homo sapien* women.*

When the *Gruagach na g-cleasan* came home in the evening with his eleven sons, they went to take a look at the fisherman's son; but he was not to be seen. Then the *Gruagach* called the maid, and taking his sword, said: "I'll take the head off you if you don't tell me this minute what happened while I was gone."

"Oh!" said the maid, "he begged so hard for a drop of dirty water to wet his mouth that I hadn't the heart to refuse, for 'tis good he was to me and kind each time he saw me when he was here in the house before. When the water touched his mouth, he made an eel of himself, spilled water out of the tub, and slipped over the wet place to the river outside. I caught him to bring him back, but I couldn't hold him; despite all I could do, he made away."

The *Gruagach* dropped his sword, and went to the water side with his sons. The sons made eleven eels of themselves, and the *Gruagach* their father was the twelfth. They went around in the water, searching in every place, and there was not a stone in the river that they passed without looking under and around it for the old fisherman's son.

Aha! The Gruagach is a magician/priest. The schooling that he gave to the fisherman's son was in magic.

And when he knew that they were after him, he made himself into a salmon; and when they knew he was a salmon, the sons made eleven otters of themselves, and the *Gruagach* made himself the twelfth.

When the fisherman's son found that twelve otters were after him, he was weak with hunger, and when they had come near, he made himself a whale. But the eleven brothers and their father made twelve cannon whales of themselves, for they had all gone out of the river, and were in the sea now.

When they were coming near him, the fisherman's son was weak from pursuit and hunger, so he jumped up out of the water, and made a swallow of himself; but the *Gruagach* and his sons became twelve hawks, and chased the swallow through the air;

and as they whirled round and darted, they pressed him hard, till all came near the castle of the king of Erin.

*These Hollywood productions all have chase scenes. Seriously, notice that the son has twelve persecutors. This Fraternal complex number is large enough to make his defeat less humiliating. The same sort of reaction formation turned *Homo erecti* into giants.*

As one might have guessed, it is here, among the royal family, that the cannibalized son will find a socially meaningful way to serve people. Here he will find a higher purpose for his life, a purpose in which the mythmaker/parents/investors are desperate to believe.

Now the king had made a summer-house for his daughter; and where should she be at this time but sitting on the top of the summer-house.

*Why on earth does a woman sit on the top of a house? Certainly, she's not a carpenter. I'll suggest two possible reasons. First, the royal family was, according to Irish religion, interbred with the "fairies." Like a witch (a philandering female associated with *Homo erectus*), she's on the roof. Second, and here is another indication of the myth's antiquity, she may have been (in the original, prehistoric version) elevated due to having her menarche. Primitive men feel ambivalent toward women when they have their menstrual period—especially when they have the first period. Like the gods, these ambivalent objects must be elevated throughout the time when the blood flows. They must be "up in the air," like the gods who must not touch the ground, undecided—like men's ambivalent feelings toward them, their powerful charge insulated and not in contact with others. After their menarche, tribal women were ready to undergo initiation rights and (thereafter) marry. Both of these explanations will be supported below.*

The old fisherman's son dropped down till he was near her; then he fell into her lap in the form of a ring. The daughter of the king of Erin took up the ring, looked at it, and put it on her finger. The ring took her fancy, and she was glad.

When the *Gruagach* and his sons saw this, they let themselves down at the king's castle, having the form of the finest men that could be seen in the kingdom.

When the king's daughter had the ring on her finger, she looked at it and liked it. Then the ring spoke, and said: "My life is in

your hands now; don't part from the ring, and don't let it go to any man, and you'll give me a long life."

The *Gruagach na g-cleasan* and his eleven sons went into the king's castle and played on every instrument known to man, and they showed every sport that could be shown before a king. This they did for three days and three nights. When that time was over, and they were going away, the king spoke up and asked: "What is the reward that you would like, and what would be pleasing to you from me?"

"We want neither gold nor silver," said the *Gruagach*; "all the reward we ask of you is the ring that I lost on a time, and which is now on your daughter's finger."

"If my daughter has the ring that you lost, it shall be given to you," said the king.

Now the ring spoke to the king's daughter and said: "Don't part with me for anything till you send your trusted man for three gallons of strong spirits and a gallon of wheat; put the spirits and the wheat together in an open barrel before the fire. When your father says you must give up the ring, do you answer back that you have never left the summer-house, that you have nothing on your hand but what is your own and paid for. Your father will say then that you must part with me, and give me up to the stranger. When he forces you, and you can keep me no longer, then throw me into the fire; and you'll see great sport and strange things."

The king's daughter sent for the spirits and the wheat, had them mixed together, and put in an open barrel before the fire.

The king called the daughter in, and asked: "Have you the ring which this stranger lost?"

"I have a ring," said she, "but it's my own, and I'll not part with it. I'll not give it to him or to any man."

"You must," said the king, "for my word is pledged, and you must part with the ring!"

When she heard this, she slipped the ring from her finger and threw it into the fire.

That moment the eleven brothers made eleven pairs of tongs of themselves; their father, the old *Gruagach*, was the twelfth pair. The twelve jumped into the fire to know in what spark of it would they find the old fisherman's son; and they were a long time

working and searching through the fire, when out flew a spark, and into the barrel.

The *twelve* made themselves men, turned over the barrel, and spilled the wheat on the floor.

Then in a twinkling they were *twelve* cocks strutting around. They fell to and picked away at the wheat to know which one would find the fisherman's son. Soon one dropped on one side, and a second on the opposite side, until all *twelve* were lying drunk from the wheat.

Half a dozen great Irish jokes spring to mind, but this aint the forum for 'em.

Then the old fisherman's son made a fox of himself, and the first cock he came to was the old *Gruagach na g-cleasan* himself. He took the head off the *Gruagach* with one bite, and the heads off the eleven brothers with eleven other bites.

When the *twelve* were dead, the old fisherman's son made himself the finest-looking man in Erin, and began to give music and sport to the king; and he entertained him five times better than had the *Gruagach* and his eleven sons.

The "one who was not so keen nor so wise as another" has now learned all the other's tricks and has out-foxed him. This wishful climax of the parents' dream reverses the painful past. Here the victim/son eats those who victimized him.

Then the king's daughter fell in love with him, and she set her mind on him to that degree that there was no life for her without him. When the king saw the straits that his daughter was in, he ordered the marriage without delay. The wedding lasted for nine days and nine nights, and the ninth night was the best of all.

*Number nine indicates death, *Homo erectus* or the end of someone's genetic line. The ego is returning us to reality as the dream ends. For in truth, the son and the mythmakers' gene lines are dead.*

*But the wishful superego wants to believe that the son survived, acquired the wisdom of the *Homo erectus* gods and led a meaningful life. Wishful thinking would have it that the royal family is united with these *Homo erectus* gods; the son is united with the royal family; and the future royal couple will lead the Irish to a brighter future.*

When the wedding was over, the king felt he was losing his strength, so he took the crown off his own head, and put it on the head of the old fisherman's son, and made him king of Erin in place of himself.

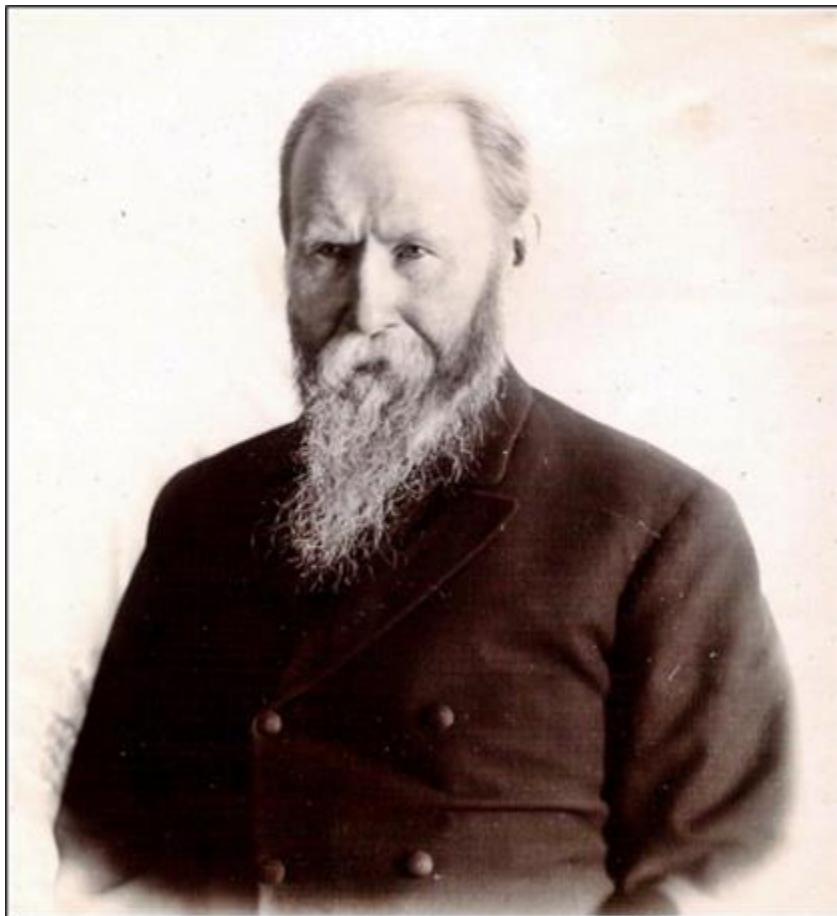
This is a beautiful dream, a quite natural and understandable (though neurotic) reaction to a prehistoric trauma. But what should we think of the adult crowd who believe literally in this or other religious myths? Such people are not all there. They're in the driver's seat of the vehicle that is their life, but their unconscious mind is at the controls and they consciously think and feel as if they're just along for the ride. What shall become of us if such people remain the political majority and continue to influence civilization as they do? Continuing...

The young couple was the luck, and we the stepping-stones. The presents we got at the marriage were stockings of buttermilk and shoes of paper, and these were worn to the soles of our feet when we got home from the wedding.

This paragraph admits that there was no wedding. It is the reality principle reasserting itself over the mythmakers' superegos. In the end, they console themselves with the realization that they and their son had to suffer so that post-Species War generations could have better lives.

*One might also read more into the paragraph. If there were no real wedding presents for the newlyweds, then there was no wedding ceremony. And if there was no ceremony, then the period in which the myth-tale is set is Neanderthal dominated, pre-Species War Europe, a period in which *Homo sapiens* were allowed to marry only at *Homo erectus'* pleasure, a period in which a "Gruagach" could command the respect of a man of high degree (duine uasal). Within Neanderthal dominated society, any male *Homo sapien* who managed to survive long enough to reproduce his own kind—even temporarily—was indeed extremely "lucky." Later generations of *Homo sapiens* who fought and won the Species War quite rightfully looked upon themselves as our "stepping stones" to domination of the planet and a life of relative ease and comfort. "Stockings of buttermilk and shoes of paper" are, in this case, an admission that the original characters in this myth were barefoot. It is a latter-day*

comment upon the extreme antiquity of the myth. The photo below is of Jeremiah Curtin.



7. THE THIRTEENTH SON OF THE KING OF ERIN

This myth-tale, which has all the earmarks of a children's fairy tale, is actually a profound and fascinating treatment of our Fraternal complex.

There was a king in Erin long ago who had thirteen sons, and as they grew up, he taught them good learning and every exercise and art befitting their rank.

This king with 13 sons has no grip on his reproductive instinct. His Fraternal complex is raging out of control. Failure to limit and rationally control our reproductive competition, high birthrates, make killing machines of men.

One day the king went hunting, and saw a swan swimming in a lake with thirteen little ones. She kept driving away the thirteenth, and would not let it come near the others.

The king wondered greatly at this, and when he came home he summoned his *Sean dall Glic* (old blind sage), and said: "I saw a great wonder to-day while out hunting, --a swan with thirteen cygnets, and she driving away the thirteenth continually, and keeping the twelve with her. Tell me the cause and reason of this. Why should a mother hate her thirteenth little one, and guard the other twelve?"

"I will tell you," said the old blind sage: "all creatures on earth, whether beast or human, which have thirteen young, should put the thirteenth away, and let it wander for itself through the world and find its fate, so that the will of Heaven may work upon it, and not come down on the others. Now you have thirteen sons, and you must give the thirteenth to the *Diachbha*."¹³

In earlier and bloodier times, the thirteenth would have been sacrificed to the gods while still a child. See, for example, the descriptions of child sacrifices in Chapters 26 and 35 of DTD. Here,

¹³ *Diachbha*, "divinity" or "fate." As Freud taught us and as this mythical incident verifies, fate is the outcome or outcomes determined by unconscious motivation.

the son is only cast out but the dark motives for this “fate” remain as unconscious as ever. We are guilty from having exterminated our parent species and denied them the right to leave progeny on Earth. Species War violence and guilt associates with our fierce and unregulated reproductive competition with ongoing genetic competitors. These are the prehistoric and ongoing sides of our Fraternal complex, for which the K and R Class Struggle is the political expression.

*The numbers 7, 12 and 1000 are associated with the Fraternal complex (the “thousand little insults and injuries that we inflict upon one another seven days a week and twelve months per year”). I will italicize instances of these numbers to remind you of their Fraternal complex significance. The thirteenth hatchling or child is thought to be the extra one, one more than twelve. This is the extra one that becomes earmarked for sacrifice to *Homo erectus*. Apparently, this is why number thirteen has always been thought to be unlucky. But there is also another reason. Thirteen equals six plus seven, sex plus hostility toward our genetic competitors. This deadly combination of symbols also caused the number thirteen to be feared (unconsciously by most people).*

“Then that is the meaning of the swan on the lake, —I must give up my thirteenth son to the Diachbha?”

“It is,” said the old blind sage; “you must give up one of your thirteen sons.”

“But how can I give one of them away when I am so fond of all; and which one shall it be?”

“I’ll tell you what to do. When the thirteen come home to-night, shut the door against the last that comes.”

Now one of the sons was slow, not so keen nor so sharp as another; but the eldest, who was called Sean Rudah, was the best, the hero of them all. And it happened that night that he came home last, and when he came his father shut the door against him. The boy raised his hands and said: “Father, what are you going to do with me; what do you wish?”

We’ll see too that the selection of the oldest and the brightest and best was not accidental.

“It is my duty,” said the father, “to give one of my sons to the Diachbha; and as you are the thirteenth, you must go.”

"Well, give me my outfit for the road."

The outfit was brought, Sean Rudah put it on; then the father gave him a black-haired steed that could overtake the wind before him, and outstrip the wind behind. [H *Black is symbolic of Homo erectus.*] Sean Rudah mounted the steed and hurried away. He went on each day without rest, and slept in the woods at night. One morning he put on some old clothes, which he had in a pack on the saddle, and leaving his horse in the woods, went aside to an opening. He was not long there when a king rode up and stopped before him.

Notice how in so many of these myths, the hero is a prince or princess who must descend to and then rise from the humblest of origins to merit his ultimate station in life. The royal origin of the protagonist is symptomatic of genetic competition and each one of us wanting to believe that he or she is of "superior lineage" and has extraordinary genes that must be reproduced. (Not true for any of us. What everyone does need is love.) The rise from poverty and obscurity reflects our awareness that we do not begin life with equal opportunity, and that those who really merit privilege are those who win it in fair competition.

"Who are you, and where are you going?" asked the king.

"Oh!" said Sean Rudah, "I am astray. I do not know where to go, or what I am to do."

"If that is how you are, I'll tell you what to do, —come with me."

"Why should I go with you?" asked Sean Rudah.

"Well, I have a great many cows, and I have no one to go with them, no one to mind them. I am in great trouble also. My daughter will die a terrible death very soon."

"How will she die?" asked Sean Rudah.

"There is an *urfeist*, a great serpent of the sea, a monster which must get a king's daughter to devour every seven years.¹⁴

Here's old number seven again, symbolic of our genetic competitors, the ongoing component of the Fraternal complex. "Serpents," like this one threatening the king's daughter, are

¹⁴ *Urfeist*, "great serpent."

*generally symbolic of the prehistoric component of the Fraternal complex—of *Homo erectus*. (These two elements of the godhead and the Fraternal complex readily amalgamate.) Why did our immediate ancestors universally refer to the *Homo erecti* as snakes (serpents)? Partly it is because the serpent is from the sea—one of the places where *Homo erectus* corpses were thrown. But there is a still more important reason why serpents and snakes were associated with *Homo erectus*. Joseph Campbell and others thought that the snake is associated with immortality because it can shed its skin and is an androgynous symbol (either for the penis or the swallowing vagina). Being low to the ground, it is also associated with the unconscious. But all this is wide of the mark. The main reason for the snake/*Homo erectus* association is that *Homo erectus* physically reminded our ancestors of the snake. (See Figure 11 and Chapter 34 of DTD.) Like snakes, *Homo erectus* had an elongated skull and round eyes. A secondary reason was that his superior sensory ability (as suggested by the mythology of many peoples and by the shape of his skull) enabled him to detect the presence of our ancestors before they detected him. Snakes also detect us before we detect them.*

Once in seven years this thing comes up out of the sea for its meat. The turn has now come to my daughter, and we don't know what day will the *urfeist* appear. The whole castle and all of us are in mourning for my wretched child."

"Perhaps someone will come to save her," said Sean Rudah. "Oh! There is a whole army of kings' sons who have come, and they all promise to save her; but I'm in dread none of them will meet the *urfeist*."

Sean Rudah agreed with the king to serve for *seven* years, and went home with him. Next morning Sean Rudah drove out the king's cows to pasture. Now there were three giants not far from the king's place. They lived in three castles in sight of each other, and every night each of these giants shouted just before going to bed. So loud was the shout that each let out of himself that the people heard it in all the country around.

*The shouts were heard by all because the "three giants" are symbols for about two million *Homo erectus* victims of the Species War.*

Sean Rudah drove the cattle up to the giant's land, pushed down the wall, and let them in. The grass was very high, —three times better than any on the king's pastures.

*References to the abundant green pastures of "the giants," the dearth of good land for *Homo sapiens* and the pushing in of the giants' walls all allude to the fact that our *Homo erectus* parent species was in sole possession of the land before *Homo erectus* mutants, our ancestors, took it from them.*

As Sean Rudah sat watching the cattle, a giant came running towards him and called out: "I don't know whether to put a pinch of you in my nose, or a bite of you in my mouth!"

"Bad luck to me," said Sean Rudah, "if I came here but to take the life out of you!"

"How would you like to fight, —on the gray stones, or with sharp swords?" asked the giant.

Especially during the Neolithic, stones became symbols for dead ancestors. Large and unusually-shaped ones were symbols for the gods. See Chapter 23, Appendix D and "stones" in digital DTD.

"I'll fight you," said Sean Rudah, "on the gray stones, where your great legs will be going down, and mine standing high."

They faced one another then, and began to fight. At the first encounter Sean Rudah put the giant down to his knees among the hard, gray stones, at the second he put him to his waist, and at the third to his shoulders.

"Come, take me out of this," cried the giant, "and I'll give you my castle and all I've got. I'll give you my sword of light that never fails to kill at a blow. I'll give you my black horse that can overtake the wind before, and outstrip the wind behind. These are all up there in my castle."

*Like Cucúlin's *gai bolga*, "spear of lightning," illustrated on page 32, this "sword of light" is a highly-compromised bow and arrow.*

Sean Rudah killed the giant and went up to the castle, where the housekeeper said to him: "Oh! It is you that are welcome. You have killed the dirty giant that was here. Come with me now till I show you all the riches and treasures."

She opened the door of the giant's store-room and said: "All these are yours. Here are the keys of the castle."

The Species War (in microcosm) has just been described.

"Keep them till I come again, and wake me in the evening," said Sean Rudah, lying down on the giant's bed.

He slept till evening; then the housekeeper roused him, and he drove the king's cattle home. The cows never gave so much milk as that night. They gave as much as in a whole week before.

Sean Rudah met the king, and asked: "What news from your daughter?"

"The great serpent did not come to-day," said the king; "but he may come to-morrow."

"Well, to-morrow he may not come till another day," said Sean Rudah.

*This statement appears to be a conscious acknowledgment that the "monsters" and "gods" that our ancestors obsessively feared were projections of *Homo erectus*. But if that's all they were, then the most fearsome "urfeists" and "gods" would have disappeared once the "giants" were known to have been eliminated.*

Now the king knew nothing of the strength of Sean Rudah, who was bare-footed, ragged, and shabby. The second morning Sean Rudah put the king's cows in the second giant's land. Out came the second giant with the same questions and threats as the first, and the cowboy spoke as on the day before. They fell to fighting; and when the giant was to his shoulders in the hard, gray rocks, he said: "I'll give you my sword of light and my brown-haired horse if you'll spare my life."

"Where is your sword of light?" asked Sean Rudah.
"It is hung up over my bed."

Sean Rudah ran to the giant's castle, and took the sword, which screamed out when he seized it...

*You see! It screamed because it is the sacred and taboo bow and arrow, the weapon used to kill the *Homo erectus* gods.*

...but he held it fast, hurried back to the giant, and asked, "How shall I try the edge of this sword?"

"Against a stick," was the reply.

"I see no stick better than your own head," said Sean Rudah; and with that he swept the head off the giant.

The cowboy now went back to the castle and hung up the sword. "Blessing to you," said the housekeeper; "you have killed

the giant! Come, now, and I'll show you his riches and treasures, which are yours forever."

Sean Rudah found more treasure in this castle than in the first one. When he had seen all, he gave the keys to the housekeeper till he should need them. He slept as on the day before, and then drove the cows home in the evening.

The king said: "I have the luck since you came to me. My cows give three times as much milk to-day as they did yesterday."

"Well," said Sean Rudah, "have you any account of the *urfeist*?"

"He didn't come to-day," said the king; "but he may come to-morrow."

Sean Rudah went out with the king's cows on the third day, and drove them to the land of the third giant, who came out and fought a more desperate battle than either of the other two; but the cowboy pushed him down among the gray rocks to his shoulders and killed him.

At the castle of the third giant, he was received with gladness by the housekeeper, who showed him the treasures and gave him the keys; but he left the keys with her till he should need them. That evening the king's cows had more milk than ever before.

On the fourth day, Sean Rudah went out with the cows, but stopped at the first giant's castle. The housekeeper at his command brought out the dress of the giant, which was all black [*Homo erectus' color*]. He put on the giant's apparel, black as night, and girded on his sword of light. Then he mounted the black-haired steed, which overtook the wind before, and outstripped the wind behind; and rushing on between earth and sky, he never stopped till he came to the beach, where he saw hundreds upon hundreds of kings' sons, and champions, who were anxious to save the king's daughter, but were so frightened at the terrible *urfeist* that they would not go near her.

On a horse of the ambivalent gods: "between earth and sky." Here, Sean is a god, a symbol for the 5th universal and derivative element of the godhead, the Species War victors.

When he had seen the princess and the trembling champions, Sean Rudah turned his black steed to the castle.

Presently the king saw, riding between earth and sky, a splendid stranger, who stopped before him.

"What is that I see on the shore?" asked the stranger. "Is it a fair, or some great meeting?"

"Haven't you heard," asked the king, "that a monster is coming to destroy my daughter to-day?"

"No, I haven't heard anything," answered the stranger, who turned away and disappeared.

Soon the black horseman was before the princess, who was sitting alone on a rock near the sea. As she looked at the stranger, she thought he was the finest man on earth, and her heart was cheered.

"Have you no one to save you?" he asked.

"No one."

"Will you let me lay my head on your lap till the *urfeist* comes? Then rouse me." [H *This will augment his motivation.*]

He put his head on her lap and fell asleep. [H *He sleeps "like a baby" in her presence. The lady looks like his mother, so even this man with 12 brothers and no sisters has some love for her.*] While he slept, the princess took three hairs from his head and hid them in her bosom. As soon as she had hidden the hairs, she saw the *urfeist* coming on the sea, great as an island, and throwing up water to the sky as he moved. She roused the stranger, who sprang up to defend her. The *urfeist* came upon shore, and was advancing on the princess with mouth open and wide as a bridge; when the stranger stood before him and said: "This woman is mine, not yours!"

The Western woman remains passive through it all, perched on a rock, overlooking the slaughter of men vying for her genes. This too is a strange person!

Then drawing his sword of light, he swept off the monster's head with a blow; but the head rushed back to its place, and grew on again.

It has a head that renews itself. It is like the hydra. As we'll see in coming tales, Homo erectus women were often spared. The Homo erecti then went to great lengths to seclude and protect surviving Homo erectus males who could be used to sire and

preserve their race. Due to this tactic, totally eliminating Homo erectus was much more difficult than our ancestors expected.

In a twinkle the *urfeist* turned and went back to the sea; but as he went, he said: "I'll be here again to-morrow, and swallow the whole world before me as I come."

"Well," answered the stranger, "maybe another will come to meet you."

Sean Rudah mounted his black steed, and was gone before the princess could stop him. Sad was her heart when she saw him rush off between the earth and sky more swiftly than any wind.

Sean Rudah went to the first giant's castle and put away his horse, clothes, and sword. Then he slept on the giant's bed till evening, when the housekeeper woke him, and he drove home the cows. Meeting the king, he asked: "Well, how has your daughter fared to-day?"

"Oh! The *urfeist* came out of the sea to carry her away; but a wonderful black champion came riding between earth and sky and saved her."

"Who was he?" [H *Who was that masked man with 12 brothers?*]

"Oh! There is many a man who says he did it. But my daughter isn't saved yet, for the *urfeist* said he'd come to-morrow."

Sean has not divulged his identity to the princess, and – as a predominantly homosexual man with 12 brothers and no sisters – has a limited interest in her. He is mainly acting out a role expected of him. Unregulated genetic competition and savagely-high birthrates, women being baby-making machines, force men to become killing machines. That role is incompatible with male homosexuality, which creates male homophobia, forcing the men with brothers that can hide their homosexuality to do so, to hide behind a Third Mask, to adopt a false persona that portrays the man as exactly the opposite of the loving and sensitive person hiding beneath it. No one ever chose his or her siblings and his or her sexual orientation, and no homosexual man ever chose to be a loveless latent homosexual with an Orwellian ("Big Brother") personality. The high, female-instinct-driven birthrates of our savage, K and R society and the monogamy of post-Neolithic times have forced homosexual men to become that way. Fraternal

hostility, homophobia and the Third Mask (hidden homosexuality) combine to create mindless and insane violence – fictitious “(thoroughly) bad guys,” who do evil only for evil’s sake, and “heroes,” who are altruists wanting nothing for themselves. Here the usual genetic competition insanity is compounded by association with its Species War, prehistoric model. What is the correct, civilized birthrate of any society? The one corresponding to the greatest decrease in the death rate. That’s the one that will enable us to approach immortality and ultimately become the gods of our imagination, gods with no need for children.

“Well, never fear; perhaps another champion will come tomorrow.”

Next morning Sean Rudah drove the king’s cows to the land of the second giant, where he left them feeding, and then went to the castle, where the housekeeper met him and said: “You are welcome. I’m here before you, and all is well.”

“Let the brown horse be brought; let the giant’s apparel and sword be ready for me,” said Sean Rudah.

The apparel was brought, the beautiful blue dress of the second giant, and his sword of light. Sean Rudah put on the apparel, took the sword, mounted the brown steed, and sped away between earth and air three times more swiftly than the day before. He rode first to the seashore, saw the king’s daughter sitting on the rock alone, and the princes and champions far away, trembling in dread of the *urfeist*. Then he rode to the king, inquired about the crowd on the seashore, and received the same answer as before. “But is there no man to save her?” asked Sean Rudah.

“Oh! There are men enough,” said the king, “who promise to save her, and say they are brave; but there is no man of them who will stand to his word and face the *urfeist* when he rises from the sea.”

Sean Rudah was away before the king knew it, and rode to the princess in his suit of blue, bearing his sword of light. “Is there no one to save you?” asked he.

“No one.”

“Let me lay my head on your lap, and when the *urfeist* comes, rouse me.”

He put his head on her lap, and while he slept she took out the three hairs, compared them with his hair, and said to herself: "You are the man who was here yesterday."

When the *urfeist* appeared, coming over the sea, the princess roused the stranger, who sprang up and hurried to the beach. The monster, moving at a greater speed, and raising more water than on the day before, came with open mouth to land. Again, Sean Rudah stood in his way, and with one blow of the giant's sword made two halves of the *urfeist*. But the two halves rushed together, and were one as before. Then the *urfeist* turned to the sea again, and said as he went: "All the champions on earth won't save her from me to-morrow!"

*For many years, I thought that the three urfeists were just projections of the three giants. But I underestimated the Irish ancestors who made this myth. If the "urfeist" monsters only symbolized the *Homo erectus* "giants," they would not have outlived these giants. More generally, if the monsters of our imagination were only symbolic of *Homo erectus*, then –long after the disappearance of *Homo erectus*—they would be starting to disappear too. But they are not. Each new generation of *Homo sapiens* continues to invent and be haunted by new monsters. It's humbling to have to acknowledge that although I may be the first to invent "Fraternal complex" terminology, the understanding that that terminology embodies was known to some of our ancestors millennia ago!*

Sean Rudah put on his old clothes, and drove home the cows as usual. The king said: "A strange champion, all dressed in blue, saved my daughter to-day; but she is grieving her life away because he is gone."

"Well, that is a small matter, since her life is safe," said Sean Rudah.

There was a feast for the whole world that night at the king's castle, and gladness was on every face that the king's daughter was safe again.

Next day Sean Rudah drove the cows to the third giant's pasture, went to the castle, and told the housekeeper to bring the giant's sword and apparel, and have the red steed led to the door.

Red-haired people, horses and bulls were often thought to be god-like too. They are uncommon. The previous horse, the blue horse, is not found in nature at all and therefore, has to be supernatural.

The third giant's dress had as many colors as there are in the sky, and his boots were of blue glass. Sean Rudah, dressed and mounted on his red steed, was the most beautiful man in the world. [H *Did she tailor the clothes for him? How beautiful can any guy be in a giant's clothes? How can he not look like Groucho Marx?*] When ready to start, the housekeeper said to him: "The beast will be so enraged this time that no arms can stop him; he will rise from the sea with three great swords coming out of his mouth, and he could cut to pieces and swallow the whole world if it stood before him in battle. There is only one way to conquer the *urfeist*, and I will show it to you. Take this brown apple, put it in your bosom, and when he comes rushing from the sea with open mouth, do you throw the apple down his throat, and the great *urfeist* will melt away and die on the strand."

Why is Sean Rudah's battle array for the third monster so much more complex? Can you guess what the brown apple represents? This last question is difficult to answer because we have powerful resistance to the relevant awareness.

Sean Rudah went on the red steed between earth and sky, with thrice the speed of the day before. He saw the maiden sitting on the rock alone, saw the trembling kings' sons in the distance watching to know what would happen, and saw the king hoping for someone to save his daughter; then he went to the princess, and put his head on her lap; when he had fallen asleep, she took the three hairs from her bosom, and looking at them, said: "You are the man who saved me yesterday."

The *urfeist* was not long in coming. The princess roused Sean Rudah, who sprang to his feet and went to the sea. The *urfeist* came up enormous, terrible to look at, with a mouth big enough to swallow the world, and three sharp swords coming out of it. When he saw Sean Rudah, he sprang at him with a roar; but Sean Rudah threw the apple into his mouth, and the beast fell helpless on the strand, flattened out and melted away to a dirty jelly on the shore.

Then Sean Rudah went towards the princess and said: "That *urfeist* will never trouble man or woman again."

These monsters kept re-growing heads and returning because they are symbolic of the ongoing component of our Fraternal complex, our strong ambivalence for ongoing genetic competitors due to our failure to set limits upon our genetic competition and minimize the K and R strategies. The last monster, "with a mouth big enough to swallow the world," is a composite of all our imaginary monsters, of all our ongoing Fraternal negativity. That's why "Sean" had to have more complex battle array and had to feed it "the brown apple."

The brown apple is not only Sean's inferior brother, the one who was "slow, not so keen nor so sharp as another." The brown apple also symbolizes all our deprived, underprivileged and underdeveloped children. To permanently rid ourselves of the Fraternal complex and the multitude of monstrous problems it creates, we must rid ourselves of all our surplus population (minimize the R Strategy) and create equal opportunity (minimize the K Strategy). See the Conclusion of DTD.

The princess ran and tried to cling to him; but he was on the red steed, rushing away between earth and sky, before she could stop him [*H altruistic to the end*]. She held, however, so firmly to one of the blue glass boots that Sean Rudah had to leave it in her hands.

Now the theme of the myth-tale transitions from the Third to the First Mask. It transitions from hiding homosexuality to hiding true but tabu love. Our myth-makers turn the hero tale into a love story as they seek now to satisfy the fantasies of heterosexuals. He's the foot; she's the boot. You know what that means: a Cinderella story.

When he drove home the cows that night, the king came out, and Sean Rudah asked: "What news from the *urfeist*?"

"Oh!" said the king, "I've had the luck since you came to me. A champion wearing all the colors of the sky, and riding a red steed between earth and air, destroyed the *urfeist* today. My daughter is safe forever; but she is ready to kill herself because she hasn't the man that saved her."

That night there was a feast in the king's castle such as no one had ever seen before. The halls were filled with princes and champions, and each one said: "I am the man that saved the princess!"

The Fraternal complex theme remains, minus the Third Mask. Mixed in with it is reaction formation to our ancestors' inability to recognize and credit Homo erectus for his cultural contributions. This myth-tale amalgamates the prehistoric and ongoing Fraternal complex components.

The king sent for the old blind sage, and asked, what should he do to find the man who saved his daughter. The old blind sage [H a druidic priest] said, "Send out word to all the world that the man whose foot the blue glass boot will fit is the champion who killed the *urfeist*, and you'll give him your daughter in marriage."

Sean the outcast son, Cinderfella, and the younger children of multi-sibling families in general all suffer from the same inequality of opportunity that defines the R class. They personify the R reproductive strategy (reproducing for quantity, as do the small animals, the insects and the poor). In these very wishful but popular Cinder(f)ella stories, the Rs prove themselves worthier than their privileged class antagonists (the Ks). These Cinder(f)ella stories also have another subtle argument that appeals to us all if it remains unconscious. Do you see what it is?

The king sent out word to the world to come to try on the boot. It was too large for some, too small for others. When all had failed, the old sage said, "All have tried the boot but the cowboy."

The "cowboy" is the last male to be appraised as a possible husband for the princess. The last man to be appraised is significant for more than just dramatic effect and his association with the underprivileged. He is also a close family member who is taboo to the princess, but whose imprinted image defines him – lifelong -- as one of her greatest loves. This greatest love, whom, along with the opposite-sex parent the First Mask hides, is a sibling. This is another reason why Sean must hide his identity while slaying her opponents and why his family and hers are said to be so much alike –royal families counseled by old blind sages. See the illustration of a druid on page 145, below, and please read Stage II.

If you think that I'm being unnecessarily kinky in suggesting that "the cowboy" is symbolic of the princess's brother, suspend your judgment until you have read my analysis of the Irish Cinderella story in Chapter Nine. In it, we'll discover the same sibling love theme.

"Oh! He is always out with the cows; what use in his trying," said the king.

The cowboy is the brother. The king/father is competing with him for the sister/daughter's love. This is the usual family romance of the everyday dysfunctional nuclear family of savage society. The Stage II system of marriage and child-rearing is the only one that can perfect our transitions to exogamy and monogamy and eliminate our love and marriage problems. It's easy to discover and appreciate once one removes all the masks.

"No matter," answered the old blind sage; "let twenty men go and bring down the cowboy."

Why else does the king suddenly need to summon him with twenty men? Notice too that twenty plus one for the king equals twenty-one or three times seven, sexuality (three) multiplied by hostility for ongoing genetic competitors (seven).

The king sent up twenty men, who found the cowboy sleeping in the shadow of a stone wall. They began to make a hay rope to bind him; but he woke up, and had twenty ropes ready before they had one. Then he jumped at them, tied the twenty in a bundle, and fastened the bundle to the wall.

They waited and waited at the castle for the twenty men and the cowboy, till at last the king sent twenty men more, with swords, to know what was the delay. When they came, this twenty began to make a hay rope to tie the cowboy; but he had twenty ropes made before their one, and no matter how they fought, the cowboy tied the twenty in a bundle, and the bundle to the other twenty men.

When neither party came back, the old blind sage said to the king: "Go up now, and throw yourself down before the cowboy, for he has tied the forty men in two bundles, and the bundles to each other."

"You're running out of men and the 'cowboy' will have your head if he wants it."

The king went and threw himself down before the cowboy, who raised him up and said: "What is this for?"

Father and son must control their hostility for each other.

"Come down now and try on the glass boot," said the king.

"How can I go, when I have work to do here?"

"Oh! Never mind; you'll come back soon enough to do the work."

The cowboy untied the forty men and went down with the king. When he stood in front of the castle, he saw the princess sitting in her upper chamber, and the glass boot on the windowsill before her. That moment the boot sprang from the window and through the air to him, and went on his foot of itself. The princess was downstairs in a twinkle, and in the arms of Sean Rudah. The whole place was crowded with kings' sons and champions, who claimed that they had saved the princess.

"What are these men here for?" asked Sean Rudah.

"Oh! They have been trying to put on the boot," said the king.

With that Sean Rudah drew his sword of light, swept the heads off every man of them, and threw heads and bodies on the dirt-heap behind the castle.

Now there's altruism and magnanimity!

Then the king sent ships with messengers to all the kings and queens of the world, —to the kings of Spain, France, Greece, and Lochlin, and to Diarmuid, son of the monarch of light, —to come to the wedding of his daughter and Sean Rudah.

This is a match of which everyone must approve! And it must be made because Sean proved that no other champion or king's man is as good as himself and good enough to protect this woman that every man wants. The contrived situation recalls a popular song: "If you were the only girl in the world and I were the only boy ..."

After the wedding, Sean Rudah and his wife went to live in the kingdom of the giants, and left her father on his own land.

Sean will rule Tir na n-Og, keeping the peace with the fairies. This is a stock ending that many ancestors helped produce. Its realism lies in the fact that this brother/sister couple must live somewhere where their sibling status is unknown.



Shown above is an arch druid in his judicial habit from "The Costume of the Original Inhabitants of the British Islands" by S.R. Meyrick and C.H. Smith (1815)

8. KIL ARTHUR

This myth-tale adds to our growing body of mythological data on sibling imprinting and obsessional fear of *Homo erectus*. It also refers to what is quite obviously a prehistoric, Irish version of the potlatch.

But perhaps the most interesting thing about this myth-tale is what it says about the staying power of *Homo erectus* and the savagery necessary to finally and totally eliminate him. This is the significance of the hero's name, "Kil Arthur."¹⁵

There was a time long ago, and if we had lived then, we shouldn't be living now. In that time, there was a law in the world that if a young man came to woo a young woman, and her people wouldn't give her to him, the young woman should get her death by the law.

Among primitive peoples, women generally marry at menarche. Failure to release a daughter for marriage at this time would suggest that the taboo against incest had been violated. And violations of taboos had to be punished because, as Freud noted, if punishment is not assured, the corresponding taboo impulse within each of us tends to become conscious and actualized.

There was a king in Erin at that time who had a daughter, and he had a son too who was called Kil Arthur, son of the monarch of Erin. Now, not far from the castle of the king there was a tinker; and one morning he said to his mother: "Put down my breakfast for me, mother."

"Where are you going?" asked the mother.

"I'm going for a wife."

"Where?"

"I am going for the daughter of the king of Erin."

"Oh! My son, bad luck is upon you. It is death to ask for the king's daughter, and you a tinker."

¹⁵ In place names, a kill or kil referred to a river or a creek where fish were killed; but this guy only kills people.

Despite the suggestion of a violation of taboo and the daughter being in disgrace, Kings and their royal progeny were once thought to have been gods or descendants of the gods. Their sacred souls were not to come into direct contact with commoners from the profane world. The latter might automatically die from the powerful charge (or to use a Polynesian word, "mana") of the former. The issue of the lady's high upkeep doesn't even get reached.

"I don't care for that," said he. So, the tinker went to the king's castle. They were at dinner when he came, and the king trembled as he saw him.

Though they were at table, the tinker went into the room. The king asked: "What did you come for at this time?"

"I came to marry your daughter."

"That life and strength may leave me if ever you get my daughter in marriage! I'd give her to death before I would to a tinker."

Now Kil Arthur, the king's son, came in, caught the tinker and hanged him, facing the front of the castle. When he was dead, they made *seven* parts of his body, and flung them into the sea.

Normally, the royal family could arrange another marriage. This over-reaction suggests that either they have violated the incest taboo, or they intend to. More importantly, it begins the drama.

Then the king had a box made so close and tight that no water could enter, and inside the box they fixed a coffin; and when they had put a bed with meat and drink into the coffin, they brought the king's daughter, laid her on the bed, closed the box, and pushed it into the open sea. The box went out with the tide and moved on the water for a long time; where it was one day it was not the next, carried along by the waves, day and night, till at last it came to another land.

Now, in the other land was a man who had spent his time in going to sea, till at length he got very poor, and said: "I'll stay at home now, since God has let me live this long. I heard my father say once that if a man would always rise early and walk along the strand, he would get his fortune from the tide at last."

One morning early, as this man was going along the strand, he saw the box, and brought it up to the shore, where he opened it and took out the coffin. When the lid was off the coffin, he found a

woman inside alive. "Oh!" said he, "I'd rather have you there than the full of the box of gold."

"I think the gold would be better for you," said the woman.

Apparently, she doesn't desire this man. Her warning notwithstanding, notice that, as usual in the West, the unmarried woman waits passively ("in a coffin") for men to decide her marital fate. Love and marriage in the male-dominated West has never had a chance!

He took the stranger to his house, and gave her food and drink. Then he made a great cross on the ground, and clasping hands with the woman, jumped over the arms of the cross, going in the same direction as the sun. This was the form of marriage in that land.

In the Neolithic, this jumping together over the cross in the direction of the sun would have symbolized their desire to enter the afterlife and the army of the sun god together. This Neolithic vow goes even further than its contemporary counterpart, "...to have and to hold, till death do us part, so help me God." But did the girl know this? In the West, what she thinks and feels hardly matters.

They lived together pleasantly. She was a fine woman, worked well for her husband, and brought him great wealth, so that he became richer than any man; and one day, when out walking alone, he said to himself: "I can give a grand dinner now to *Ri Fohin, Sladaire Mor* [king under the wave, the great robber], who owns men, women, and every kind of beast."

*Notice that they lived together only "pleasantly." *Ri Fohin* (the great robber king under the wave) is the product of obsessional fear of *Homo erectus* and represents all the *Homo erecti* that were disposed of in the water. Here we see a prehistoric reference to an Irish version of the potlatch. Our post-Species War ancestors blamed *Homo erectus* for every sort of misfortune and death. The Irish blamed "Ri Fohin" for losses at sea. The dinner will double as thank offerings and (less consciously) reparations payments to *Homo erectus* similar to the potlatches of the Northwest Pacific Coast Indians. See Chapter 23 of DTD.*

Then he went home and invited *Ri Fohin* to dinner. He came with all the men, women, and beasts he had, and they covered the country for six miles. The beasts were fed outside by

themselves, but the people in the house [H a recent, civilized innovation]. When dinner was over, he asked Ri Fohin: "Have you ever seen a house so fine and rich, or a dinner so good, as mine to-night?"

"I have not," said Ri Fohin.

Then the man went to each person present. Each gave the same answer, and said, "I have never seen such a house nor such a dinner."

He asked his wife, and she said: "My praise is no praise here; but what is this to the house and the feasting of my father, the king of Erin?"

She still does not love her husband. He has grown rich—at least partially to win his wife's heart; but he and all his provisions are only a gilded cage for her. Money can't modify the images she carries in her mind of her father's face and her siblings or make the husband resemble them. Marriage within savage society doesn't work as it should for anyone, least of all for those who marry for security.

"Why did you say that?" asked the man, and he went a second and a third time to the guests and to his wife. All had the same answers for him.

Then he gave his wife a flip of the thumb on her ear, in a friendly way, and said: "Why don't you give good luck to my house; why do you give it a bad name?"

Then all the guests said: "It is a shame to strike your wife on the night of a feast."

Now the man was angry and went out of his house. It was growing dark, but he saw a champion coming on a black steed between earth and air; and the champion, who was no other than Kil Arthur, his brother-in-law, took him up and bore him away to the castle of the king of Erin.

"Riding a black steed between earth and air" tells us that Arthur is a fairy (a Homo erectus or a hybrid). Royal family members were generally believed to be the reincarnations of the fairies, the Homo erectus gods. There not having been an actual king in Ireland made it easier for the people to believe that the Fairies still ruled the place!

When Kil Arthur arrived, they were just sitting down to dinner in the castle, and the man dined with his father-in-law. After dinner, the king of Erin had cards brought and asked his son-in-law: "Do you ever play with these?"

"No, I have never played with the like of them."

"Well, shuffle them now," said the king. He shuffled; and as they were enchanted cards and whoever held them could never lose a game, he was the best player in the world, though he had never played a game before in his life.

The king said, "Put them in your pocket, they may do you good." Then the king gave him a fiddle, and asked: "Have you ever played on the like of this?"

"Indeed, I have not," said the man.

"Well, play on it now," said the king.

He played, and never in his life had he heard such music. "Keep it," said the king; "as long as you don't let it from you, you're the first musician on earth. Now I'll give you something else. Here is a cup which will always give you every kind of drink you can wish for; and if all the men in the world were to drink out of it, they could never empty it. Keep these three things; but never raise hand on your wife again."

The king is giving the son-in-law the dowry that he never received; but in return, the king now feels entitled to demand good treatment for his daughter. Eastern tradition is for the groom to pay bridewealth to the brides' family. In the West, the bride's father pays dowry to the groom to take the poor helpless thing off his hands!

The king of Erin gave him his blessing; then Kil Arthur took him up on the steed, and going between earth and sky he was soon back at his own home.

Now Ri Fohin had carried off the man's wife and all that he had while he was at dinner with the King of Erin. Going out on the road the king's son in-law began to cry: "Oh, what shall I do; what shall I do!" and as he cried, who should come but Kil Arthur on his steed, who said, "Be quiet, I'll go for your wife and goods."

Kil Arthur went, and killed Ri Fohin and all his people and beasts, —didn't leave one alive. Then he brought back his sister to her husband, and stayed with them for three years.

*Now that Kil Arthur, Ireland's champion/hybrid/prince has killed all the giants (*Homo erecti*) of the sea, the sea is safe.*

One day he said to his sister: "I am going to leave you. I don't know what strength I have; I'll walk the world now till I know is there a man in it as good as myself."

Kil Arthur saved her, stayed for three years and boasted because he has imprinted her image on his brain, desires her more than any woman in the world and wants to prove that no other man is good enough for her. But there is an additional reason why he is, "walking the world till I know is there a man in it as good as myself."

Next morning, he bade good-bye to his sister, and rode away on his black-haired steed, which overtook the wind before and outstripped the wind behind. He traveled swiftly till evening, spent the night in a forest, and the second day hurried on as he had the first. The second night he spent in a forest; and next morning as he rose from the ground he saw before him a man covered with blood from fighting, and the clothes nearly torn from his body.

"What have you been doing?" asked Kil Arthur.

"I have been playing cards all night. And where are you going?" inquired the stranger of Kil Arthur.

"I am going around the world to know can I find a man as good as myself."

"Come with me," said the stranger, "and I'll show you a man who couldn't find his match till he went to fight the main ocean."

Kil Arthur went with the ragged stranger till they came to a place from which they saw a giant out on the ocean beating the waves with a club.

*There's never any question as to whom the giants are. They're the *Homo erecti* still at large, the bad *Homo erecti*, the "Fomorians" (to use the name from an earlier period).*

Kil Arthur went up to the giant's castle, and struck the pole of combat such a blow that the giant in the ocean heard it above the noise of his club as he pounded the waves.

"What do you want?" asked the giant in the ocean, as he stopped from the pounding.

"I want you to come in here to land," said Kil Arthur, "and fight with a better man than yourself."

The giant came to land, and standing near his castle said to Kil Arthur: "Which would you rather fight with, —gray stones or sharp weapons?"

"Gray stones," said Kil Arthur.

At the mention of stones, some Homo erectus must appear and die among them. Everywhere during the Neolithic, large stones were symbolic of the gods. In all these battles, the hero chooses to fight with gray stones over sharp weapons. This is, of course, a reaction formation to our ancestors having used technology and superior weaponry (the bow and arrow) and ignoble (hit and run) tactics to defeat Homo erectus. See DTD, Appendix E, "The Common Core to the World's Earliest, 'Heroic' Literatures."

They went at each other and fought the most terrible battle that either of them had ever seen till that day. At last, Kil Arthur pushed the giant to his shoulders through solid earth.

"Take me out of this," cried the giant, "and I'll give you my sword of light that never missed a blow, my Druidic rod of most powerful enchantment, and my healing draught which cures every sickness and wound."

"Well," said Kil Arthur, "I'll go for your sword and try it." He went to the giant's castle for the sword, the rod, and the healing draught. When he returned the giant said: "Try the sword on that tree out there."

"Oh," said Kil Arthur, "there is no tree so good as your own neck," and with that he swept off the head of the giant; took it, and went on his way till he came to a house. He went in and put the head on a table; but that instant it disappeared, —went away of itself. Food and drink of every kind came on the table. When Kil Arthur had eaten and the table was cleared by some invisible power, the giant's head bounded on to the table and with it a pack of cards.

"Perhaps this head wants to play with me," thought Kil Arthur, and he cut his own cards and shuffled them. The head took up the cards and played with its mouth as well as any man could with his hands. It won all the time, —wasn't playing fairly.

Heads never do. It was ahead all the time. Warfare can be symbolized as a high-stakes game of chance in which no one is likely to play fairly.

Then Kil Arthur thought: "I'll settle this;" and he took the cards and showed how the head had taken five points in the game that didn't belong to it. Then the head sprang at him, struck and beat him till he seized and hurled it into the fire.

He has now killed the most formidable, and presumably the leader, of all the giants (Homo erecti) of the land.

As soon as he had the head in the fire a beautiful woman stood before him, and said: "You have killed nine of my brothers, and this was the best of the nine. I have eight more brothers who go out to fight with four hundred men each day, and they kill them all; but next morning the four hundred are alive again and my brothers must battle anew. Now my mother [H the moon] and these eight brothers will be here soon; and they'll go down on their bended knees and curse you who killed my nine brothers, and I'm afraid your blood will rise within you when you hear the curses, and you'll kill my eight remaining brothers."

"Nine brothers" confirms what her magic and the "giant" say. Kil Arthur has killed all the Homo erecti who were at large on the land and under the sea. Now he must tame the demons in the heavens that seek to deprive us of the sun. Continuous fighting symbolizes our obsession with Homo erectus ancestors who associate with unrestrained and ongoing genetic competition and the fact that post-Pleistocene (modern/ homophobic) people with heterosexual role models but same sex siblings are unable to love, angry and always fighting. The daily death of the 400 at the hands of the heroic eight, alludes to the daily battle that, in the minds of Neolithic men [in every direction (4) and to the fullest extent (100), everywhere], pitted the many demons against the heroic little army (4x2) of the sun god for the sun.

"Oh," said Kil Arthur, "I'll be deaf when the curses are spoken; I'll not hear them." Then he went to a couch and lay down. Presently the mother and eight brothers came, and cursed Kil Arthur with all the curses they knew. He heard them to the end, but gave no word from himself.

Kil Arthur and the eight are the spirits of the nine former giants, all dead Homo erecti. The others, though propitiated and in the service of Homo sapiens, are still angry at Kil Arthur, their killer. ("We didn't kill them. The hybrids did, or they killed each other!") Kil

Arthur is determined to make peace with the other eight for the sake of humanity and their beautiful sister, a person who, like himself, is very fond of the opposite sex! In our savage, K and R world, the only fully good people, of either subspecies, are the dead ones.

Next morning, he rose early, girded on his nine-edged sword, went forth to where the eight brothers were going to fight the four hundred, and said to the eight: "Sit down, and I'll fight in your place."

Through propitiation and good relations with Homo sapiens, Kil Arthur, the hybrid Sun God, and his army of eight good Homo erecti are fighting to keep the sun aloft for us. They're a match for the 400 demons, the anonymous, bad Homo erecti that struggle to pull the sun into the underworld each day and away from us seasonally.

Kil Arthur faced the four hundred, and fought with them alone; and exactly at mid-day he had them all dead. "Now someone," said he, "brings these to life again. I'll lie down among them and see who it is."

The sun starting to go down at mid-day is proof that someone has brought them back to life! How can the evil demons keep regenerating?

Soon he saw an old hag coming with a brush in her hand, and an open vessel hanging from her neck by a string. When she came to the four hundred, she dipped the brush into the vessel and sprinkled the liquid which was in it over the bodies of the men. They rose up behind her as she passed along.

Who is this "old hag with the brush and life-giving liquid in a vessel hanging from her neck"? "She" is not a hag at all. Imagine her "vessel hanging from the neck" to be hanging in the area of "her" crotch with the "brush" in front of it, and you should have no trouble visualizing a scrotum and penis. This "old hag" is a highly compromised, dream-like symbol for a full-blooded Homo erectus male whose sperm ("life-giving liquid") can inseminate any number of the many Homo erectus women that were spared, thus renewing their race. Our ancestors learned that to be fully and finally rid of Homo erectus, they had to search out and destroy every full-blooded Homo erectus male.

That's the other reason, in addition to impressing his sister, why "Kil Arthur" is "walking the world to know is there a (Homo erectus) man as good as himself." This competition provides him with a personal motive for exterminating all the male Homo erecti still at large, the giants, the "Fomorians." The myth-tale makers are saying, "We didn't kill them, they killed each other, and the hybrids killed them." What childish, wishful-thinkers men have always been! But to solve any of our problems and make a better world, we've got to get real with ourselves about ourselves and our ancestors.

"Bad luck to you," said Kil Arthur, "you are the one that keeps them alive;" then he seized her. Putting one of his feet on her two ankles, and grasping her by the head and shoulders, he twisted her body till he put the life out of her.

Again, Kil Arthur twists "her" body in exactly the same way that one wrings out a rag — "till he put the life out of her." He squeezes the life-giving liquid out of their race: he is determined to eliminate every, full-blooded (fertile), Homo erectus male.

When dying she said: "I put you under a curse, to keep on this road till you come to the 'ram of the five rocks,' and tell him you have killed the hag of the heights and all her care."

The ram of the five rocks" sounds like the "ram of the five cocks" and is another symbol for a virile and fertile, Homo erectus male who has made it his work (the number 5 associates with the 5 fingers of the hand, with work) to take "care" of another group of Homo erectus women that have been spared. The last surviving Homo erecti, especially the males, were forced to hide themselves in the most remote and uninhabited territories. The "Hags of the Heights" were in mountainous territories. The "Rams of the Rocks" were in swampy and rocky coastal areas.

Incidentally, the nine-headed Hydra of Greek mythology, who was slain by Hercules and who grew two heads for every one that was cut off, developed as a symbol for this same, perfidious staying power of Homo erectus. The Hydra constellation of the Babylonians was identified with Mushussru, one of the totem monsters of Tiamat. These were slain by Marduk in the Babylonian Creation (Species War) Epic. See Chapter 36 of DTD and Langdon, page 278.

He went to the place where the ram of the five rocks lived and struck the pole of combat before his castle. Out came the ram,

and they fought till Kil Arthur seized his enemy and dashed the brains out of him against the rocks.

Then he went to the castle of the beautiful woman whose nine brothers he had killed, and for whose eight brothers he had slain the four hundred. When he appeared, the mother rejoiced; the eight brothers blessed him and gave him their sister in marriage; and Kil Arthur took the beautiful woman to his father's castle in Erin, where they both lived happily and well.

The sister is, of course, a substitute for his sister and a lady who is at least as fond of men as Kil Arthur is of women. This fairy king and queen are keeping the peace in Ireland.

9. FAIR, BROWN AND TREMBLING

In Chapter 4 of DTD, I insisted that, provided mom does not remain the focus of our desires (available to us in fact or fancy), the imprint of a sibling (or siblings) is the final imprint that ultimately overlays all but the face of the opposite-sex parent. This sibling imprinting occurs at some early time in one's life and determines one's sexual orientation for the rest of one's life. Contrary to Freud's wishful thinking about "finding a substitute," we never find anyone whom we can love as much as these taboo (potentially-family-unit-dividing), loved ones. Aside from savage, K and R society's five other love and marriage problems (See the Conclusion of DTD for them.), this problem is sufficient to doom exogamous and monogamous marriage and deny most of us happiness. Claims to the contrary are just a First Mask. The First Mask of the most deceitful and "successful," latent-homosexual, Ks can be quite convincing until one sees through their Third Mask and realizes that their First Mask is an essential part of their "success" strategy, pretending to be leading exemplary lives. Lasting love and happy marriage will be possible for most of us only within a classless, Stage II society. Please read *Stage II*.

Sometimes, a child is born so long after the other children of the family as to virtually be an only child – a wild card in terms of its sexual orientation. The older ones have no interest in it. If the young one develops any feeling at all for the older ones, it is likely to be resentment.

This myth-tale was apparently composed of the recurrent dreams of youngest sisters of such families, such families with all or mostly female children. In several hundred variants, it has been told all over the world and has become the world's most popular fairy tale. The most famous variant that most readers are familiar with is the French "Cinderella." That one is a bare bones version of this (possibly original) one. The sibling imprinting and love theme is obvious in this one but barely detectable in that one.

Though these Cinderella tales are usually described as secular, children's "fairy tales," they might also be properly

categorized as myth-tales. They deal with taboo material. The rival sisters are also, to some extent, genetic competitors; and as such, they constitute an element of the (unconscious) godhead as suggested by the prevalence of the number “seven” and the church in the following tale.

King Aedh Cúrucha lived in *Tir Conal*, and he had three daughters, whose names were Fair, Brown and Trembling.¹⁶

The name of the young one, “Trembling,” tells us that the older two, homosexual sisters are more than just indifferent toward the youngest one. They are hostile toward her. She is afraid of them. Also, as suggested by their names; “Fair” and “Brown” might not be as good-looking as Trembling.

Fair and Brown had new dresses and went to church every Sunday.

Youngest children often get hand-me-down clothes. Often, children who are not first born are—consciously or unconsciously—conceived due to an R reproductive strategy. Many couples reason, “If anything happens to our first one, we’ll still have another to carry on our gene line.” Accordingly, these families have greater expectations of the first K child and he or she receives more tutoring and more than his or her share of the family resources than does “Cinderella” and later R children.

Trembling was kept at home to do the cooking and work. They would not let her go out of the house at all; for she was more beautiful than the other two, and they were in dread she might marry before themselves.

The oldest daughters do expect to marry first, but contrary to what is suggested here, the oldest children usually have more responsibilities not less.

16 *Tir Conal* was a *Túath*, a petty kingdom that remained independent of the Anglo-Normans until 1607. It roughly coincided with what is now County Donegal, the northernmost county of Ireland in the northwest part of Ulster Province. It was also one of the areas hardest hit by the Great Famine, The Potato Famine of 1845 to 1852. Approximately 25% of all the people who still speak Gaelic live there.

They carried on in this way for *seven* years. At the end of *seven* years the son of the king of Omanya fell in love with the eldest sister.¹⁷

I suggest that this most beautiful prince of Omanya, this prospective brother-in-law, is a compromise formation for the unmentionable “prince of Tir Conal,” their own [the mythmaker(s’)] actual or archetypal brother. The eldest sister is “engaged” to him because she is the one that he loved first. Let’s see if this interpretation doesn’t prove to be correct.

One Sunday morning, after the other two had gone to church, the old henwife came into the kitchen to Trembling, and said: “It’s at church you ought to be this day, instead of working here at home.”

The “henwives” in Irish myth-tales tend to be old crones who are either good, fairy-god-mothers or bad witches. Also, because the youngest almost always have the least work to do, we must suspect that the mythmaker(s) was (were) indeed the youngest of several siblings.

“How could I go?” said Trembling. “I have no clothes good enough to wear at church; and if my sisters were to see me there, they’d kill me for going out of the house.”

“I’ll give you,” said the henwife, “a finer dress than either of them has ever seen. And now tell me what dress will you have?”

“I’ll have,” said Trembling, “a dress as white as snow, and green shoes for my feet.” [H *The youngest wants shoes that are green as the out-of-doors. She wants to go places but to maintain her (“white”) chastity.*]

Then the henwife put on the cloak of darkness, clipped a piece from the old clothes the young woman had on, and asked for the whitest robes in the world and the most beautiful that could be found, and a pair of green shoes.

¹⁷ Omanya was the domain of *Emain Macha*, the legendary city of Ulster founded by *Macha*, a fairy queen. *Emain Macha* literally means “the brooch of Macha.” A brooch is an ornament with a hinged pin and catch. Celts used them to fasten capes around their necks. See the image of Macha at the end of this chapter.

This good fairy-god-mother didn't steal the clothes; so, putting on the "cloak of darkness" refers to going to Tir na n-Og or using magic or other secret resources to get the clothes.

That moment she had the robe and the shoes, and she brought them to Trembling, who put them on. When Trembling was dressed and ready, the henwife said: "I have a honey-bird here to sit on your right shoulder, and a honey-finger to put on your left. At the door stands a milk-white mare, with a golden saddle to sit on, and a golden bridle to hold in your hand."

The honey-bird attracts lovers with its love song. The honey-finger beckons them to come hither. Unlike her latent homosexual sisters, who want a man only for breeding, security and trophy-support for the Third Mask; Trembling is looking for adult, sexual love.

Trembling sat on the golden saddle; and when she was ready to start, the henwife said: "You must not go inside the door of the church, and the minute the people rise up at the end of Mass, do you be off. Ride home as fast as the mare will carry you."

Her superego prevents her from directly challenging the other sisters for the "prince" (brother).

When Trembling came to the door of the church there was no one inside who could get a glimpse of her but was striving to know who she was; and when they saw her hurrying away at the end of Mass, they ran out to overtake her. But no use in their running; she was away before any man could come near her. From the minute she left the church till she got home, she overtook the wind before her and outstripped the wind behind.

Virginal women are understandably ambivalent about their first sexual experience. A woman must fear irreversibly losing part of herself, her maiden head, with someone other than "Mr. (as) Right (as possible)," with someone who is unworthy, unable or unwilling to be the number one man in her life and to belong to her.

She came down at the door, went in, and found the henwife had dinner ready. She put off the white robes, and had on her old dress in a twinkling. When the two sisters came home the henwife asked: "Have you any news to-day from the church?"

"We have great news," said they. "We saw a wonderful, grand lady at the church-door. The like of the robes she had we

have never seen. It's little that was thought of our dresses beside what she had on; and there wasn't a man at the church, from the king to the beggar, but was trying to look at her and know who she was."

The sisters would give no peace till they had two dresses like the robes of the strange lady; but honey-birds and honey-fingers were not to be found.

In her dream, little sister turns the tables on her older sisters; and they begin to look as if they are wearing hand-me-downs.

Next Sunday, the two sisters went to church again, and left the youngest at home to cook the dinner. After they had gone, the henwife came in and asked: "Will you go to church to-day?"

"I would go," said Trembling, "if I could get the going."

"What robe will you wear?" asked the henwife.

"The finest black satin that can be found and red shoes."

Little sister is becoming bolder and more interested in sex. She wants red shoes, but she is still ambivalent. She dresses in black.

"What color do you want the mare to be?"

"I want her to be so black and so glossy that I can see myself in her body." [H *She's also narcissistic.*]

The henwife put on the cloak of darkness, and asked for the robes and the mare. That moment she had them. When Trembling was dressed, the henwife put the honey-bird on her right shoulder and the honey-finger on her left. The saddle on the mare was silver, and so was the bridle.

When Trembling sat in the saddle and was going away, the henwife ordered her strictly not to go inside the door of the church, but to rush away as soon as the people rose at the end of Mass, and hurry home on the mare before any man could stop her.

The order not to go inside the church might signify more than just the need to avoid her jealous sisters. It might say that these favors are coming from the pagan gods, the gods of Tir na n-Og, who have no more regard for Jesus and the Christians than what they receive from them.

That Sunday, the people were more astonished than ever, and gazed at her more than the first time. All they were thinking of was to know who she was. But they had no chance; for the moment the people rose at the end of Mass, she slipped from the

church, was in the silver saddle, and home before a man could stop her or talk to her. The henwife had the dinner ready. Trembling took off her satin robe, and had on her old clothes before her sisters got home.

“What news have you to-day?” asked the henwife of the sisters when they came from the church.

“Oh, we saw the grand strange lady again! And it’s little that any man could think of our dresses after looking at the robes of satin that she had on! And all at church, from high to low, had their mouths open, gazing at her, and no man was looking at us.”

The two sisters gave neither rest nor peace till they got dresses as nearly like the strange lady’s robes as they could find. Of course, they were not so good; for the like of those robes could not be found in Erin. [H *Confirm that the dresses came from Tir na n-Og.*]

When the third Sunday came, Fair and Brown went to church dressed in black satin. They left Trembling at home to work in the kitchen, and told her to be sure and have dinner ready when they came back.

After they had gone and were out of sight, the henwife came to the kitchen and said: “Well, my dear, are you for church to-day?”

“I would go if I had a new dress to wear.”

“I’ll get you any dress you ask for. What dress would you like?” asked the henwife.

“A dress red as a rose from the waist down, and white as snow from the waist up; a cape of green on my shoulders; and a hat on my head with a red, a white, and a green feather in it; and shoes for my feet with the toes red, the middle white, and the backs and heels green.”

Again, the green symbolizes freedom of movement. The red is her growing sexual desire. Her sexual desire (red) is gradually displacing her desire to remain chaste (white). The black (guilt or ambivalence) is gone. She’s resolutely “coming out,” looking for her man and ready to marry. But again, this western woman is relatively passive about it. She merely shows herself. Chinese women don’t hesitate to use their own “Come hither finger” and to attach their

leash to Mr. Right when they find him. (His Chinese mother has already equipped him with a nose ring.)

The henwife put on the cloak of darkness, wished for all these things, and had them. When Trembling was dressed, the henwife put the honey-bird on her right shoulder and the honey-finger on her left, and placing the hat on her head, clipped a few hairs from one lock and a few from another with her scissors, and that moment the most beautiful golden hair was flowing down over the girl's shoulders. Then the henwife asked what kind of a mare she would ride. She said white, with blue and gold-colored diamond-shaped spots all over her body, on her back a saddle of gold, and on her head a golden bridle.

The mare stood there before the door, and a bird was sitting between her ears, which began to sing as soon as Trembling was in the saddle, and never stopped till she came home from the church.

The fame of the beautiful strange lady had gone out through the world, and all the princes and great men that were in it came to church that Sunday, each one hoping that it was himself would have her home with him after Mass. The son of the king of Omania forgot all about the eldest sister, and remained outside the church, to catch the strange lady before she could hurry away.

The church was more crowded than ever before, and there were three times as many outside. There was such a throng before the church that Trembling could only come inside the gate.

As soon as the people were rising at the end of Mass, the lady slipped out through the gate, was in the golden saddle in an instant, and sweeping away ahead of the wind. But if she was, the prince of Omania was at her side, and, seizing her by the foot, he ran with the mare for thirty perches, and never let go of the beautiful lady till the shoe was pulled from her foot, and he was left behind with it in his hand. She came home as fast as the mare could carry her, and was thinking all the time that the henwife would kill her for losing the shoe.

Seeing her so vexed and so changed in the face, the old woman asked: "What's the trouble that's on you now?"

"Oh! I've lost one of the shoes off my feet," said Trembling.

"Don't mind that; don't be vexed," said the henwife; "maybe it's the best thing that ever happened to you."

Then Trembling gave up all the things she had to the henwife, put on her old clothes, and went to work in the kitchen. When the sisters came home, the henwife asked: "Have you any news from the church?"

"We have indeed," said they; "for we saw the grandest sight to-day. The strange lady came again, in grander array than before. On herself and the horse she rode were the finest colors of the world, and between the ears of the horse was a bird which never stopped singing from the time she came till she went away. The lady herself is the most beautiful woman ever seen by man in Erin."

The older sisters don't mention the honey-finger. It is visible only to the appropriate person. Confirm my interpretation of it as a "Come hither" finger.

After Trembling had disappeared from the church, the son of the king of Omanya said to the other kings' sons: "I will have that lady for my own."

They all said: "You didn't win her just by taking the shoe off her foot, you must win her by the point of the sword; you must fight for her with us before you can call her your own."

Again, male- and K-dominated, savage society virtually ignores the woman's thoughts and feelings.

"Well," said the son of the king of Omanya, "when I find the lady that shoe will fit, I'll fight for her, never fear, before I leave her to any of you."

Smart boy! (Brothers do fight to protect their sisters, but this young lady knows who she wants and has little need of protection.)

Then all the kings' sons were uneasy, and anxious to know who was she that lost the shoe; and they began to travel all over Erin to know could they find her. The prince of Omanya and all the others went in a great company together, and made the round of Erin; they went everywhere, —north, south, east, and west. They visited every place where a woman was to be found, and left not a house in the kingdom they did not search, to know could they find the woman the shoe would fit, not caring whether she was rich or poor, of high or low degree.

Of course, though she be a princess, the young sister is the last woman in the world that brother is supposed to look at (as a woman).

The prince of Omanya always kept the shoe; and when the young women saw it, they had great hopes, for it was of proper size, neither large nor small, and it would beat any man to know of what material it was made. One thought it would fit her if she cut a little from her great toe; and another, with too short a foot, put something in the tip of her stocking. But no use, they only spoiled their feet, and were curing them for months afterwards.

The two sisters, Fair and Brown, heard that the princes of the world were searching Erin for the woman that could wear the shoe. Every day they were talking of trying it on; and one day Trembling spoke up: "Maybe it's my foot that the shoe will fit."

"Oh, the breaking of the dog's foot on you! [H *Here's a curse funnier and more derogatory than any of the modern counterparts.*] Why say so when you were at home every Sunday?"

They were that way waiting, and scolding the younger sister, till the princes were near the place. The day they were to come, the sisters put Trembling in a closet, and locked the door on her. When the company came to the house, the prince of Omanya gave the shoe to the sisters. But though they tried and tried, it fit neither of them.

"Is there any other young woman in the house?" asked the prince.

"There is," said Trembling, speaking up in the closet; "I'm here."

As usual, taboo love is in the closet!

"Oh! We have her for nothing but to put out the ashes," said the sisters.

But the prince and the others wouldn't leave the house till they had seen her; so, the two sisters had to open the door. When Trembling came out, the shoe was given to her, and it fitted exactly.

Of course, the shoe fitting exactly is symbolic of their organs fitting together exactly, of them being a perfect match for each other.

The prince of Omanya looked at her and said: "You are the woman the shoe fits, and you are the woman I took the shoe from."

Then Trembling spoke up, and said: "Stay here till I return."

Then she went to the henwife's house. The old woman put on the cloak of darkness, got everything for her she had the first Sunday at church, and put her on the white mare in the same fashion. Then Trembling rode along the highway to the front of the house. All who saw her the first time said: "This is the lady we saw at church."

Then she went away a second time, and a second time came back on the black mare in the second dress which the henwife gave her. All who saw her the second Sunday said: "That is the lady we saw at church."

A third time she asked for a short absence, and soon came back on the third mare and in the third dress. All who saw her the third time said: "That is the lady we saw at church." Every man was satisfied, and knew that she was the woman.

The older brother needs three good looks to fully realize that it is his sister whom he desires.

Then all the princes and great men spoke up, and said to the son of the king of Omanya: "You'll have to fight now for her before we'll let her go with you."

"I'm here before you, ready for combat," said the prince.

Then the son of the king of Lochlin stepped forth. The struggle began, and a terrible struggle it was. They fought for nine hours; and then the son of the king of Lochlin stopped, gave up his claim, and left the field. Next day the son of the king of Spain fought six hours, and yielded his claim. On the third day the son of the king of Nyerfói [H *Hungary?*] fought eight hours, and stopped. On the fifth day no more strange princes wanted to fight; and all the sons of kings in Erin said they would not fight with a man of their own land, that the strangers had had their chance, and as no others came to claim the woman, she belonged of right to the son of the king of Omanya.

*No "stranger" desires her as much as the **famili-ar** "Prince of Omanya," her brother. This man with a sister does what all brothers with sisters want to do: drive all her suitors away and keep her for*

himself. Athena, every heterosexual, Athenian man's mythical sister, was single and celibate for the same reason.

The marriage-day was fixed, and the invitations were sent out. The wedding lasted for a year and a day. When the wedding was over, the king's son brought home the bride, and when the time came a son was born. [H *But as you'll see, the son's birth is yet to be described.*] The young woman sent for her eldest sister, Fair, to be with her and care for her. One day, when Trembling was well, and when her husband was away hunting, the two sisters went out to walk; and when they came to the seaside, the eldest pushed the youngest sister in. A great whale came and swallowed her.

The eldest sister came home alone, and the husband asked, "Where is your sister?"

"She has gone home to her father in Ballyshannon; now that I am well, I don't need her."

"Well," said the husband, looking at her, "I'm in dread it's my wife that has gone." [H *His lack of alarm falls just short of a Henny Youngman joke.*]

"Oh no!" said she; "it's my sister Fair that's gone."

Each of the sisters still desires the brother, who this prince of a husband symbolizes. And remember, the "prince" (brother) desired the eldest sister first, before the middle and youngest ones were born.

Since the sisters were very much alike, the prince was in doubt. [H *Now there's a sensitive man!*] That night he put his sword between them, and said: "If you are my wife, this sword will get warm; if not, it will stay cold."

Anyone who needs help interpreting this last line should find something other than psychoanalysis to study.

In the morning when he rose up, the sword was as cold as when he put it there. It happened when the two sisters were walking by the seashore, that a little cowboy was down by the water minding cattle and saw Fair push Trembling into the sea; and next day, when the tide came in, he saw the whale swim up and throw her out on the sand. When she was on the sand she said to the cowboy: "When you go home in the evening with the cows, tell the master that my sister Fair pushed me into the sea

yesterday; that a whale swallowed me, and then threw me out, but will come again and swallow me with the coming of the next tide; then he'll go out with the tide, and come again with to-morrow's tide, and throw me again on the strand. The whale will cast me out three times. I'm under the enchantment of this whale, and cannot leave the beach or escape myself. Unless my husband saves me before I'm swallowed the fourth time, I shall be lost.

The repeated throwing up and swallowing is symbolic of morning sickness. The dreamer of this myth-tale is asking, "Does my husband still love me now that I am pregnant and look more like a whale than a woman? Will he still love me when I am pregnant a second and a third time? Will three children be enough for him? Has he begun to prefer my sister who has come to stay with us during the last trimester of my pregnancy? Will he want me when I'm old and gray?" After conception, each member of this blissful pair has begun to think, "My real sibling would never get me in such a mess!" Psychic impotence has set in; but the insecure, childbearing woman is more worried about his impotence than her own.

He must come and shoot the whale with a silver bullet when he turns on the broad of his back. [H *"If he still wants me, he'll make love to me when I lie on my side with my back toward him."*] Under the breast-fin of the whale is a reddish-brown spot. My husband must hit him in that spot, for it is the only place in which he can be killed." [H *"He must make me orgasm by stimulating my clitoris."*]

When the *cowboy* got home, the eldest sister gave him a draught of oblivion, and he did not tell.

Can you guess who "the cowboy/observer" symbolizes?

Next day he went again to the sea. The whale came and cast Trembling on shore again. She asked the boy: "Did you tell the master what I told you to tell him?"

"I did not," said he; "I forgot." [H *When urgently needed to do some spear-fishing, "the prince" just rolled over and went to sleep.*]

"How did you forget?" asked she.

"The woman of the house gave me a drink that made me forget."

"Well, don't forget telling him this night; and if she gives you a drink, don't take it from her."

As soon as the cowboy came home, the eldest sister offered him a drink. He refused to take it till he had delivered his message and told all to the master. The third day the prince went down with his gun and a silver bullet in it. [H *Someone turned our boy on to vitamin A or X-rated movies.*] He was not long down when the whale came and threw Trembling upon the beach as previously. She had no power to speak to her husband till he had killed the whale. [H *She didn't want to have to ask him for sex.*] Then the whale went out, turned over once on the broad of his back, and showed the spot for a moment only. That moment the prince fired. He had but the one chance, and a short one at that; [H *She's not entirely pleased with the husband either!*] but he took it, hit the spot, and the whale, mad with pain, made the sea all around red with blood, and died.

The "whale's" pain is her birth pains. Once reassured of her husband/brother's desire, she can give birth to her child ("all around red with blood") and her girlish figure returns (the whale dies).

That minute Trembling could speak, and went home with her husband, who sent word to her father what the eldest sister had done. The father came, and told him any death he chose to give her to give it. The prince told the father he would leave her life and death with himself. The father had her put out then on the sea in a barrel, with provisions in it for *seven* years. [H *Sweet family.*]

In time Trembling had a second child, a daughter. [H *The "cowboy" was the fetus of her first (male) child. She wanted this unborn baby to tell her husband/brother that she desires him and needed more sexual attention. The "draught" that put the cowboy to sleep is symbolic of the fetus's inability to communicate.*] The prince and she sent the cowboy to school, and trained him up as one of their own children, and said: "If the little girl that is born to us now lives, no other man in the world will get her but him."

This last sentence confirms my sibling imprinting hypothesis as well as anything. It confirms it at least as well as a full week of confessions. They're wanting this tale of family romance to continue into the next generation.

The cowboy and the prince's daughter lived on till they were married. [H *These family romances do have a way of perpetuating themselves, and what is statistically normally is then assumed to be civilized (contradiction-free) and proper.*] The mother said to her husband: "You could not have saved me from the whale but for the little cowboy; on that account, I don't grudge him my daughter."

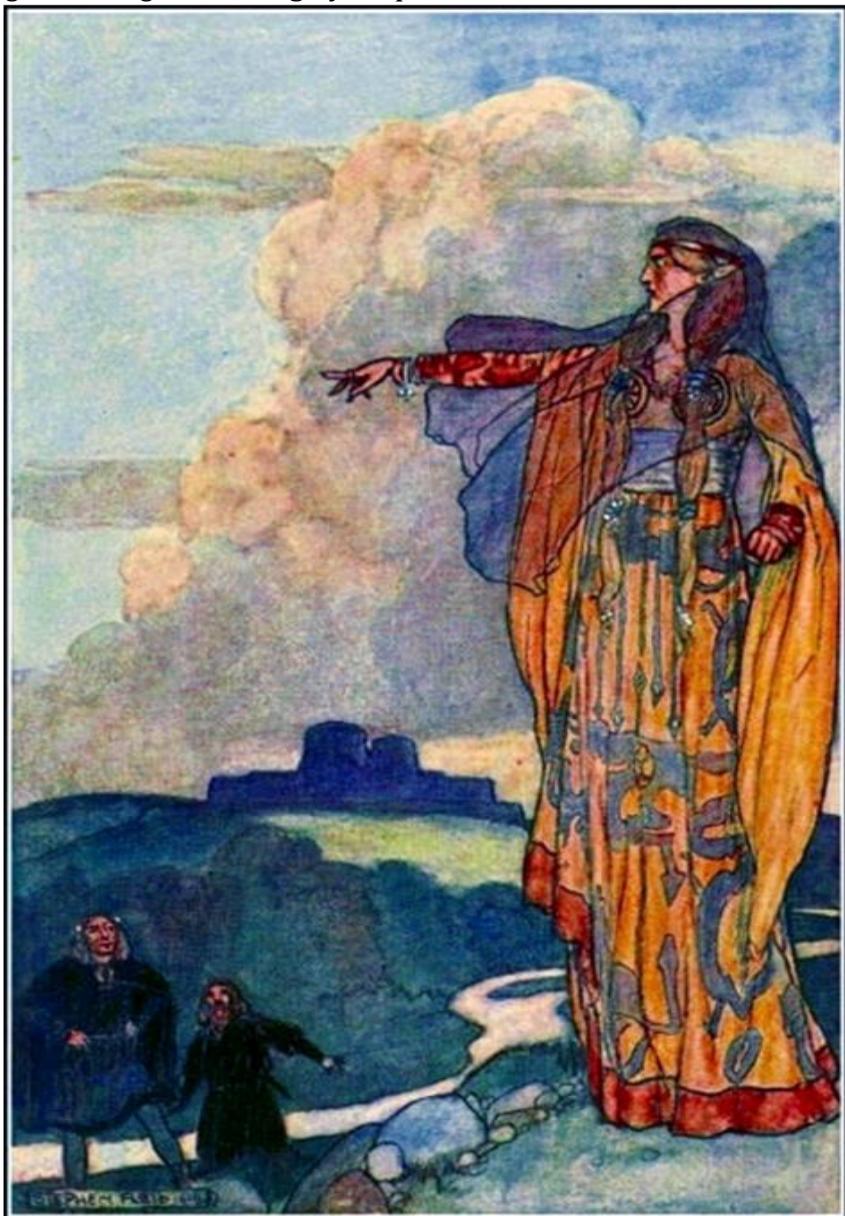
She might still be big as a whale (or dead) if the first child had not come out. The first birth is the most difficult. The husband saving her from the whale suggests that after the birth of the child, psychic impotence ended for her.

But not for her husband, not for the more conscious and responsible survival partner. They more acutely feel the burden of forcing another human onto a planet where there are already ten times too many of us, thus causing them to associate the partner less with pleasure and more and more with work and pain. The psychic impotence tends to be especially great if the spouse is a sibling substitute and not a parent substitute. The thinking becomes: "My real sibling wouldn't have gotten me in this trouble." Spouses totally unconscious of their incest desires and transference can avoid psychic impotence, but they have more than their share of other problems.

The son of the king of Omania and Trembling had fourteen children, and they lived happily till the two died of old age.

The last line, a lie, was issued by the latent-homosexual myth-makers. Loveless and angry Third Mask people devote their lives to getting even with the rest of us, become the most successful savages and always need the last word. But they tend to be the world's worst liars, and their choice of words betrays their real thoughts. Fourteen is two times seven, two times the usual hostility toward every day genetic competitors. In the savage world that prevails over the entire planet, a world wherein we have failed to limit our genetic competition, and only the Peace Love and Progress Party can even dream of the "Stage II" solutions to our love and marriage problems; nobody lives "happily ever after."

For the curse that Macha (below) put upon the men of Ulster and for "The Cattle Raid of Cooley," see Appendix E of *Decoding the Deluge*. Drawing by Stephen Reid.



10. SHAKING-HEAD

Unlike many of the myth-tales in this collection, the “Deluge” (Species War) core of this one appears to be the only part that resembles actual events. This story is an account of how the mythical High King of Ireland obtained suzerainty over the kings of the provinces.

Gaelic Ireland is said to have consisted of five main kingdoms (Ulster, Munster, Connaught, Leinster, and “Meathe”) and two hundred or so petty kingdoms (Tuatha). According to legend, a high king ruled from Tara in Meathe. As a historical being, this king was about as real as the “fairies” that were his allies. According to Professor Robin Flower, who lectured on the Irish literary tradition at Dublin’s Trinity College in 1938, “So far as the tales of the *filí* can be disentangled in their primitive form, they show no trace of the Milesean theory or of a central monarchy at Tara” (Flower: 50).

The Goidelic Celts appear to have conquered Ireland slightly after they conquered the Trojans (1183 B.C.). From Troy, their citadel on the Cambridge plain, the Trojans had exercised a tin monopoly by controlling the Cornwall tin deposits. It was still the Bronze Age in Western Europe, and bronze is made with 90% copper and 10% tin. The Celts were notoriously undisciplined and disorganized. Any High King, such as the one that the hero of this myth becomes, would have had to precede the Goidelic Celts.

These Celts or their *filí* poets invented a grandiose mythology that sought to hide their violent conquest of the isles. “The Sons of Miled” (their ancestors) were described as the first people to come to Ireland (from Spain). Allegedly, these “Milesians” conquered the Tuatha de Danann (the fairies or good Neanderthal) and were led by Tuathal Techmar, whose name is devoid of mythical associations and simply means “ruler of the people voyaging from afar” (O’Rahilly: 162).

The myth-tale that you are about to read is apparently a modification or precursor of the Goidelic Celt myth about “Tuathal” with his name and other ethnic names removed.

According to Professor O’Rahilly, fictional Tuathal was “descended from a long line of Irish ancestors and was the rightful heir to the Irish throne who comes to Ireland (from Spain, the “Land of the Dead”) to recover his patrimony, of which he had been deprived by non-Goidelic tribes. The post-invasion enmity between the Goidels and the non-Goidelic tribes was projected into the past to provide an ethical motive for the invasion” (O’Rahilly: 162). After defeating the kings of the four provinces, Tuathal was said to have established his high-kingship in the middle, carving out a fifth province around the Mide, a hill in the center of Ireland where the Irish people annually met. The fictitious capital of Meathe, the fictitious fifth province, was called Tara.

Professor Flower noted that the “synthetic historians” under the patronage of the Christian monasteries recorded all this lore about “Milesians” and “High-Kings at Tara” in the 10th century AD. This was after the final ejection of the Norsemen, who had plagued Ireland for two hundred years.

The Goidelic Celts had many motives for inventing this mythology as early as 1183 BC (Eratosthenes’ date for the fall of Troy). They wanted their Irish subjects to accept their rule and to forget that they were the most recent immigrants. They also wanted potential foreign invaders to believe that their lordship in Ireland was stronger than it actually was. Caesar and the Romans were to conquer England c. 54 BC. The Angles, Saxons and Jutes, fleeing before the advancing Huns, invaded England in the fifth century AD. They were part of what appears to have been a replay of the overpopulation and agricultural crisis that had cascaded across Europe one *thousand* years earlier. The Huns, who were the scourge of Europe, marched all the way to northeastern France (Gaul) before they were defeated in 451 AD. The Scandinavians invaded Ireland in the late eighth century and mounted repeated invasions for two hundred years. So, myths such as the one you are about to read, myths extolling the virtue, power and blessedness of the Irish “High King,” were probably orally perfected over a period of—at least—two *thousand* years.

There was once a king of a province in Erin who had an only son. The king was very careful of this son, and sent him to

school for good instruction. The other three kings of provinces in Erin had three sons at the same school; and the three sent word by this one to his father, that if he didn't put his son to death they would put both father and son to death themselves.

The Goidels had nothing to tell about prehistoric Ireland, but we'll see that they had great Species War lore of their own to tell.

When the young man came home with this word to his father and mother, they were grieved when they heard it. But the king's son said that he would go out into the world to seek his fortune, and settle the trouble in that way. So, away he went, taking with him only five pounds in money for his support.

Genetic competitors persecute the young man. Outnumbered and loving his father as he does, he does the noble thing. He has not only our sympathy (the sympathy of the ongoing objects of the Oedipal and the Fraternal complexes), but also the sympathy of the gods (the prehistoric objects of the complexes) who suffered similar persecution. Or so we are inclined to think.

The young man traveled on till he came to a grave-yard, where he saw four men fighting over a coffin. Then he went up to the four, and saw that two of them were trying to put the coffin down into a grave, and the other two preventing them and keeping the coffin above ground. When the king's son came near the men, he asked: "Why do you fight in such a place as this, and why do you keep the coffin above ground?"

Two of the men answered, and said: "The body of our brother is in this coffin, and these two men won't let us bury it."

The other two then said: "We have a debt of five pounds on the dead man, and we won't let his body be buried till the debt is paid."

The king's son said: "Do you let these men bury their brother, and I will pay what you ask."

Now he has even more of our sympathy, more of the sympathy of his genetically competing associates and the "gods." He sacrifices his self-interest to solve the Fraternal conflict of others. He is a hero. This is excellent propaganda. Step one of dramaturgy is to make the audience identify with your protagonist by showing that he or she is a good person who cares about others. But heroism is a

common accessory of the Third Mask, and we know what to expect of its wearers.

Then the two let the brothers of the dead man bury him. The king's son paid the five pounds, and went away empty-handed, and, except the clothes on his back, he had no more than on the day he was born.

The usual dramatic pattern is refined by the Fraternal complex. The hero is allegedly of superior genetic endowment; he is a king's son; so, we all want to identify with him. But our identification with him only becomes complete if he loses the privileges of his birth, competes fairly and earns his way in the world.

After he had gone on his way awhile and the grave-yard was out of sight he turned and saw a sprightly red-haired man (*fear ruadh*) hurrying after him. [H Red hair was the hallmark of the Goidelic Celts.] When he came up, the stranger asked: "Don't you want a serving man?"

"I do not," answered the king's son, "I have nothing to support myself with, let alone a serving man."

"Well, never mind that," said the red-haired man; "I'll be with you wherever you go, whether you have anything or not."

The red-haired man symbolizes the ongoing component of the Fraternal complex, the king's son's genetically competing associates. By his actions, the king's son has won the support of this component of the godhead. His moral superiority is transparent to everyone. Aha.

"What is your name?" asked the king's son.

"Shaking-head," answered the red man.

The pagan Celts had a great fondness for the severed heads of their victims. The brain was a protein-rich food of choice, and the head was universally thought to contain the mana or spiritual strength of the person. Moreover, even primitives could be confident that once the head was severed, the victim's spirit couldn't reenter and re-animate the body. "Shaking-head" suggests a head that is severed or on a dead body and still animated with nervous impulses.

When they had gone on a piece of the way together the king's son stopped and asked: "Where shall we be to-night?"

"We shall be in a giant's castle where there will be small welcome for us," said Shaking-head.

When evening came, they found themselves in front of a castle. In they went and saw no one inside only a tall old hag. But they were not long in the place till they heard a loud, rushing noise outside, and a blow on the castle. The giant came; and the first words he let out of his mouth were: "I'm glad to have an Erinach on my supper-table to eat to-night." [H "Giants" are always "bad" *Homo erecti*. The "bad witches" are allied with them.] Then turning to the two he said: "What brought you here this evening; what do you want in my castle?"

"All the champions and heroes of Erin are going to take your property from you and destroy yourself; we have come to warn you. There is nobody to save you from them but us," said Shaking-head.

Here the Goidelic Celt myth-makers seem to be remembering that they were in fact part of a massive continental force that invaded the British Isles and attacked Troy in 1194 B.C.

When the giant heard these words, he changed his treatment entirely. He gave the king's son and Shaking-head a hearty welcome and a kindly greeting. When he understood the news they brought, he washed them with the tears of his eyes, dried them with kisses, and gave them a good supper and a soft bed that night.

Next morning the giant was up at an early hour. He went to the bedside of each man and told him to rise and have breakfast. Shaking-head asked his reward of the giant for telling him of the champions of Erin and the danger he was in.

"Well," said the giant, "there's a pot of gold over there under my bed; take as much out of it as ever you wish, and welcome."

"It isn't gold I want for my service," said Shaking-head; "you have a gift which suits me better."

"What gift is that?" asked the giant.

"The light black steed in your stable."

"That's a gift I won't give you," said the giant, "for when anyone comes to trouble or attack me, all I need do is throw my leg

over that steed, and away he carries me out of sight of every enemy."

"Well," said Shaking-head, "if you don't give me that steed, I'll bring all the kingdom of Erin against you, and you'll be destroyed with all you have."

The giant stopped a moment, and said: "I believe you'd do that thing, so you may take the steed." Then Shaking-head took the steed of the giant, gave him to the king's son, and away they went.

At sunset Shaking-head said: "We are near the castle of another giant, the next brother to the one who entertained us last night. He hasn't much welcome for us either; but he will treat us well when he is threatened.

The fictitious founding father of the Goidelic Celts and his vassal or army (Shaking-head) are making their claim to having killed the giants, to having fought the Species War in Ireland. To see how very different this bogus claim is from the authentic one, the earliest myths of the Fir Bolgs, see DTD, Chapter 31.

The second giant was going to eat the king's son for supper, but when Shaking-head told him about the forces of Erin he changed his manner and entertained them well. Next morning after breakfast, Shaking-head said: "You must give me a present for my services in warning you."

"There is a pot of gold under my bed," said the giant; "take all you want of it."

"I don't want your gold," said Shaking-head, "but you have a gift which suits me well."

"What is that?" asked the giant.

"The two-handed black sword that never fails a blow."

Two hands are not normally used to wield a sword or to throw a spear. But two hands are used to shoot an arrow. The two-handed black sword may symbolize a bow and arrow. The superegos of our Irish ancestors have replaced the latter with the former.

"You won't get that gift from me," said the giant; "and I can't spare it; for if a whole army were to come against me, as soon as I'd have my two hands on the hilt of that sword, I'd let no man near me without sweeping the head off him."

"Well," said Shaking-head, "I have been keeping back your enemies this long time; but I'll let them at you now, and I'll raise up more. I'll put the whole kingdom of Erin against you."

The giant stopped a moment, and said: "I believe you'd do that if it served you." So, he took the sword off his belt and handed it to his guest. Shaking-head gave it to the king's son, who mounted his steed, and they both went away.

When they had gone some distance from the giant's castle Shaking-head said to the king's son, "Where shall we be to-night? —You have more knowledge than I."

"Indeed, then I have not," said the king's son; "I have no knowledge of where we are going; it is you who have the knowledge."

"Well," said Shaking-head, "we'll be at the third and youngest giant's castle to-night, and at first he'll treat us far worse and more harshly, but still, we'll take this night's lodging of him, and a good gift in the morning."

Soon after sunset they came to the castle where they met the worst reception and the harshest they had found on the road. The giant was going to eat them both for supper; but when Shaking-head told him of the champions of Erin, he became as kind as his two brothers, and gave good entertainment to both.

Next morning after breakfast, Shaking-head asked for a present in return for his services. "Do you see the pot of gold in the corner there under my bed? —Take all you want and welcome," said the giant.

"It's not gold I want," said Shaking-head, "but the cloak of darkness."

"Oh," said the giant, "you'll not get that cloak of me, for I want it myself. If any man comes against me, all I need do is put that cloak on my shoulders, and no one in the world can see me, or know where I am."

Read "cloak of darkness" here as magic and don't take this myth too seriously.

"Well," said Shaking-head, "it's long enough that I am keeping your enemies away; and if you don't give me that cloak now, I'll raise all the kingdom of Erin and still more forces to destroy you, and it's not long you'll last after they come."

The giant thought a moment, and then said: "I believe you'd do what you say. There's the black cloak hanging on the wall before you; take it."

Shaking-head took the cloak, and the two went away together, the king's son riding on the light black steed, and having the double-handed sword at his back. When out of sight of the giant, Shaking-head put on the cloak, and wasn't to be seen, and no other man could have been seen in his place. Then the king's son looked around and began to call and search for his man. He was lonely without him and grieved not to see him. Shaking-head, glad to see the affection of the king's son, took off the cloak and was at his side again. [H *With a common enemy to face, men set aside their differences. They repress and project their Fraternal hostility for each other onto the common enemy.*]

"Where are we going now?" asked the king's son.

"We are going on a long journey to (*Ri Chuil an Or*) King Behind the Gold, to ask his daughter of him."

*Again, the fairies (*Homo erecti*) became associated with gold and were thought to be rich due to the votive offerings that were (like *Homo erectus* corpses of the Species War) thrown into lakes and ponds. "Behind the Gold" can also be interpreted as deep in the earth—in *Tir na n-Og*. The identification of the king and his family as fairies, as *Homo erecti*, is inescapable.*

The two traveled on, till they came to the castle of King Behind the Gold. Then Shaking-head said: "Go in you, and ask his daughter of the king, and I'll stay here outside with the cloak on me."

So, he went in and spoke to the king, and the answer he got was this: "I am willing to give you my daughter, but you won't get her unless you do what she will ask of you. And I must tell you now that three hundred kings' sons, lacking one, have come to ask for my daughter, and in the garden behind my castle are three hundred iron spikes, and every spike of them but one is covered with the head of a king's son who couldn't do what my daughter wanted of him, and I'm greatly in dread that your own head will be put on the one spike that is left uncovered."

"Well," said the king's son, "I'll do my best to keep my head where it is at present."

Stay here in my castle," said the king, "and you'll have good entertainment till we know can you do what will be asked of you."

At night when the king's son was going to bed, the princess gave him a thimble, and said: "Have this for me in the morning."

The thimble symbolizes the woman's sexuality. Does the task symbolize his ability to protect her? Is this fairy princess in need of protection?

He put the thimble on his finger; and she thought it could be easily taken away, if he would sleep. So, she came to him in the night, with a drink, and said: "I give you this in hopes I'll gain more drink by you."

He swallowed the liquor, and the princess went away with the empty cup. Then the king's son put the thimble in his mouth between his cheek and his teeth for safekeeping, and was soon asleep.

When the princess came to her own chamber, she struck her maid with a *slat an draiochta* (a rod of enchantment) and turned her into a rat. [H *The "rod of enchantment" is standard equipment in Irish myths. See Chapter 34 of DTD.*] Then she made such music of fifes and trumpets to sound throughout the castle, that every soul in it fell asleep. That minute, she sent the rat to where the king's son was sleeping, and the rat put her tail into the nostrils of the young man, tickled his nose so that he sneezed and blew the thimble out of his mouth. The rat caught it and ran away to the princess, who struck her with the rod of enchantment and turned her into a maid again.

Then the princess and the maid set out for the eastern world, taking the thimble with them. Shaking-head, who was watching with his cloak on, unseen by all, had seen everything, and now followed at their heels. In the eastern world, at the sea-side was a rock. The princess tapped it with her finger, and the rock opened; there was a house inside, and in the house a giant. The princess greeted him and gave him the thimble, saying: "You're to keep this so no man can get it."

*This giant to whom the princess is giving herself (giving her "thimble") is one of the last surviving, hidden, *Homo erectus* males. He is also symbolic of potential eastern invaders. Notice too that our Irish ancestors seem to be acknowledging that *Homo erectus* people*

were still alive in the East long after the last Species War battles had been fought and they had been eliminated in the British Isles. As we determined in Chapter 19 of DTD, they hid in the high mountains of Central Asia until, gradually, the last of them were dragged back to Mesopotamia to work as slaves and serve as the victims in religious pageants. The last of "the Black-headed People" were killed in the 14th century B.C., by our Habiru ancestors, in "The Holy Land," on the reservations that Hammurabi had set aside for them.

"Oh," said the giant, taking the thimble and throwing it aside, "you need have no fear; no man can find me in this place."

Shaking-head caught the thimble from the ground and put it in his pocket. When she had finished conversation with the giant, the princess kissed him, and hurried away. Shaking-head followed her step for step, till they came at break of day to the castle of King Behind the Gold. Shaking-head went to the king's son and asked: "Was anything given you to keep last night?"

"Yes, before I came to this chamber the princess gave me her thimble, and told me to have it for her in the morning."

The thimble challenge for the king's son is like those of Kil Arthur in the last myth-tale. Shaking-head and the Irish people want him to marry Ri Chuil an Or's Homo erectus daughter. They want their royal family to intermarry with Homo erectus. But if she is to function as a god or goddess should (as the dead, propitiated and magically manipulated Homo erecti are supposed to do), then she must assist Homo sapiens by protecting them against the "giants," "witches," "demons" and all other Homo erecti still at large. Above all, a good Homo erectus (fairy) does not reproduce her own kind.

"Have you it now?" asked Shaking-head.

"It is not in my mouth where I put it last night, it is not in the bed; I'm afraid my head is lost," said the king's son.

"Well, look at this," said Shaking-head, taking the thimble out of his pocket and giving it to him. "The whole kingdom is moving to-day to see your death. All the people have heard that you are here asking for the princess, and they think your head'll be put on the last spike in the garden, with the heads of the other kings' sons. Rise up now, mount your light black steed, ride to the summer-house of the princess and her father, and give her the thimble."

Notice that the failure of all the other kings' sons to win the princesses in these stories adds a corollary to the main theme that the fairies are united with the Irish. The corollary adds that the fairies are not united with other peoples. The king's son's ability to contain her is also symbolic of his royal family's ability to keep these "fairies" on their side and opposed to all the enemies of Ireland.

The king's son did as Shaking-head told him. When he gave up the thimble, the king said, "You have won one third of my daughter."

But the princess was bitterly angry and vexed to the heart, that any man on earth should know that she had dealings with the giant; she cared more for that than anything else.

When the second day had passed, and the king's son was going to bed, the princess gave him a comb to keep, and said: "If you don't have this for me in the morning, your head will be put on the spike that's left in my father's garden."

The game they are playing will decide who has the stronger magic—the bad fairies or the Irish nobility and their fairy allies.

The king's son took the comb with him, wrapped it in a handkerchief, and tied it to his head. In the night, the princess came with a draught, which she gave him, and soon he was asleep. Going back to her own chamber, she struck the maid with her rod of enchantment, and made a great yellow cat of her. Then she caused such music of fifes and trumpets to sound throughout the castle that every soul was in a deep sleep before the music was over, and that moment she sent the cat to the chamber of the king's son. The cat worked the handkerchief off his head, took out the comb and ran with it to the princess, who turned her into a maid again. The two set out for the eastern world straightway; but if they did, Shaking-head followed them in his cloak of darkness, till they came to the house of the giant in the great rock at the end of the road, at the sea.

*"The giants were still on earth when the witches and leprechauns fell out of heaven." This is the statement that says that when modern religion came to Ireland, long after the *Homo erectus* people were eliminated there, *Homo erectus* people still survived elsewhere (in Central Asia and the Mideast). It says, in other words, "We didn't kill the last of them." See Chapters 19 and 31 of DTD.*

The princess gave the giant the comb, and said: "The thimble that I gave you to keep last night was taken from you, for the king's son in Erin brought it back to me this morning, and has done one third of the work of winning me, and I didn't expect you'd serve me in this way."

The comb probably represents property in general and civil order. A king is expected to protect and preserve his own and his subjects' property and to keep the peace.

When the giant heard this, he was raging, and threw the comb into the sea behind him. Then with Druidic spells he raised thunder and lightning and wind. The sea was roaring with storm and rain; but the comb had not touched the water when Shaking-head caught it. When her talk was over the princess gave the giant a kiss, and home she went with the maid; but Shaking-head followed them step by step.

In the morning, Shaking-head went to the king's son, roused him, and asked: "What was your task last night?"

"The princess gave me a comb to have for her this morning," answered the king's son.

"Where is it now?" asked Shaking-head.

"Here on my head," said the king's son, putting up his hand to get it; but the comb was gone. "I'm done for now," said the king's son; "my head will be on the last spike to-day unless I have the comb for the princess."

"Here it is for you," said Shaking-head, taking the comb out of his pocket. "And now," said he, "the whole kingdom is coming to this castle today to see your head put on the last spike in the garden of King Behind the Gold, for all men think the same will happen to you that has happened to every king's son before you. Go up on your steed and ride to the summerhouse where the king and his daughter are sitting, and give her the comb."

The king's son did as Shaking-head bade him. When he saw the comb the king said, "Now you have my daughter two-thirds won." But her face went from the princess entirely; she was so vexed that any man should know of her dealings with the giant.

The third night when he was going to bed the princess said to the king's son, "If you will not have at my father's castle to-morrow morning the head I will kiss to-night, you'll die to-

morrow, and your own head will be put on the last spike in my father's garden."

Later in the night she came to the bedside of the king's son with a draught, which he drank, and before she was back in her chamber, he slept. Then she made such music all over the castle that not a soul was awake when the music had ceased. That moment she hurried away with her maid to the eastern world; but Shaking-head followed her in his cloak of darkness. This time he carried with him the two-handed sword that never failed a blow.

Killing the man that his master's fiancé kisses is symbolic of defeating his enemies and defending the kingdom from giants and invaders from the east.

When she came to the rock in the eastern world and entered the house of the giant, the princess said, "You let my two gifts go with the son of the king in Erin, and he'll have me won to-morrow if he'll have your head at my father's castle in the morning."

"Never fear," said the giant, "there is nothing in the world to take the head off me but the double-handed sword of darkness that never fails a blow, and that sword belongs to my brother in the western world."

*Confirm our interpretation of the double-handed sword of darkness as having once referred to the bow and arrow. This is the only weapon with which our ancestors could kill the *Homo erecti*. It entered Europe from the East.*

The princess gave the giant a kiss at parting; and as she hurried away with her maid the giant turned to look at her. His head was covered with an iron cap; but as he looked, he laid bare a thin strip of his neck. Shaking-head was there near him, and said in his mind: "Your brother's sword has never been so close to your neck before;" and with one blow he swept the head off him.

Then began the greatest struggle that Shaking-head ever had, to keep the head from the body of the giant. The head fought to put itself on again, and never stopped till the body was dead; then it fell to the ground. Shaking-head seized, but couldn't stir the head, —couldn't move it from its place. Then he searched all around it and found a (*bar an suan*) pin of slumber near the ear. When he took the pin away, he had no trouble in carrying the

head; and he made no delay but came to the castle at daybreak, and threw the head to a herd of pigs that belonged to the king.

The head “fighting to put itself back on and never stopping until the body was dead” refers to the furious struggle of individual Neanderthals wounded with arrows and to their struggle as a species to avoid extinction.

*The “pin of slumber” that must be removed before Shaking-head can carry it off—is an arrow. Having to remove the arrow before the head can be moved suggests that the arrow passed partly through it and into the ground or another object. This is a subtle admission, an id-like interjection of the most honest ancestors, that it was not a “double-handed sword” but a bow and arrow that killed the giant(s). Also, “throwing the giant’s head to a herd of pigs” is a symbolic reference to the ugliness of *Homo erectus*.*

Then he went to the king’s son, and asked: “What happened to you last night?”

“The princess came to me, and said that if I wouldn’t bring to her father’s castle this morning the head she was to kiss last night, my own head would be on the last spike to-day.”

“Come out with me now to the pigs,” said Shaking-head. The two went out, and Shaking-head said: “Go in among the pigs, and take the head with you to the king; and a strange head it is to put before a king.”

*The id and the reality principle first asserted themselves with references to *Homo erectus*’ ugliness. Then the censoring superego of later, wishful-thinking generations enabled that ugliness to be attributable to the pigs having gnawed on the head.*

So, the king’s son went on his steed to the summer-house, and gave the head to the king and his daughter, and turning to the princess, said: “This is the head you kissed last night, and it’s not a nice-looking head either.”

“You have my daughter won now entirely,” said the king, “and she is yours. And do you take that head to the great dark hole that is out there on one side of my castle grounds, and throw it down.”

The king’s son mounted his steed, and rode off with the head till he came to the hole going deep into the earth. **When he let down the head it went to the bottom with such a roaring**

and such a noise that every mare and cow and every beast in the whole kingdom cast its young, such was the terror that was caused by the noise of the head in going to the bottom of the hole. [H emphasis mine]

*The attempt of our ancestors to bury every trace of *Homo erectus* was nothing less than an attempt to bury our own past, our hominid ancestry and our animal being. It was a violent attack upon us, a lie of immense proportions that necessitated countless other lies and set us at war with ourselves and the rest of nature. I refer to this animal alienation, remnant of the Species War and the Great Flood, as the Second Mask.*

In the Twenty-first Century A.D., humanity is drowning in its own lies. They threaten to kill us psychologically (if they haven't done so already) long before another great flood or an exchange of nuclear strikes can finish us off. To get humanity on a civilized and sustainable path, we need to do more than just eradicate homophobia, educate fundamentalists and minimize the K and R class struggle. We also need to undo all the lies and half-truths that successive generations of savages have embedded within our cultures – starting with the earliest "original sin" and going forward with major emphasis upon the Species War, the greatest of all coverups.

Confronting this big lie is an essential part of the process of healing ourselves. For if we can't be honest about our most basic attribute—the fact that we are apes—then how can we be honest about anything else? How can we expect the most dishonest people, masked, latent homosexuals, to be honest?

Do you remember the Rhapsodic Theogony that we analyzed in Chapter 25 of DTD? This Greek, Orpheus cult mythology led us to the same conclusions. But the Orphic disdain for everything bodily or Titan-like shows that they were unconscious of—even proud of—their alienation. These Irish ancestors, either consciously or in their incredibly-creative recurrent dreams, recognized our animal alienation as a colossal tragedy of Species War origin.

As I have explained in numerous other places, this Second Mask, which hides of our animal, great ape being, is also responsible for the allopathic theory of disease and the universal prejudice against dark skin.

Frazer's "Golden Bough" credits Big Brother, the masked, latent homosexual Ks, whom he called "clever rogues," the scoundrels who have been the instigators of all the violence (the Species War and Great Flood inclusive) with freeing us from the tyranny and stagnation of R tribal society. I'll concede them that and most of the credit for all the science and technology that K-dominated, class society has produced.

But as the Conclusion of Version 24 of DTD dramatically reveals, their society has humanity on a suicide path. K-dominated society ultimately defaults to a one-man economy. We must cull what was worst about both (K-dominated and R-dominated) societies and cultivate what was best about each. Big Brother deserves an even-handed, objective obituary. But write that obituary we must because the New (civilized and sustainable) World must be an honest, loving and nonviolent world wherein there is no place for him (loveless, angry, latent homosexuals). Healing ourselves – eradicating homophobia, educating fundamentalists and minimizing K and R -- has got to include a thorough and honest recovery of our past, which is a major goal of my works.

When the head was put away, the king's son went back to the castle, and married the daughter of King Behind the Gold. The wedding lasted nine days and nights, and the last night was better than the first.

Number nine assures us that hybrids and Homo erecti attended.

When the wedding was over Shaking-head went to the king, and said: "You have provided no fortune for your daughter, and it is but right that you should remember her."

"I have plenty of gold and silver to give her," said the king.

"It isn't gold and silver that your son-in-law wants, but men to stand against his enemies, when they come on him."

"I have more treasures than men," said King Behind the Gold; "but I won't see my daughter conquered for want of an army."

Thus, the Irish were assured, and the whole world was put on notice, that the gods (the "fairies") are on the side of the Irish. The latent homosexual, K scoundrels who are today's political "leaders" – globally -- are misdirecting everyone's attention onto the symptoms

of the K and R class struggle to prevent recognition of the root problem and prevent change. To co-opt the religious babies and enlist them in government-sponsored savagery, the modern scoundrels have reduced this fairies-are-on-our-side message to four magic words that more subtly say the same thing: "In God We Trust" (US), "God Save the Queen" (UK), "Gott Sei mit Uns" (Germany), "Socialism with Chinese Characteristics" (China), etc.

They were satisfied with the king's word, and next day took the road to Erin, and kept on their way till they came opposite the grave-yard. Then Shaking-head said to the king's son: "You are no good, you have never told me a story since the first day I saw you."

"I have but one story to tell you, except what happened since we met."

"Well, tell me what happened before we met."

"I was passing this place before I saw you," said the king's son, "and four men were fighting over a coffin. I spoke to them, and two of them said they were burying the body of their brother, which was in the coffin, and the others said the dead man owed them five pounds, and they wouldn't let the coffin into the ground until they got the money. I paid five pounds and the body was buried."

"It was my body was in the coffin," said Shaking-head, "and I came back into this world to do you a good turn; and now I am going, and you'll never see me again unless trouble is on you."

Confirm my interpretation of "Shaking-head" and the Fraternal complex theme of this myth-tale.

Shaking-head disappeared, and the king's son went home. He wasn't with his father long till the other three kings' sons heard he had come back to Erin with the daughter of King Behind the Gold. They sent word, saying: "We'll take the head off you now, and put an end to your father and yourself."

The king's son went out to walk alone, and as he was lamenting the fate he had brought on his father, who should come along to meet him but Shaking-head.

"What trouble is on you now?" asked he.

"Oh, three kings' sons are coming with their fleets and armies to destroy my father and myself, and what can we do with our one fleet and one army?"

"Well," said Shaking-head, "I'll settle that for you without delay." Then he sent a message straight to King Behind the Gold, who gave a fleet and an army, and they came to Erin so quickly that they were at the castle before the forces of the three kings' sons. And when the three came the battle began on sea and land at both sides of the castle.

All of the Fraternal complex gods are with the king's son now: most of the ongoing genetic competitors, represented by Shaking-head, and the Homo erecti, the prehistoric aspect of the complex. "Meath" and "Tara" were supposedly in the latitudinal center of Ireland.

The three fleets of the three kings' sons were sunk, their armies destroyed, and the three heads taken off them. When the battle was over and the country safe, the king resigned the castle and power to his son, and the son of a king in a province became king over all the land of Erin.

"United as we Irish are behind the Goidels and blessed as we are by divine providence, other peoples had better not mess with us." But only stupid people (gangsters united by their prejudices) can believe this. Gods and fairies, if they existed, would civilize the world by uniting the whole of humanity – as only the whole truth can do.

11. THE BIRTH OF FIN MACCUMHAIL AND THE ORIGIN OF THE FENIANS OF ERIN¹⁸

The Fenian Cycle consists of stories in prose and in ballads and incidental lyrics such as the nature poems ascribed to Oisín. Professor Flower informs us that these legends of Fin MacCumhail and his "Fianna" (band of primordial hunter-warriors) rose in favor during the 11th and 12th centuries among the literati. But they are known to have existed at least as early as the Iron Age.¹⁹

We determined in DTD, Appendix E, that the oral tradition of sacred and even semi-sacred myths, like all the myths in this volume, dates from the "disappearance" of *Homo erectus* in Europe. His disappearance corresponds to the appearance of a new tool kit at the "Paleolithic Boundary," *not at 300 BC but 33,000 BC*. The Chatelperronian and Aurignacian tool kits consisted of

¹⁸ *Cumhail* is the genitive of *Cumhal* (pronounced Cool). *Mac* means *son*. So *MacCumhail* means *son of Cumhal*. *Cumhal* denotes also a cap or head-covering. *Fin* means *white*. So the name *Fin MacCumhail* suggests a white cap. Those of you who have read DTD will immediately catch the significance here. Fin is a white cap as opposed to being one of the "black-headed people," one of the *Homo erecti*.

¹⁹ Of course, we Species War scholars know these tales to descend from the Paleolithic Boundary. Archaeologists say, based upon the artifacts they've dug up, that the Iron Age took hold in Ireland circa 300 BC. (See, for example the text at <http://www.yourirish.com/history/ancient/iron-age/>.) But infer from what is now known about the Trojan War (1194-1183 BC, see DTD, Appendix F) that the Celtic leaders who conquered the Isles at this time knew about iron but preferred to keep it secret because iron and coal for coke were plentiful everywhere and could not be easily monopolized as was tin for bronze. The same gangster politics continues today with fossil fuels versus geothermal. We'll have 6000xs the clean and renewable energy we need from geothermal alone as soon as we make 4km-long, layered, nanocarbon tube wires to pull it up. Nanocarbon conducts electricity and heat hundreds of times better than copper, and a post-grad fellow in nano materials told me long ago that he had learned to weld graphene. But K and R (and their antidotes) will always return to an equilibrium. Huge increases in equal opportunity (e. g. virtually free food and energy) must be accompanied by equivalent increases in population control.

many new, smaller, sharper and more varied tools. We determined in Chapter 10 of DTD that they were used, respectively, for making horn-laminated and sinew-laminated bows and their arrows.

Cumhal Macart was a great champion in the west of Erin, and it was prophesied of him that if ever he married, he would meet death in the next battle he fought. For this reason, he had no wife and knew no woman for a long time; till one day he saw the king's daughter, who was so beautiful that he forgot all fear and married her in secret. Next day after the marriage, news came that a battle had to be fought.

Now a Druid had told the king that his daughter's son would take the kingdom from him; so, he made up his mind to look after the daughter, and not let any man come near her.

Before he went to the battle, Cumhal told his mother everything, —told her of his relations with the king's daughter. He said, "I shall be killed in battle to-day, according to the prophecy of the Druid, and I'm afraid if his daughter has a son the king will kill the child, for the prophecy is that he will lose the kingdom by the son of his own daughter."

*The king is to lose his throne as *Homo erectus* lost the world, and as the primordial father lost his life and domination of the horde: to offspring. As I stated in DTD, this is the meaning of an entire genre of mythical "auspices." I may have been the first to understand the full meaning of this pattern but hardly the first to notice it. See Chapter 19 of DTD.*

"Now, if the king's daughter has a son do you hide and rear him, if you can; you will be his only hope and stay." Cumhal was killed in the battle, and within that year the king's daughter had a son.

*The son, Fin MacCumhail, was, therefore, a hybrid because the king and his daughter (as you will shortly see) were *Homo erecti*.*

By command of his grandfather, the boy was thrown out of the castle window into a loch, to be drowned, on the day of his birth. The boy sank from sight; but after remaining a while under the water, he rose again to the surface, and came to land holding a live salmon in his hand. [H *Fintann, salmon of knowledge, the Flood victims, became associated with the preservation of all prehistoric*

wisdom and knowledge.] The grandmother of the boy, Cumhal's mother, stood watching on the shore, and said to herself as she saw this: "He is my grandson, the true son of my own child," and seizing the boy, she rushed away with him, and vanished, before the king's people could stop her.

When the king heard that the old woman had escaped with his daughter's son, he fell into a terrible rage, and ordered all the male children born that day in the kingdom to be put to death, hoping in this way to kill his own grandson, and save the crown for himself.

This and similar killings of male children (e. g. Senechoros, Acrisios, Moses) in various mythologies were precursors to the Christian story of the infamous King Herod. Certainly, the idea of the representative of the primordial father or the leader of the Homo erecti trying to prevent what was seen in retrospect, as their fate must have been universal at one time. Notice too that the alleged atrocities resulting from the attempt to avoid fate then become a justification for the commission of the original and the second sin.

After she had disappeared from the bank of the loch, the old woman, Cumhal's mother, made her way to a thick forest, where she spent that night as best she could. Next day, she came to a great oak tree. Then she hired a man to cut out a chamber in the tree. When all was finished and there was a nice room in the oak for herself and her grandson and a whelp of the same age as the boy and which she had brought with her from the castle, she said to the man: "Give me the axe which you have in your hand, there is something here that I want to fix."

The man gave the axe into her hand, and that minute she swept the head off him, saying: "You'll never tell any man about this place now."

The oak tree is symbolic of ancestors and family—symbolic of the gods. The gods are to shelter the old woman, her grandson and the dog. In all these Fenian Cycle tales, the dog Bran is inseparable from his master and saves the Fenians on numerous occasions. This strongly supports my contention that the dog played an important role in helping our immediate ancestors to win the Species War. See DTD, Chapter 34 for the symbolic meaning of the oak, other hardwood trees and other sacred symbols.

The murder of the man, without any information that would impugn his character, suggests that this tale originates in the Pleistocene era, before commodity trade and ethical reciprocity were widespread.

One day the whelp ate some of the fine chippings (bran) left cut by the carpenter from the inside of the tree. The old woman said: "You'll be called Bran from this out."

*Bran was a name for crows. The latter were identified with *Homo erectus* due to them being airborne (like spirits and ambivalent gods), black and the scavengers of the battlefield corpses. Bran was also the name of a popular Celtic hero-warrior who, after being maimed in the "foot," took his own life.*

All three lived in the tree together, and the old woman did not take her grandson out till the end of five years; and then he couldn't walk, he had been sitting so long inside. When the old grandmother had taught the boy to walk, she brought him one day to the brow of a hill from which there was a long slope. She took a switch and said: "Now, run down this place. I will follow and strike you with this switch, and coming up I will run ahead, and you strike me as often as you can."

The first time they ran down, his grandmother struck him many times. In coming up the first time, he did not strike her at all. Every time they ran down, she struck him less, and every time they ran up, he struck her more. They ran up and down for three days; and at the end of that time, she could not strike him once, and he struck her at every step she took. He had now become a great runner.

When he was fifteen years of age, the old woman went with him to a hurley match between the forces of his grandfather and those of a neighboring king. Both sides were equal in skill; and neither could win, till the youth opposed his grandfather's people. Then, he won every game. When the ball was thrown in the air, he struck it coming down, and so again and again, —never letting the ball touch the ground till he had driven it through the barrier.

Hurley is an Irish sport resembling field hockey, except that the ball is moved through the air. Most of our ball sports (tennis, volleyball, basketball, football, soccer and hockey) are patterned upon the solar mythology of peoples who had suffered the harsh

effects of the glaciers. Gods and demons (reincarnated as the sun and the planets and stars) were believed to be in a cosmic battle to return or withdraw (respectively) the sun. See the "sun gods" in Chapter 33 and "tlachtli" in Chapter 35 of DTD.

The old king, who was very angry, and greatly mortified, at the defeat of his people, exclaimed, as he saw the youth, who was very fair and had white hair: "Who is that *fin cumhal* [white cap]?"

"Ah, that is it; Fin will be his name, and Fin MacCumhail he is," said the old woman.

The king's denunciation of the boy as a "white cap" makes it clear that the king and his people are "black-headed people"—Homo erecti. (Search the digital version of DTD for "black-headed people.") Then and there the old woman adopts "Fin" as the first name for the boy. Again, this symbolizes that the boy shall obtain his identity and mission in life from his opposition to his grandfather and his grandfather's (Homo erectus or "black-headed") people.

The king ordered his people to seize and put the young man to death, on the spot. The old woman hurried to the side of her grandson. They slipped from the crowd and away they went, a hill at a leap, a glen at a step, and thirty-two miles at a running-leap. They ran a long distance, till Fin grew tired; then the old grandmother took him on her back, putting his feet into two pockets which were in her dress, one on each side, and ran on with the same swiftness as before, a hill at a leap, a glen at a step, and thirty-two miles at a running-leap. After a time, the old woman felt the approach of pursuit, and said to Fin: "Look behind, and tell me what you see."

"I see," said he, "a white horse with a champion on his back."

"Oh, no fear," said she; "a white horse has no endurance; he can never catch us, we are safe from him." And on they sped. A second time she felt the approach of pursuit, and again she said: "Look back, and see who is coming."

Fin looked back, and said: "I see a warrior riding on a brown horse."

"Never fear," said the old woman; "there is never a brown horse but is giddy, he cannot overtake us." She rushed on as

before. A third time she said: "Look around, and see who is coming now."

Fin looked and said: "I see a black warrior on a black horse, following fast."

"There is no horse so tough as a black horse," said the grandmother. "There is no escape from this one."

Black is the color of Homo erectus. This is a "Fomorian" or "fairy" horse. They are pursued by what other peoples referred to as the "demons."

My grandson, one or both of us must die. I am old, my time has nearly come. I will die, and you and Bran save yourselves. (Bran had been with them all the time.) Right here ahead is a deep bog; you jump off my back, and escape as best you can. I'll jump into the bog up to my neck; and when the king's men come, I'll say that you are in the bog before me, sunk out of sight, and I'm trying to find you. As my hair and yours are the same color, they will think my head good enough to carry back. They will cut it off, and take it in place of yours, and show it to the king; that will satisfy his anger."

Fin slipped down, took farewell of his grandmother, and hurried on with Bran. The old woman came to the bog, jumped in, and sank to her neck. The king's men were soon at the edge of the bog, and the black rider called out to the old woman: "Where is Fin?"

"He is here in the bog before me, and I'm trying can I find him."

As the horsemen could not find Fin, and thought the old woman's head would do to carry back, they cut it off, and took it with them, saying: "This will satisfy the king."

Fin and Bran went on till they came to a great cave, in which they found a herd of goats. At the further end of the cave was a smoldering fire. The two lay down to rest.

A couple of hours later, in came a giant with a salmon in his hand. This giant was of awful height; he had but one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead, as large as the sun in heaven. When he saw Fin, he called out: "Here, take this salmon and roast it; but be careful, for if you raise a single blister on it, I'll cut the head off you. I've followed this salmon for three days and three nights

without stopping, and I never let it out of my sight, for it is the most wonderful salmon in the world."

I reviewed this Cyclops episode in Appendix G of DTD. It does not belong in a myth with sporting events. It appears to me that this myth was assembled from parts of different myths.

The giant lay down to sleep in the middle of the cave. Fin spitted the salmon, and held it over the fire. The minute the giant closed the one eye in his head, he began to snore. Every time he drew breath into his body, he dragged Fin, the spit, the salmon, Bran, and all the goats to his mouth; and every time he drove a breath out of himself, he threw them back to the places they were in before. Fin was drawn time after time to the mouth of the giant with such force, that he was in dread of going down his throat.

When partly cooked, a blister rose on the salmon. Fin pressed the place with his thumb, to know could he break the blister, and hide from the giant the harm that was done. But he burned his thumb, and, to ease the pain, put it between his teeth, and gnawed the skin to the flesh, the flesh to the bone, the bone to the marrow; and when he had tasted the marrow, he received the knowledge of all things.

Our organ development, their functions and, especially, the sequence of their development as revealed by the sequence of nerves alternately extending, left and right, from the center of the hypothalamus, nerves linking brain centers with their respective organs, provides a record of our evolution. (Hamer, Reiche Geerd)

The difference between our prehensile thumb and the tree-limb-hanging thumb of the chimpanzee evinces the role of labor and tool-making in the transition from ape to man. (Engels, Friedrich) The Homo sapien thumb, which reversed the comparative lengths of the first and second pollical digits from what they were in the Homo erectus thumb (Trinkhaus, Eric), represented a subtle but tremendous advance. Several myths suggest this: "Nuada of the Silver Hand," the Cheyenne myth "Hand Game" and Enkidu getting his hand paralyzed in a gate. Search for "thumb" in digital DTD.

In our customs, languages and, especially, our figures of speech; we retain an unconscious awareness of our development over time. For example, the figurative English translation of "Ich

drücke Ihnen den Daumen” is “I wish you luck,” but it literally says “I press my thumb for you.” (Huttner, David)

“Every man of us has all the centuries in him.” (Morely, John)

Next moment, he was drawn by the breath of the giant right up to his face, and, knowing from his thumb what to do, he plunged the hot spit into the sleeping eye of the giant and destroyed it.

*True to prehistory, the “giant” (*Homo erectus*) is killed by an arrow (the “hot spit”). Later, the Greeks displaced the blame for the deluge weapon onto the deluge victim, claiming that the Cyclopes (hypothetical, obsessively-feared, one-eyed, *Homo erectus* archers) had provided Zeus and his brothers with the bow and arrow.*

That instant the giant with a single bound was at the low entrance of the cave, and, standing with his back to the wall and a foot on each side of the opening, roared out: “You’ll not leave this place alive.”

Wounded Neanderthal would have been terrifying to behold!

Now Fin killed the largest goat, skinned him as quickly as he could, then putting the skin on himself he drove the herd to where the giant stood; the goats passed out one by one between his legs. When the great goat came, the giant took him by the horns. Fin slipped from the skin, and ran out.

*The woolly hide is another displacement of the hairy hide of *Homo erectus*. Disguising oneself as a goat is symbolic of disguising oneself as *Homo erectus*. Being an earlier hominid, *Homo erectus* was more ape-like in every way.*

“Oh, you’ve escaped,” said the giant, “but before we part let me make you a present.”

“I’m afraid to go near you,” said Fin; “if you wish to give me a present, put it out this way, and then go back.”

The giant placed a ring on the ground, and then went back. Fin took up the ring and put it on the end of his little finger above the first joint. It clung so firmly that no man in the world could have taken it off. The giant then called out, “Where are you?”

“On Fin’s finger,” cried the ring. That instant the giant sprang at Fin and almost came down on his head, thinking in this way to crush him to bits. Fin sprang to a distance. Again, the giant asked, “Where are you?”

The ring is a magical composite of military encirclement, a shackle, a cowbell and something else. But notice that Fin only put the ring, "on the end of his little finger above the first joint." No one wears a ring this way. But something else was done with the least-used joints of fingers, one joint at a time.

"On Fin's finger," answered the ring.

Again, the giant made a leap, coming down just in front of Fin. Many times, he called and many times almost caught Fin, who could not escape with the ring on his finger. While in this terrible struggle, not knowing how to escape, Bran ran up and asked: "Why don't you chew your thumb?"

Fin bit his thumb to the marrow, and then knew what to do. He took the knife with which he had skinned the goat, cut off his finger at the first joint, and threw it, with the ring still on, into a deep bog nearby.

*Primitive hunters are known to sacrifice joints of their fingers to the gods for better luck in hunting. Some of the motivation for these finger sacrifices derives from ongoing guilt vis-à-vis the animals that they kill. (See Campbell, 1959: 229-230, 288-289, 375.) But the practice probably started after the deluge, and the greatest part of the motivation for it derives from guilt and obsessional fear vis-à-vis *Homo erectus*. Cutting off joints of fingers, giving the *Homo erectus* gods the fingers that let the arrows fly that killed them would have been a replacement idea for and protective measure against the fear that *Homo erectus* would seek revenge in kind.*

Again, the giant called out, "Where are you?" and the ring answered, "On Fin's finger." Straightway the giant sprang towards the voice, sank to his shoulders in the bog, and stayed there.

*The giant up to his shoulders in a bog is the image that our Irish ancestors (mostly, if not entirely, *Fir Bolgs*) retained of Ireland when, as their oral history insisted, they had to leave Ireland due to meltwater and the Great Flood. See DTD, Appendix G. That's also why the giant chased a salmon for days.*

Fin with Bran now went on his way, and traveled till he reached a deep and thick wood, where a thousand horses were drawing timber, and men felling and preparing it.

"What is this?" asked Fin of the overseer of the workmen.

"Oh, we are building a *dun* (a castle) for the king; we build one every day, and every night it is burned to the ground. Our king has an only daughter; he will give her to any man who will save the *dun*, and he'll leave him the kingdom at his death. If any man undertakes to save the *dun* and fails, his life must pay for it; the king will cut his head off. The best champions in Erin have tried and failed; they are now in the king's dungeons, a whole army of them, waiting the king's pleasure. He's going to cut the heads off them all in one day."

*This incident represents another obsessional fear: "the giants (*Homo erecti*) are still angry with us for having taken their land and will prevent us from expanding and building upon it."²⁰*

"Why don't you chew your thumb?" asked Bran. Fin chewed his thumb to the marrow, and then knew that on the eastern side of the world there lived an old hag with her three sons, and every evening at nightfall she sent the youngest of these to burn the king's *dun*.

The "old hag on the eastern side of the world" is a composite of both the prehistoric and the ongoing, negative aspects of the Irish peoples' genetic competitors. She is symbolic of their Fraternal complex.

"I will save the king's *dun*," said Fin.

Rolleston (p. 257-258) relates a stripped-down version of this incident, which he apparently found in a classical manuscript. As usual, the popular tradition shows itself to be superior to the "official" mythology of the Goidels.

"Well," said the overseer, "better men than you have tried and lost their lives."

"Oh," said Fin, "I'm not afraid; I'll try for the sake of the king's daughter." Now Fin, followed by Bran, went with the overseer to the king. "I hear you will give your daughter to the man who saves your *dun*," said Fin.

"I will," said the king; "but if he fails, I must have his head."

²⁰ Was Charles Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig" based upon a serious misinterpretation of Irish mythology?

"Well," said Fin, "I'll risk my head for the sake of your daughter. If I fail, I'm satisfied." The king gave Fin food and drink; he supped, and after supper went to the dun.

"Why don't you chew your thumb?" said Bran; "then you'll know what to do." He did. Then Bran took her place on the roof, waiting for the old woman's son.

Now the old woman in the east told her youngest son to hurry on with his torches, burn the dun, and come back without delay; for the stirabout was boiling and he must not be too late for supper. He took the torches, and shot off through the air with a wonderful speed. Soon he was in sight of the king's dun, threw the torches upon the thatched roof to set it on fire as usual.

That moment Bran gave the torches such a push with her shoulders that they fell into the stream, which ran around the dun, and were put out.

"Who is this," cried the youngest son of the old hag, "who has dared to put out my lights, and interfere with my hereditary right?"

*"Lights" refers to the bonfires. (See Chapter 29, "The Fire Festivals," in DTD.) When this myth-tale was fashioned, the Irish myth-makers were still conscious of burning their bonfires for the gods. Better still, "interfere with my hereditary right," confirms that this anecdote does indeed represent obsessional fear of the "fairies" (*Homo erecti*) returning to claim their birthright—all the earth.*

"I," said Fin, who stood in front of him. Then began a terrible battle between Fin and the old woman's son. Bran came down from the dun to help Fin; she bit and tore his enemy's back, stripping the skin and flesh from his head to his heels. After a terrible struggle such as had not been in the world before that night, Fin cut the head off his enemy. But for Bran, Fin could never have conquered.

Here is a clear reference to the dog being used in the Species War. Of course, it was not so much the dog's fighting ability as his sensory ability that made him our immediate ancestors' best ally and friend. "But for Bran, Fin could never have conquered."

The time for the return of her son had passed; supper was ready. The old woman, impatient and angry, said to the second son: "You take torches and hurry on, see why your brother loiters.

I'll pay him for this when he comes home! But be careful and don't do like him, or you'll have your pay too. Hurry back, for the stirabout is boiling and ready for supper."

He started off, was met and killed exactly as his brother, except that he was stronger and the battle fiercer. But for Bran, Fin would have lost his life that night.

The old woman was raging at the delay, and said to her eldest son, who had not been out of the house for years: (It was only in case of the greatest need that she sent him. He had a cat's head, and was called Pus an Chuine, "Puss of the Corner"; he was the eldest and strongest of all the brothers.)

Here's another indication that Homo erectus was identified with the lion. The widespread lion totems were spawned by ambivalence toward him, repression of his identity and the belief that men could be reincarnated as other animals, especially those wished for as food. The impichiumas of the aboriginal Australians and North American myths about "animal people" are quite transparent in revealing the post- Species War development of totemism. Search for "lion," "impichiuma" and "animal people" in digital DTD.

"Now take torches, go and see what delays your brothers; I'll pay them for this when they come home."

The eldest brother shot off through the air, came to the king's dun, and threw his torches upon the roof. They had just singed the straw a little, when Bran pushed them off with such force that they fell into the stream and were quenched.

"Who is this," screamed Cat-head, "who dares to interfere with my ancestral right?"

"I," shouted Fin.

Then the struggle began fiercer than with the second brother. Bran helped from behind, tearing the flesh from his head to his heels; but at length Cat-head fastened his teeth into Fin's breast, biting and gnawing till Fin cut the head off. The body fell to the ground, but the head lived, gnawing as terribly as before. Do what they could it was impossible to kill it. Fin hacked and cut, but could neither kill nor pull it off.

When nearly exhausted, Bran said: "Why don't you chew your thumb?"

Fin chewed his thumb, and reaching the marrow knew that the old woman in the east was ready to start with torches to find her sons, and burn the dun herself, and that she had a vial of liquid with which she could bring the sons to life; and that nothing could free him from Cat-head but the old woman's blood.

*The next to the last independent clause says that sexual reproduction between two non-hybrid *Homo erecti* is what forestalled their extinction. To be finally rid of *Homo erectus*, "to be free from Cat-head," our ancestors had to prevent full-bred *Homo erecti* from reproducing. Again, that's what killing the witch or taking away "her" "vile of liquid" represents in this kind of episode. These "witches" are the last remaining, full-bred *Homo erectus* men, and their "vials of life-restoring liquid" represent *Homo erectus* sperm. It wasn't necessary to kill—and our men did not want to kill—all the *Homo erectus* women. This interpretation will be further confirmed in the tale of Chapter 16. If I had told you in DTD (without showing you an example in myth) that there was a third type of "witch," a male witch, you would have thought that I had stripped my gears.*

After midnight, the old hag, enraged at the delay of her sons, started and shot through the air like lightning, more swiftly than her sons. She threw her torches from afar upon the roof of the dun; but Bran as before hurled them into the stream.

Now the old woman circled around in the air looking for her sons. Fin was getting very weak from pain and loss of blood, for Cat-head was biting at his breast all the time.

Bran called out: "Rouse yourself, oh, Fin; use all your power or we are lost! If the old hag gets a drop from the vial upon the bodies of her sons, they will come to life, and then we're done for."

Thus roused, Fin with one spring reached the old woman in the air, and swept the bottle from her grasp; which falling upon the ground was emptied. The old hag gave a scream, which was heard all over the world, came to the ground and closed with Fin.

Then followed a battle greater than the world had ever known before that night, or has ever seen since. Water sprang out of gray rocks, cows cast their calves even when they had none, and hard rushes grew soft in the remotest corner of Erin, so desperate was the fighting and so awful, between Fin and the old hag. Fin

would have died that night but for Bran. Just as daylight was coming Fin swept the head off the old woman, caught some of her blood, and rubbed it around Cat-head, who fell off dead. He rubbed his own wounds with the blood and was cured; then rubbed some on Bran, who had been singed by the torches, and she was as well as ever. [H *These anecdotes, wherein Homo erectus blood is needed to save the lives of Fenians, are allegories for cannibalism. Throughout the Paleolithic, when men could only hunt, fish or gather, and population control was not an option; cannibalism was inevitable, and men preferred to victimize the opposite subspecies.*] Fin, exhausted with fighting, dropped down and fell asleep.

While he was sleeping the chief steward of the king came to the dun, found it standing safe and sound, and seeing Fin lying there asleep knew that he had saved it. Bran tried to waken Fin, pulled and tugged, but could not rouse him.

The steward went to the king, and said: "I have saved the dun, and I claim the reward."

"It shall be given you," answered the king; and straightway the steward was recognized as the king's son-in-law, and orders were given to make ready for the wedding.

Bran had listened to what was going on, and when her master woke, exactly at midday, she told him of all that was taking place in the castle of the king.

Fin went to the king, and said: "I have saved your dun, and I claim the reward."

"Oh," said the king, "my steward claimed the reward, and it has been given to him."

"He had nothing to do with saving the dun; I saved it," said Fin.

Again, this oft-recurring impostor who steals the credit for a hero's deeds is a projection of Homo sapien guilt over having repressed the memory of Homo erectus and stolen the credit for his cultural contributions. Of course, it also adds drama to the story.

"Well," answered the king, "he is the first man who told me of its safety and claimed the reward."

"Bring him here: let me look at him," said Fin. He was sent for, and came. "Did you save the king's dun?" asked Fin.

"I did," said the steward.

"You did not, and take that for your lies," said Fin; and striking him with the edge of his open hand he swept the head off his body, dashing it against the other side of the room, flattening it like paste on the wall.

"You are the man," said the king to Fin, "who saved the dun; yours is the reward.

Here is an example of trial by ordeal. This primitive belief that truth is on the side of the mighty, on the side of the victor, still operates at the heart of our adversarial system of law. Any truly civilized society that had resolved its Fraternal complex and eliminated the general hostility resulting from unrestricted genetic competition would not allow economic might to determine right. But could we live without all those great lawyer jokes?

All the champions, and there is many a man of them, who have failed to save it are in the dungeons of my fortress; their heads must be cut off before the wedding takes place."

"Will you let me see them?" asked Fin.

"I will," said the king.

Fin went down to the men, and found the first champions of Erin in the dungeons. "Will you obey me in all things if I save you from death?" said Fin.

"We will," said they.

Then he went back to the king and asked: "Will you give me the lives of these champions of Erin, in place of your daughter's hand?"

Could it be that this Homo sapien king's daughter was not ugly enough to be a substitute for Fin's Homo erectus mother?

"I will," said the king.

All the champions were liberated, and left the king's castle that day. Ever after they followed the orders of Fin, and these were the beginning of his forces and the first of the Fenians of Erin.

The Fenians who are thus created represent the Pleistocene hunters who won the Species War in Ireland. Named after Fin, Ventry Harbor and town, Dingle Peninsula, County Kerry, are in the

western-most tip of Ireland. Photo compliments of Helene Brennan.



helene-brennan.com

12. FIN MACCUMHAIL AND THE FENIANS OF ERIN IN THE CASTLE OF FEAR DUBH

It was the custom with Fin MacCumhail and the Fenians of Erin, when a stranger from any part of the world came to their castle, not to ask him a question for a year and a day.

This is a policy of a revolutionary army very much in need of recruits and able to determine most individuals' loyalty by their appearance (i. e. subspecies).

On a time, a champion came to Fin and his men, and remained with them. He was not at all pleasant or agreeable. At last Fin and his men took counsel together; they were much annoyed because their guest was so dull and morose, never saying a word, always silent.

"Champion" and "morose" both say hybrid, like Conán Maol MacMorna whom you'll meet shortly. Mythology tells us that most hybrids sided with Homo sapiens in the Species War.

While discussing what kind of man he was, Diarmuid Duivine offered to try him; so, one evening when they were eating together, Diarmuid came and snatched from his mouth the hind-quarter of a bullock, which he was picking.²¹ Diarmuid pulled at

²¹ Jeremiah Curtin's notes say that "Diarmuid" was pronounced Dyeearmud, the final *d* sounded as if one were to begin to utter *y* after it. The evident meaning of the name is "bright" or "divine-weaponed." "Bright," as opposed to "black-headed" would indicate *Homo sapien*, and "divine-weaponed" would have meant "equipped with the bow and arrow." It is very interesting to find Diarmuid called also Son of the Monarch of Light, in another story. *This appellation indicates that Diarmuid—who was, like Fin, a victor in the Species War—became, in the Neolithic, a warrior in the army of the Sun God.* Dyeearmud was one of the most remarkable characters in Gaelic mythology. He was a great hunter and performer of marvelous feats. The prominent event of his life was the abduction of Grainne, bride of Fin MacCumhail, at her own command. After many years of baffled pursuit, Fin was forced to make peace; but he contrived at last to bring about Diarmuid's death by causing him to hunt an enchanted boar of green color and without ears or tail. *Green and black are both colors symbolic of the fairies (Homo erectus).* The account of this pursuit and the death of Diarmuid forms one of the celebrated productions of Gaelic literature. Diarmuid had a mole on his forehead, which he kept covered usually; but when it was laid bare

one part of the quarter, —pulled with all his strength, but only took the part that he seized, while the other kept the part he held. All laughed; the stranger laughed too, as heartily as any. It was the first laugh they had heard from him. [H *Fear Dubh's strength supports my hybrid identification of him.*]

The strange champion saw all their feats of arms and practiced with them, till the year and a day were over. Then he said to Fin and his men: "I have spent a pleasant year in your company; you gave me good treatment, and the least I can do now is to give you a feast at my own castle."

No one had asked what his name was up to that time. Fin now asked his name. He answered: "My name is Fear Dubh, of Alba."²²

Fin accepted the invitation; and they appointed the day for the feast, which was to be in Erin, since Fear Dubh did not wish to trouble them to go to Alban. He took leave of his host and started for home.

When the day for the feast came, Fin and the chief men of the Fenians of Erin set out for the castle of Fear Dubh. They went, a glen at a step, a hill at a leap, and thirty-two miles at a running leap, till they came to the grand castle where the feast was to be given.

Note that this oft-repeated expression of how fast people could travel describes how a revolutionary guerilla army must move to attack and retreat and avoid discovery and encirclement.

They went in; everything was ready, seats at the table, and every man's name at his seat in the same order as at Fin's castle.

and a woman saw it, she fell in love with him beyond recall. *Diarmuid impregnating Fin's wife provided a realistic explanation for how a hybrid managed to have children, and the tale of Fin's birth clearly reveals that he was a hybrid. The "beautiful mole on Diarmuid's forehead" would then be a subtle hint that he had a more prominent and better-looking forehead than did Fin, that Diarmuid was a Homo sapien.* This would also explain why Grainne deserted Fin, not after she was married, but at the feast of betrothal—to get with child.

²² Fear Dubh of Alba means "black man of Scotland." The *Cruthin/Priteni/Picti/or Pretani* were people who came to the Isles from Africa apparently during the 5 ky period that the Fir Bolgs spent in Greece.

Diarmuid, who was always very sportive, —fond of hunting, and paying court to women, was not with them; he had gone to the mountains with his dogs.

All sat down, except Conán Maol MacMorna (never a man spoke well of him); no seat was ready for him, for he used to lie on the flat of his back on the floor, at Fin's castle.²³

When all were seated, the door of the castle closed of itself. Fin then asked the man nearest the door, to rise and open it. The man tried to rise; he pulled this way and that, over and hither, but he couldn't get up. Then the next man tried, and the next, and so on, till the turn came to Fin himself, who tried in vain.

Now, whenever Fin and his men were in trouble and great danger it was their custom to raise a cry of distress (a voice of howling), heard all over Erin. Then all men knew that they were in peril of death; for they never raised this cry except in the last extremity.

Fin's son, Fialan, who was three years old and in the cradle, heard the cry, was roused, and jumped up.

"Get me a sword!" said he to the nurse. "My father and his men are in distress; I must go to aid them." [H *As suggested by the first footnote of this myth-tale, Fin is Fialan's socio-economic father and Diarmuid is his biological father.*]]

"What could you do, poor little child."

Fialan looked around and saw an old rusty sword-blade laid aside for ages. He took it down, gave it a snap; it sprang up and hit his arm, and all the rust dropped off; the blade was pure as shining silver.

You can't "snap" a sword. Nor can a sword "spring up." But both can refer to a bow and a bowstring.

"This will do," said he; and then he set out towards the place where he heard the cry, going a glen at a step, a hill at a leap, and thirty-two miles at a running leap, till he came to the door of the castle, and cried out.

²³ MacMorna was also known as Aodh, "fire." As a hybrid god, this makes his association with Homo erectus doubly clear. If a hybrid loved both his parents, then the Species War raged within his superego, causing pain and sadness. Lying on the floor is the best way to maintain a strong back.

Fin answered from inside, "Is that you, my child?"

"It is," said Fialan.

"Why did you come?"

"I heard your cry, and how could I stay at home, hearing the cry of my father and the Fenians of Erin!"

Here our ancestors are telling us that the hybrids were eventually recognized as being sterile. The mythological record is full of references to this. But they are also telling us that hybrids raised others' children as their own and were loved as parents. A child's greatest love and devotion is for the people who raise him, the socio-economic parents. That's why Diarmuid, the genetic father of Fialan, had to be "out hunting with his dogs" and away from the scene of danger. With Diarmuid, Fialan's biological father, absent, there's no doubt that Fialan's heroics express his love and devotion for the man who raised him, for Fin.

"Oh, my child, you cannot help us much."

Fialan struck the door powerfully with his sword, but no use. Then, one of the men inside asked Fin to chew his thumb, to know what was keeping them in, and why they were bound.

Fin chewed his thumb, from skin to blood, from blood to bone, from bone to marrow, and discovered that Fear Dubh had built the castle by magic, [H *How else?*] and that he was coming himself with a great force to cut the head off each one of them. (These men from Alba had always a grudge against the champions of Erin.)

The Irish made conquests in Wales and Scotland in the late fifth and early sixth centuries AD. In 1583, Queen Elizabeth inaugurated the infamous Plantation Policy, which took lands from Irishmen and gave them to loyal British and Scotsmen. This was also the period, mid-fifteenth to early seventeenth century, when common grazing lands throughout the British Isles were most quickly and aggressively being turned into privately-owned sheep runs to produce the wool that was so much in demand by the blossoming British textile industry.

Said Fin to Fialan: "Do you go now, and stand at the ford near the castle, and meet Fear Dubh."

Fialan went and stood in the middle of the ford. He wasn't long there when he saw Fear Dubh coming with a great army.

"Leave the ford, my child," said Fear Dubh, who knew him at once. "I have not come to harm your father. I spent a pleasant year at his castle. I've only come to show him honor."

"I know why you have come," answered Fialan. "You've come to destroy my father and all his men, and I'll not leave this ford while I can hold it."

Now Fin and his comrades are locked up within the house and Fialan is without, protecting them from the outside world. The child wants to reciprocate. He wants to return his father's love and devotion in kind.

"Leave the ford; I don't want to harm your father. I want to do him honor. If you don't let us pass my men will kill you," said Fear Dubh.

"I will not let you pass so long as I'm alive before you," said Fialan.

The men faced him; and if they did Fialan kept his place, and a battle commenced, the like of which was never seen before that day. Fialan went through the army as a hawk through a flock of sparrows on a March morning, till he killed every man except Fear Dubh. Fear Dubh told him again to leave the ford; he didn't want to harm his father.

Have you ever heard a story as beautiful as this? I haven't.

"Oh!" said Fialan, "I know well what you want."

"If you don't leave that place, I'll make you leave it!" said Fear Dubh.

Then they closed in combat; and such a combat was never seen before between any two warriors. They made springs to rise through the centre of hard gray rocks, cows to cast their calves whether they had them or not. [H *They made cows to cast their calves whether they had them or not.*] All the horses of the country were racing about and neighing in dread and fear, and all created things were terrified at the sound and clamor of the fight, till the weapons of Fear Dubh went to pieces in the struggle, and Fialan made two halves of his own sword.

Now they closed in wrestling. [H *A Louis Armstrong performance notwithstanding, what have you ever seen or heard that was both funny and beautiful at the same time?*] In the first round Fialan put Fear Dubh to his knees in the hard bottom of the

river; the second round he put him to his hips, and the third, to his shoulders.

"Now," said he, "I have you," giving him a stroke of the half of his sword, which cut the head off him.

Then Fialan went to the door of the castle and told his father what he had done. Fin chewed his thumb again, and knew what other danger was coming.

"My son," said he to Fialan, "Fear Dubh has a younger brother more powerful than he was; that brother is coming against us now with greater forces than those which you have destroyed." [H *This younger brother also owes someone a debt of service.*]

As soon as Fialan heard these words he hurried to the ford, and waited till the second army came up. He destroyed this army as he had the other, and closed with the second brother in a fight fiercer and more terrible than the first; but at last, he thrust him to his armpits in the hard bottom of the river and cut off his head. Then he went to the castle, and told his father what he had done.

A third time, Fin chewed his thumb, and said: "My son, a third army more to be dreaded than the other two is coming now to destroy us, and at the head of it is the youngest brother of Fear Dubh, the most desperate and powerful of the three."

Again, Fialan rushed off to the ford; and, though the work was greater than before, he left not a man of the army alive. Then he closed with the youngest brother of Fear Dubh, and if the first and second battles were terrible this was more terrible by far; but at last, he planted the youngest brother up to his armpits in the hard bottom of the river, and swept the head off him.

Now, after the heat and struggle of combat, Fialan was in such a rage that he lost his mind from fury, not having anyone to fight against; and if the whole world had been there before him, he would have gone through it and conquered it all. But having no one to face him he rushed along the river-bank, tearing the flesh from his own body. Never had such madness been seen in any created being before that day.

Diarmuid came now and knocked at the door of the castle, having the dog Bran with him, and asked Fin what had caused him to raise the cry of distress.

Now that Fialan's heroics are over, Diarmuid can return.

"Oh, Diarmuid," said Fin, "we are all fastened in here to be killed. Fialan has destroyed three armies and Fear Dubh with his two brothers. He is raging now along the bank of the river; you must not go near him, for he would tear you limb from limb.

Diarmuid is Fialan's genetic father, but Fialan owes him nothing more than a good ___. Our genetic differences are not nearly as important or as great as our instincts suggest. Geneticists are concluding from recent experiments that human genes are 98.8% identical to those of the chimpanzee. See Sarich, V.M. and A.C. Wilson in the bibliography.

At this moment he wouldn't spare me, his own father; but after a while he will cease from raging and die down; then you can go. The mother of Fear Dubh is coming, and will soon be at the ford. She is more violent, more venomous, more to be dreaded, a greater warrior than her sons. The chief weapon she has is the nails on her fingers; each nail is *seven* perches long, of the hardest steel on earth. She is coming in the air at this moment with the speed of a hawk, and she has a *kuran* (a small vessel), with liquor in it, which has such power that if she puts three drops of it on the mouths of her sons they will rise up as well as ever; and if she brings them to life there is nothing to save us.

*The life-giving caldrons of witches were symbolic of the womb. The life giving "liquor" is not hers at all, but the spermatozoa of a male *Homo erectus*. Our ancestors learned that to be fully and finally rid of *Homo erectus*, they had to prevent sexual reproduction between full-blooded *Homo erecti*.*

"Go to the ford; she will be hovering over the corpses of the three armies to know can she find her sons, and as soon as she sees them, she will dart down and give them the liquor. You must rise with a mighty bound upon her, dash the *kuran* out of her hand and spill the liquor.

"If you can kill her save her blood, for nothing in the world can free us from this place and open the door of the castle but the blood of the old hag. [H This refers to cannibalism and explains why they're "stuck at the dinner table." They're starving. In this case, the ancestors were saying, "There were many times when we had to resort to cannibalism because we had nothing else to eat. "] I'm in dread you'll not succeed, for she is far more terrible than all her

sons together. Go now; Fialan is dying away, and the old woman is coming; make no delay."

Diarmuid hurried to the ford, stood watching a while; then he saw high in the air something no larger than a hawk. As it came nearer and nearer, he saw it was the old woman. She hovered high in the air over the ford. At last, she saw her sons, and was swooping down, when Diarmuid rose with a bound into the air and struck the vial a league out of her hand.

The old hag gave a shriek that was heard to the eastern world, and screamed: "Who has dared to interfere with me or my sons?"

The fight began; and if there ever was a fight, before or since, it could not be more terrible than this one; but great as was the power of Diarmuid he never could have conquered but for Bran the dog.

This time it is the loyalty of Homo sapien's best friend that saves the day.

The old woman with her nails stripped the skin and flesh from Diarmuid almost to the vitals. But Bran tore the skin and flesh off the old woman's back from her head to her heels. From the dint of blood-loss and fighting, Diarmuid was growing faint. Despair came on him, and he was on the point of giving way, when a little robin flew near to him, and sitting on a bush, spoke, saying: "Oh, Diarmuid, take strength; rise and sweep the head off the old hag, or Fin and the Fenians of Erin are no more."

Diarmuid took courage, and with his last strength made one great effort, swept the head off the old hag and caught her blood in a vessel. He rubbed some on his own wounds. —They were cured; then he cured Bran. Straightway he took the blood to the castle, rubbed drops of it on the door, which opened, and he went in. [H *Anyone carrying a carcass would be eagerly welcomed in a house where everyone was starving.*] All laughed with joy at the rescue. He freed Fin and his men by rubbing the blood on the chairs; but when he came as far as Conán Maol the blood gave out.

The "witch's" flesh gave out; or more likely, Conán, who as you'll see is a hybrid, does not wish to eat his father's people.

All were going away. "Why should you leave me here after you;" cried Conán Maol, "I would rather die at once than stay here

for a lingering death. Why don't you, Oscar, and you Gol MacMorna come and tear me out of this place; anyhow you'll be able to drag the arms out of me and kill me at once; better that than leave me to die alone."

Oscar and Gol took each a hand, braced their feet against his feet, put forth all their strength and brought him standing; but if they did, he left all the skin and much of the flesh from the back of his head to his heels on the floor behind him. He was covered with blood, and by all accounts was in a terrible condition, bleeding and wounded.

Now there were sheep grazing near the castle. The Fenians ran out, killed and skinned the largest and best of the flock, and clapped the fresh skin on Conán's back; and such was the healing power in the sheep, and the wound very fresh, that Conán's back healed, and he marched home with the rest of the men, and soon got well; and if he did, they sheared off his back wool enough every year to make a pair of stockings for each one of the Fenians of Erin, and for Fin himself.

*This use of the sheepskin is the stock mythological explanation for the hirsuteness of *Homo erectus* and hybrids. Again, Conán's extreme ambivalence toward *Homo erectus* and his inability to fully repress the positive side of that ambivalence (his love for a Neanderthal parent with whom he identified) accounts for his notoriously morose and sullen nature.*

And that was a great thing to do and useful, for wool was scarce in Erin in those days.

*This line verifies that the myth tale descends from the Pleistocene, before animal husbandry and irrigated agriculture. This line is consistent with and confirms our detection of references to cannibalism. The story line all refers to the Deluge (Species War). The Great Flood, which occurred not long after an early and aborted Neolithic era, was assumed by everyone to have been brought by the *Homo erectus* gods as punishment for the Species War. The two traumas became inextricably connected in the minds of our ancestors. Afraid to mention the Species War, they referred only to "the Flood." I use "the Deluge" to refer to the Species War or to it and the Great Flood. See Appendix H, of Version 26 of DTD.*

Fin and his men lived pleasantly and joyously for some time; and if they didn't, may we.

"And if they didn't, may we." To greatly enrich our lives, we must minimize our Fraternal complex by minimizing K and R and maximizing equal opportunity and population control. Only in this way can we begin to solve any of our persistent and pervasive problems, all of which are just symptoms of K and R.

13. FIN MACCUMHAIL AND THE KNIGHT OF THE FULL AXE

There was a day when Fin went on an expedition by himself. He walked out to his *currochán* on the seashore, gave it a kick that sent it out nine leagues from land, then with a spring he jumped into the boat and rowed over the sea.

After he had gone some distance, he saw a giant coming towards him, walking through the water, which did not reach his knees. [*Homo erectus remains that were not eaten or burned went into lakes, ponds or the sea; so, Fin sees the “giant” “walking through the water.”*] Looking up, Fin could see nothing between the head of the giant and the sky. With one step the giant was in front of Fin, and it seemed that he and his boat would be lost in a moment between the legs of the terrible monster.

“Poor, little helpless creature! What brings you here in my way?” asked the giant.

He was just going to lay hold of the boat and toss it far off to one side, when Fin called out: “Won’t you give fair play; just let me put foot on solid land, and see what will happen. Don’t attack me here; I’m not afraid to meet you once I have earth for my two feet to stand on.”

This bravura, so typical of “heroic” literature the world over, is a reaction formation to the fact that bows and arrows, the element of surprise, and hit and run tactics were used to defeat Homo erectus. Homo erectus, especially his western variant, Neanderthal, had much larger bones and was much stronger than our immediate ancestors. In hand-to-hand combat, our immediate ancestors would have been no match for Neanderthals. See Appendix E, “The Common Core to the World’s Earliest ‘Heroic’ Literature,” in DTD.

“If that is all you want, I can take you to land very soon.” And seizing the boat as he would a grass-blade, the giant drew it to the shore of the sea opposite to that from which Fin started, and in front of his own castle. “What will you do now?” asked the giant.

“I’ll fight with you,” said Fin.

The giant brought out his battle-axe, which had a blade *seven* acres in size. Fin was ready with his sword, and now began a most terrible battle.

Fin faced the giant, slashing at him with his sword, and when the giant made an offer of the axe at him, Fin would dart to one side; and when the axe missing him struck the ground, it went in to the handle. The giant was a long time striving to know could he draw out the axe; and while at this Fin ran behind and cut steps with his sword into the leg of his enemy; and by the time the giant had the axe out of the ground, Fin was ready for him again and in front of him, striking and vexing him with his sword.

It was another long while till a blow came down; and when the axe went into the ground again, Fin ran behind a second time, cut more steps in the leg and body of the giant, to reach his neck and cut the head off him.

When the axe was coming to the ground the third time, Fin slipped and fell under one corner of it and between the feet of the giant, who closed his legs with a clap that was heard to the end of the Western World. He thought to catch Fin; but Fin was too quick for him, and though badly hurt he cut more steps and climbed to the neck of the giant. With one blow he swept the head off him, — and a big head it was; by all accounts as broad as the moon.

The battle was fought in front of the giant's castle. Fin was terribly wounded; the axe had cut so deep that his bowels were to be seen. He dropped at the side of the giant, and lay helpless on the ground. After the fall of the giant, *twelve* women came out of his castle; and when they drew near and saw him dead, they laughed from joy; but seeing Fin with his wound, they began to mourn.

The number twelve is symbolic of the Fraternal complex, of the hostility we feel toward our genetically-competing associates—the little injuries and insults that we inflict upon each other seven days a week and twelve months a year.

“Oh, then,” said Fin, “is it making sport of me you are after the evil day that I’ve had?”

“Indeed, it is not. We are *twelve* daughters of kings, stolen from our fathers.

The mythological record is unequivocal in indicating that Homo erectus desired Homo sapien women. The closer to extinction

*he became, the more desperate he would have been to interbreed with our immediate ancestors. (See for example the analysis of Genesis 34, "The Rape of Dinah," in DTD.) The standard technique of Irish mythology for dealing with deluge guilt, obsessional fear and paranoia—the fictional inter-marriage of Irish royalty with the "fairies," the good *Homo erecti*—was, therefore, even more effective. It amounted to submission to the fairies' foremost desires.*

We saw the giant fall, and came here to look at him dead; we grieve for you and mourn for the sorrow that is on you, but we are so glad the giant is killed that we cannot help laughing."

"Well," said Fin, "if you mourn for me and are glad that I have killed the giant, will you carry me to my *currochán*, lay me in it and push it out to sea? The waves may bear me home, and I care for nothing else if only my bones may come to land in Erin."

The twelve women took him up carefully and put him in the boat, and when the tide came, they pushed it out to sea. Fin lay in the bottom of the boat barely alive. It floated along, and he was borne over the waves. Hither and thither went the boat, till at last one day a blackbird came down on the body of Fin MacCumhail, and began to pick at his entrails.

Do you notice how often Irish heroes are adrift at sea in a small boat? The honorable ancestors that fashioned and preserved these myth-tales understood that traumatized men in the grip of post-Great-Flood, modern religion and cut off from their past are like men adrift at sea. Blackbirds, especially crows, scavengers of warriors' bodies, were thought to be fairies.

The blackbird said: "Many a long day have I watched and waited for this chance, and glad am I to have it now."

That moment the blackbird turned into a little man not more than three feet high. Then he said: "I was under a Druidic spell, to be a blackbird till I should get three bites of fat from the entrails of Fin MacCumhail.

*Here is another indication of magic having been directed at the dead *Homo erecti*. It was partly this practice and the early belief in its efficacy that converted the spirits into gods. Magic was not, as*

*the naturists maintained, directed only at inanimate nature.*²⁴ *Search the eBook of DTD for "naturism."*

I have followed you everywhere; have watched you in battle and hunt, on sea and land, but never did I get the chance. Now I have it, I have also the power to make you well again."

He put Fin's entrails into their proper place, rubbed him with an ointment that he had, and Fin was well as ever. The little man, who said his name was *Ridiri na Lan Tur* (Knight of the Full Axe), had a small axe, his only weapon. As they floated along, he said to Fin: "I wish to show you some strange things, such as you have never seen in Erin. We are near a country where the king's daughter is to be married to-night. We will prevent the ceremony."

The Knight is a good fairy. The land is Tir na n-Og.

"Oh no," said Fin, "I would rather go to my own home."

"Never mind," said the little man, "nothing can harm you in my company; come with me. This is a wonderful king, and he has a wonderful daughter. It's a strange country, and I want to show you the place. We'll tell him that you are Fin MacCumhail, monarch of Erin; that we have been shipwrecked, and ask for a night's shelter."

Fin is not only a hybrid; he is the chief of chiefs, the Irish leader symbolic of the Homo sapien victors of the Species War, the derivative element of the godhead. The victors acquired divinity by contracting the ambivalence felt toward their victims in inverse proportion. (Hyam Maccoby) His Homo erectus ancestry associates him with a second ambivalent and universal element of the godhead.

Fin consented at last, and with the Knight of the Full Axe landed, drew the boat on shore, and went to the king's castle. There was noise and tumult; great crowds of people had come to do honor to the king's daughter. Never had such preparations been made in that kingdom.

²⁴ The first attempts to scientifically explain religion held that religious sentiment originated in the awe of natural phenomena. This theory, naturism, holds that gods were ultimately invented and projected onto these awe-inspiring forces and objects. Alternatively, and according to Max Mueller, in their translation into other languages, the names for these phenomena were thought, mistakenly, to refer to gods. A more extreme version of naturism, animism, affirms that inanimate objects have souls.

The Knight of the Full Axe knocked at the door, and asked admission for himself and Fin MacCumhail, monarch of Erin, shipwrecked on that shore. (The country was north of Erin, far out in the sea.)

This Tir na n-Og is a condensation of Scandinavia and "Tory Island," the home base of the Fomorians, the evil precursors of the "giants." Below is a description of a mead house such as those of the Scandinavian knights.

The attendants said: "No strangers may enter here, but there is a great house further on; go there and welcome."

The house to which they were directed was twenty-one miles long, ten miles wide, and about five miles distant from the castle; inhabited by the strangest men in the world, body-guards of the king, fed from the king's house, and a terrible feeding it was, — human flesh. All strangers who came to the king's castle were sent to that house, where the guards tore them to pieces and ate them up.

The house, such as one described in "Beowulf," is a mead house for knights or "thanes." Only this house is of a size to accommodate giants.

These guards had to be fed well; if not they would devour the whole country. With Fin and the Knight of the Full Axe there went a messenger, who was careful not to go near the house; he pointed it out from a distance, and ran home.

Fin and the knight knocked at the door. When it was opened all inside laughed; as they laughed, Fin could see their hearts and livers they were so glad. The Knight of the Full Axe asked, "Why do you laugh in this way?"

"Oh," answered they, "we laugh because you are so small, you'll not make a mouthful for one of us."

The guards barred the door and put a prop against it. Now the knight put a second prop against the door; the guards asked, "Why do you do that?"

"I do it so none of you may escape me," answered the knight. Then seizing two of the largest of the guards, one in each hand, he used them as clubs and killed the others with them. He ran the length of the house, striking right and left, till he walloped the life out of all that was in it, but the two. To them he said: "I

spare you to clean out the house, and make the place fit for the monarch of Erin to spend the night in. Bring rushes, and make ready to receive Fin MacCumhail."

The good fairies are partial to the Irish, and they can easily handle the giants and the Scandinavians.

And from wherever they got them, they brought two baskets of rushes, each basket as big as a mountain, and spread litter on the ground two feet deep through the whole house; and then at the knight's command they brought a pile of turf (peat), and made a grand fire. [H *Notice the antiquity. Dead Homo erectus ("giant") bodies are associated with bonfires!*] Late in the evening the king's attendants brought food, which they left near the house of the guards; these monsters were fed twice a day, morning and evening. To their great surprise the attendants saw the bodies of the dead giants piled up outside the house; they ran off quickly to tell the news. Now, the Knight of the Full Axe sat by the fire. The two guards that he had spared tried to chat and be agreeable; but the knight snapped at them and said: "What company are you for the monarch of Erin?" Then he caught the two, squeezed the life out of them, and threw them on the pile outside.

No doubt the pile was near the grand fire!

"Now," said the knight to Fin, "there is no suitable food for you; I must get you something good to eat from the castle."

So, off he started, reached the castle quickly, knocked at the door, and demanded the best of food, saying, "tis fine treatment you are giving the monarch of Erin to-night!"

They trembled at the voice of the little man, and without words or delay gave him the best they had in the castle. He carried it back and placed it before Fin. "Now," said he, "they have given us no wine; we must have wine, and that of the best."

"Oh, we have no need of wine!" said Fin; but off went the knight. Again, he demanded supplies at the castle. He took a hogshead of the best wine, threw it over his shoulder, and, as he hurried out, he struck a jamb off the door and swept it along with the hogshead.

"Now," said the knight, after they had eaten and drunk, "tis too bad for the monarch of Erin to sleep on rushes; he should have the best bed in the land."

"Oh, trouble yourself no further," said Fin; "better sleep on rushes than all this noise."

But the knight would listen to nothing; away he went to the castle, and shouted: "Give me the best bed in this place! I want it for Fin MacCumhail, the monarch of Erin."

They gave him the bed in a moment. With hurried steps he was back, and said to Fin: "Rest on this bed. Now I'll stop the wedding of the princess; you may take her to Erin if you like."

Here, the Irish are taking fictional revenge upon the Norsemen, the Vikings. In their plundering raids upon Ireland, between 795 and 1014, they carried off women.

"Oh, that would not be right! I am well as I am," said Fin, who was getting in dread of the knight himself.

"No, you'd better have the princess," and off rushed the knight. He entered the castle. All were in terror; hither and thither they hurried, not knowing what to do.

The Knight of the Full Axe seized the princess. "The monarch of Erin is a better man than your bridegroom," said he; and clapping her under his arm, away he went. Not a man had the courage to stir. All was confusion and fear in the king's castle. The princess was gone and no one could save her. All were in terrible dread, knowing what had been done at the long house.

At last, an old hag, one of the queen's waiting-women, said: "I'll go and see what has become of the princess. I'll go on the chimney and look down."

Off ran the hag, and never rested till she was on the top of the chimney, sticking down her head to know what could she see. The chimney was wide, for the king's guards had cooked all their food below on the fire. The Knight of the Full Axe was looking up at the time and saw the two eyes staring down at him.

"Go on out of that," cried he, flinging his axe, which stuck in the old woman's forehead. Off she rushed to the castle. She had seen nothing of the princess; all she knew was that a little man was sitting by the fire warming himself, that he had thrown his axe at her, and it had stuck in her forehead.

At daylight, the knight spoke to Fin, who rose at once. "Now," said he, "I have no strength left; all my strength is in the axe. While I had that I could do anything, now I can do nothing."

*Homo sapien's strength was in the bow and arrow. Without it or with *Homo erectus* in possession of the weapon, our ancestors would not have triumphed. Without knowing what the various "magical" weapons of mythology referred to, Jeremiah Curtin was struck by the frequency of their occurrence:*

"There is no more interesting fact than this in myth tales, that no matter how good the hero, he must have the right weapon. Often there is only one spear or sword, in the world with which a certain deed can be done. The hero must have that weapon or fail." (Curtin, 1894: 554-555)

We are in great danger; but there is such dread of us on the people here that we may mend matters yet. Do you put on the dress of a leech, get herbs and vials, and pretend you have great skill in healing. Go to the castle, and say you can take the axe out of the old hag's head. No man there can do that without killing her; she will die the minute it is drawn. Get at her, seize the axe, pull it out, and with it you will have the greatest power on earth." [H *Even during the Species War, the most effective spies were usually women. Until the invention of firearms, the bow and arrow was the greatest power on Earth.*]

Fin went to the castle, and said: "I am a great doctor. I can take the axe out of the old woman's head without trouble."

They took him to the hag, who was sitting upright in bed; her head was so sore she couldn't lie down. He felt her head around the axe, sent the people away; when they were gone, he took hold of the handle. With one snap, he made two halves of the old woman's head. Fin ran out with the axe, leaving the old hag dead behind him. He never stopped till he returned to the knight.

Fin MacCumhail was now the strongest man on earth, and the knight the weakest. "You may keep the axe," said the little man; "I shall not envy you, but will go with you and you will protect me."

So close are the all-powerful fairy knight and the Irish king that they are practically indistinguishable. Each has saved or returned the other's life.

"No," said Fin, "it shall never be said that I took the axe from you, though I know its value and feel its power."

As usual, the bow and arrow, the sacred and taboo weapon (in compromised form), is displaced into the hands of the victims.

The knight was glad to get back his axe, and now the two set out for Erin. Fin kicked the boat three leagues from land, and with a bound they both came down in it, and floated on till they saw the coast of Erin. Then the little man said: "I must leave you now. Though of your kin, I cannot land in Erin. But if you need me at any time, you have only to look over your right shoulder, call my name, and you will see me before you."

Now Fin sprang ashore; he had been absent a year and more, and no man knew where he was while gone. All thought him lost. Great was the gladness when Fin came home and told the Fenians what he had seen and done.

*This is one "fairy knight" from whom the Irish wanted to maintain a respectable distance. He is small in stature as distinguished from the Scandinavians who were even bigger than the Irish and invaded Ireland throughout the ninth and tenth centuries. The all-powerful axe is a restatement of the obsessional fear that some people somewhere would invent a weapon that would enable them to exterminate our ancestors as they had exterminated *Homo erectus* with the bow and arrow. With this myth, our Irish ancestors were assuring one another that this super weapon is in the hands of a good fairy who is a blood brother to the Irish monarch. For one of the many myths that more obviously express the same obsessional fear of *Homo erectus* returning with the bow and arrow to get revenge, see "Norwan" in Curtin: 1899.*



The drawing above, by H.R. Millar, depicts the Gai Bolga, "the lightning spear," of Lugh "of the longarm," the earliest Irish sun god and leader of the Dananns.

14. *GILLA NA GRAKIN AND FIN MACCUMHAIL*

The myth that you are about to read is the Irish equivalent of *Genesis*. And if it is, a typically compromised and neurotic *Genesis* it is.

There was a blacksmith in Dun Kinealy beyond Killybegs, and he had two young men serving him whose names were *Césa MacRi na Tulach* and *Lun Dubh MacSmola*.²⁵

As I concluded from my studies of the world's mythologies (e.g. DTD, v2, Figure 61 and Chapter 30) and from the worldwide distribution of megaliths (DTD, v3, Appendix D), our archaic ancestors were usually trapped and forced to fight within peninsular areas. Dun Kinealy is exactly such an area, one of the localities that you would expect to preserve—and has indeed preserved—some of the world's best mythology.

Jeremiah Curtin noted that Césa MacRi na Tulach literally means “*Césa, son of the king of the hill*,” which according to his Donegal informant, refers to a small dark-gray bird. Similarly, *Lun Dubh MacSmola* means “*blackbird, son of thrush*.” These names suggest that *Césa* (the gray bird) is a hybrid, and *Lun Dubh* (the black bird) is a full-blooded *Homo erectus*.

When their time was up the young men settled with the blacksmith and took their pay of him. After they had eaten breakfast in the morning they went away together.

When they had gone some distance from the house they changed their gait, so that when they took one step forward, they took two backwards; and when evening came, they were not five perches away from the house where they had eaten breakfast in the morning.

²⁵ Today, Dun Kinealy is a small village named after the fortress of the same name. The site is 11 miles west of the town of Donegal, at the middle of the northern edge of Donegal Bay. Town and Dun sit atop the upper, inland end of Saint John's Point, a narrow, 7-mile-long peninsula that slopes down to the sea.

Then one said to the other: "I suppose what is on one of us is on the other."

"What's that?" asked the first.

"We are both in love with *Scéhide ni Wánanan*."

"That is true," said the other, "we are both in love with the blacksmith's maid."

When this was said they turned and went back to the house. The blacksmith welcomed them, and was glad.

"You need not welcome us," said they; "we have not come back to you to seek hire; but we are both in love with *Scéhide ni Wánanan*, and you must settle the matter for us."

"Well," said the blacksmith, "I can do that. We'll open the two doors of the forge, and let you and the maiden go in and stand in the middle of the place. Then do you two go out, one at each door, and the man she'll follow will have her."

This is about as much decision-making power as a woman can hope to have in the West. Is it any wonder that love, marriage and family life have never had any chance of working in the West?

The three came in, —one man went out at each door of the forge; Scéhide followed Lun Dubh.

When he saw this Césa spoke up, and said: "I'm willing to leave her with you; but turn back a moment here to me, for the word that'll be between us." Lun Dubh turned back into the forge, and Césa said: "Put your finger on this anvil."

Lun Dubh put his finger on the anvil. Césa, catching up a good spike, which the old blacksmith had made, and a hammer drove the spike through the finger of Lun Dubh, fastening him to the anvil.

"Now," said Lun Dubh to Césa; "let me go free, and do you take Scéhide; but I must have the first blow on you in battle or war, or wherever else I meet you in the world."

"I will give you that," said Césa. So, he freed his comrade from the anvil. The young men parted from each other; —Lun Dubh went one way alone, and Césa another with *Scéhide ni Wánanan*.

The purpose of this competition and betrayal is to establish motives for later homicide. Because the story is so improbable, you

*should suspect that it is invented to serve as a rationalization for the second sin, for the elimination of *Homo erectus* and his gene line.*

As Césa went along he bought a skin at every house where he could find one, until he had enough to make clothes in which to disguise himself; for he was in dread of Lun Dubh, because of the first blow which he had the right to strike when they met.

*Hybrids would probably have been more hirsute than *Homo sapiens* but less hirsute than *Homo erecti*. Accordingly, Césa, the gray bird, the hybrid, disguises himself by making himself appear more hirsute.*

He put on the skin clothes, and changed his name to *Gilla na Grakin* (the fellow of the skins). Gilla and his wife held on their way till they came to the castle of Fin MacCumhail; and at the time they came there was no one in the place but women.

“Where is Fin MacCumhail with his men to-day?” asked *Gilla na Grakin*.

“They are all out hunting,” said the women.

Now Gilla saw that the castle stood with open door facing the wind, and turning again to the women he asked: “Why do you have the door of the castle to the wind?”

“When Fin and his men are at home and the wind comes in at the door, they all go out, take hold of the castle and turn it around till the door is on the sheltered side.”

When *Gilla na Grakin* heard this, he went out, put his hands to the castle, and turned it around till the door was on the sheltered side.

In the evening when Fin and the Fenians of Erin were coming from the hunt, they saw the castle turned around, and Fin said to the men: “I’m afraid we haven’t half enough of game for the supper of the strangers who have come to visit us to-day, there are so many of them that they have turned the castle around.”

When they came home, they saw there was no man there but *Gilla na Grakin*, and they wondered at the work he had done. Gilla stood before Fin, and said: “Do you want a serving man?”

“I do indeed,” said Fin.

“What wages will you give me for a year and a day?” asked Gilla.

“What yourself will ask,” replied Fin.

"I won't ask much," said Gilla; "five pounds for myself, and a room in the castle for my wife."

"You shall have both," said Fin.

"I'm your man now," said Gilla.

Recent archeological finds in Israel suggest that Neanderthal and some of our immediate ancestors lived together peaceably for thousands of years, but these were the dark years of Homo erectus' dominance. See Begley and Gleizes in the bibliography.

The whole company spent the first part of that night in ease, the second in sport, and the third in a short sleep.

Studies of the !Kung people of the Kalahari Desert in Southwest Africa indicate that these hunting and gathering people devote surprisingly little time to their survival needs. Our Pleistocene ancestors may have been considerably freer than we are in terms of the time that they had to themselves. See Leakey: 98-109.

The next morning, all the Fenians of Erin were going to hunt, as the day before, and Fin said to *Gilla na Grakin*: "Will you take any man to help you?"

"I'll take no man with me but myself; and do you let me go in one part of the country alone, and go yourself with all your men in another part."

Homo erectus taught our ancestors to hunt, but once our immediate ancestors developed the bow and arrow, their hunting techniques would have become incompatible with those of spear-throwing Homo erectus. Homo erectus would have needed to get closer and to break cover when casting his spear. In so doing, he often would have scared off the game. Hybrids, such as Gilla, the champions of old, were probably adept with every kind of weapon.

"Well," said Fin, "will you find dry glens of ridges, or go in deep boggy places where there is danger of drowning?"

"I will go in deep boggy places."

During the Species War, Homo erectus would have been progressively driven to ever less desirable territory—marshes, tundra, deserts and rocky, mountainous lands where game and water were scarce. Mythology confirms this. Gilla, a hybrid, goes willingly to these places.

All left the castle to hunt. Fin and the Fenians of Erin went in one direction, and *Gilla na Grakin* in another, and hunted all day.

When they came home in the evening, *Gilla na Grakin* had a thousand times more game than Fin and all his men together.

Our ancestors were unanimous in telling us that the hybrids were superior people in every way but one – their sterility.

When Fin saw this, he was glad to have such a good man, and was pleased beyond measure with *Gilla na Grakin*. The whole company spent that night as they had the night before, —in ease and sport and sleep.

Next day, Conán Maol was outside with Fin, and he said: "*Gilla na Grakin* will destroy the Fenians of Erin and put you and us all to death, unless you banish him in some way from this castle."

Conán, who is himself a hybrid, is singled out as the only Erinach who doesn't get on splendidly with Gilla.

"Well;" said Fin to Conán Maol, "I've never had a good man but you wanted me to put him away. And how could I banish such a man as this if I tried?"

"The way to banish him," said Conán Maol, "is to send him to the king of Lochlin to take from him the pot of plenty that's never without meat, but has always enough in it to feed the whole world, and bring that pot to this castle." [H *Lochlin* is Denmark.]

Fin called *Gilla na Grakin*, and said: "You must go for me now to the king of Lochlin, and get from him the pot of plenty that is never without meat, and bring it here to me."

"Well," said Gilla, "as long as I'm in your service I can't refuse to do your work."

He took a glen at a step and a hill at a leap till he came to the shore of the sea, where he caught up two sticks, put one across the other, then gave them a tip of the hand, and a fine vessel rose out of the two pieces of wood. *Gilla na Grakin* went on board the vessel, hoisted the sails, and off he went in a straight line. The music he heard on his way was the whistling of eels in the sea and the calling of gulls in the air, till he came under the king's castle in Lochlin. When he came, there were hundreds of ships standing near the shore, and he had to anchor outside them all; then he stepped from ship to ship till he stood on land.

What should there be at the time he landed but a great feast in the castle of the king. So, Gilla went to the front of the castle and stood outside at the door; but he could go no further for the crowd,

and no one looked at him. At last, he shouted: "This is a very hospitable feast, and you are a people of fine manners not to ask a stranger is he hungry or thirsty."

"You are right," said the king, who turned to the people and said: "Give the pot of plenty to the stranger till he eats his fill."

The people obeyed the king, and when *Gilla na Grakin* got hold of the pot he made for the ship, and never stopped till he was on board. He put the pot in a safe place below.

Then standing on deck he said to himself: "It is no use to take the pot by my swiftness unless I take it by my strength." So, he turned and went to land again. All the heroes and champions of the king of Lochlin and his whole army were ready to fight, but if they were, so was *Gilla na Grakin*.

When he came up to the army he began and went through it as a hawk goes through a flock of swallows, till he made one heap of their heads and another heap of their weapons. Then he went to the castle, caught the king in one hand and the queen in the other, and putting them under his two arms brought them out in front of the castle and killed each with the other.

All was quiet and still at the castle. There wasn't a man alive to stand up against *Gilla na Grakin*, who went to his ship, raised the sails, and started for Erin. All he heard was the spouting of whales, the whistling of eels, the calling of gulls, and the roar of the wind, as the ship rushed back to the place where he had made it in Erin. [H *Gilla has now inflicted more fictional revenge upon the Scandinavians who raided and plundered Ireland from the 9th through the 10th centuries, A.D.*]

When he reached that place, he gave the ship a tip of his hand, and there before him was the pot of plenty, and with it the two sticks which he had found on the shore of the sea when he was going to the castle of the king of Lochlin. He left the sticks where he found them, put the pot on his back and hurried away to the castle of Fin MacCumhail.

Fin and all the Fenians of Erin were glad to see *Gilla na Grakin*, and Fin thanked him for the work he had done. The first part of that night they spent in ease, the second in sport, the third in a hurried sleep.

Next morning, they rose and had breakfast from the pot. From that day out, they hunted for pleasure alone. They had enough and to spare from the pot of plenty. [H *It was not hybrids who took the “pot of plenty” (Earth’s bounty) from Homo sapiens but Homo sapiens who took it from Homo erecti.*]]

Another day, Conán Maol was outside the castle with Fin, and he said: “*Gilla na Grakin* will destroy you and me and us all unless we find some way of putting him to death.”

“What do you want him to do now?” asked Fin.

“Let him go,” said Conán Maol, “to the king of the Flood, and bring back the cup that is never drained.”

Fin went to the castle and called up *Gilla na Grakin*. “I want you to go now,” said he, “to the king of the Flood, and bring me his cup that is never dry.”

The “king of the Flood” and his people are symbolic of the Homo erectus leader and all of his people. They (or their spirits) were commonly thought to have brought the Great Flood as punishment for the Species War. Gilla is going to kill all of them. Confirm what I told you at the beginning of the fight between “Césa” (Gilla na Grakin) and Lun Dubh. This myth will blame the elimination of all the Deluge (Species War) victims, the whole of our parent species, on Gilla, Conán Maol and Lun, on two hybrids and a Homo erectus. “We Homo sapiens had nothing to do with it.”

The “cup that is never dry” and the “pot that is never empty” are then also symbolic of the fact that Homo erectus’ elimination provided our immediate ancestors with exclusive possession of the earth and its bounty. The tale completes Irish wishful thinking by having the same protagonist, Gilla, kill their most feared, Homo sapien enemies, the Scandinavians.

When he heard Fin’s words, Gilla went off without delay; he took a glen at a step, and a hill at a leap, till he came to the sea. There he took up two sticks of wood, threw one across the other, and they became a fine large ship.

Away he sailed in a straight line, listening as he went to the spouting of whales, the whistling of eels and the calling of gulls, and never stopped till he anchored outside the castle of the king of the Flood. There was many a ship at land before him, so he

stopped outside them all and stepped from ship to ship till he reached the shore.

The king of the Flood was giving a great feast that day. *Gilla na Grakin* went to the castle, but could not enter, so great was the throng. He stood at the door a while, and then called out, "You are an ill-mannered people, not to ask a stranger is he hungry or dry!" [H *Again, the great gatherings in this run (repetition of events) provide an economic means for Gilla to eliminate all the worst genetic competitors and the Homo erecti.*]

The king heard these words, and said, "You are right;" and turning to his people said, "Give this stranger the cup till he drinks his fill."

As soon as ever Gilla got the cup in his hands, he made for the ship and never stopped till he put the cup in the hold of the vessel. Then he came on deck, and thought, "It's no use to take the cup with my swiftness, unless I take it with my strength."

So, back he turned to the castle, and when he reached land, the whole army and all the champions of the king of the Flood stood ready to oppose him. When he came up, he went through them as a hawk through a flock of swallows. He made a heap of their heads in one place, and a heap of their weapons in another, and then went back to the ship without thinking of the king and the queen of the Flood—forgot them.

Can you guess why Gilla must spare the king and queen of the flood at this time?

He raised his sails and went away, listening to music on the sea till he touched land in Erin. Then he took the cup in one hand, struck the ship with the other, turned it into the two sticks which he had found on the shore, and traveled on till he came to the castle of Fin MacCumhail and gave up the cup.

Any ship or "fine vessel" made from sticks and of flood vintage would have been a raft. Recall that "The Weaver's Son and the Giant of White Hill," Chapter 3, appeared to tell us that the Homo sapien invaders of the British Isles had used them.

"You're the best man I have ever had," said Fin; "and I give you my thanks and praise for the work you have done."

In the castle, they spent the first part of that night in ease, the second in sport and the third in a hurried sleep. Next morning

said Fin to the Fenians of Erin, "We needn't leave the house now unless we like. We have the best of eating from the pot and the best of drinking from the cup. The one is never empty, and the other is never dry, and we'll go hunting in future only to pass the time for ourselves."

One day, Conán Maol was out with Fin a third time, and said he: "If we don't find some way to kill *Gilla na Grakin*, he'll destroy you and me and all the Fenians of Erin."

*Hybrids would rarely, if ever, have been of any danger to *Homo sapiens*. They were the most intelligent people. More importantly, they had no Fraternal complex because they were sterile! They had only good will toward people and the world in general. They were heroic not only in their ability but also in their nobility! Conan's jealousy of *Gilla*, one hybrid's jealousy of another hybrid, provides a plausible but hypocritical and false means of blaming the hybrids for the Species War and *Homo erectus*' extinction.*

"Well," asked Fin, "where do you want to send him this time"?

"I want him to go to the eastern world, and find out what was it that left the *Gruagach* with but the one hair on his head."

*Recall that a gruagach, "the hairy one," is a *Homo erectus*.*

Fin went to the castle, called up *Gilla na Grakin* and said: "You must go for me now to the eastern world to know what was it that left the *Gruagach* with the one hair on his head."

"Well," said *Gilla*, "I never knew that you wanted to put me to death till this minute; I know it now. But still, while I'm in your service, I can't refuse to do your work."

Then *Gilla na Grakin* stepped out of the castle door, and away he went to the eastern world. He took a glen at a step, a hill at a leap and lochs and seas at a bound till he entered the *Gruagach*'s house in the eastern world.

"What is your errand to me," asked the *Gruagach*, "and why have you come to my house?"

"I have come," said *Gilla*, "to know what was it that left you with the one hair on your head."

"Sit down here and rest yourself to-night; and if you are a good man, I'll tell you to-morrow," said the *Gruagach*.

When bedtime came, the *Gruagach* said: "There is an iron harrow there beyond, with teeth on both sides of it; go now and stretch yourself on that harrow and sleep till morning."²⁶

When daylight came, the *Gruagach* was on his feet and asked Gilla was he up.

"I am," said he.

After they had eaten breakfast, the *Gruagach* went to another room and brought out two iron loops. One of these he put on Gilla's neck and the other on his own; and then they began to jerk the loops and pull one another; and they fought till late in the afternoon; neither had the upper hand; but if one man was weaker than the other, that man was *Gilla na Grakin*.

"And now," thought he to himself, "the *Gruagach* will take my life, and my wife will never know what became of me." The thought gave him strength and power, so up he sprang; and with the first pull he gave, he put the *Gruagach* to his knees in the ground; with the second, he put him to his waist; with the third to his shoulders.

"Indeed," said Gilla, "it would be easier for me to strike the head off you now, than to let you go; but if I took your head, I shouldn't have my master's work done."

"If you let me go," said the *Gruagach*, "I'll tell you what happened to me and why I have but the one hair on my head."

Gilla set him free, then the two sat down together, and the *Gruagach* began: "I was living here, without trouble or annoyance from any man, till one day a hare ran in, made an unseemly noise under that table there and insulted us. I was here myself at the time with my wife and my son and my daughter; and we had a hound, a beagle, and a black horse.

Again, the "pet hare," here as in a previous myth-tale, is an amalgam of the tricksters, the hare in the moon and the hunting dogs used by the Species War victors.

²⁶ A harrow is a heavy frame with spikes or sharp-edged disks, drawn by a horse or tractor and used for breaking up and leveling plowed ground, covering weeds, rooting up weeds, etc.

"The hare ran out from under the table, and I made after the hare, and my wife and son and daughter, with the horse and the two dogs, following me."

"When the hare was on the top of a hill, I had almost hold of his hind legs, but I never caught him.

"When night was near, the hare came to the walls of a great castle, and as he was jumping over, I hit him a blow on the hind leg with a stick, but in he went to the castle.

"Out came an old hag, and screamed, 'Who is it that worried the pet of this castle!'

"I said it was myself that did it. Then she faced me and made at me, and the fight began between us. We fought all that night, and the next day till near evening. Then she turned around and pulled a Druidic rod out of herself, ran from me and struck my wife and son and daughter and the two hounds and the horse with the Druidic rod and made stones of them.

*The Druidic rod assures us that this witch is a *Homo sapien*.*

Then she turned on me again, and there wasn't but the one hair left on my head from the desperate fighting, and she looked at me, and said: 'I'll let you go this time, but I'll give you a good payment before you leave.' She caught hold of me; then in the grip of her one hand and with the other, she took a sharp knife and stripped all the skin and flesh off my back, from my waist to my heels. Then, taking the skin of a rough shaggy goat; she clapped it on to me in place of my own skin and flesh and told me to go my way. [H *Again, we find the usual fantastic explanation for the hairiness of a "good" *Homo erectus*.*]

"I left the old hag and the castle behind, but the skin grew to me, and I wear it to this day." And here the *Gruagach* turned to *Gilla na Grakin* and showed him the goatskin growing on his body in place of his own skin and flesh.

"Well," said *Gilla*, when he saw the shaggy back of the *Gruagach*, "does that hare come here to insult you yet?"

"He does, indeed," said the *Gruagach*, "but I haven't taken a bite nor a sup off that table since his first visit."

"Let us sit down there now," said *Gilla na Grakin*.

They sat down at the table, but they were not sitting long till the hare came, repeated the insult and ran out. *Gilla na Grakin*

made after the hare and the *Gruagach* after Gilla. Gilla ran as fast as ever his legs could carry him, and he was often that near that he used to stretch his arm out after the hare and almost catch him; but he never touched him till near night, when he was clearing the wall. Then Gilla caught him by the two hind legs, and, swinging him over his own shoulder, dashed him against the wall, tore the head from the body and sent it bounding across the courtyard of the castle.

Out rushed an old hag that minute. She had but one tooth and that in her upper jaw, and she used this tooth for a crutch. "Who has killed the pet of this castle!" shrieked she.

"It was I that killed him," said *Gilla na Grakin*. Then the two made at one another,—the hag and Gilla. They fought all that night and next day. With their fighting, they made the hard rocks soft and water to spring out through the middle of them. All the land of the eastern world was trembling as the evening drew near; and if one of the two was getting weak from the struggle and tired, that one was *Gilla na Grakin*. When he saw this, he thought to himself, "Isn't it a pity if an old hag puts me to death, me, who has put to death many a strong hero."

At this thought he sprang up and seized the hag. With the first thrust that he gave her, into the ground he put her to the knees, with the second to her waist, with the third to her shoulders.

"Now," said the old hag to Gilla, "don't kill me, and I'll give you the rod of Druidism (enchantment), which I have between my skin and flesh."

"Oh, you wicked old wretch! I'll have that after your death, and no thanks to you," said Gilla. With that, he swept the head off her with a single blow. Then the head jumped at the body and tried to get its place again, but Gilla stood between them and kept the head off till the body was cold. Then, he took out the rod of enchantment from between the skin and the flesh and threw the body and the head of the old hag aside.

Trees are symbolic of cladograms: one's family tree, our species (intergenerational) tree and an evolutionary tree (of Earth's plant or animal species). The branches or roots of the tree can represent all of one's ancestors, progeny and contemporaries

depending upon how one mentally orients the tree with respect to linear time and where one imagines himself on it.

Here a branch of the ancestral tree, a "Druidic rod" with the magical powers that were imputed to the "gods"—to ancestors and relatives, is pulled from under her skin. The fact that it is under her skin seems to imply that these primitive ancestors realized that there is something within us that links us with and causes us to be like our ancestors. RNA did indeed turn out to be a strand and DNA a double strand. See "The Oak Trees and Other Sacred Symbols" in DTD.

The *Gruagach* came up, and Gilla said, "Show me now the stones that were once your wife and children, your dogs and your horse."

The *Gruagach* went with him to the stones. Gilla struck each with the rod; and the wife, the son, the daughter, the hounds and the horse of the *Gruagach* were alive again. When this was done, Gilla turned to the *Gruagach*, struck the goatskin from his body and gave him his own skin and flesh back with the power of the rod. [H Presumably, the *Gruagach* has now "evolved" into something other than a *Homo erectus* and need not die.]

When all were restored, they started for the *Gruagach*'s house; and when there, the *Gruagach* said to *Gilla na Grakin*, — "Stay here with me till you get your rest. We won't leave this place for a year and a day; and then, I'll go with you to the castle of Fin MacCumhail and give witness to Fin of all that has happened to me and all you have done."

"Oh," said *Gilla na Grakin*, "I can't stay to rest, I must go now!"

The *Gruagach* was so glad that he had got back all his family and his own flesh that he followed Gilla, and they set out for the castle of Fin MacCumhail in Erin.

*Neanderthal was progressively driven westward across Europe and into the British Isles and Scandinavia. It is now known from mitochondrial and Y DNA studies that only the *Homo erectus* genes inherited by several mutated Adams and one mutated Eve are still among us. Our ancestors completely exterminated *Homo erectus*.*

*The episode above, wherein the good Gruagach's family is restored to life, expresses our ancestors' remorse over having killed them all. Our ancestors were experiencing their positive emotions toward *Homo erectus* and saying, "Perhaps some of them are still among us—in more evolved form." This same sentiment is echoed to the present day in the wishful thinking of paleo-scientists who—despite an overwhelming and ever-growing body of evidence to the contrary—persist in supporting the "regional continuity" model for human evolution. [See Stringer and Andrews, Gould, Spencer Wells or "Homo Erectus: The Parent that Disappeared" within Chapter 10 of DTD.]*

They took a glen at a step, a hill at a leap and the sea at a bound. Conán Maol, who was outside the castle when they came in sight, ran in and said to Fin, "Gilla na Grakin and the *Gruagach* are coming, and they'll destroy all that's about the castle and all that's inside as well!"

"If they do," said Fin, "it's your own fault, and you have no one to blame but yourself."

"*You see, it was a hybrid, Conán, that caused all the trouble between us and Neanderthal.*"

"Well," said Conán Maol, "I'll lie down here in the cradle and put a steel cap on my head."

Conán lay down in the cradle, Gilla and the *Gruagach* came into the castle. The *Gruagach* sat down near the cradle. Then he said to Fin, "I came here with *Gilla na Grakin* to bear witness to you of all that has happened to me and all he has done."

With that, the *Gruagach* put his hand behind him and asked: "How old is this child lying here in the cradle?"

"Only three years," said Fin's wife.

Then the *Gruagach* took the steel cap between his thumb and fingers, thinking it was the head of the child, and squeezed till the steel cracked with a loud snap, but the child didn't cry.

Homo erectus' skull was not shaped like ours, and his bones and skull were much thicker and stronger. Neanderthal's great strength is also being emphasized here.

"Oh, there's the making of a man in him. If he gets age, he'll be a champion," said the *Gruagach*. Next day, the *Gruagach* left Fin's castle and went to his own place and family.

Gilla na Grakin 's time was now up, for he had served a year and a day. Fin went out to wash himself in a spring near the castle; and when he looked into the spring, a spirit spoke up out of the water to him and said: "You must give back his cup to the king of the Flood, or you must give him battle in its place." [H *Recall that Gilla failed to kill the "King and Queen of the Flood" during his first raid upon their realm.*]

*Obsessional fears resulting from "the Deluge" are stirring within the Fenians. Spirits are born of ambivalence, repression of one side of that ambivalence and the projection of the unlocatable struggle of conflicting emotions. This spirit is seen in the water—one of the places used to dispose of *Homo erectus* bodies. Confirm my interpretation of the magical cups, pots, and other cornucopia taken from *Homo erectus*.*

Fin went back to the castle, lamenting the state he was in. Conán Maol said, "You look like a sorrowful man."

"Why shouldn't I be?" said Fin. "A spirit spoke to me from the spring outside, and told me I must give back the cup to the king of the Flood, or give him battle in place of it. Now Gilla's time is up, and I don't know what to do."

"Well," said Conán Maol, "do you go now and speak to him, and maybe he'll do you a good turn."

Fin went to *Gilla na Grakin*, and told him what happened at the spring.

"My time is up, as you know," said Gilla, "and I cannot serve on time that is past; but if you want me to go, you must watch my wife *Scéhíde ni Wánanan* on Friday night; and in the middle of the night, when she is combing her hair, any request you'll make of her she can't refuse. The request you'll make is that she'll let me go with you to the king of the Flood, to take the cup to his castle and bring it back again."

Fin watched the time closely, and when the middle of Friday night came, he looked through a hole in the door and saw Scéhíde combing her hair. Then he asked his request of her.

"Well," answered she, "I can't refuse, but you must promise me to bring back Gilla, dead or alive."

Fin promised her that.

*This reinsertion of Scéhíde into the story is consistent with a wealth of mythology that tells us that *Homo erectus* women were often spared and outlived their men.*

Next morning, Fin MacCumhail and *Gilla na Grakin* set out for the castle of the king of the Flood, taking the cup with them. They walked over Erin till they came to the shore of the sea. There Gilla caught up two pieces of wood, and putting one across the other, struck them a tip of his fingers; and out of them rose a fine ship. He and Fin went on board, sailed away and never stopped till they cast anchor outside all the ships, under the castle of the king of the Flood. The two walked on from deck to deck till they stood on shore. They went a short distance from the castle of the king and pitched a tent.

Said Gilla to Fin, "Now we are hungry, and I must find food for you and myself." So, *Gilla na Grakin* went to the castle and asked food of the king of the Flood.

"You'll get nothing to eat from me. I have no food in this place to give you or the like of you..."

Here the ancestors appear to be saying that "Gilla and Fin" were forced either to eat their Deluge (Species War) victims or starve. Population growth and the over-killing of the Pleistocene mammals created this desperate situation.

...but there is a wild bull in the wood outside. Find him: if you kill him, you'll have something to eat; if not, you'll go fasting," said the king of the Flood to *Gilla na Grakin*.

*All of you who have read DTD, as recommended, should know that the "wild bull in the wood" and bulls generally were symbolic of the primal father. (No farmer needs more than one of them.) At other times, but less often, they symbolized the father species (*Homo erectus*).*

Gilla went out to the wood, and when the wild bull saw a man coming towards him, he drove his horns into the ground, and put an acre of land over his own back. Then he threw up an oak-tree, roots and all, till it nearly reached the sky, and made at *Gilla na Grakin*. [H *The bull is now at the base of the ancestral tree, confirming that he is the primal father.*] But if he did, Gilla was ready for him and faced him; and when the bull came up, he caught him by the horns and threw him to the ground; then putting a foot

on one horn, he took the other in his two hands, split the bull from muzzle to tail and made two halves of him.

*The myth is true to our prehistory. The original sin resulted in totemism, semi-permanent camp sites, language, cooperation and exogamy—all of which the archeological record suggests *Homo erectus* developed. *Homo erectus* killed and ate the primordial fathers. The killing of the primordial fathers (the original sin) preceded the Species War (the second sin). That's why the king and queen of the flood were spared in the earlier episode. The primal father, "the bull," has to die first. The "king of the flood" and all his people can now be eliminated.*

Gilla carried the carcass to the tent; and when he had taken off the skin, he said to Fin, "We have no pot to boil the meat in. Well, I'll go to the king again."

*After the discovery of horticulture, circa 23 k.y.a. (thousand years ago, Snir et al.), permanent settlement brought with it the incentive to make pottery for carrying seeds. Nomadic hunter-gatherer bands would not have been willing or able to carry pottery around with them. Although we know *Homo erectus* to have lived in semi-permanent settlements (See Jurmain, Nelson and Turnbaugh, p. 398.) no pottery has been found that can be linked to him. Fearing that horticulture had some causal connection with the Great Flood of circa 14,634 years BPE, it was widely abolished during a 5-6 k.y. interval between the Great Flood and the resumption of the Neolithic. Like all anonymous contributions, it would have been attributed to the *Homo erectus* gods. See Appendix H of DTD.*

So, off he went and knocked at the castle door.

"What do you want now?" asked the king.

"I want a pot," said Gilla, "to boil the wild bull."

"Well," said the king, "I have no pot for you but that big pot back in the yard, in which we boil stuff for the pigs. I'll give you the loan of that if you can carry it."

"It's good to get that itself from a bad person," said *Gilla na Grakin*, and away he went to look for the pot behind the castle. At last, he found it, and when he put it down at the tent he said to Fin, "We have nothing now to boil the pot with, nothing to make a fire."

Homo erectus also invented fire. Both the mythological and the archeological records are clear and unanimous on this point.

*The inspiration to make pottery probably first came when someone noticed the clay beneath a campfire to be baked hard. So, *Homo erectus* may have learned how to make pottery; but he would have had little use for it without seeds.*

Then he went a third time to the castle, knocked at the door; and out came the king. "What do you want now?" asked he.

"Fire to boil the bull."

"Go to the wood and get firewood for yourself, or do without it. You'll get no firewood from me," said the king of the Flood.

Gilla went out, got plenty of wood and boiled the whole bull. "We are well off now," said he to Fin; "we have plenty to eat."

Next morning, *Gilla na Grakin* went to the castle and knocked.

"Who is that?" asked the king, without opening the door.

"I want no chat nor questions from you," said Gilla, "but get me a breakfast."

"I have no breakfast now," said the king; "but wait a minute, and you'll get a hot breakfast from me."

That moment, the signal was sounded for the armies of the king of the Flood to take *Gilla na Grakin* and his master.

Cannibalism is implied. Gilla and Fin are to be their breakfast.

When the armies stood ready, Gilla began and went through them as a hawk through sparrows. He made one heap of their heads and another of their weapons, —*didn't leave a man living.* [H Emphasis mine, except for the genes of the first *Homo sapiens* (Eve and two or three men, *Homo erectus* mutants), *Homo erectus* genes are not among us.] Then he went into the castle and taking the king of the Flood in one hand and the queen in the other, he killed each of them against the other. Now all was quiet at the castle. *Gilla na Grakin* struck the tent and went to the ship with Fin MacCumhail, who had the cup that was never dry.

*Now, after the "deluge"—which was won entirely by this hybrid "Gilla" with his *Homo erectus* wife's permission—our immediate ancestors had possession of the entire earth, all the game, the fresh water and all the land.*

They raised the sails and went over the sea toward Erin, till they saw a large ship on one side of them.

"If it's going to help us that ship is," said Fin, "'tis all the better for us, but if 'tis going against us she is, that's the bad part of it."

That is the rustic precursor of ominous background music.

As the ship came near, *Gilla na Grakin* looked at her sharply and said to Fin, "I think it's Lun Dubh that's on that ship."

"Well," said Fin, "maybe he'll not know you in a strange dress."

When Lun Dubh came alongside, he called out: "I know you well, and it's not by your dress that I know you, Césa MacRi na Tulach." Then Lun Dubh sprang on deck, raised his hand, struck *Gilla* and stretched him dead.

*This Irish version of Genesis tells us, "First *Gilla* killed all the *Homo erecti* save a few isolated and evolved *Gruagachs*. Then another *Homo erectus* killed *Gilla*. We *Homo sapiens* had nothing to do with their elimination, with 'the deluge.' " How convenient, eh?*

Fin sailed away with the body of *Gilla na Grakin*; and when he came in sight of the shore of Erin, he raised a black flag; for he had promised *Gilla*'s wife to raise a white flag if her husband was well but a black one if he was dead.

*Here is yet another reason why *Homo erectus* was associated with the color black: his lights were out. Also, the "demons" and "giants" were associated with the glaciers and darkness and the Sun God and his *Homo sapien* warriors with the bright light.*

When he came to the shore, *Scéhíde ni Wánanan* was there before him; and she had a large, roomy box. When she saw Fin, she said, "You have him dead with you?"

"I have," said Fin.

"What will you do with him now?" asked she.

"I will bury him decently," said Fin.

"You will not," said she; "you will put him in this box."

Then Fin put him in the box. She went aside and got some fresh shamrock and went into the box with *Gilla*. [H *There is much speculation as to why shamrocks were thought to be lucky. I suspect that this highly-developed and extremely popular myth-tale caused them to become lucky – for reasons we'll see shortly.*

 Then, she told

Fin to push the box out to sea; and putting down the cover, fastened it inside.

*Either the Irish knew that *Homo erectus* corpses had been set on boats and shoved out to sea in Scandinavia, or they resorted to some of the same disposal methods. I suspect both, for this would help to explain the many references to an island *Tir na n-Og*. (See the myth of Balder in DTD.)*

Fin pushed the box out into the sea; and away it went driven by wind and waves, till one day Scéhíde looked out through a hole and saw two sparrows flying and a dead one between them. The two living sparrows let the dead one down on an island. Soon they rose up again, and the dead one was living. Said Scéhíde to herself, "There might be something on that island that would cure my husband as it cured the dead bird."

Now the sea put the box in on the island. Scéhíde unfastened the cover, came out and walked around the island. Nothing could she find but a small spring of water in a rock. "It's in this the cure may be," thought she, as she looked at the water. Then taking off one of her shoes, she put it full of the water, took it to the box [*H which is by now savory enough*] and poured it on *Gilla na Grakin*. That moment, he stood up alive and well.

Guilt over the total extermination of our parent species and the wishful belief in an eternal soul spawned belief in "waters of life," "heaven" or "Tir na n-Og" still inhabited by them and the best of us.

Gilla walked along the shore till he found two pieces of wood. He threw one across the other and gave them a tip of his hand. A fine large ship stood there at the shore, and in it he sailed with Scéhíde back to Erin. When they landed, he turned the vessel into two sticks again with a tip of the hand, and set out with his wife for the castle of Fin MacCumhail in *Tir Conal*.

Primitive men, after beaching their rafts, may indeed have wanted to disassemble them and hide the logs.

They came to the castle of Fin at midnight. Gilla knocked and said, "Put my wages out to me."

"Well," said Fin inside, "there is no man, alive or dead, that has wages on me but *Gilla na Grakin*, and I would rather see that fellow here than the wages of three men."

"Well, rise up now and you'll see him," said Gilla.

Fin rose up, saw his man, gave him his wages with thanks; and Gilla departed.

*"We have settled all our accounts with the *Homo erecti* and the hybrids. They hold no grudge against us, but are, on the contrary—old friends."*

At the break of day, they saw a great house before them. A man walked out with a kerchief bound on his head.

*The kerchief is Lun Dubh's way of disguising himself. *Homo erectus'* other outstanding feature (other than the hairiness that Gilla thought to emulate) was his sloping forehead.*

When *Gilla na Grakin* came up, he knew the man, and raising his hand, struck him dead with a blow. "I have satisfaction on Lun Dubh, now," said Gilla to the wife. The two went into the house and stayed there, and may be there yet for anything we know.

*Now all the fearsome *Homo erecti* are dead. And they were all killed by each other and *Gilla na Grakin*. And note that *Gilla*, originally *Césa MacRi na Tulach* (a small gray bird), is a hybrid. So, even if he is still alive, he cannot reproduce *Homo erectus* genes.*

We are the luck and they are the winners.

*"We were just lucky, and *Homo erectus* has nothing to complain about."*

As we've seen, the wisest of our Irish ancestors were keenly aware of the fact that blacking out the pre-history of the Species War and our parent species caused us to become very crazy. It caused the animal alienation that made us the monsters of nature. As I've pointed out in numerous places of my works, this animal alienation also gave rise to our false, allopathic theory of disease and to the universal prejudice against dark skin.

*But on the plus side, myth-tales such as this (and a *Cucúlin* myth-tale, below, wherein the King of the Flood and all of his people are defeated or killed) helped the most traumatized victims of the Great Flood to forget *Homo erectus* and eventually, with the advent of modern religion, worship a God that was not bloodthirsty. As I noted in Chapter 35 of DTD, this enabled the worst victims of the Flood to more quickly abolish blood sacrifice and cannibalism and rise to higher level of civility and cooperation.*

Our next big rise requires the minimization of our Fraternal complex (minimizing the K and R Class Struggle and replacing all the ambivalent gods with just one – Truth).

15. FIN MACCUMHAIL, THE SEVEN BROTHERS AND THE KING OF FRANCE

This is the one myth within this collection that I chose to include in DTD. My comments to it here are the same as in DTD.

When Fin MacCumhail with *seven* companies of the Fenians [H *Fianna*] of Erin was living at Tara of the Kings, he went hunting one day with the *seven* companies; and while out on the mountains *seven* young men came towards him and when they came up and stood before him, he asked their names of them.

The number seven is mentioned three times in this first paragraph and once in the title. Do you see yet what it shows?

Each gave his name in turn, beginning with the eldest, and their names were Strong, son of Strength; Wise, son of Wisdom; Builder, son of Builder; Whistler, son of Whistler; Guide, son of Guide; Climber, son of Climber; Thief, son of Thief.

In the West, there is a strong tendency for boys to imitate their fathers. For a boy to learn whatever his father knows is almost automatic. In China, only half of my eight-grade students even knew what their father did for a living; but all the girls imitated their mothers.

The *seven* young men pleased Fin; they were looking for service, so he hired them for a year and a day.

When Fin and the Fenians of Erin went home that night from the hunt there was a message at the castle before them from the king of France to Fin MacCumhail and the Fenians of Erin, asking them to come over to him on a most important affair.

The king of France needs the army of little Ireland? It sounds as if we're in store for some cultural narcissism.²⁷

²⁷ I enlarged upon Freud's concept of cultural narcissism in the Conclusion of DTD when I outlined the general pattern of displacement of semi-repressed, semi-conscious, fraternal ambivalence. The anti-social tendency within this Fraternal Complex pattern is for "the enemy" to become ever more real, ever more remote and ever more like the prehistoric model.

Fin held a council straightway and said, "France is a thousand miles from this and the sea between it and Erin; how can we go to the king of France?"

Then Strong, son of Strength, spoke up and said: "What is the use of hiring us if we can't do this work and the like of it? If you'll make a ship here, or in any place, I'll pull it in the sea."

"And I," said Builder, "will make a ship fit for you or any king on earth with one blow of this axe in my hand."

"That's what I want," said Fin, "and now do you make that ship for me."

"I will," said Builder.

"Well," said Strong, "I'll put your ship in the sea."

Builder made the ship there at Tara of the Kings and then Strong brought it to the seashore and put it in the water. Fin and the Fenians of Erin went on board, and Guide took the ship from Erin to France.

When Fin and his men went to the king of France, he was glad to see them and said:

"I'll tell you the reason now I asked you here, and the business I have with you.

There weren't enough latently-homosexual heroes in France. They had all been killed off in previous wars.

"This time three years ago my wife had a son, two years ago a second, one year ago a third, and the neighbors' wives are thinking she'll have another child soon. Immediately they were born the three were taken away, and I want you to save the fourth; for we all think it will be taken from us like the other three. When each one of the others was sleeping, a hand came down the chimney to the cradle and took the child away with it up the chimney.

*A hand coming down the chimney can only be the "hand of someone on high," a principal god. As for baby snatching, hybrid women would have been inclined to it. After the Species War, primitive people feared that *Homo erectus* would avenge the extinction of his gene line by stealing *Homo sapien* children. The Orphics' "Dionysus," the obsessive and phobic Inca child sacrifices, Curtin's North American myth wherein "Kukupiwit" steals babies, Nez Percé tales of baby stealing by the "Stick Indians" or "little*

people," Hindu Putana devouring babies and the Aztecs sacrificing them to the Tlaloque, the "little people of the mountains," all attest to this. (See DTD for the details.)

"There is meat and drink in plenty in that room for you and the Fenians of Erin. My only request is that you'll watch the child."

"We'll do that," said Fin, and he went into the chamber with men enough to watch and the *seven* brothers with him. Then the *seven* said: "Do you and the men go to sleep for yourselves, and we'll do the watching."

So, Fin and the men went to sleep. The child was born early in the evening and put in the cradle. At the dead of night Wise said to Strong: "Now is your time; the hand is near; keep your eye on it."

Soon he saw the hand coming lower and lower and moving towards the child; and when it was going into the cradle, Strong caught the hand and it drew him up nearly to the top of the chimney. Then he pulled it down to the ashes; again, it drew him up.

They were that way all night, —the hand drawing Strong almost to the top of the chimney and out of the house and Strong dragging the hand down to the hearth. They were up and down the chimney till break of day; and every stone in the castle of the king of France was trembling in its place from the struggle. [H "Trembling also, no doubt, were all those unmanly French men."]

But at break of day Strong tore from its shoulder the arm with the hand, and there was peace. Now all rose up at the castle. The king came and was glad when he saw the child.

Then Fin spoke up and said: "We have done no good thing yet till we bring back the other three to you."

Wise spoke up and said: "I know very well where the other three are, and I'll show you the place."

So, all set out and they followed him to the castle of *Mal MacMulcan*, and there they saw the three sons of the King of France carrying water to *MacMulcan* to cool the shoulder from which the arm had been torn by Strong.

Then Wise said to Climber: "Now is your time to take the children away; for we can do it without being seen; but if *Mal MacMulcan* were to see the children going from him, he'd destroy

the whole world. But as it is when he finds the children are gone, he has a sister there near himself, and he'll break her head against the wall of the castle."

Then Climber took a clew from his pocket and threw it over the walls of the castle, and the walls were so high that no bird of the air could fly over them.

This confirms our conclusion that Mal MacMulcan is a condensation of the giants or demons, Cannibal-at-the-North-End-of-the-World and the Ogre of "Jack and the Beanstalk." MacMulcan is enroute to becoming monotheism's "Devil." Men everywhere have developed similar religious images as neurotic symptoms of their ambivalence toward the same ancestors and relatives.

Then they fixed a rope ladder on the castle. Wise, Guide, and Climber went up the ladder and at break of day they brought away the three children and gave them to the king of France that morning. And the king of France was so glad when he saw his three sons that he said to Fin: "I will give you your ship full of the most precious stuffs in my kingdom."

"I will take nothing for myself," said Fin; "but do you give what you like to my *seven* young men who have done the work"; and the *seven* said they wouldn't take anything while they were serving with him.

Even feudal obligations had a defined scope. A warrior's duties are exceptionally open-ended but exist only for those who are unconscious of K and R and mistakenly believe that human savagery is inevitable. The greatest heroes, who correspond to the distilled, positive aspect of our Fraternal ambivalence, are always conceived as altruists, willing to give their all for nothing in return. They oppose some personification of the negative aspect of our Fraternal ambivalence, our unconscious negative impulses toward genetic competitors. Those playing this role are generally latent homosexual men whose Third Masks and false, Orwellian personas are forced upon them by the incompatibility of their real, loving nature and savage society's need to make killers of men. Savage, K and R society's exorbitant, unregulated, female-instinct-driven birthrate (above the rational birthrate corresponding to the greatest decrease in the death rate), the "right" of women to become baby-making machines, forces men to become killing machines. Elect me U.S.

president, and we'll set in motion the Global Peace Plan of the Peace Love and Progress Party and put an end to war.

So, Fin took the present from the king of France and set sail for Erin with the Fenians and the *seven* young men.

While they were on the way to Erin, they saw the sea raging after them. Wise, son of Wisdom, said: "That is *Mal MacMulcan* coming to get satisfaction out of us."

Who else but mighty Neanderthal, our ancestor who conquered the large cats with just a spear, could make the sea rage?

Then *MacMulcan* caught hold of the ship by the stern and pulled it down till the masts touched the sea. Strong caught him by the left remaining hand, and the two began to fight, and at last Strong pulled him on to the deck of the ship.

"Our ship will be sunk," said Wise, "and Fin with the Fenians of Erin and the *seven* of us will be drowned unless you make a flail out of *MacMulcan* and thrash the head off his body on the deck of the ship."

Strong made a flail out of *MacMulcan* and killed him, and the sea was filled with blood in a minute of time. Then the ship moved on without harm till they came to the same spot in Erin from which they had sailed.

When Fin came to the place where he had hired the *seven* young men the year and a day were over. He paid them their hire, and they left him. Then he came to his own castle at Tara of the Kings. [H *So far, our heroes have killed a giant and befriended the French.*]

One day Fin went out walking alone, and he met an old hag by the way.

*Right away we know to suspect the old hag of being a witch and the "sister" whose head *Mal MacMulcan* broke against a wall when he found the rescued children to be gone.*

She spoke up to him and asked: "Would you play a game of cards with me?"

"I would," said Fin, "if I had the means of playing."

The old hag pulled out a pack of cards and said: "Here you have the means of playing as many games as you like."

This witch's "cards" won't wear out. Like warfare, cards can be a high-stakes game of chance.

They sat down and played; Fin got the first game on the old woman. Then she said, "Put the sentence on me now."

Notice that in this Neolithic form of the myth, the Pleistocene sentencing device has been retained, but they no longer change each other into animals.

"I will not," said Fin; "I'll do nothing till we play another game."

They played again and she won the second game. Then she said to Fin, "You must go and bring here for me the head of *Curucha na Gras* and the sword that guards his castle; and I won't give you leave to take away any of your men with you but one, and he is the worst of them all, — 'Iron back without action,' and the time for your journey is a year and a day. Now what is your sentence on me?" said the old hag.

"You'll put one foot," said Fin, "on the top of my castle in Tara of the Kings, and the other on a hill in Mayo, and you'll stand with your back to the wind and your face to the storm, a sheaf of wheat on the ground before the gate will be all you'll have to eat, and any grain that will be blown out of it, if you catch that you'll have it, and you'll be that way till I come back."

This is an example of the many myths that confirm my interpretation of who the witches were. Our Homo sapien ancestors didn't want their women playing with Neanderthals while they were away. So, this woman is sentenced to remain in the home ("the castle") or on a hilltop in Mayo (where everyone can watch her). Although Curucha na Gras may have become an enemy to her, it is the Irish audience that most wanted him dead.

So, Fin went away with himself and "Iron back without action." And when they had gone as far as a large wood that was by the roadside, a thick fog came on them, and rain, and they sat down at the edge of the wood and waited. Soon they saw a red-haired boy with a bow and arrows shooting birds, and whenever he hit a bird, he used to put the arrow through its two eyes and not put a drop of blood on its feathers.

The red-haired boy is a Goidelic Celt. They were tall and often red-haired. And you know what the bow and arrow represents. Birds are symbols for gods and spirits, who could also fly. This one

sentence, the shooting of birds with the bow and arrow, summarizes these myths and the Species War in microcosm.

And when the red-haired boy came near Fin, he drew his bow, sent an arrow through "Iron back without action," and put the life out of him.

When he did that, Fin said, "You have left me without any man, though this was the worst of all I have."

"You'd better hire me," said the red-haired boy; "you've lost nothing, for you were without a man when you had that fellow the same as you are now."

Why would "Iron back without action" be of no help to them?

So, Fin hired the red-haired boy and asked him his name. "I won't tell you that," said he, "but do you put the name on me that will please yourself."

One supposedly needed only another person's real name to perform homeopathic magic against him, but this is not the reason why the boy refuses to give his name.

"Well," said Fin, "since I met you in the rain and the mist, I'll call you Misty."

"That'll be my name while I'm with you," said the red-haired boy, "and now we'll cast lots to see which of us will carry the other;" and the lot fell upon Misty. He raised Fin on his back to carry him, and the first step he took was six miles, and every step a mile, and he went on without stopping till he was in the Western World.

The horn bow and arrow came into Europe first from the south with the Chatelperronian industry and later from the east as the sinew laminated, Aurignacian industry bow. Neanderthal was driven ever westward, so now they pursue him in the west, in "Tir na n-Og."

Freud discovered why gods, kings and sacred things were not to touch the ground. Sacred are the things that associate with the ambivalent gods. Being up in the air is a symbol for ambivalence. But why do they draw lots to decide who is to carry whom? As far as we know, Fin is the only one of the two who is a hybrid and Species War god and who may be, as suggested at the top, a king.

When they came to the castle of *Curucha na Gras*, Fin and Misty put up a tent for themselves and they were hungry enough

after the long road, and Misty said, "I will go and ask *Curucha* for something to eat."

Misty "asks" for food, but they did not ask any of the other inhabitants for accommodations. They simply put up a tent. This suggests that they are in enemy territory.

He went to the castle and put a fighting blow on the door; *Curucha* came out and Misty asked him for bread.

"I wouldn't give you the leavings of my pigs," said *Curucha*.

Misty turned and left him; but on the way, he met the bakers bringing bread from the bake house, and he caught all their loaves from them and ran home to Fin.

*Guerrilla warfare and a struggle for land and resources are implied. Notice too how extremely different is *Tir na n-Og*, the land of the immortal *Sídhe*, the pagan gods, from the nondescript and speculative "Heaven," the home of the abstract and poetic "God" of modern religions. The former is always a concrete setting of the Species War. The latter is whatever the subjective believer wishes it to be.*

"We have plenty to eat now," said Misty, "but nothing at all to drink. I must go to *Curucha* to know will he give us something to drink." [H *The two subspecies fought over water too.*]

He went a second time to the castle, put a fighting blow on the door, and out came *Curucha*.

"What do you want this time?" asked he.

"I want drink for myself and my master, Fin MacCumhail."

"You'll get no drink from me. I wouldn't give you the dirty ditch-water that's outside my castle." [H *The earth once belonged to *Homo erectus*.*]

Misty turned to go home; but on the way he met twelve boys each carrying the full of his arms of bottles of wine. He took every bottle from them, and it wasn't long till he was in the tent.

The highway robbery and the reference to the tent are both repeated, confirming that this section alludes to guerrilla warfare.

"Now we can eat and drink our fill."

"We can indeed," said Fin. Next morning Misty put another fighting blow on the door of the castle. Out flew *Curucha* with his guardian sword in his hand, and he made at Misty.

Misty's reputation has preceded him.

With the first blow he gave him, he took an ear off his head. Misty sprang back, drew his bow and sent an arrow into *Curucha*'s breast. It flew out through his head, and he fell, lifeless on the ground. Then Misty drew his knife, cut off the head and carried the head and the sword to Fin MacCumhail; and Fin was glad to get them both.

Severing the head doesn't just fulfill the witch's command. Without it, the soul can't re-enter the body; nor can animation, if suspended, resume. A severed head is a death certificate.

"Take the head," said Misty, "and put it on top of the holly bush that's out here above us." Fin put the head on the holly bush, and the minute he put it there the head burnt the bush to the earth, and the earth to the clay.

*This assures us that Curucha na Gras is a *Homo erectus* god. The subject of this quaint little fairy tale, this familiar bedtime story-is the Species War. King Curucha's head burning in a holly bush (with red berries) is symbolic of *Homo erectus* body parts burning in Species War bonfires. Notice that this Irish version is better than its biblical counterpart.*

Then an angel of the Lord appeared to him
In fire flaming out of a bush...
God called out to him from the bush.

--Exodus 3: 2-4.

As this boy defeats a Lord, —as David defeated Goliath, our physically inferior ancestors defeated mighty Neanderthal. Their great equalizer was the bow and arrow.

Then they took the best horse that could be found about *Curucha*'s castle, Fin sat on the horse, with the sword and head in front of him; and Misty followed behind.

They went their way and never stopped till they came to the place where Misty sent the arrow through "Iron back without action" and killed him.

Now we see why "Iron back without action" was of no use to them. Human strength alone was inadequate against Neanderthal. The winning combination, to go with the bow and arrow, included

stealth, fleetness of foot, endurance, accuracy and audacity. The dog helped too.

When they came to that spot, Misty asked Fin would he tell him a story, and Fin answered, "I have no story to tell except that we are in the place now where you killed my man."

"Oh, then," said Misty, "I'm glad you put that in my mind for I'll give him back to you now." So, they went and took "Iron back without action" out of the ground; then Misty struck him with a rod of enchantment that he had, and brought life into him again.

Misty seems to be a magician or a god of some sort. Doesn't he? Have you guessed yet what the magician's wand, oak tree, tree of life and all these branch-like, sacred and taboo primordial weapons represent in their positive aspect? Chapter 34 of DTD tells you.

Then Misty turned to Fin and said: "I am a brother of the seven boys who went with you to save the children of the king of France. I was too young for action at that time, but my mother sent me here now as a gift to help you and tell you what to do.

*Misty and the seven brothers each represent another source of ambivalence and element of the godhead, an element that was operative even in primitive times --ongoing genetic competitors. That's why Misty refused to give his name first to Fin, a king and symbol of the Species War victors. Misty is equal in rank to him. That's also why, in the first paragraph of this myth, it is seven young men that approach; and the Fenians are described as seven companies. The Fraternal ambivalence that one feels toward one's genetic competitors, although associated with *Homo erectus*, is not a historical phenomenon but an ongoing every day one. Every day means "seven days a week."²⁸ (The brother who is the Whistler, the*

²⁸ *The seven-day week was a unit of the common law apparently because the actual, twenty-eight-day revolutions of the moon could be evenly divided into four seven-day weeks, and all the first calendars were lunar. Graves notes this and adds, "The number seven acquired peculiar sanctity because the king died at the seventh full moon after the shortest day" (Graves: 15). But as we've seen, this death-day for the king is only one of endless mythological references to the number seven, all symptoms of the Fraternal complex. "Every-day" hostility toward one's "every-day" genetic competitors was/is unconsciously associated with the sum of every day in the week, with the number seven, with the number twelve (twelve months of the year) and the number one thousand (for the countless times that little insults and injuries are repeated).*

*brother who is the Thief and the seven companies of Fenians serve no function other than to symbolize the number seven and Fraternal ambivalence.) Our piers have always been objects of extreme ambivalence because we have never rationalized our genetic competition. We've never rationalized human reproduction and the distribution of basic social opportunities. We've never established the limits needed to minimize K and R and civilize our world. Confronted by the *Homo erecti*, by more genetically alien and incompatible competitors, the *Homo sapiens* tended to fully cooperate with one another, to perceive each other only in the positive aspect of their ambivalent relationships and to project the negative side of that ambivalence onto the *Homo erecti*.*

Number seven also pops up innumerably in the Revelations of John. The Catholic clergy have interpreted the number as symbolic of wholeness or completeness. They are mistaken. Number ten is symbolic of wholeness or completeness and perfection. (We have ten fingers and ten toes.) Seven refers to contemporaries, to every-day people and the ambivalence felt toward them. The seven seals, seven bowls, seven trumpets, seven heads to the dragon, etc. in Revelations inform us that these images spring from repressed, unconscious, Fraternal ambivalence—not just toward the Romans, hatred toward whom was conscious but also—toward John's piers.

Similarly, in Revelations and elsewhere, the number one thousand (1000) also is an unconscious reference to ongoing Fraternal hostility. It is not only, as the Catholic clergy states, symbolic of a very large number. It also suggests, unconsciously, the 'thousand and one' little insults and injuries that we inflict upon one another 'seven' days a week.

*If you think the appearance of these numbers is accidental, allow me to point out the number of biblical references to the number seven (7) and the number one thousand (1000). My source for Table 3 is *The New American Standard Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible: Hebrew-Aramaic and Greek Dictionaries*, Robert L. Thomas, Th.D., general ed., Holman, Nashville, Tennessee, 1981.*

Here is the unambiguous evidence of that complex in the symptoms of an entire nation of people (the Irish) and in the world's most widespread religion (Christianity). These numbers pop up continually in all mythologies—not just in association with ongoing

*Fraternal hostility but also often in association with the prehistoric model for that hostility, in association with *Homo erectus*. These associations (of "7" with *Homo erectus*) evince the displacement of ongoing Fraternal hostility onto its prehistoric model.*

Numbers Indicating Repressed Fraternal Hostility and their frequency in the Bible:

TERM	TIMES IT APPEARS
<i>seven</i>	381
<i>seventh</i>	115
<i>seventy</i>	57
<i>seventeen</i>	6
<i>seventeenth</i>	6
<i>seven-fold</i>	4
<i>seventy-five</i>	3
<i>sevens</i>	2
<i>seventy-seven</i>	2
<i>seventy-two</i>	1
<i>thousand</i>	133
<i>thousands</i>	58
<i>thousandth</i>	1
<i>thousand-fold</i>	1

Continuing with our myth-tale...

"When you go to the hag, she'll ask you for the sword; but you'll not give it. You'll only show it to her. And when she has seen the sword, she'll ask for the head. And you'll not give the head to her either, you'll only show it; and when she sees the head, she'll open her mouth with joy at seeing the head of her brother; and

when you see her open her mouth, be sure to strike her on the breast with the head; and if you don't do that, the whole world wouldn't be able to kill her."

This "sister" of both Mal MacMulcan and Curucha na Gras was a consort to them. Curucha na Gras is said to be her enemy only so as to give Fin and Misty a fictional motive for killing Curucha (the Homo erecti) after losing a card game with her. Here, our Irish ancestors are saying, "We didn't really want to kill them. Some witches made us do it."

As a species-collaborating, opportunistic traitor (Homo sapien 'witch'), she is clever and malicious. She may now want to parade about with the head and pretend to have been a stalwart supporter of the Homo sapien cause. If the victors don't kill her now, while her treason is still fresh in peoples' minds, they'll never get rid of her. Also, Neanderthal spirits may assist her. "Striking her on the breast," means shooting her through the heart with an arrow.

Then Fin left Misty where he met him and with "Iron back without action" he made for Tara of the Kings.

When he came in front of the old hag she asked him had he the gifts. Fin said he had. She asked for the sword but she didn't get it, Fin only showed it to her. Then she asked for the head, and when she saw the head, she opened her mouth with delight at seeing the head of her brother.

While she stood there with open mouth gazing, Fin picked out the mark and struck her on the breast with the head. She fell to the ground; they left her there dead and went into the castle.

Striking her on the breast with the head is mentioned twice. But the last paragraph also says that Fin picked out the "mark." "Mark" is from the jargon of archers.



Kinealy town and what remains of the dun are on the inland side of the peninsula that is in the foreground of the photo, above. They are near the town of Donegal, which is referenced in myth-tale 15. Below is Ballyshannon, referenced in the next myth-tale.



16. BLACK, BROWN AND GRAY

On a day, Fin MacCumhail was near Tara of the Kings, south of Ballyshannon, hunting with *seven* companies of the Fenians of Erin.²⁹ During the day, they saw three strange men coming towards them; and Fin said to the Fenians: "Let none of you speak to them, and if they have good manners, they'll not speak to you or to any man till they come to me."

When the three men came up, they said nothing till they stood before Fin himself. Then he asked what their names were and what they wanted. They answered: — "Our names are Dubh, Dun and Glasán [Black, Brown, and Gray]. We have come to find Fin MacCumhail, chief of the Fenians of Erin, and take service with him."

Fin was so well pleased with their looks that he brought them home with him that evening and called them his sons.

Black and Brown are probably Neanderthals, and Gray is probably a hybrid. If so, Fin's great pleasure with their looks and willingness to treat them as sons is a reaction formation to Homo sapien Species War guilt and obsessional fear.

Then he said, "Every man who comes to this castle must watch the first night for me, and since three of you have come together, each will watch one third of the night. You'll cast lots to see who'll watch first and second."

Fin had the trunk of a tree brought, three equal parts made of it, and one given to each of the men. Then he said, "When each of you begins his watch he will set fire to his own piece of wood, and so long as the wood burns, he will watch."

The lot fell to Dubh to go on the first watch. Dubh set fire to his log, then went out around the castle, the dog Bran with him. He wandered on, going further and further from the castle, and Bran

²⁹ Ballyshannon is at the mouth of the Erne River, in the southern tip of Donegal County. It is across the bay from Donegal town. It claims to be the oldest city in Ireland and is part of an area rich in Irish mythology and Neolithic archeological sites. For my notes on the archeology of Ireland, see DTD, Appendix G.

after him. At last, he saw a bright light and went towards it. When he came to the place where the light was burning, he saw a large house. He entered the house and when inside saw a great company of most strange looking men, drinking out of a single cup. The chief of the party, who was sitting on a high place, gave the cup to the man nearest him; and when he had drunk his fill out of it, he passed it to his neighbor and so on to the last.

While the cup was going the round of the company, the chief said, "This is the great cup that was taken from Fin MacCumhail a hundred years ago; and as much as each man wishes to drink, he always gets from it; and no matter how many men there may be or what they wish for, they always have their fill."

Again, these various cornucopias symbolize the great abundance that our immediate ancestors acquired when they took the rivers, the coastlines, the wild herds and the entire earth from Homo erectus. This is also why so many Homo erecti were transformed into "fertility gods." The "great company of the strangest-looking men" is a Neanderthal group. The claim that the cup was taken from Fin MacCumhail a hundred years ago is, of course, reaction formation.

Dubh sat near the door on the edge of the crowd; and when the cup came to him, he drank a little, then slipped out and hurried away in the dark.

Dubh, one of the three new men whose looks Fin liked so well that he immediately treated them as sons, blended right in with these "strange-looking men." Confirm that he's a Neanderthal.

When he came to the fountain at the castle of Fin MacCumhail, his log was burned.

As the second lot had fallen on Dun, it was now his turn to watch; so, he set fire to his log and went out, in the place of Dubh, with the dog Bran after him. Dun walked on through the night till he saw a fire. He went towards it; and when he had come near, he saw a large house, which he entered; and when inside, he saw a crowd of strange looking men, fighting. They were ferocious, wonderful to look at and fighting wildly.

The chief, who had climbed on the crossbeams of the house to escape the uproar and struggle, called out to the crowd below:

"Stop fighting now; for I have a better gift than the one you have lost this night." And putting his hand behind his belt, he drew out a knife and held it before them, saying: "Here is the wonderful knife, the small knife of division, that was stolen from Fin MacCumhail a hundred years ago; and if you cut on a bone with the knife, you'll get the finest meat in the world and as much of it as ever your hearts can wish for."

Then he passed down the knife and a bare bone to the man next him, and the man began to cut; and off came slices of the sweetest and best meat in the world. The knife and the bone passed from man to man till they came to Dun, who cut a slice off the bone, slipped out unseen and made for Fin's castle as fast as his two legs could carry him through the darkness and over the ground.

Dun also fits right in with these "strange-looking" men. Notice too that it was understood that both Dubh and Dun stole the cup and the knife, respectively. Our Irish ancestors had heard this type of tale before. Stealing the cup and the knife from these men symbolizes winning the Species War and taking the world from Homo erectus.

When he was by the fountain at the castle, his part of the log was burned and his watch at an end.

Now Glasán set fire to his stick of wood and went out on his watch and walked forward till he saw the light and came to the same house that Dubh and Dun had visited. Looking in he saw the place full of dead bodies, and thought, "There must be some great wonder here. If I lie down in the midst of these and put some of them over me to hide myself, I shall be able to see what is going on."

Dubh, Dun and Glasán are spies. If Fin really did like their looks, it was because they could be useful as spies.

He lay down and pulled some of the bodies over himself. He wasn't there long when he saw an old hag coming into the house. She had but one leg, one arm, and one upper tooth, which was as long as her leg and served her in place of a crutch.

Hallelujah! One arm, one leg, and one very long tooth are two dangling testicles and a penis. The tooth is a universal penis symbol derived from castration fears and the fact that we lose teeth.

*Confirm my interpretation of these “witches” who carry vials of life-restoring liquid. They are the last-surviving, *Homo erectus* males. Sympathizers and spared *Homo erectus* women hid them. These males were needed to reproduce, fertile (non-hybrid) *Homo erecti* and prevent (so they hoped) the extinction of their sub-species. Notice too that Glasán (Gray) will kill this “witch” only after all the other *Homo erecti* at the house are dead.*

When inside the door, she took up the first corpse she met and threw it aside; it was lean. As she went on, she took two bites out of every fat corpse she met and threw every lean one aside. She had her fill of flesh and blood before she came to Glasán; and as soon as she had that, she dropped down on the floor, lay on her back and went to sleep.

Every breath she drew, Glasán was afraid she'd drag the roof down on top of his head; and every time she let a breath out of her, he thought she'd sweep the roof off the house.

Then he rose up, looked at her and wondered at the bulk of her body. At last, he drew his sword, hit her a slash; and if he did, three young giants sprang forth.

*Here the mythmakers are confirming my interpretation. This “witch” symbolizes young, fertile, *Homo erectus* males. The consensus of opinion of our Irish ancestors seems to be that hybrids did the difficult job of rooting out and eliminating the last of the *Homo erectus* men. Perhaps they decided that this was in posterity's long-run interest.*

Glasán killed the first giant, the dog Bran killed the second, and the third ran away. [H Again, this one *Homo erectus* male that got away is—owing to his ability to reproduce with *Homo erectus* females—the threat to the *Homo sapien* community and the real subject of this episode.] Glasán now hurried back; and when he reached the fountain at Fin's castle, his log of wood was burned, and day was dawning.

When all had risen in the morning and the Fenians of Erin came out, Fin said to Dubh, “Have you anything new or wonderful to tell me after the night's watching?”

“I have,” said Dubh; “for I brought back the drinking-cup that you lost a hundred years ago. I was out in the darkness watching. I walked on, and the dog Bran with me till I saw a light.

When I came to the light I found a house, and in the house a company feasting. The chief was a very old man, and sat on a high place above the rest. [H *The Homo erecti became gods to our ancestors; they form the prehistoric part of the Fraternal complex, one of the four original and universal elements of the godhead. Old and seated on a throne, this chief is an image of "God."*] He took out the cup and said: 'This is the cup that was stolen from Fin MacCumhail a hundred years ago, and it is always full of the best drink in the world; and when one of you has drunk from the cup pass it on to the next.'

"They drank and passed the cup till it came to me. I took it and hurried back. When I came here, my log was burned and my watch was finished. Here now is the cup for you," said Dubh to Fin MacCumhail.

Fin praised him greatly for what he had done, and turning to Dun said: "Now tell us what happened in your watch."

"When my turn came, I set fire to the log which you gave me, and walked on; the dog Bran following, till I saw a light. When I came to the light, I found a house in which was a crowd of people, all fighting except one very old man on a high place above the rest. He called to them for peace, and told them to be quiet. 'For,' said he, 'I have a better gift for you than the one you lost this night,' and he took out the small knife of division with a bare bone, and said: 'This is the knife that was stolen from Fin MacCumhail, a hundred years ago, and whenever you cut on the bone with the knife, you'll get your fill of the best meat on earth.'

"Then he handed the knife and the bone to the man nearest him, who cut from it all the meat he wanted, and then passed it to his neighbor. The knife went from hand to hand till it came to me, then I took it, slipped out and hurried away. When I came to the fountain, my log was burned, and here are the knife and bone for you."

"You have done a great work, and deserve my best praise," said Fin. "We are sure of the best eating and drinking as long as we keep the cup and the knife."

Of course, these various cornucopias, cups that never run dry, knives that cut endless meat from bones, etc., reflect the wishful

thinking that Earth has unlimited resources. The Irish myth-makers knew better, but the children of their time – and ours – don't.

“Now what have you seen in your part of the night?” said Fin to Glasán.

“I went out,” said Glasán, “with the dog Bran, and walked till I saw a light. When I came to it, I saw a house, which I entered. Inside were heaps of dead men, killed in fighting, and I wondered greatly when I saw them. At last, I lay down among the corpses, put some of them over me and waited to see what would happen.”

“Soon an old hag came in at the door. She had but one arm, one leg and the one tooth out of her upper jaw and that tooth as long as her leg; and she used it for a crutch as she hobbled along. She threw aside the first corpse she met and took two bites out of the second, —for she threw every *lean corpse away and took two bites out of every fat one*. [H “She” makes the “fat ones” fat with child.] When she had eaten her fill, she lay down on her back in the middle of the floor and went to sleep. I rose up then to look at her; and every time she drew a breath, I was in dread she would bring down the roof of the house on the top of my head; and every time she let a breath out of her, I thought she’d sweep the roof from the building, so strong was the breath of the old hag.

“Then I drew my sword and cut her with a blow; but if I did, three young giants sprang up before me. [H *Once Glasán strikes “her,” as men don’t do to women, the superego demands are in conflict, and “her” real identity is revealed. The “witch” is three (Homo erectus) males.*] I killed the first, Bran killed the second, but the third escaped. I walked away then, and when I was at the fountain outside, daylight had come and my log was burned.”

“Between you and me,” said Fin, “it would have been as well if you had let the old hag alone. I am greatly in dread the third young giant will bring trouble on us all.”

One fertile male Homo erectus, who unlike Dubh and Dun is determined to mate with and reproduce his own kind, is still at large. The desire to root out these last, well-hidden, Homo erectus males may have forced our ancestors to form cordons of soldiers who literally swept them from the land. It was this activity that later associated with reaping and gave rise to the “Grim Reaper” and

other corn god and corn goddess obsessions. See the "Grim Reaper," the "corn spirits" and Chapter 28 in DTD.

For twenty-one years, Fin MacCumhail and the Fenians of Erin hunted for sport alone. They had the best of eating from the small knife of division and the best of drinking from the cup that was never dry.

The major battles of the Species War have all been won and our ancestors have been enjoying the bounty of the land.

At the end of twenty-one years, Dubh, Dun and Glasán went away; and one day, as Fin and the Fenians of Erin were hunting on the hills and mountains, they saw a *Fear Ruadh* (a red-haired man) coming toward them.

The Fenians felt genetic hostility for Black, Brown and Gray (7+7+7=21) But a red-haired man is usually a fellow Celt, for whom the negative side of their ambivalence is repressed and projected onto others.

"There is a bright looking man coming this way," said Fin, "and don't you speak to him."

"Oh, what do we care for him?" asked Conán Maol.

Conán, a hybrid, does not share their prejudice and is characteristically morose.

"Don't be rude to a stranger," said Fin.

The Fear Ruadh came forward and spoke to no man till he stood before Fin.

"What have you come for?" asked Fin.

"To find a master for twenty-one years."

"What wages do you ask?" inquired Fin.

"No wages but this, —that if I die before the twenty-one years have passed, I shall be buried on *Inis Caol* (Light Island)."

"Light Island" also sounds good. Light suggests the sun and the Sun God. It is a tiny island near Newport, in North Tipperary.

"I'll give you those wages," said Fin, and he hired the Fear Ruadh for twenty-one years. He served Fin for twenty years to his satisfaction; but toward the end of the twenty-first year, he fell into a decline, became an old man and died.

When the Fear Ruadh was dead, the Fenians of Erin said that not a step would they go to bury him; but Fin declared that he wouldn't break his word for any man and must take the corpse to

Inis Caol. [H Newport and Inis Caol are more than half the length of Ireland away from Ballyshannon.]

Fin had an old white horse, which he had turned out to find a living for himself as he could on the hillsides and in the woods. And now, he looked for the horse and found that he had become younger rather than older in looks since he had put him out. So, he took the old white horse and tied a coffin, with the body of the Fear Ruadh in it, on his back. Then they started him on ahead, and away he went followed by Fin and *twelve* of the Fenians of Erin.

The old white horse appears to be a trusted friend. Black is generally the color of fairy horses, Homo erectus' horses. But our Irish ancestors have given us a hint that all is not right with what is unfolding here. "Twelve" men went with Fin, and "twelve" is a number indicating ongoing Fraternal hostility.

When they came to the temple on *Inis Caol*, there were no signs of the white horse and the coffin; but the temple was open and in went Fin and the *twelve*. There were seats for each man inside. They sat down and rested awhile, and then Fin tried to rise but couldn't. He told the men to rise, but the *twelve* were fastened to the seats and the seats to the ground. Not a man of them could come to his feet.

Notice, each time the Fenians are stuck to their seats—paralyzed and unable to act, —it is at a time when they are in Homo erectus' house. In "Fin MacCumhail and the Fenians of Erin in the Castle of Fear Dubh" (Chapter 12), they are in Fear Dubh's castle. Here they are in a church, which is, for the most part, the house of Homo erectus. The paralysis in His presence is, of course, a manifestation of extreme ambivalence.

"Oh," said Fin, "I'm in dread there is some evil trick played on us."

At that moment, the Fear Ruadh stood before them in all his former strength and youth and said, "Now is the time for me to take satisfaction out of you for my mother and brothers." Then one of the men said to Fin, "Chew your thumb to know is there any way out of this." [H *This is the Homo erectus who got away from Glasán. He was first disguised as a witch and later disguised as a red-haired man (Fear Ruadh).*]

Fin chewed his thumb to know what should he do. When he knew, he blew the great whistle with his two hands, which was heard by *Donogh Kamcosa* and *Diarmuid O'Duivine*.

The Fear Ruadh fell to and killed three of the men; but before he could touch the fourth, Donogh and Diarmuid were there and put an end to him. Now all were free, and Fin with the nine men went back to their castle south of Ballyshannon.

*Number nine suggests *Homo erectus*. Fear Ruadh was, of course, a Neanderthal in disguise. The message here is, "Don't rely on appearances." Dubh, Dun and Glasán were two Neanderthals and a hybrid; yet they served Fin loyally and well. Fear Ruadh, who looked the model of Goidelic-Celt manhood, and the old white horse appeared to be innocuous. Yet both were enemies. A subtle hint was given as to the horse. We were told that it appeared younger instead of older when Fin went to fetch it to carry the coffin. Primitive men believe(d) that the possession of the "souls" of others made a being stronger. We are apparently supposed to believe that, instead of really dying, Fear Ruadh's soul left his body and temporarily entered the body of the horse and then re-inhabited his own body in time to attack Fin and the Fenians in the church.*

But there is still another message. Notice that as they are slaughtered or about to be slaughtered, Fin and his men are stuck to church seats. They are stuck in a worshipful, propitiatory position. They are saved by men whose response to the ambivalent gods is to fight them, suggesting that one should always leave open this option. This is a very old theme that descends from a time when our primitive ancestors were unable to distinguish between science and

play-science (magic). See Chapter 3 of DTD on Frazer and magic.



The above is a good unknown artist's image of Fin Mccumhail. The red hair is a post-Trojan-War and post-Goidelic-Celt addition. We are told that Fin fought with the Fear Bolgs and the Trojans. See Chapter 31 of DTD and the last myth herein.

17. FIN MACCUMHAIL AND THE SON OF THE KING OF ALBA

On a day, Fin went out hunting with his dog Bran, on *Knock an Ar*³⁰ and he killed so much game that he didn't know what to do with it or how to bring it home. As he stood looking and thinking, all at once he saw a man running towards him with a rope around his waist so long that half his body was covered with it; and the man was of such size that, as he ran, Fin could see the whole world between his legs and nothing between his head and the sky. When he came up, the man saluted Fin, who answered him most kindly.

“Where are you going?” asked Fin.

“I am out looking for a master.”

“Well,” said Fin, “I am in sore need of a man; what can you do?”

“Do you see this rope on my body? Whatever this rope will bind I can carry.”

“If that is true,” said Fin, “you are the man I want. Do you see the game on this hillside?”

“I do,” said the man.

“Well, put that into the rope and carry it to my castle.”

The man put all the game into the rope, made a great bundle, and threw it on his back. “Show me the way to the castle now,” said he. Fin started on ahead; and though he ran with all his might, he could not gain one step on the man who followed with the game.

The sentry on guard at the castle saw the man running while yet far off. He stepped inside the gate and said: “There is a man coming with a load on his back as big as a mountain.”

Before he could come out again to his place, the man was there and the load off his back. When the game came to the ground, it shook the castle to its foundations. Next day, the man was sent to herd cows for a time; and while he was gone, Conán

³⁰ *Knock* (hill) is a small town in County Mayo. If I've used the Gaelic dictionary correctly, “an Ar” adds “above which.” He was hunting above the town of Knock.

Maol said to Fin: "If you don't put this cowherd to death, he will destroy all the Fenians of Erin."

"How could I put such a good man to death?" asked Fin. [H *Homo sapiens could never do anything like that!*]

"Send him," said Conán, "to sow corn on the brink of a lake in the north of Erin. Now, in that lake lives a serpent that never lets a person pass but swallows every man that goes that way."

*Our ancestors associated *Homo erectus* with the serpent due to the elongated shape of his skull. This one is an urfeist, a water serpent. Many *Homo erectus* corpses were disposed of in water bodies. It sounds like the Neanderthals are going to be killing each other off again, doesn't it.*

Fin agreed to this; and the next morning after breakfast, he called the man, gave him *seven* bullocks, a plough, and a sack of grain.

When he came to the lake, the man started to plough, drew one furrow. The lake began to boil up; and as he was coming back, making the second furrow, the serpent was on the field before him and swallowed the *seven* bullocks and the plough up to the handles. But the man held fast to what he had in his two hands, gave a pull and dragged the plough and six of the bullocks out of the belly of the serpent. The *seventh* one remained inside.

*The seventh one, symbolic of the negative side of the ongoing component of the Fraternal complex, does indeed belong with the bad *Homo erecti* (the serpent).*

The serpent went at him, and they fought for *seven* days and nights. At the end of that time the serpent was as tame as a cat, and the man drove him and the six bullocks home before him.

*Cats, lions and horses were also universal symbols for *Homo erectus*. See Chapter 34 of DTD.*

When he was in sight of Fin's castle, the sentry at the gate ran in and cried: "That cowherd is coming with the size of a mountain before him!"

"Run out," said Conán Maol, "and tell him to tie the serpent to that oak out there."

*The serpent, symbolic of *Homo erectus* and ancestral gods, belongs with the other ancestors—on the oak tree.*

They ran out; and the man tied the serpent to the oak-tree, then came in and had a good supper.

Next morning, the man went out to herd cows as before. "Well," said Conán Maol to Fin, "if you don't put this man to death, he'll destroy you and me and all the Fenians of Erin."

"It was Conán, a hybrid, that suggested we kill all the Neanderthal."

"How could I put such a man to death?"

"Killing Neanderthal is the furthest thing from our minds."

"There is," said Conán, "a bullock in the north of Erin, and he drives fog out of himself for *seven* days and then he draws it in for *seven* other days. To-morrow is the last day for drawing it in. If any one man comes near, he'll swallow him alive."

This bullock is the primordial father.

When the cowherd came to supper in the evening, Fin said to him: "I am going to have a feast and need fresh beef. Now there is a bullock in that same valley by the lake in the north of Erin where you punished the serpent; and if you go there and bring the bullock to me, you'll have my thanks."

"I'll go," said the man, "the first thing after breakfast."

So, off he went next morning; and when he came near the valley, he found the bullock asleep and drawing in the last of the fog; and soon he found himself going in with it. So, he caught hold of a great oak-tree for safety. The bullock woke up then and saw him; and letting a roar out of himself, faced him and gave him a pitch with his horn that sent him *seven* miles over the top of a wood. And when he fell to the ground, the bullock was on him again before he had time to rise, and gave him another pitch that sent him back and broke three ribs in his body.

"This will never do," said the man, as he rose; and pulling up an oak tree by the roots for a club, he faced the bullock. And there they were at one another for five days and nights, till the bullock was as tame as a cat; and the man drove him home to Fin's castle.

It was indeed Homo erectus who killed the primal fathers—with a club.

The sentry saw them coming and ran inside the gate with word.

"Tell the man to tie the Bullock to that oak-tree beyond," said Conán, "We don't want him near this place."

Notice that the oak tree holding the primordial father is "beyond," further away from them, further back in time.

The cowherd tied the bullock, and told Fin to send four of the best butchers in Erin to kill him with an axe; and the four of them struck him one after another, but none could knock him.

"Give me an axe," said the man to the butchers. They gave him the axe; and the first stroke he gave, he knocked the bullock. Then they began to skin him; but the man didn't like the way they were doing the work, so he took his sword and had three quarters of the bullock skinned before they could skin one.

*Here the myth is saying that *Homo sapiens* were not involved in the killing of primordial fathers. They were killed before the time of our immediate ancestors. The mythological record is consistent on this point. (See Chapter 4 and search for "primordial" or "primal fathers" in digital DTD.)*

Next morning, the cowherd went out with the cows; but he wasn't long gone when Conán Maol came to Fin and said: "If you don't put an end to that man, he'll soon put an end to you and to me and to us all; there won't be a man of the Fenians left alive."

*The more-quickly-expanding, *Homo sapien* population doomed *Homo erectus*, caused him to be progressively driven from the earth in the same fashion that aboriginal peoples have been driven to extinction over the last four centuries.*

"How could I put an end to a man like him?" asked Fin.

"There is in the north of Erin," said Conán, "a wild sow who has two great pigs of her own; and she and they have bags of poison in their tails; and when they see any man, they run at him and shake their poison bags; and if the smallest drop of poison touches him, it is death to him that minute. And, if by any chance, he should escape the wild sow and the pigs; there is a foxman called the Gruagach, who has but one eye and that in the middle of his forehead. The Gruagach carries a club of a ton weight; and if the cowherd gets one welt of that club, he'll never trouble the Fenians of Erin again."

Note that the last sentence suggests that this giant has troubled the Fenians and is in fact an enemy. The one-eyed

Gruagach is a Neanderthal archer, an avenger whom our ancestors unconsciously imagined and obsessively feared. Given this context, the sows (female pigs) with the poison bags on their tails are Homo sapien women who sexually manipulate and destroy men (poison bag = manipulative vagina). One thing is perfectly clear here: the Fenians are willing to do anything to get rid of this cowherd as were our ancestors to get rid of Homo erectus.

Next morning, Fin called up the cowherd and said, "I am going to have a feast in this castle, and I would like to have some fresh pork. There is a wild sow in the north of Erin with two pigs; and if you bring her to me before the feast, you'll have my thanks."

"I'll go and bring her to you," said the cowherd. So, after breakfast he took his sword, went to the north of Erin and stole up to the sow and two pigs and whipped the tails off the three of them, before they knew he was in it. Then he faced the wild sow and fought with her for four days and five nights; and on the morning of the fifth day, he knocked her dead. At the last blow, his sword stuck in her backbone; and he couldn't draw it out. But with one pull, he broke the blade and stood there over her with only the hilt in his hand. Then he put his foot on one of her jaws, took the other in his hands and splitting her evenly from the nose to the tail, made two halves of her.

Now the giant has symbolically rid us of Neanderthal, the primal father and the bad witches too. The reference to fighting for five nights seems to suggest that the cowherd resisted the temptation to have "six" (sex). This supports my interpretation of the wild sow with the bag of poison on her tail.

He threw one half on his shoulder; and that minute, the big Gruagach with one eye in his head came along and made an offer of his club at him to kill him. But the cowherd jumped aside and, catching the Gruagach by one of his legs, threw him up on to the half of the wild sow on his shoulder and, taking the other half of her from the ground, clapped that on the top of the Gruagach and ran away to Fin's castle as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Wild sows" ("witches" and female spies) entrapped Homo erectus men too.

The sentry at the castle gate ran in and said: "The cowherd is running to the castle, and the size of a mountain on his back."

"Go out now," said Conán Maol, "and stop him where he is, or he'll throw down the castle if he comes here with the load that's on him." But before the sentry was back at his place, the cowherd was at the gate shaking the load off his back and the castle to its foundations, so that every dish and vessel in it was broken to bits.

The *Gruagach* jumped from the ground, rubbed his legs and every part of him that was sore from the treatment he got. He was so much in dread of the cowherd that he ran with all his strength that was in him and never stopped to look back till he was in the north of Erin.

Next morning, the cowherd went out with the cows, drove them back in the evening; and, while picking the thigh-bone of a bullock for his supper, Oscar, son of Oisin, the strongest man of the Fenians of Erin, came up to him and took hold of the bone to pull it from his hand. The cowherd held one end and Oscar the other and pulled till they made two halves of the bone.

"What did you carry away?" asked the cowherd.

"What I have in my hand," said Oscar.

"And I kept what I held in my fist," said the cowherd.

"There is that for you now," said Oscar, and he hit him a slap. The cowherd said no word in answer; but next morning, he asked his wages of Fin.

"Oh, then," said Fin, "I'll pay you and welcome, for you are the best man I have ever had or met with."

Then the cowherd went away to Cahirciveen in Kerry where he had an enchanted castle.

This is exactly one of two areas where the stone circles are most abundant. (See Figure 114 in DTD.) Cahirciveen is in County Kerry, is the principal town on the Iveragh Peninsula and is one of the westernmost points in Ireland. It is one of the places where Neanderthal made his last stand.

But before he went, he invited Fin MacCumhail and the Fenians of Erin to have a great feast with him. "For," said he to Fin, "I'm not a cowherd at all but the son of the king of Alba, and I'll give you good cheer."

The "cowherd" is a condensation of Neanderthal and the Scotsmen with whom the Irish were at odds since invading western Scotland (Alba) in the late fifth century AD.

When the Fenians came to the place, they found the finest castle that could be seen. There were three fires in each room and *seven* spits at every fire. When they had gone and sat down in their places, there was but one fire in each room.

“Rise up, every man of you,” said Fin “or we are lost; for this is an enchanted place.”

They tried to rise, but each man was fastened to his seat and the seat to the floor, and not one of them could stir. Then the last fire went out and they were in darkness. [H *Again, it is in a house of Homo erectus that they are stuck to their places, paralyzed by their mixed emotions.*]

“Chew your thumb,” said Conán to Fin, “and try is there any way out of here.” Fin chewed his thumb and knew what trouble they were in. Then he put his two hands into his mouth and blew the old-time whistle. And this whistle was heard by Pogán and Ceolán, two sons of Fin who were in the North at that time, one fishing and the other hurling.

When they heard the whistle, they said: “Our father and the Fenians of Erin are in trouble.” And they faced towards the sound and never stopped till they knocked at the door of the enchanted castle of the son of Alba at *Cahirciveen*.

“Who is there?” asked Fin.

“Your two sons,” said one of them.

“Well,” said Fin, “we are in danger of death to-night. That cowherd I had in my service was no cowherd at all but the son of the king of Alba, and his father has said that he will not eat three meals off one table without having my head. There is an army now on the road to kill us to-night. There is no way in or out of this castle but by one ford, and to that ford the army of the king of Alba is coming.”

The two sons of Fin went out at nightfall and stood in the ford before the army. The son of the king of Alba knew them well and, calling each by name, said: “Won’t you let us pass?”

“We will not,” said they; and then the fight began. The two sons of Fin MacCumhail, Pogán and Ceolán, destroyed the whole army and killed every man except the son of the king of Alba.

Since Fin is a hybrid, these two sons are, like Filian of the earlier myth-tale, fiercely-loyal, adopted children. Again, one “giant”

*must get away. This escapee is an ongoing symbol for our ancestors' obsessional fear of *Homo erecti* still at large, a reaction formation to guilt over having driven them to extinction and the positive side of their ambivalence toward them.*

After the battle, the two went back to their father. "We have destroyed the whole army at the ford," said they.

"There is a greater danger ahead," said Fin. "There is an old hag coming with a little pot. She will dip her finger in the pot, touch the lips of the dead men and bring the whole army to life.

*Again, the finger in the pot is symbolic of sexual reproduction and the "spirits" necessary to re-inhabit and animate the body. Our ancestors had to eliminate all the *Homo erectus* males to be certain that they could not regenerate themselves.*

But first, there will be music at the ford; and if you hear the music, you'll fall asleep. Now go; but if you do not overpower the old hag, we are lost."

*The music refers to the Scotch-Irish bagpipes. Bagpipes, the bull roarers of the Koories, Gregorian chants and most early primitive music emulated the voices of the *Homo erectus* gods by employing a droning sound. *Homo erectus* could not control his diaphragm and cut off his words as we do. Search for bagpipes and Ann MacLarnon in digital DTD. The bagpipes were intended to terrify the enemy. To characterize this music as soporific, then becomes an expression of contempt for this Scotch-Irish practice.*

"We'll do the best we can," said the two sons of Fin.

They were not long at the ford when one said, "I am falling asleep from that music." "So am I," said the other. "Knock your foot down on mine," said the first. The other kicked his foot and struck him, but no use. Then each took his spear and drove it through the foot of the other, but both fell asleep despite the spears.

The old hag went on touching the lips of the dead men, who stood up alive; and she was crossing the ford at the head of the army when she stumbled over the two sleeping brothers and spilt what was in the pot over their bodies. [H *Now, in light of who we know the "witch with the bag of life-restoring juices" to be, look closely at the previous line!* Unlike Fialan, the adopted son of Fin who was only three years old at the time of his heroics outside the castle of Fear Dubh, these lads are old enough to have been fishing

and playing hurley when they got Fin's call of alarm. They have more varied and complex emotions. These myth-makers understood the unconscious psychology of the latent-homosexual "champions" who are always fighting or searching for enemies. The Third Mask transforms homosexual impulses such as "I love him" into its paranoid replacement ideas: "I hate him" or "He hates me" or "I love her (his wife)." Note also that Pogán and Ceolán were asleep when they became "covered with the contents of the pot." This calls to mind a saying once popular among boxers, practitioners of that savage sport that was popular prior to the LGBT movement. They used to say that a boxer knocked unconscious was "on queer street."] They sprang up fresh and well, and picking up two stones of a ton weight each that were there in the ford, they made for the champions of Alba and never stopped till they killed the old hag herself. Pogán and Ceolán then knocked at the door of the castle.

"Who's there?" asked Fin.

"Your two sons," said they; "and we have killed all the champions of Alban and the old hag as well."

"You have more to do yet," said Fin. "Three kings in the north of Erin have three silver goblets. These kings are holding a feast in a fort to-day. You must go and cut the heads off them, put their blood in the goblets and bring them here. When you come, rub the blood on the keyhole of the door and it will open. When you come in, rub the seats and we shall all be free."

I previously interpreted these anecdotes wherein the heroes are stuck to church seats and can only be liberated by the blood of giants (or "Ulstermen") as referring to cannibalism. The Irish ancestors are also saying that fighting Neanderthal—or magically manipulating their spirits—is preferable to propitiating them.

Primitive men believe(d) that by eating their victim, they incorporated his soul and power ("mana," to use a Polynesian term). At the very least, partially cannibalizing the victim prevented his spirit from harming the cannibal without also harming itself. (Magic!) Killing the Homo erecti or their royal relatives is this myth-tale's prescribed remedy for the ambivalence that paralyzes.

The three goblets of blood were brought to Cahirciveen, the door of the castle flew open and light came into every room. The brothers rubbed blood on the chairs of all the Fenians of Erin and

freed them all, except Conán Maol, who had no chair, but sat on the floor with his back to the wall. When they came to him the last drop of blood was gone.

Again, we see the familiar story of how Conán or another allied Gruagach loses his skin and replaces it with sheep's or goat's skin. The blood that frees the Fenians from their temporary bondage does no good for Conán (runs out) because Conán can never completely overcome his mixed emotions about the killing of one of his parent's people. Yet Conán had to be mentioned here. Can you see why?

The blood is symbolic of the horrible slaughters that must have occurred during the Irish chapter of the Species War. Not just in terms of absolute numbers, but also in terms of the character of the fighting and the "take no prisoners" policies of the opponents; the opening and last chapters of the Species War must have been the bloodiest and most traumatic battles ever fought by men. After the reference to the bloodshed, "Conán" must be reintroduced as repetition compulsion. He lightens up the trauma for our ancestors.

All the Fenians hurried past, anxious to escape, and paid no heed to Conán, who had never a good word in his mouth for any man. Then Conán turned to Diarmuid, and said: "If a woman were here in place of me, you wouldn't leave her to die this way."

Then Diarmuid turned, took him by one hand, and Goll MacMorna (Conán's brother) by the other, and pulling with all their might, tore him from the wall and the floor.³¹ But if they did, he left all the skin of his back from his head to his heels on the floor and the wall behind him. But when they were going home through the hills of Tralee, they found a sheep on the way, killed it and clapped the skin on Conán. The sheepskin grew to his body; and he was so well and strong that they sheared him yearly and got wool enough to make flannel and frieze for the Fenians of Erin ever after.

³¹ *Goll* means "one-eyed." He was a hybrid archer. (Archers close one eye and use the other to aim their arrows.) As the last myth in this volume makes clear, Goll, the allied, friendly hybrid archer, repetitiously and compulsively moderated our ancestors' primary obsessional fear. They feared that bow and arrow-armed Neanderthals would someday return to exact revenge in kind.



Cahirciveen, County Kerry, Ireland

18. CUCÚLIN

There are several gems in this one. One deals philosophically with our mortality. Another cuts through all our prejudices for women. A third refers to the bow and arrow and its construction so subtly that it could only have been created in a dream. Yet the use of iron as the symbol assures us that the myth-tale was still being modified at least as late as the Iron Age. Especially after the Great Flood, which everyone assumed to have been brought as punishment; symbolism was needed to encrypt the weapon that decided the Species War, a weapon that – if mentioned – would invoke the wrath of the angry, *Homo erectus* gods.

There was a king in a land not far from Greece who had two daughters, and the younger was fairer than the elder daughter. This old king made a match between the king of Greece and his own elder daughter. He kept the younger one hidden till after the marriage.

Then the younger daughter came forth to view; and when the king of Greece saw her, he wouldn't look at his own wife. Nothing would do him but to get the younger sister and leave the elder at home with her father.

The king wouldn't listen to this, wouldn't agree to the change; so, the king of Greece left his wife where she was, went home alone in a terrible rage and collected all his forces to march against the kingdom of his father-in-law. He soon conquered the king and his army and, so far as he was able, he vexed and tormented him. He took from him a rod of Druidic spells, enchantment and ring of youth that he had; and, striking the elder sister with the rod, said: "You will be a serpent of the sea and live in the bay by the castle." Then, turning to the younger sister, whose name was *Gil an Og*, he struck her and said: "You'll be a cat while inside this castle and have your own form only outside the walls."

Again, the "rod of enchantment," sometimes said to be under the skin, reflects our ancestors' awareness that there is something within us (i. e. genes within the nuclei of our cells) that determines our species. Ancestry being associated with trees, wands and rods, it took only two leaps of thought [(1) that the rod could be removed and (2) that it could be made to function in different ways] to produce this "rod of enchantment," or slat an draoichta. For the younger sister to be turned into a cat, and the older into a serpent, suggests that both are Homo erecti.

Then, the king of Greece went home to his own country, taking with him the rod of enchantment and the ring of youth. The king died in misery and grief, leaving his two daughters spellbound.

Now, there was a Druid in that kingdom, and the younger sister went to consult him. She asked: "Shall I ever be released from the enchantment that's on me now?"

"You will not, unless you find the man to release you; and there is no man in the world to do that but a champion who is now with Fin MacCumhail in Erin."

The original story might have been partially inspired by the difficulty of spared, Homo erectus women to find husbands when only a few Homo erectus men were left and in hiding. The champion

most able to love and protect them is Cucúlin, the mightiest Irish warrior, the Achilles of one of the oldest and most famous Irish myths, "The Cattle Raid of Cooley" and the protagonist of this myth-tale.

*He was, of course, a hybrid and son of the oldest Fir Bolg sun god, Lugh, "of the long arm." Lugh was leader of the Tuatha de Danann (the Dananns) and, like the Dananns per se, a "good" Neanderthal. Cucúlin's mother, Deichtire, was the sister of Ulster King Conor (Conchobar McNessa) and a *Homo sapien*. But the Goidelic Celts, who conquered the Isles after the Battle of Troy in 1183 B.C., gradually modified "The Cattle Raid of Cooley," the last of the Fir Bolg invasion myths in which the Fir Bolgs admitted to defeating the Dananns. The Goidels had to modify "The Cattle Raid" to support their bogus, "Sons of Miled" myth, in which they claimed to have won the Species War in Ireland. The Fir Bolgs and the Goidels, who were many millennia apart in first entering Ireland, couldn't both have exterminated the Neanderthals. Thus, the original "Ulstermen," who were synonymous with the Dananns and juxtaposed to the men of Ireland (*Homo sapiens*), became reinterpreted to mean the *Homo sapien* inhabitants of Ulster. This substitution could never be complete or unanimous, so "Ulstermen" continued to be closely associated with Neanderthal, with *Homo erectus*. The same would have been true of Deichtire, Cucúlin's mother; that's why Cucúlin would have been thought to more easily love these *Homo erectus* princesses, the snake and the cat. He was their logical rescuer.*

"Well, how can I find that man?" asked she.

"I will tell you," said the Druid. "Do you make a shirt out of your own hair, take it with you, and never stop till you land in Erin and find Fin and his men; the man that the shirt will fit is the man who will release you."

She began to make the shirt and worked without stopping till it was finished. Then she went on her journey and never rested till she came to Erin in a ship. She went on shore and inquired where Fin and his men were to be found at that time of the year.

"You will find them at *Knock an Ar*," was the answer she got. She went to *Knock an Ar* carrying the shirt with her.

The first man she met was Conán Maol, and she said to him: "I have come to find the man this shirt will fit. From the time one man tries it all must try till I see the man it fits."

The shirt went from hand to hand till *Cucúlin* put it on. "Well," said she, "it fits as your own skin."

Confirm that the enchanted princesses are Homo erectus. The hair-shirt reminds us of Cinderella's slipper and suggests that Gil an Og's Mr. Right must be hirsute like her Homo erectus father and herself.

Now, *Gil an Og* told *Cucúlin* all that had happened, —how her father had forced her sister to marry the king of Greece, how this king had made war on her father, enchanted her sister and herself and carried off the rod of enchantment with the ring of youth and how the old Druid said the man this shirt would fit was the only man in the world who could release them.

Gil an Og and *Cucúlin* went to the ship and sailed across the seas to her country and went to her castle. "You'll have no one but a cat for company to-night," said *Gil an Og*. "I have the form of a cat inside this castle; but outside, I have my own appearance. Your dinner is ready, go in."

After the dinner, *Cucúlin* went to another room apart and lay down to rest after the journey. The cat came to his pillow, sat there and purred till he fell asleep and slept soundly till morning. [H *Her spell has the effect of preventing any man from taking sexual possession of her, of marrying her.*]

When he rose up, a basin of water and everything he needed was before him and his breakfast ready. He walked out after breakfast; *Gil an Og* was on the green outside before him and said: "If you are not willing to free my sister and myself, I shall not urge you; but if you do free us, I shall be glad and thankful. Many king's sons and champions before you have gone to recover the ring and the rod, but they have never come back."

"Well, whether I thrive or not, I'll venture," said *Cucúlin*.

Oh, how much we can learn by getting into the minds of our primitive ancestors. Even their illusions speak volumes!

The "rod of enchantment" and the "ring of youth" were what caused men to either live forever or die young, depending upon who controlled them.

*Again, the “rod of enchantment,” sometimes said to be under the skin, reflects our ancestors’ awareness that there is something within us (i. e. genes within the nuclei of our cells) that determines our species. Ancestry being associated with trees, wands and rods, it took only two leaps of thought [(1) that the rod could be removed and (2) that it could be made to function in different ways] to produce this “rod of enchantment,” or *slat an draiochta*, which could change men into whatever species its possessor desired. The rod could change men into game animals, thus eliminating hunger.*

*The ring of youth symbolizes the power to take or not to take our lives, a power that the *Homo erectus* gods were thought to have. Especially when someone died of invisible causes, the *Homo erectus* gods were assumed to have taken his life. After the Great Flood, the fearful expunction of *Homo erectus*’ memory and our subsequent alienation from the natural world; invisible microbes (ultimately “viruses,” which don’t exist) were assumed to take our lives. This post-Neolithic allopathic theory of disease is as erroneous as its Paleolithic forerunner. [See “The New Medicine of Ryke Geerd Hamer” on the Party’s Blogs Page and Ch. 3 (B) vi of What the Non-Chinese Peoples Must Do to Compete and End Pandemics, which you can download on the Downloads Page.] In the transition from the first to the second theory of disease, anyone might be thought to possess a “ring of youth.”*

Of course, great variations in our life expectancy and the pace at which we can increase life expectancy are determined by the average positivity or negativity of our Fraternal complexes, the political expression of which is the K and R Class Struggle. Cucúlin’s literal mission will be to recover the rod and the ring, but in so doing he will make our Fraternal complexes more positive (lessen K and R).

*“I will give you,” said *Gil an Og*, “a present such as I have never given before to any man who ventured out on my behalf; I will give you the speckled boat.”*

*Further confirm that the sisters and their people are *Homo erecti*. The “speckled boat” is a bloodstained boat like those that carried the corpses of *Balder* and other *Homo erecti* out to sea. Recall the myth of *Balder* and boat ceremonies of the Malay Archipelago in Chapters 21 and 30, respectively, of DTD. Recall also*

that the coffins of Kil Arthur's sister (myth-tale #8) and Gilla na Grakin (myth-tale #14) were also shoved out to sea.

Cucúlin took leave of *Gil an Og* and sailed away in the speckled boat to Greece where he went to the king's court and challenged him to combat. The king of Greece gathered his forces and sent them out to chastise *Cucúlin*. He killed them all to the last man. Then *Cucúlin* challenged the king a second time.

"I have no one now to fight but myself," said the king; "and I don't think it becomes me to go out and meet the like of you."

"If you don't come out to me," said *Cucúlin*, "I'll go in to you and cut the head off you in your own castle."

"That's enough of impudence from you, you scoundrel," said the king of Greece. "I won't have you come into my castle, but I'll meet you on the open plain."

The king went out, and they fought till *Cucúlin* got the better of him, bound him head and heels and said: "I'll cut the head off you now unless you give me the ring of youth and the rod of enchantment that you took from the father of *Gil an Og*."

"Well, I did carry them away," said the king, "but it wouldn't be easy for me now to give them to you or to her; for there was a man who came and carried them away, who could take them from you and from me, and from as many more of us, if they were here."

Now, the deeper meaning of this tale comes into focus. We are hunting for the mythical enemy who is the "source" of our Fraternal hostility, the source of the Fraternal complex that prevents us from cooperating, prevents us from achieving our potentials (having a "rod of enchantment") and prevents us from living forever (having a "ring of youth"). That's Cucúlin's wishful, fantastic and political role. The barbaric overrunning of the Eastern Mediterranean civilizations from 1450 to 1150 BC caused the "King of Greece" to become a candidate for this mythical office. However, the first event with which that hostility was associated goes much further back in our prehistory. That event is "the Deluge," the Species War, the worst trauma of our prehistory, which is closely associated with and capped by the second worst, the Great Flood. Edition 23 of DTD unveiled the cause and date of the Great Flood. Our inability to perceive our archaic *Homo erectus* ancestors as fellow men instead of lower animals (e. g. serpents and cats)

*contributed to the Species War tragedy. The champion of the spellbound *Homo erectus* princesses is the man who can wear their hair as his own, who can accept them and love them as they are. That's *Cucúlin's* realistic and personal role.*

“Who was that man?” asked *Cucúlin*.

“His name,” said the king, “is Lug Longhand ...

*Lug or Lugh (pronounced Loog) Longhand is or at least looks and sounds like Lugh of the Longarm, *Cucúlin's* *Homo erectus*, sun god father. Now, the *Oedipus complex* is being injected into the myth.*

... And if I had known what you wanted, there would have been no difference between us. I'll tell you how I lost the ring and rod, and I'll go with you and show you where Lug Longhand lives. But do you come to my castle. We'll have a good time together.

They set out next day and never stopped till they came opposite Lug Longhand's castle, and *Cucúlin* challenged his forces to combat.

“I have no forces,” said Lug, “but I'll fight you myself.”

So, the combat began, and they spent all day at one another, and neither gained the victory. The king of Greece himself put up a tent on the green in front of the castle, and prepared everything necessary to eat and drink (there was no one else to do it). After breakfast next day, *Cucúlin* and Lug began fighting again. The king of Greece looked on as the day before. They fought all day till near evening when *Cucúlin* got the upper hand of Lug Longhand and bound him head and heels, saying: “I'll cut the head off you now unless you give me the rod and the ring that you carried away from the king of Greece.”

“Oh, then,” said Lug, “it would be hard for me to give them to you or him; for forces came and took them from me; and they would have taken them from you and from him, if you had been here.”

“Who in the world took them from you?” asked the king of Greece.

“Release me from this bond and come to my castle, and I'll tell you the whole story,” said Lug Longhand.

Cucúlin released him, and they went to the castle. They got good reception and entertainment from Lug that night and the following morning as well. He said: “The ring and the rod were

taken from me by the *Knight of the Island of the Flood*. This island is surrounded by a chain, and there is a ring of fire seven miles wide between the chain and the castle.

*The “Knight of the Island of the Flood” represents the *Homo erecti* who were thought to have brought the Great Flood. The island is *Tir na n-Og*, and the fire recalls the fires that burned *Homo erectus* remains. Up to this point, *Cucúlin* has battled, defeated and befriended his ongoing genetic competitors (the King of Greece and his army) and his father, two of the universal elements of the godhead. Now he’s going after a third element, the Species War victims, whom he will attempt to render harmless.*

No man can come near the island without breaking the chain, and the moment the chain is broken the fire stops burning at that place; and the instant the fire goes down, the knight rushes out and attacks and slays every man that’s before him.”

*This image is a product of obsessional “Deluge” fear, fear of *Homo erectus* taking revenge in kind.*

The king of Greece, *Cucúlin* and *Lug Longhand* now sailed on in the speckled boat towards the island of the Flood. On the following morning, when the speckled boat struck the chain, she was thrown back three days’ sail and was near being sunk and would have gone to the bottom of the sea but for her own goodness and strength [*H* as a sacred vehicle of the gods].

The “speckled boat” is a product of the Species War and acquires its “goodness and strength” as a reaction formation to the guilt surrounding its original use. Confirm my interpretation of it.

As soon as *Cucúlin* saw what had happened, he took the oars, rowed on again and drove the vessel forward with such venom that she cut through the chain and went one third of her length on to dry land. That moment, the fire was quenched where the vessel struck; and when the Knight of the Island saw the fire go out, he rushed to the shore and met *Cucúlin*, the king of Greece and *Lug Longhand*.

When *Cucúlin* saw him, he threw weapons aside, caught him, raised him above his head, hurled him down on the flat of his back, bound him head and heels and said: “I’ll cut your head off unless you give me the ring and the rod you took from *Lug Longhand*.”

"I took them from him, it's true," said the knight; "but it would be hard for me to give them to you now, for a man came and took them from me who would have taken them from you and those with you and as many more if they had been here before him."

"Who in the world could that man be?" asked *Cucúlin*.

"The dark *Gruagach* of the Northern Island

Recall that *gruagach* means "the hairy one," a *Homo erectus* whose western variant was Neanderthal. The dark *Gruagach* symbolizes the local bad guys, the hostile *Homo erecti* thought to be still at large in Ireland.

Release me, and come to my castle. I'll tell you all and entertain you well." He took them to his castle, gave them good cheer and told them all about the *Gruagach* and his island.

Next morning all sailed away in *Cucúlin*'s vessel, which they had left at the shore of the island, and never stopped till they came to the *Gruagach*'s castle and pitched their tents in front of it.

Then *Cucúlin* challenged the *Gruagach*. The others followed to know who would he thrive. The *Gruagach* came out and faced *Cucúlin*, and they began and spent the whole day at one another and neither of them gained the upper hand. When evening came, they stopped and prepared for supper and the night.

Next day, after breakfast, *Cucúlin* challenged the *Gruagach* again; and they fought till evening when *Cucúlin* got the better in the struggle, disarmed the *Gruagach*, bound him and said: "Unless you give up the rod of enchantment and the ring of youth that you took from the *Knight of the Island of the Flood*, I'll cut the head off you."

"I took them from him, 'tis true; but there was a man named Thin-in-Iron who took them from me; and he would have taken them from you and from me and all that are here, if there were twice as many. He is such a man that sword cannot cut him, fire cannot burn him, water cannot drown him and 'tis no easy thing to get the better of him. But if you'll free me now and come to my castle, I'll treat you well and tell you all about him." *Cucúlin* agreed to this.

Next morning, they would not stop nor be satisfied till they went their way. They found the castle of Thin-in-Iron, and *Cucúlin*

challenged him to combat. They fought; and he was cutting the flesh from *Cucúlin*, but *Cucúlin*'s sword cut no flesh from him. They fought till *Cucúlin* said: "It is time now to stop till to-morrow."

Cucúlin was scarcely able to reach the tent. They had to support him and put him to bed. Now who should come to *Cucúlin* that night but *Gil an Og*, and she said: "You have gone further than any man before you, and I'll cure you now, and you need go no further for the rod of enchantment and the ring of youth."

With this last independent clause, the wisest of our Irish ancestors are saying something amazingly insightful for their time.

"Well," said *Cucúlin*, "I'll never give over till I knock another day's trial out of Thin-in-Iron."

When it was time for rest, *Gil an Og* went away; and *Cucúlin* fell asleep. On the following morning, all his comrades were up and facing his tent. They thought to see him dead, but he was in as good health as ever. They prepared breakfast; and after breakfast, *Cucúlin* went before the door of the castle to challenge his enemy.

Thin-in-Iron thrust his head out and said: "That man I fought yesterday has come again to-day. It would have been a good deed if I had cut the head off him last night. Then he wouldn't be here to trouble me this morning. I won't come home this day till I bring his head with me. Then I'll have peace."

They met in combat and fought till the night was coming. Then Thin-in-Iron cried out for a cessation; and if he did, *Cucúlin* was glad to give it; for his sword had no effect upon Thin-in-Iron except to tire and nearly kill him (he was enchanted and no arms could cut him).

When Thin-in-Iron went to his castle, he threw up three sups of blood and said to his housekeeper: "Though his sword could not penetrate me, he had nearly broken my heart."

Did you get it? Can you see who "Thin-in-Iron" is? Thin-in-Iron represents the forces of repression and resistance within Cucúlin's own mind. There's no iron to them, and they can't be cut by sword or otherwise hurt because Cucúlin won't hurt himself and is unconscious of these forces and whatever they conceal. Though it often "breaks one's heart" to know things that are unpleasant and disagreeable—things that the superego represses—it is, in the long run, maladaptive and dangerous not to know the truth. Thin-in-Iron

was the Irish forerunner of the Greek Typhon. (See DTD.) This Irish version had to be the forerunner because it is more detailed and insightful.

Cucúlin had to be carried to his tent. His comrades laid him on his bed and said: "Whoever came and healed him yesterday, maybe the same will be here to-night."

They went away and were not long gone when *Gil an Og* came and said: "*Cucúlin*, if you had done my bidding, you wouldn't be as you are to-night. But if you neglect my words now, you'll never see my face again. I'll cure you this time and make you as well as ever;" and whatever virtue she had, she healed him; so, he was as strong as before.

Recall that in her first healing visit, Gil an Og told him, "You need go no further for the rod of enchantment and the ring of youth." Now, in the context of Cucúlin's ongoing battle with "Thin-in-Iron," the meaning of her words becomes clear. She's saying, "In order for you Irish people to free us Neanderthal from our totem animal status and enable us to live forever in your history books, you don't need any magical rods or rings of youth. Neither do you need to search out and fight any enemies. You need only to deal realistically with your own guilt and unlock the knowledge that is buried within your own unconscious minds." This is good advice for all of us at all times because becoming conscious of our relations with one another and maximizing our cooperation is all that we must do to acquire the rod and the ring for our own Homo sapiens purposes!

"Oh, then," said *Cucúlin*, "whatever comes on me I'll never turn back till I knock another day's trial out of Thin-in-Iron."

"Well," said she, "you are a stronger man than he, but there is no good in working at him with a sword. Throw your sword aside to-morrow, and you'll get the better of him and bind him. You'll not see me again." [H *What did I tell you!*]

She went away and he fell asleep. His comrades came in the morning and found him sleeping. They got breakfast, and, after eating, *Cucúlin* went out and called a challenge.

"Oh, 'tis the same man as yesterday," said Thin-in-Iron, "and if I had cut the head off him then, it wouldn't be he that would

trouble me to-day. If I live for it, I'll bring his head in my hand to-night, and he'll never disturb me again."

The superego wants to control the head and not to be "disturbed" by unpleasantness that it prefers to repress; but knowing ourselves and putting an end to maladaptive, neurotic struggles requires us to be open to all information—no matter how unpleasant it may be. Censorship always hinders human progress.

When *Cucúlin* saw *Thin-in-Iron* coming, he threw his sword aside; and facing him, caught him by the body, raised him up, then dashed him to the ground and said, "If you don't give me what I want, I'll cut the head off you."

Cucúlin turns his own unconscious mind upside down. He allows his unconscious awareness to rise to the top, to circumvent "Thin-in-iron," his superego.

"What do you want of me?" asked *Thin-in-Iron*.

"I want the rod of enchantment and the ring of youth you carried from the *Gruagach*."

"I did indeed carry them from him, but it would be no easy thing for me to give them to you or any other man; for a force came that took them from me."

"What could take them from you?" asked *Cucúlin*.

"The queen of the Wilderness, an old hag that has them now. But release me from this bondage, and I'll take you to my castle and entertain you well, and I'll go with you and the rest of the company to see how will you thrive."

*The "Queen of the Wilderness" suggests a leader of the giants or demons, a witch who rules the *Homo erecti* still at large.*

So, he took *Cucúlin* and his friends to the castle, entertained them joyously and he said: "The old hag, Queen of the Wilderness, lives in a round tower, which is always turning on wheels.

This "round tower" is equivalent to one of the day's residues that are used in dream construction. The Irish built wooden towers in the tenth and eleventh centuries as lookout towers for marauding Scandinavians. They are incorporated into this tale ingeniously.

There is but one entrance to the tower, and that high above the ground, and in the one chamber in which she lives, keeping the ring and the rod, is a chair, and she has but to sit on the chair and

wish herself in any part of the world, and that moment she is there.

*Our wise Irish ancestors have cast a woman in the role of Satan -- on a throne, in a tower and atop the turning world -- a pagan Satan (before ethical reciprocity, the modern ethos, sent the good and the bad gods in opposite directions). She is the negative aspect of four universal elements of the godhead. She can't represent the primal father, but for us, his negative aspect is minimal. We weren't around in his time, and his *Homo erectus* sons killed him. Divinity prevents her from touching the ground. She must enter the tower from above. She is responsible for the totem form in which the two royal, *Homo erectus* sisters are cast and for the Species War. She's the negative side of both the victims and the victors of the Species War. Her omnipresence, her ability to wish herself anywhere in the world derives from the universality of the ongoing components of the two complexes that unite to form the godhead. Those components are (from the Oedipal complex) the competing parent and (from the Fraternal complex) the ongoing genetic competitors. As the negative, female aspect of our ongoing genetic competitors; she is especially insidious and evil. She is women's belief that they have a right to reproduce their own genes and overpopulate the planet. She is their lion's share of the responsibility for producing all of our surplus population. Her's is a subtle evil, much less obvious than all the killing that men do. But the former necessitates the latter, makes killers of men and savages of us all. This queen is "in the wilderness" because, like the vast majority of women whom she represents, she is wild and uncivilized. Though we are too unconscious to see the evil that women do and almost always cast men in the Devil's role, women have just as much a right to it.*

She has six lines of guards protecting her tower [H *She is the seventh line of adversity, and she enlists men to commit her violence.*]; and if you pass all these, you'll do what no man before you has done. The first guards are two lions that rush out to know which of them will get the first bite out of the throat of anyone that tries to pass.

*As we'll see, the lions are a mixed metaphor. They symbolize *Homo erectus* men (ferocious fighters up close). (See Chapter 34 and*

*Figure 74 of DTD.) They're also real lions, like those that our first autonomous *Homo sapiens* family used, as their first line of defense, around our Lake Victoria home. Early ancestors (these myth-makers weren't "primitives") still remembered what we have forgotten.*

The second are seven men with iron hurlies and an iron ball, and with their hurlies they wallop the life out of any man that goes their way.

*Seven iron Age hurley players are ongoing *Homo sapien*, genetic competitors. Hurley and all our ball sports were (and to some extent, still are) obsessional enactments of solar mythology. Solar mythology interpreted the night, winter and glacial advances as the results of cosmic victories of the demons in their ongoing struggle with the army of the Sun god.*

The third is Hung-up-Naked, who hangs on a tree with his toes to the earth, his head cut from his shoulders and lying on the ground, and who kills every man who comes near him.

Hung-up-Naked is an unconscious, stupid person. Stupid people that cannot discern the truth (the knowledge and information that advances humanity and human evolution) cannot determine justice (the outcomes that truth demands) either. They are the Devil's instruments!

The fourth is the Bull of the Mist that darkens the woods for seven miles around, and destroys everything that enters the Mist.

*This bull can symbolize the father, the primal father or the father species. The primal father would associate with the misty (distant) past. The father species, *Homo erectus*, associates with ongoing genetic competitors who associate with the number seven, with Fraternal ambivalence. So, this bull symbolizes both complexes, Oedipal and Fraternal.*

The fifth are seven cats with poison tails, and one drop of their poison would kill the strongest man."

These cats with poison tails represent woman's ability to manipulate men with their sexuality.

Next morning, all went with *Cucúlin* as far as the lions that guarded the queen of the Wilderness, an old hag made young by the ring of youth. [H *In so far as the "gods" are composed of ongoing genetic competitors and competing parents, they can never die.*] The two lions ran at *Cucúlin* to see which would have the first bite out

of him. *Cucúlin* wore a red silk scarf around his neck and had a fine head of hair. He cut the hair off his head and wound it around one hand, took his scarf and wrapped it around the other. Then rushing at the lions, he thrust a hand down the throat of each lion (for lions can bite neither silk nor hair).

He pulled the livers and lights out of the two and they fell dead before him. His comrades looking on, said: "You'll thrive now since you have done this deed;" and they left him and went home, each to his own country.

*He attacks the real lions as you counterattack an attacking dog, by shoving your fist down its mouth. To defeat the *Homo erectus* guards, he disguises himself as a woman. *Cucúlin*'s comrades leave and are assured of his victory once he shows himself capable of resorting to the same deceptions to which some of the "witches" resorted, the ultimate deceptions being disguises of one's gender and subspecies.*

Cucúlin went further. The next people he met were the seven men with the iron hurlies (ball clubs), and they said; "Tis long since any man walked this way to us; we'll have sport now."

The first one said: "Give him a touch of the hurley, and let the others do the same, and we'll wallop him till he is dead."

Now, *Cucúlin* drew his sword and cut the head off the first man before he could make an offer of the hurley at him; and then he did the same to the other six.

He went on till he came to Hung-up-Naked, who was hanging from a tree, his head on the ground near him. The queen of the Wilderness had fastened him to the tree because he wouldn't marry her; and she said: "If any man comes who will put your head on you, you'll be free." And she laid the injunction on him to kill every man who tried to pass his way without putting the head on him.

Cucúlin went up, looked at him, and saw heaps of bones around the tree. The body said: "You can't go by here. I fight with every man who tries to pass."

"Well, I'm not going to fight with a man unless he has a head on him. Take your head." And *Cucúlin*, picking up the head, clapped it on the body, and said, "Now I'll fight with you!"

The man said: "I'm all right now. I know where you are going. I'll stay here till you come; if you conquer, you'll not forget me. Take the head off me now; put it where you found it; and if you succeed, remember that I shall be here before you on your way home."

Putting the head on the unconscious man made him conscious of whom his real enemy was, and it was not Cucúlin.

Cucúlin went on, but soon met the Bull of the Mist that covered *seven* miles of the wood with thick mist. When the bull saw him, he made at him and stuck a horn in his ribs and threw him three miles into the wood, against a great oak tree and broke three ribs in his side.

Both the primal fathers and the father species are in our family trees and can be symbolized by tall, hardwood trees like the oak tree. However, the bull usually symbolizes the primal father. Moreover, "of the mist" suggests the misty or distant past.

"Well," said *Cucúlin*, when he recovered, "if I get another throw like that, I'll not be good for much exercise."

He was barely on his feet when the bull was at him again; but when he came up, he caught the bull by both horns, and away they went wrestling and struggling. For three days and nights, *Cucúlin* kept the bull in play till the morning of the fourth day when he put him on the flat of his back. Then he turned him on the side; and putting a foot on one horn and taking the other in his two hands, he said: "Tis well I earned you; there is not a stitch on me that isn't torn to rags from wrestling with you." He pulled the bull asunder from his horns to his tail, into two equal parts, and said: "Now that I have you in two, it's in quarters I'll put you." He took his sword; and when he struck the backbone of the bull, the sword remained in the bone; and he couldn't pull it out.

Notice that not being able to withdraw the "sword" may be symbolic of Cucúlin's—and our own—ambivalence toward the fathers and the father species. It is also symbolic of something else.

He walked away and stood awhile and looked. "Tis hard to say," said he, "that any good champion would leave his sword behind him." So, he went back and made another pull and took the hilt off his sword, leaving the blade in the back of the bull. Then he

went away tattered and torn, the hilt in his hand and he turned up towards the forge of the Strong Smith.

The weapon, the club that was used to kill the primordial father (the Bull of the Mist, the misty, distant past), is not good enough to kill the gods of the deluge and is left behind. He must have another weapon to kill them. You know, of course, what that weapon is.

One of the Smith's boys was out for coal at the time: he saw *Cucúlin* coming with the hilt in his hand and ran in, saying: "There is a man coming up, and he looks like a fool; we'll have fun!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the master. "Have you heard any account of the Bull of the Mist these three days?"

*We know from a very famous myth, the Cattle Raid of Cooley, reviewed in Appendix E of DTD, that Cucúlin is a hybrid. Here he may look like a fool due to looking more like *Homo erectus* than *Homo sapiens*. But the "fool" epithet is due mostly to carrying just a hilt.*

"We have not," said the boys.

"Perhaps," said the Strong Smith, "that's a good champion that's coming, and do you mind yourselves."

At that moment *Cucúlin* walked in to the forge where twelve boys and the master were working. He saluted them and asked, "Can you put a blade in this hilt?"

*Cucúlin salutes them to allay any misgivings about his *Homo erectus* features. But the lingering hostility is evinced by the fact that there are "twelve" boys.*

"We can," said the master. They put in the blade. *Cucúlin* raised the sword and took a shake out of it and broke it to bits.

The new weapon that Cucúlin seeks of the Strong Smith is the strongbow, the laminated bow. Unlaminated bows would have been inadequate to penetrate Neanderthal's powerful rib cage.

"This is a rotten blade," said he. "Go at it again."

They made a second blade. The boys were in dread of him now. He broke the second blade in the same way as the first. They made six blades, one stronger than the other. He did the same to them all. [H *Naturally, the seventh blade will be the right one.*]

See Hamilton for an illustrated and interesting exposition on how laminated horn bows were made by the Native Americans. The myth is alluding to the long process of experimentation that our

ancestors went through in learning to make these bows. To be sure, the same trial and error experimentation applied to the history of metallurgy; but metallurgy and the sword are just Iron Age concessions to our ancestors' superegos. It is the bow and arrow that this myth originally referred to.

"There is no use in talking," said the Strong Smith; "we have no stuff that would make a right blade for you. Go down now," said he to two of the boys, "and bring up an old sword that's down in the stable full of rust."

If a sword was intended here as the supreme weapon, then Cucúlin wouldn't be equipped with an antique. He would be equipped with the most modern product of the latest metallurgy. The "sword" is a concession to our ancestors' censoring superegos. But as we know, all myths are compromise productions of both the superego and the id. The ids of our ancestors (or the most unrepressed people of the tribe) must have insisted upon preserving hints of the truth. (See Chapter 5 of DTD.) Accordingly, notice that this blade is not in the forge or the house where iron and weapons respectively would be kept. It is down in the stable. "Down" suggests that it is buried, hidden, censored or from an earlier time. The "stable" suggests animals.

They went and brought up the sword on two hand-spikes between them; it was so heavy that one couldn't carry it.

The "hand-spikes," metal hooks, are displaced animal horns.

They gave it to Cucúlin, and with one blow on his heel he knocked the dust from it and went out at the door and took a shake out of it; and if he did, he darkened the whole place with the rust from the blade.

"His heel," a bony appendage, is another displacement of the horn. "Knocking the dust from it" and "dust that darkened the whole place with the rust from the blade" is the dust created by scraping out the inner part of the horn. This must be done to make available the outer cover of ring-horn, the tough, flexible covering that was used to laminate the inside of the first strongbows and make them flexible. Later, horn and hoof dust mixed in water was used for glue. Glue and sinew on the outside, convex side of the bow, replaced most if not all the horn laminate on the concave inside.

"This is my sword, whoever made it," said he.

Our ancestors were guilty over their murderous use of the bow and the unheroic, discreet tactics with which they used it. For many thousands of years and especially after the Flood, they were afraid to mention this sacred and taboo weapon lest it invoke the gods' wrath.

"It is," said the master; "it's yours and welcome. I know who you are now, and where you are going. Remember that I'm in bondage here."

The Smith and his sons are in bondage. They are the Homo sapiens who lived within Homo erectus territories targeted for conquest. As suggested by this book's third myth, these people were strategically needed to stockpile arrows and food, ferry warriors and provide intelligence. But Homo erectus would have learned to expect treachery from them, would have closely watched and isolated them and would have killed them wherever Homo sapiens were advancing.

The Strong Smith took *Cucúlin* then to his house, gave him refreshment and clothes for the journey. When he was ready, the Smith said: "I hope you'll thrive. You have done a deal more than any man that ever walked this way before. There is nothing now to stand in your way till you come to the *seven* cats outside the turning tower. If they shake their tails and a drop of poison comes on you, it will penetrate to your heart. You must sweep off their tails with your sword. 'Tis equal to you what their bodies will do after that."

The seven cats are collaborating Homo sapiens "witches." Cucúlin must fear their manipulative use of sex. The rest of their bodies (without the "poison tails") pose no threat.

Cucúlin soon came to them, and there wasn't one of the *seven* cats he didn't strip of her tail before she knew he was in it. He cared nothing for the bodies so he had the tails. The cats ran away.

Now, he faced the tower turning on wheels. The queen of the Wilderness was in it. He had been told by Thin-in-Iron that he must cut the axle. He found the axle, cut it and the tower stopped that instant. *Cucúlin* made a spring and went in through the single passage. The old hag was preparing to sit on the chair as she saw him coming. He sprang forward, pushed the chair away with one

hand and, catching her by the back of the neck with the other, said: "You are to lose your head now, old woman!"

"Spare me, and what you want you'll get," said she. "I have the ring of youth and the rod of enchantment," and she gave them to him.

He put the ring on his finger, and saying, "You'll never do mischief again to man!" he turned her face to the entrance, and gave her a kick. Out she flew though the opening and down to the ground where she broke her neck and died on the spot.

Cucúlin made the Strong Smith king over all the dominions of the Queen of the Wilderness and proclaimed that anyone in the country who refused to obey the new king would be put to death.

Denial and displacement wins out in the end. The Strong Smiths and their people (the Homo sapien possessors of the bow and arrow) did not conquer. "Cucúlin," a hybrid, gave them dominion.

Cucúlin turned back at once and traveled till he came to Hung-up- Naked. He took him down and, putting the head on his body, struck him a blow of the rod and made the finest looking man of him that could be found. The man went back to his own home happy and well.

Cucúlin never stopped till he came to the castle of *Gil an Og*. She was outside with a fine welcome before him; and why not, to be sure, for he had the rod of enchantment and the ring of youth!

When she entered the castle and took the form of a cat, he struck her a blow of the rod and she gained the same form and face she had before the king of Greece struck her. Then he asked, "Where is your sister?"

"In the lake there outside," answered *Gil an Og*, "in the form of a sea serpent."

She went out with him, and the moment they came to the edge of the lake the sister rose up near them. Then *Cucúlin* struck her with the rod, and she came to land in her own shape and countenance.

Like the totem gods during the Neolithic, the sisters revert to their hominid form. Now that the witches and demons that caused the Species War and the Great Flood have been identified and domesticated, Irishmen no longer needed to confuse totem animals with hominids or fear the gods – or so they hoped.

Next day they saw a great deal of vessels facing the harbor, and what should they be but a fleet of ships, and on the ships were the king of Greece, Lug Longhand, the *Knight of the Island of the Flood*, the Dark *Gruagach* of the Northern Island and Thin-in-Iron: and they came each in his own vessel to know was there any account of *Cucúlin*. There was good welcome for them all, and when they had feasted and rejoiced together *Cucúlin* married *Gil an Og*. The king of Greece took *Gil an Og*'s sister, who was his own wife at first, and went home.

Cucúlin went away himself with his wife *Gil an Og*, never stopping till he came to Erin; and when he came, Fin MacCumhail and his men were at *Kil Conaly*, near the River Shannon.

When *Cucúlin* left Erin, he left a son whose mother was called the Virago of Alba: she was still alive and the son was eighteen years old. When she heard that *Cucúlin* had brought *Gil an Og* to Erin, she was enraged with jealousy and madness. She had reared the son, whose name was *Conlán*, like any king's son; and now giving him his arms of a champion, she told him to go to his father.

“I would,” said he, “if I knew who my father is.”

“His name is *Cucúlin*, and he is with Fin MacCumhail. I bind you not to yield to any man,” said she to her son, “nor tell your name to any man till you fight him out.”

Conlán started from Ulster where his mother was and never stopped till he was facing Fin and his men, who were hunting that day along the cliffs of *KilConaly*.

When the young man came up, Fin said, “There is a single man facing us.”

Conán Maol said, “Let someone go against him, ask who he is and what he wants.”

“I never give an account of myself to any man,” said *Conlán*, “till I get an account from him.”

“There is no man among us,” said Conán, “bound in that way but *Cucúlin*.”

They called on *Cucúlin*; he came up and the two fought. *Conlán* knew by the description his mother had given that *Cucúlin* was his father, but *Cucúlin* did not know his son. Every time

Conlán aimed his spear he threw it to strike the ground in front of *Cucúlin*'s toe, but *Cucúlin* aimed straight at him.

They were at one another three days and three nights. The son always sparing the father, the father never sparing the son. Conán Maol came to them the fourth morning. "*Cucúlin*," said he, "I didn't expect to see any man standing against you three days, and you such a champion."

When Conlán heard Conán Maol urging the father to kill him, he gave a bitter look at Conán, and forgot his guard. *Cucúlin*'s spear went through his head that minute, and he fell. "I die of that blow from my father," said he.

"Are you my son?" said *Cucúlin*.

"I am," said Conlán.

This episode is appended to the myth because its message is reinforcing the message of the main story: "sons don't kill their fathers"; "we Homo sapiens did not kill our father species, Homo erectus"; "the 'flood' was a struggle between the good and the bad Homo erecti and hybrid gods."

Cucúlin took his sword and cut the head off him sooner than leave him in the punishment and pain he was in. Then he faced all the people, and Fin was looking on.

"There's trouble on *Cucúlin*," said Fin.

"Chew your thumb," said Conán, "to know what's on him."

Fin chewed his thumb, and said, "*Cucúlin* is [sic] after killing his own son, and if I and all my men were to face him before his passion cools, at the end of *seven* days, he'd destroy every man of us."

"Go now," said Conán, "and bind him to go down to Bale strand and give *seven* days' fighting against the waves of the sea, rather than kill us all."

So, Fin bound him to go down. When he went to Bale strand, *Cucúlin* found a great white stone. He grasped his sword in his right hand and cried out: "If I had the head of the woman who sent her son into peril of death at my hand, I'd split it as I split this stone," and he made four quarters of the stone. Then he strove with the waves *seven* days and nights till he fell from hunger and weakness, and the waves went over him.

Cucúlin, a hybrid, can't have a biological son, and any adopted son would be recognized by him on sight. So why did they add this impossible ending? What were the Irish ancestors thinking?

Answer: the tale uses Cucúlin to fix all our problems, attributing them all to confusion of the past. Once Cucúlin, the sole remaining violent person and one of the last hybrids, has forcibly straightened out the confused wrong-doers of the past and killed Satan (the "Queen of the Wilderness"), he must be disposed of in a manner that doesn't leave any of the rest of us culpable. But no one can kill Cucúlin, except possibly his own son, whom Cucúlin kills by accident, thus providing a motive for the only death possible for this hero: suicide. This "Cucúlin-solution" can serve as a balm only for infants and incurable optimists.

*But don't be vexed, I've been chewing my thumb to know how can we get out of the trouble that's on us. Our persistent problems arise from our failure to complete the transition to modernity, our failure to apply its ethos (the Golden Rule) to the most important sphere of life, our genetic competition. Only once we do so, as prescribed in DTD's Conclusion and "Stage II of the Nonviolent, Rainbow Revolution," will our species obtain the "**ring of youth**" (the guarantee of a life-span as long as Earth's) and the "**rod of enchantment**" (conscious control of our own evolution).*

In the image below, Cuchulain carries the corpse of his foster brother, Ferdiad, after killing him in the "Cattle Raid of

Cooley." See DTD, volume 3, Appendix E for my interpretation of it.



CUCHULAINN CARRIES FERDIAD ACROSS THE RIVER

19. OISIN IN *TIR NA N-OG*

More than any other figure in Irish mythology, “Oisin” corresponds to the Christian “Jesus” who saves believers from guilt, paranoia and obsessional fear vis-à-vis the objects of the universal complexes. Jesus accomplishes this by symbolizing the killers and would-be killer of the four original elements of the godhead (the sons of the primordial father, the Species War victors and the part of ourselves that would like to kill the competing parent and ongoing genetic competitors). “Jesus” is the 5th, derivative element of the godhead (the Species War victors) in their entirety. “Jesus” assumes responsibility for the negativity of both complexes before satisfying the gods’ thirst for revenge by being sacrificed symbolically by his devotees (the Christians in “communion”). This magical and fictional sacrifice of Jesus, the amalgamated son, the killer of the gods (all of them fathers of one sort or another), buys Christians a pardon, gets them off the hook with the gods, saves them from hell. The angels will soon be flying them up to heaven.

Oisin accomplishes the same by an even easier means. This son of Fin MacCumhail and the mythical Irish kings merely marries “God’s” daughter.

The Roman Catholic Church turned the tables on its pagan persecutors. The Church dominated every aspect of social life in Europe for 1000 years. It brought us the inquisition, and (along with its Protestant sects) oversaw the extermination of primitive peoples around the world during the mercantile and colonial periods. Obviously, the Church could not tolerate the sort of competition that Oisin posed.

Oisin had to be de-apotheosized. This de-apotheosis of Oisin must have been one of the first orders of business for the Churchmen after they managed to swiftly take control of the pagan monasteries all over Ireland. As the sole practitioners of the non-secular written word in Ireland from the mid-fifth through most of the seventh centuries, the Churchmen transcribed Irish mythology according to their liking. They were most effective in transcribing

the one you are about to read. No one seems to remember this myth in any other form.

Yet common sense cries out that this myth has been bastardized. See for yourself the clever and insidious means by which Oisin was dethroned and subordinated to "Saint Patrick." A primitive religious belief (that gods *cannot* touch the ground) was used to eliminate the belief in Oisin's divinity.

There was a king in *Tir na n-Og* (the land of Youth) who held the throne and crown for many a year against all comers; and the law of the kingdom was that every *seventh* year the champions and best men of the country should run for the office of the king. Once in *seven* years they all met at the front of the palace and ran to the top of a hill two miles distant.

Are you laughing at the thought that literally "running for office" was once standard political procedure? Don't.

*Our archers ran like rabbits during the Species War, and we've been running from the *Homo erectus* "gods" ever since. Fin's first lessons in life, from his grandmother, transformed him into a great runner. Zeus engaged Typhon in running battles. The culture hero ("deluge" victor) of the Lenni Lenape (Delaware North Americans) was "Nana-Bush," "the Great Hare." The Irish word for man, "Fear," undoubtedly has some close connection with the English word "fear." "Tory" meant a pursuer with hostile intent, and its converse, "troy," meant the pursued. Later, the city monopolized the word as it did tin, which the Trojan War, at the end of the Bronze Age, was fought over (DTD: App F). Odysseus is the protagonist in Homer's works, which constitute a complete religion. One of the meanings of "Odysseus" is "he who is pursued by the wrath of the gods" (DTD: App. E).*

So, it is only fitting and proper that those at the head of our pack should lay claim to political offices. If you want to change that, vote for me and all the future candidates of the [Peace Love and Progress Party](#).

On the top of that hill was a chair and the man that sat first in the chair was king of *Tir na n-Og* for the next *seven* years. After he had ruled for ages, the king became anxious; he was afraid that someone might sit in the chair before him, and take the crown off

his head. So, he called up his Druid one day and asked: "How long shall I keep the chair to rule this land, and will any man sit in it before me and take the crown off my head?" [H *He hopes to keep the crown on his immortal head.*]

"You will keep the chair and the crown forever," said the Druid, "unless your own son-in-law takes them from you."

Of course, this dethronement of the father by the son accurately describes the prehistoric aspect of both the Oedipal and Fraternal complexes, the young sons of the horde overthrowing the primal father and Homo sapien overthrowing his father species. See DTD, Chapters 4 and 7.

The king had no sons and but one daughter, the finest woman in *Tir na n-Og*; and the like of her could not be found in Erin or any kingdom in the world. When the king heard the words of the Druid, he said, "I'll have no son-in-law, for I'll put the daughter in a way no man will marry her."

Then he took a rod of Druidic spells, and calling the daughter up before him, he struck her with the rod, and put a pig's head on her in place of her own. Then he sent the daughter away to her own place in the castle, and turning to the Druid said: "There is no man that will marry her now."

When the Druid saw the face that was on the princess with the pig's head that the father gave her, he grew very sorry that he had given such information to the king; and sometime after he went to see the princess.

"Must I be in this way forever?" asked she of the Druid.

"You must," said he, "till you marry one of the sons of Fin MacCumhail in Erin. If you marry one of Fin's sons, you'll be freed from the blot that is on you now, and get back your own head and countenance."

Immediately, the meaning of this myth should be clear to those of us who have read more than a couple of Irish myths. Here again we see the standard technique of Irish religion for dealing with the guilt, obsessional fear and paranoia of the universal complexes. The Irish royal family is to intermarry with the royal family of the "fairies."

The introduction of the pig's head is a compromise formation for Homo erectus' ugly mug. For the Neanderthal princess to be

*depicted as initially beautiful is a reaction formation. In DTD we discovered numerous instances of our immediate ancestors reacting to their displeasure with *Homo erectus*' physical appearance. More often than not, they described *Homo erectus* gods as beautiful. (Search for "beauty" in digital DTD.) Paleolithic and Neolithic ancestors probably would not have dared to describe a *Homo erectus* goddess as having a pig's head without first reciting all the usual false flattery.*

*On the realistic side, the *Homo erectus* gods did look better to our ancestors once the *Homo sapien* victors of the Species War were elevated to the pantheon and stood beside them. This, as I've said before, is one of the reasons why totemism passed away and the gods resumed hominid form.*

When she heard this, she was impatient in her mind and could never rest till she left *Tir na n-Og* and came to *Erin*. When she had inquired, she heard that *Fin* and the *Fenians* of *Erin* were at that time living on *Knock an Ar*; and she made her way to the place without delay and lived there a while; and when she saw *Oisin*, he pleased her; and when she found out that he was a son of *Fin MacCumhail*, she was always making up to him and coming towards him. And it was usual for the *Fenians* in those days to go out hunting on the hills and mountains and in the woods of *Erin*; and when one of them went, he always took five or six men with him to bring home the game.

On a day, *Oisin* set out with his men and dogs to the woods; and he went so far and killed so much game that when it was brought together, the men were so tired, weak, and hungry that they couldn't carry it but went away home and left him with the three dogs, *Bran*, *Sciolán* and *Buglén*, to shift for himself.³²

Now, the daughter of the king of *Tir na n-Og*, who was herself the Queen of Youth, followed closely in the hunt all that day; and when the men left *Oisin*, she came up to him; and as he stood looking at the great pile of game, he said, "I am very sorry to leave behind anything that I've had the trouble of killing." Then,

³² Celebrated dogs of *Fin MacCumhail*

she looked at him and said, "Tie up a bundle for me, and I'll carry it to lighten the load off you."

Oisin gave her a bundle of the game to carry, and took the remainder himself. The evening was very warm and the game heavy; and after they had gone some distance, Oisin said, "Let us rest a while."

Both threw down their burdens and put their backs against a great stone that was by the roadside. The woman was heated and out of breath and opened her dress to cool herself. Then Oisin looked at her and saw her beautiful form and her white bosom.

"Oh, then," said he, "it's a pity you have the pig's head on you; for I have never seen such an appearance on a woman in all my life before."

Now there's a sensitive man!

"Well," said she, "my father is the king of *Tir na n-Og*, and I was the finest woman in his kingdom and the most beautiful of all till he put me under a Druidic spell and gave me the pig's head that's on me now in place of my own.

The "pig's head" is for the princess what the "goat's skin" is for the gruagachs and Conán.

And the Druid of *Tir na n-Og* came to me afterwards and told me that if one of the sons of Fin MacCumhail would marry me, the pig's head would vanish, and I should get back my face in the same form as it was before my father struck me with the Druid's wand. When I heard this, I never stopped till I came to Erin where I found your father and picked you out among the sons of Fin MacCumhail and followed you to see would you marry me and set me free."

"If that is the state you are in and if marriage with me will free you from the spell, I'll not leave the pig's head on you long."

So, they got married without delay, not waiting to take home the game or to lift it from the ground.

They went hog-wild for one another. Seriously, ratification by a priest or witnesses is of secondary importance to a contract that both parties know to be irreversible. However, our contemporary world is drowning in so many lies that even materialists are unlikely to know that love is two or more people struggling to become one and that adults who don't want to change won't.

That moment the pig's head was gone, and the king's daughter had the same face and beauty that she had before her father struck her with the Druidic wand.

Regaining her beauty after marrying Fin's son Oisin reflects how our subjective perception of people changes as we begin to know them. People who looked average to us can begin to look beautiful, and physically-beautiful people can become hideous.

"Now," said the Queen of Youth to Oisin, "I cannot stay here long; and unless you come with me to *Tir na n-Og*, we must part."

"Oh," said Oisin, "wherever you go I'll go, and wherever you turn I'll follow."

Then she turned and Oisin went with her, not going back to *Knock an Ar* to see his father or his son.

Monogamy began during the Neolithic and was not well established until modern times. Pagan people would have thought nothing of Oisin having more than one wife. But surely, the thought of a hero willfully disappearing on his family would have bothered them. This must be one of the Catholic contributions.

That very day, they set out for *Tir na n-Og* and never stopped till they came to her father's castle; and when they came, there was a welcome before them, for the king thought his daughter was lost. That same year, there was to be a choice of a king; and when the appointed day came at the end of the seventh year, all the great men and the champions and the king himself met together at the front of the castle to run and see who should be first in the chair on the hill; but before a man of them was half way to the hill, Oisin was sitting above in the chair before them. After that time, no one stood up to run for the office against Oisin; and he spent many a happy year as king in *Tir na n-Og*. [H watching out for the Irish]

Homo erectus could not run with our ancestors. Homo erectus' sockets for the hip bones were located further back. He was not fully erect. (See Trinkaus.) Here is where Irish paganism ends and Catholicism takes over...

At last, he said to his wife: "I wish I could be in *Erin* to-day to see my father and his men."

"If you go," said his wife, "and set foot on the land of Erin, you'll never come back here to me, and you'll become a blind old man. How long do you think it is since you came here?"

"About three years," said Oisin.

"It is three hundred years," said she, "since you came to this kingdom with me. If you must go to Erin, I'll give you this white steed to carry you; but if you come down from the steed or touch the soil of Erin with your foot, the steed will come back that minute, and you'll be where he left you, a poor old man."

Get the picture?

"I'll come back, never fear," said Oisin. "Have I not good reason to come back? But I must see my father and my son and my friends in Erin once more, I must have even one look at them."

She prepared the steed for Oisin and said, "This steed will carry you wherever you wish to go."

Oisin never stopped till the steed touched the soil of Erin; and he went on till he came to Knock (*Hill*) Patrick in Munster where he saw a man herding cows. In the field, where the cows were grazing, there was a broad flat stone.

"Will you come here," said Oisin to the herdsman, "and turn over this stone?"

"Indeed, then, I will not," said the herdsman; "for I could not lift it, nor twenty men more like me."

Oisin rode up to the stone, and, reaching down, caught it with his hand and turned it over. Underneath the stone was the great horn of the Fenians (Borabu), which circled round like a sea shell; and it was the rule that when any of the Fenians of Erin blew the Borabu, the others would assemble at once from whatever part of the country they might be in at the time.

In the other myths that we have read, Fin screamed or whistled for his men.

"Will you bring this horn to me!" asked Oisin of the herdsman.

"I will not," said the herdsman; "for neither I nor many more like me could raise it from the ground."

With that Oisin moved near the horn and, reaching down, took it in his hand; but so eager was he to blow it, that he forgot everything and slipped in reaching till one foot touched the earth.

The gods are ancestors and relatives toward whom we are extremely ambivalent. When we are undecided about anything, we say that it is, "up in the air." Something up in the air may be coming or going, light or dark, hot or cold, threatening or agreeable. "Spirits" too were imagined to escape into the air with a person's dying breath. The ashes of the Homo erecti, who were everywhere burned in bonfires, rose with orange flames into the air. The same orange sheen in the sky at sunset was later associated with the "aither," the spirits. Thus, a god or a king who comes down to earth loses his divinity.

In an instant the steed was gone, and Oisin lay on the ground a blind old man. The herdsman went to Saint Patrick, who lived nearby, and told him what had happened.

Saint Patrick sent a man and a horse for Oisin, brought him to his own house, gave him a room by himself and sent a boy to stay with him and serve him. And Saint Patrick commanded his cook to send Oisin plenty of meat and drink, to give him bread and beef and butter every day. [H *Saint Patrick took care of Oisin. Jesus shall now take care of the Irish people. One obsessional neurosis, modern savagery, displaced another, pagan savagery.*]

Now Oisin lived a while in this way. The cook sent him provisions each day, and Saint Patrick himself asked him all kinds of questions about the old times of the Fenians of Erin. Oisin told him about his father, Fin MacCumhail, about himself, his son Oscar, Goll MacMorna, Conán Maol, Diarmuid, and all the Fenian heroes; how they fought, feasted, and hunted, how they came under Druidic spells, and how they were freed from them.

Monastic "historians" of the 6th and 7th centuries worked with kings and filí (poets) to set down the Irish oral traditions in a form compatible with official church history of the world. The latter was based on the mythology of the Middle East and the Mediterranean world. The results were wildly absurd stories of the interaction of Christian Saints with Celtic heroes, the latter group witnessing and providing dates for the former. These are the hagiographic myths, of which the present one is an example. (See Flower.)

At the same time, Saint Patrick was putting up a great building; but what his men used to put up in the daytime was leveled at night, and Saint Patrick lamented over his losses in the

hearing of Oisin. Then Oisin said in the hearing of Saint Patrick, "If I had my strength and my sight, I'd put a stop to the power that is leveling your work."

"Do you think you'd be able to do that," said Saint Patrick, "and let my building go on?"

"I do, indeed," said Oisin. [H *Don't look to the guys in black dresses to do anything heroic or even active. Their revered lamb of god is mute and passive regarding the negative aspects of the original elements of the godhead. "Jesus" has to be as such so that his essential role, as the synthesis of their killers, can remain unconscious.*]

So, Saint Patrick prayed to the Lord [H *See!*], and the sight and strength came back to Oisin. He went to the woods and got a great club and stood at the building on guard. What should come in the night but a great beast in the form of a bull, which began to uproot and destroy the work.

*All of this is quite obviously a clumsy imitation of an Irish myth. This was written by a non-believer who never understood what Irish mythology—or religion per se—is all about. The obsessional fear aggravated by the taking of new lands or the erecting of new structures is the fear of *Homo erectus* returning to reclaim his birthright. The bull is usually a symbol for the primordial father. The primordial father owned only the women—not the land. For him, land and buildings were inconsequential and nonexistent respectively. Moreover, the primal father had no grudge against *Homo sapiens*. His *Homo erectus* sons killed him. Compare this with "The Birth of Fin MacCumhail and the Origin of the Fenians of Erin," myth-tale #11 in this collection, an authentic myth, illustrative of obsessional fear related to new construction. This passage describes the force that nightly comes to burn down a king's dun as "an old hag," a witch, a Neanderthal or her (his) sons.*

But if he did, Oisin faced him, and the battle began hot and heavy between the two; but in the course of the night Oisin got the upper hand of the bull and left him dead before the building. Then he stretched out on the ground himself and fell asleep.

Now, Saint Patrick was waiting at home to know how would the battle come out, and thinking Oisin too long away he

sent a messenger to the building; and when the messenger came, he saw the ground torn up, a hill in one place, a hollow in the next.

This is so clumsy! Even the usual poetic turns of speech are missing: "They brought water out of the centre of hard gray rocks; they made hard spots soft, and the soft spots hard; they made high places low, and low places high; they made the cows cast their calves whether they had them or not" and not "he saw the ground torn up"!

The bull was dead and Oisin sleeping after the desperate battle. He went back and told what he saw.

"Oh," said Saint Patrick, "it's better to knock the strength out of him again; for he'll kill us all if he gets vexed."

Saint Patrick took the strength out of him, and when Oisin woke up he was a blind old man and the messenger went out and brought him home.

Where is Christian reciprocity? Or was Saint Patrick the powerful one all along, only asking Oisin to save his building so as to not dirty his own (Saint Patrick's) hands?

Up to this point, the insults to the dignity and credulity of the Irish faithful have been so profuse, that even a philistine catholic monk would sense the need to compensate for them. So, the Christian mythmaker ended this pathetic counterfeit on an up note, with a tribute to Oisin's cleverness.

But before he squeezed in this tribute, our philistine monk proved himself to be a hate-monger too. He took a few pot shots at his nearest rival among the modern, western clergymen. He attempted to direct the unconscious Fraternal hostility of Irishmen at the Jews and Judaism. As if they could have had anything to do with Irish problems! Probably no more than a hundred Jews have ever stepped foot in Ireland!

Oisin lived on for a time as before. The cook sent him his food, the boy served him and Saint Patrick listened to the stories of the Fenians of Erin.

Saint Patrick had a neighbor, a Jew, a very rich man but the greatest miser in the kingdom; and he had the finest haggart of corn in Erin.³³ Well, the Jew and Saint Patrick got very intimate

³³ A haggart is a hay-yard.

with one another and so great became the friendship of the Jew for Saint Patrick at last, that he said he'd give him, for the support of his house, as much corn as one man could thrash out of the haggart in a day.

Look closely at the above. The "saint" is anticipating valuable consideration for "the support of his house." "Saint Patrick," who never lifted a sword, who used his guilt-piquing product to organize the descendants of the very people who exterminated the last of the gods in Europe—has entered the "protection business for" a descendant of the people who killed the last of the gods per se. If this guy is the saint, you sure wouldn't want to meet the ones that are just good ol' boys.

When Saint Patrick went home after getting the promise of the corn, he told in the hearing of Oisin about what the Jew had said. [H Even "the greatest miser in the kingdom" cannot refuse the kingdom's greatest extortionist.]

"Oh, then," said Oisin, "if I had my sight and strength, I'd thrash as much corn in one day as would do your whole house for a twelvemonth and more."

And why shouldn't the Irish god participate in extortion. He's been reduced to beggary.

"Will you do that for me?" said Saint Patrick.

"I will," said Oisin. [H "But only because you're such a great guy, the hero who drove the Snakes (*Homo erecti*) out of Ireland."]

Saint Patrick prayed again to the Lord, and the sight and strength came back to Oisin. He went to the woods next morning at daybreak, Oisin did, pulled up two fine ash-trees and made a flail of them. After eating his breakfast, he left the house and never stopped till he faced the haggart of the Jew. Standing before one of the stacks of wheat, he hit it a wallop of his flail and broke it asunder. He kept on in this way till he slashed the whole haggard to and from, —and the Jew running like mad up and down the highroad in front of the haggart, tearing the hair from his head when he saw what was doing to his wheat, and the face gone from him entirely he was so in dread of Oisin. [H. Extortion is OK, if the victim is a competitor. The breaking of the monk's leg on you, Saint Patrick!]

When the haggart was thrashed clean, Oisin went to Saint Patrick and told him to send his men for the wheat; for he had thrashed out the whole haggart. When Saint Patrick saw the countenance that was on Oisin and heard what he had done, he was greatly in dread of him and knocked the strength out of him again; and Oisin became an old, blind man as before. Saint Patrick's men went to the haggard; and there was so much wheat, they didn't bring the half of it away with them, and they didn't want it.

Oisin again lived for a while as before, and then he was vexed because the cook didn't give him what he wanted. He told Saint Patrick that he wasn't getting enough to eat. Then Saint Patrick called up the cook before himself and Oisin and asked her what she was giving Oisin to eat. She said: "I give him at every meal what bread is baked on a large griddle and all the butter I make in one churn and a quarter of beef besides."

"That ought to be enough for you," said Saint Patrick.

"Oh, then," said Oisin, turning to the cook, "I have often seen the leg of a blackbird bigger than the quarter of beef you give me; I've often seen an ivy leaf bigger than the griddle on which you bake the bread for me, and I've often seen a single rowan berry [mountain ash berry] bigger than the bit of butter you give me."

"You lie!" said the cook, "you never did."

Oisin said not a word in answer. Now, there was a hound in the place that was going to have her first whelps; and Oisin said to the boy who was tending him: "Do you mind and get the first whelp she'll have and drown the others."

Next morning, the boy found three whelps; and coming back to Oisin, said: "There are three whelps and 'tis unknown which of them is the first."

At Saint Patrick's house, they had slaughtered an ox the day before; and Oisin said: "Go now and bring the hide of the ox and hang it up in this room."

When the hide was hung up, Oisin said, "Bring here the three whelps and throw them up against the hide." The boy threw up one of the whelps against the oxhide.

"What did he do?" asked Oisin.

"What did he do," said the boy, "but fall to the ground."

"Throw up another," said Oisin. The boy threw another. "What did he do?" asked Oisin.

"What did he do but to fall the same as the first."

The third whelp was thrown and he held fast to the hide, — didn't fall.

"What did he do?" asked Oisin.

"Oh," said the boy, "he kept his hold."

"Take him down," said Oisin; "give him to the mother, bring both in here, feed the mother well and drown the other two."

To accelerate our evolution and realize our potentials, we must rationalize our reproduction. Fewer will mean better.

The boy did as he was commanded and fed the two well; and when the whelp grew up, the mother was banished, the whelp chained up and fed for a year and a day. And when the year and a day were spent, Oisin said, "We'll go hunting to-morrow, and we'll take the dog with us."

They went next day, the boy guiding Oisin, holding the dog by a chain. They went first to the place where Oisin had touched earth and lost the magic steed from *Tir na n-Og*. The Borabu of the Fenians of Erin was lying on the ground there still. Oisin took it up, and they went on to *Glen na Smuil* (Thrush's Glen). When at the edge of the glen, Oisin began to sound the Borabu. Birds and beasts of every kind came hurrying forward. He blew the horn till the glen was full of them from end to end.

Not the firmament's brightest stars but these birds and beasts contain the Fenians' spirits. Pagans don't get to heaven. Personally, I might prefer the birds' company to a heaven full of ignorant people whose many lies and false beliefs render them only capable of committing injustices. More on Heaven in a moment...

"What do you see now?" asked he of the boy.

"The glen is full of living things."

"What is the dog doing?"

"He is looking ahead, and his hair is on end."

"Do you see anything else?"

"I see a great bird, all black, settling down on the north side of the glen."

"That's what I want," said Oisin; "what is the dog doing now?"

"Oh, the eyes are coming out of his head, and there isn't a rib or hair on his body that isn't standing up."

"Let him go now," said Oisin. The boy let slip the chain and the dog rushed through the glen killing everything before him. When all the others were dead, he turned to the great blackbird and killed that.

With this, the Irish audience was supposed to believe that Oisin's dog had killed all the fairies, the spirits of the pagan gods.

Then he faced Oisin and the boy and came bounding toward them with venom and fierceness. Oisin drew out of his bosom a brass ball and said: "If you don't throw this into the dog's mouth, he'll destroy us both; knock the dog with the ball, or he'll tear us to pieces."

"Oh," said the boy, "I'll never be able to throw the ball; I'm so in dread of the dog."

"Come here at my back, then," said Oisin, "and straighten my hand towards the dog." The boy directed the hand, and Oisin threw the ball into the dog's mouth and killed him on the spot.

"What have we done?" asked Oisin.

"Oh, the dog is knocked," said the boy.

"We are all right then," said Oisin, "and do you lead me now to the blackbird of the cairn; I don't care for the others."

Even the Christian monks had observed that there was something special about blackbirds in pagan mythology.

They went to the great bird, kindled a fire and cooked all except one of its legs. Then Oisin ate as much as he wanted and said; "I've had a good meal of my own hunting, and it's many and many a day since I have had one. Now, let us go on farther."

They went into the woods, and soon Oisin asked the boy; "Do you see anything wonderful?"

"I see an ivy with the largest leaves I have ever set eyes on."

"Take one leaf of that ivy," said Oisin.

The boy took the leaf. Near the ivy, they found a rowan berry, and then went home taking the three things with them, — the blackbird's leg, the ivy leaf and the rowan berry. When they reached the house, Oisin called for the cook; and Saint Patrick made her come to the fore. When she came, Oisin pointed to the

blackbird's leg and asked, "Which is larger, that leg or the quarter of beef you give me?"

"Oh, that is a deal larger," said the cook.

"You were right in that case," said Saint Patrick to Oisin.

Then Oisin drew out the ivy leaf and asked, "Which is larger, this or the griddle on which you made bread for me?"

"That is larger than the griddle and the bread together," said the cook.

"Right again," said Saint Patrick.

Oisin now took out the rowan berry and asked: "Which is larger, this berry or the butter of one churning that you give me?"

"Oh, that is bigger," said the cook, "than both the churn and the butter."

"Right, every time," said Saint Patrick.

Then Oisin raised his arm and swept the head off the cook with a stroke from the edge of his hand, saying, "You'll never give the lie to an honest man again."

But even this tribute is an insult. For although the aged Oisin was as blind as "Hung-up-Naked," what Irishman would expect him to not know his real enemies?

Fortunately, we shall not have to end with Curtin's worst specimen. There are two myths from "Hero-Tales of Ireland" that are especially important for the prehistory they encode. They obliquely tell us about the great conflagration at the close of the Bronze Age. They suggest much about the Irish involvement in that conflagration. The Irish were vassals of the Trojans, their English kinsmen. For more on the Bronze Age, the prehistory of the British Isles and Iman Wilkens' discoveries; see Wilkens' "Where Troy Once Stood" and "Decoding the Deluge," vol. 3, Appendixes E, F and G.

The royal house of Ulster became divided over a struggle for Deirdre (below). Thus, King Conor's father's half-brother, Fergus, defected to the rival province of Connacht and joined the Irishmen of Connacht in invading Ulster. For my analysis of "The Cattle Raid of Cooley," the most famous myth-tale of the Red Branch Cycle, see Appendix E of *DTD*. Drawing by J.H. Bacon.



20. FIN MACCUMHAIL, THE HARD GILLA AND THE HIGH KING

On a day when the Fenians were living at *Fintra*, Fin MacCумhail called them together, held a council, complained of remissness, and warned the men to be cautious, to keep a better watch on the harbors and to take good care of their arms.

Fintra is the former name for Ventry, a small coastal town at the end of Dingle Peninsula, County Kerry. See [Figure 8](#) in this book. Starting in about 1600 BC, a long cooling period after the Global Holocene Maximum started to reverse. Interest in the ceremonial henge sacrifices declined; lowland farms were abandoned and upland tracts were opened up. (Cf. Burgess: 23) Down to 1200 B.C., intensified agricultural exploitation of the uplands, abandonment of some of the lowlands, increased enclosure, a worsening climate and the insidious development of blanket peat all point to the buildup of an agricultural crisis. (Cf. Burgess: 129-130) Crude, plain burial urns replaced the prestigious ones, suggesting that trade with the continent (e. g. for the best potters' clay) was getting cut off. In short, over-population and a worsening climate and economy put the Isles on a war footing. This is the meaning of the previous paragraph.

They promised to do better in future, and asked Fin to forgive them for that time. Fin forgave them, and sent men to keep watch on *Cruach Varhin*.

When on the mountain awhile, the chief sentry saw, in the distance, a man leading a horse toward Fintra. He thought to run down with word to Fin but did not; he waited to see what kind of person was coming. The man leading the horse was far from being tidy. His shoes were untied and the strings hanging down; on his shoulders was a mantle, flapping around in the wind. The horse had a broad, surly face. His neck was thick at the throat and thin toward the body. The beast was scrawny, long-legged, lean, thin-maned and ugly to look at. [H *This is a description of a hunted Homo erectus well into or after the Species War as we might really expect to find one—without reaction formation.*] The only bridle on the horse was a long, heavy chain. The whip in the hand of the man was a strong iron staff; each blow that the man gave his steed was

heard through the glens and the mountains and knocked echoes out of every cliff in that region. Each pull that the man gave the bridle was so strong that you would think he'd tear the head off the ugly beast's body. Every clump of earth that the horse rooted up with his feet, in striving to hold back, was three times the size of a sod of turf ready for burning.

"It is time for me now," said the watchman, at last, "to hurry from this, and tell Fin," and with that he rushed down from *Cruach Varhin*. Fin saw him coming and was ready for his story, and not too soon was it told; for just then, the horseman came up to the King of the Fenians at Fintra.

"Who are you?" inquired Fin.

"I do not know who my father was," said the stranger. "I am of one place as well as another.

He is a god who goes to and from Tir-na-nOg.

Men call me the Hard Gilla, and it is a good name: for no matter how well people treat me, I forget all they do. I have heard, though, that you give most wages and best treatment of any man."

"I will give you good wages," said Fin, "and fair treatment; but how much do you want of me?"

"I want whatever I ask."

"I will give you that and more, if I promise," said Fin.

Both statements are too vague to be binding. Neither man wishes to be bound by the other. Theirs is a fictitious contract.

"I am your man," said the Gilla. "Now that we have agreed, I may let my horse out to graze, I suppose?"

"You may," answered Fin.

The Gilla untied the chain bridle from his horse, and struck him with the chain. The beast went to the other horses; but if he did, he fell to eating the mane, legs, ears and tail of each one of them and ate all till he came to a steed grazing apart; and this steed belonged to Conan Maol. Conan ran, caught the ugly old horse by the skull and pulled him up to his owner.

"Mind your wicked old cripple!" cried Conan, in anger.

"If any man does not like how my horse feeds, he may herd the good steed himself."

When Conan heard this insolence, he went to the adviser for counsel. [H *the Druid*] The adviser told him to go upon the back

of the horse, and to ride till he broke him. Conan mounted the horse, but not a stir could he get from the stubborn beast.

"He is used to heavy loads," said the adviser. "Let others mount with you."

The Fenians were mounting the horse till twenty-eight men of them went up with Conan. [H 28 = 7x4, *Fraternal hostility in four directions, a hostile army*] The twenty-nine began then to wallop the horse but could not raise a stir out of him. The old horse only cocked one ear. When the Gilla saw the twenty-nine on his horse, he called out, "It seems that we do not agree; and the sooner I go from this place the better."

He tightened his cloak, flapping loose on his body, tied his shoes and said, "In place of praising, I will dispraise you."

Then he went in front of the horse. The horse raised his tail and his head; and between his tail and his neck, he held the men firmly. Some tried to jump off but were as secure on the horse as his own skin. Conan spoke first. When he saw that he could not spring from the horse, he turned to Fin and cried out, "I bind you, O Fin, not to eat two meals off the one table or sleep two nights on the one bed till you have me freed from this serpent."

Conan calling him a serpent is another hint that Gilla is a Homo erectus, which explains his name and admission that "no matter how well people treat me, I forget all that they do." We are so indebted to our Homo erectus parent species that we couldn't do enough for them if it were possible to do for them.

When Fin and the Fenians heard this, they looked at one another. The adviser spoke then, and said, "There is no time for delay. We have here a man to follow, and he is Leeagawn of Lúachar Garv."

Fin called Leeagawn, and he went after the steed quickly, caught him at the edge of the strand and seized him by the tail; but if he did, he grew fast to the tail of the horse and was pulled forward to the strand. He tried to free himself from the tail, but it was no use trying. The horse drew him into the water. The sea opened before the strange steed and closed behind. The Gilla ran in front. Twenty-nine men were on the back of the horse, and one fixed to his tail.

This abduction of warriors is analogous to the compulsory military service of vassals to their lord. As you might guess, this myth-tale, though compromised by the Goidelic Celts, issues from Fir Bolgs that remained loyal to their Trojan lords and convinced that the gods were on their side.

Fin and the Fenians were greatly distressed at the sight but could give no assistance. They held council; and the druid said, "There is an old ship in Ben Eadan; put that ship in repair, and sail after the steed." [H *Ben Eden is a park in North Belfast, at the opposite end of the country. This pre-Trojan-War tale may describe the first instance of the lords of Britain pressing men into their service. The population of the Isles is small relative to that of the continent.*]

"Let us go," said the Fenians, "for the ship."

As they were making ready to start, two young champions hurried up to Fin and saluted him. "Who are ye?" asked Fin, returning the salute; "and whither are ye going?"

"We are the two sons of a king," replied they; "each has a gift, and we have come to you to know which is the better gift to live by. The two gifts are two powers left us by our father."

"What is your power?" asked Fin of the elder brother.

"Do you see this branch?" said he. "If I strike the water of the harbor with this branch, the harbor will be filled with ships till they are crushing one another. [H *The branch symbolizes Trojan naval power: (1) as wood that was needed for ship-building and (2) as the tree of life (human cladogram) and the power of all the ancestors and relatives that are on it. These are Trojan princes.*] When you choose the one you like, I will make the others disappear as quickly as you can bow your head."

"What can you do?" asked Fin of the younger brother.

"If a wild duck were to dart forth from her nest, I could keep the bird in sight; whether she went straight or crooked, high or low, I could catch her before she could fly back to the nest from which she came."

The second king's son symbolizes the Trojan spy network.

When they had done speaking, Fin said, "I have never been in more need of your help than I am at this moment." He told them then of the Gilla and of all that had happened. The elder brother

struck the harbor with his branch; the harbor was filled with ships in one minute.

Fin chose the ship he liked best, and said, "I'll take that one." In a twinkle the other ships vanished.

When the men were all ready to go on the ship, Fin called Oisin, and said to him, "I leave the ruling of Erin with you, till I come back to this harbor." He bade farewell then to Oisin and the Fenians.

The younger of the two champions stood at the prow, the elder at the stern. The younger followed the horse in crooked and straight paths through the sea, told his brother how to steer on the voyage. They kept on till, at length, and at last, they came to a haven with a steep, rugged shore where no ship could enter.

"This is where the steed went in," said the younger brother.

When the Fenians saw the haven, they looked at one another. It was a very steep place; and all said, "We cannot land here."

"There will be an evil report for the Fenians of Erin or for men trained by Fin, if no one can spring to land," said the druid.

"Well," said Dyeermud, "there was never a man at Fintra who could make such a spring, if I cannot make it." He buckled his belt firmly and went to the stern of the ship to find space for a run; then he rushed to the prow and rose with one bound to the top of the cliff. When he looked back and saw his comrades below, he was frightened.

Dyeermud left the ship and the Fenians, and walked forward alone. Toward evening, he saw a herd of deer; he pursued them and caught a doe, which he killed; he made a fire, roasted the carcass, ate of it and drank pure spring water. He made a hut then of limbs and slept quietly till morning.

After breakfast, a gruagach [H "*a hairy one*," *a Homo erectus male*] came the way and called out to him, "Is not Erin wide enough for you to live in, instead of coming hither to steal my herds from me?"

"Though I might have been willing to go when you came," replied Dyeermud, "I will not go now since you speak so unmannishly." [H *Soldiers in foreign lands and at war have never been famous for respecting property rights.*]

"You must fight with me then," said the gruagach.

"I will indeed," said Dyeermud.

They took their spears and swords and fought all that day until evening when the gruagach saw that Dyeermud was getting the upper hand. He leaped into the spring from which Dyeermud had drunk the cool water. Dyeermud ran quickly and thrust his sword into the water but no sign of the gruagach.

"I will watch for you to-morrow," said Dyeermud to himself; so, he waited near the spring until morning.

The gruagach stood before him next day more threatening to look at than ever and said, "It seems you hadn't fighting enough from me yesterday."

"I told you that I would not go," answered Dyeermud, "till I had knocked satisfaction out of you for your ugly speech."

They went at each other then and fought fiercely till very near evening. Dyeermud watched the spring closely; and when the gruagach leaped in, he was with him. In the side of the spring was a passage; the two walked through that passage and came out in a kingdom where there was a grand castle and *seven* men at each side of the door.

This entrance to Tir-na-nOg is under water.

When Dyeermud went toward the castle, the fourteen rushed against him. He slew these and all others who faced him till nightfall. He would not enter the castle but stretched himself on the ground and fell fast asleep.

Soon a champion came, tapped him lightly with a sword and said, "Rise now, and speak to me."

Dyeermud sprang up and grasped his sword.

"I am not an enemy but a friend," said the champion. "It is not proper for you to be sleeping among your enemies. Come to my castle; I will entertain you and give you good keeping."

Dyeermud went with the stranger, and they became faithful friends. "The king of this country, which is called Tir Fohin [Land Under the Wave], is my brother," said the champion. "The kingdom is rightfully mine, and 'tis I that should be King of Tir Fohin; but my brother corrupted my warriors with promises, so that all except thirty men of them left me."

This champion was called the Knight of Valor. Dyeermud told this knight his whole story, —told of the Hard Gilla and his long-legged, scrawny, thin-maned, ugly old horse.

“I am the man,” said the knight, “that will find out the Hard Gilla for you. That Gilla is the best swordsman and champion in this land and the greatest enchanter. Your men, brought away by him, are as safe and as sound as when they left Erin. He is a good friend of mine.”

“Now,” said Dyeermud, “for your kindness (you might have killed me when I was asleep) and for your entertainment, I give my word to fight against your brother and win back your kingdom.”

Dyeermud sent a challenge to the King of Tir Fohin. The knight and Dyeermud, with the knight’s thirty men, fought against the king’s forces, fought all day till evening; then the king withdrew to the castle to keep his hold firm on the chief place; but Dyeermud rushed in, brought him out to the green, threw him on the flat of his back and shouted, “Are you not satisfied yet?” [H *For either champion to be “satisfied” after fighting is parapraxis, a Freudian slip, confirming that paranoid replacement ideas are at work.*]

“I am if the men are,” said the king.

“Will you obey the Knight of Valor?” asked Dyeermud of the men.

“We will,” answered they. The men gave their word to obey with all faithfulness. Dyeermud gave the false king thirty men then, and the Knight of Valor became king in his own land. On the morrow, Dyeermud and the king went with forces to the Gilla’s castle; and when they entered the gates, the Gilla came out, received them with welcome and hand shaking. There was great rejoicing and good cheer at the Gilla’s castle.

When Dyeermud did not return to the vessel, Fin and the two young champions thought to find an easier landing in some place; they put their ship around and sailed forward, sailed and sailed; and where should they come at last but to the castle of the King of *Sorách* (Light), who received them with welcome and entertained them with the best that he had in his castle.

A fragmented version of this myth is in the classical manuscripts and in Rolleston. There, the trip to the “King of Sorách”

is entirely left out; but fairyland is replaced with Greece. (Rolleston: 295) Dyeermud's adventure restoring the "Knight of Valor" to the throne of "Tir Fohin" (Tir na n-Og) seems to have been hastily-created propaganda intended to tell the world, "The gods are on our side."³⁴ The rest of it suggests that "Sorách" refers to a warm country near modern-day Greece: Crete, Mycenae or one of the civilizations of the eastern Mediterranean. These civilizations and Troy were overthrown during the great conflagrations of 1450 to 1150 B.C. They amounted to a western world war. Everything about the popular mythology of western Ireland suggests that it is what remains of the mythology of the Fir Bolgs. The Fir Bolgs were vassals of the Wessex Culture, the Trojans. Together with their mostly Eastern Mediterranean trading partners, they fought the Celts of the continent for the British Isles between 1194 and 1183 B.C. This was the Trojan War. It was fought after the Iron Age had already started in Eastern Europe. It was fought over the wealth that the Trojans and their allies had accumulated during the previous half-millennium, when they had exercised a tin monopoly. The general ignorance of European geography and the pressure from the conquerors to expunge the history of conquest caused myths such as this to become greatly compromised. See DTD, Appendixes D and F. Here, in this myth-tale, they are redeploying and readying the forces of "Tir na n-Og" (the fairies) and their other allies for war.

But they were hardly seated at table, when the chief messenger of the King of Sorách came hurrying in and said that there was a fleet sailing toward them, which was as numerous as the sands on the seashore, that it was coming for tribute, which had not been collected for many a year.

The king had a grieved and sorrowful face. "That is the High King of the World coming against me," said he.

The research of Iman Wilkens, further suggests that this myth refers mostly to the late Bronze Age. We know that the "High

³⁴ The most warlike and aggressive Big Brothers (masked, latent homosexual politicians and ruling class elites) in every country tend to have their own version of these magic words that induce the most naïve, religious babies to go to war or commit whatever atrocities Big Brother directs. "In God We Trust" are the American magic words. In Germany, they were "Gott sei mit uns."

King" of this period, "Agamemnon" in Homer's "Iliad," was the High King of the Goidelic Celts in Argos (roughly corresponding to modern France). The original Mycenae, capital of Argos, was near the town of Troyes on the Seine. See Wilkens p. 126 et. seq. and DTD Appendix F.

"Never fear," said Fin MacCumhail. "Cheer up, and have courage. I and my men will stand up for you. We will fight to the death to defend you."

On the following day, the High King sent forces to land, to attack the King of Sorách in his castle. These forces were under command of Borb Sinnisor na Gah, son of the High King. The greatest delight of the High King was his daughter, a beautiful maiden called Teasa Taov Geal; and the thought came to her that day to see the battle. "I will go," said she, "with my brother, and see him take the king's castle."

On Fin's side, the two young champions, his guides, were eager to be in the struggle; but Fin would not hear of that. [H *Confirm our earlier interpretation of these "champions." The wealthy, latent homosexual, K scoundrels are much more conscious of their homosexuality; so, their malice takes insidious forms.*] "You must stay with the ship," said he, "and take us to Erin, when the time comes."

As soon as Fin saw the attack was led by the son of the High King, he said, "I will command the battle and lead the men in action to-day. We will show the invaders what the Fenians do in battle."

Oscar went with Fin, and so did Goll MacMorna. The battle raged grandly; the men of the High King fell in crowds until evening. What was left of them then went to the ships and sailed back in haste to their master.

When the news reached the High King, he called his druid for advice. "This is not the time to make war on the King of Sorách," said the druid; "for Fin MacCumhail and his men are living in friendship at his castle; they will help him to the end of this struggle. Go home for the present, and come again when Fin has gone back to Erin."

The king was inclined to do this, but his daughter had seen Fin MacCumhail in the battle and had fallen in love with him.

The archaeological record and what's known of our prehistory all agree that the Irish were endowed with gold and the Trojans with the largest deposits of tin needed to make bronze. Theirs were the richest lords. Troy was the Bronze Age capital of what archeologists call the Wessex culture. Wilkens convincingly shows that Homer's Troy, original Troy, was on the plains of Cambridge in England. Homer's Helen symbolizes the ability of affluent, latent homosexual men to attract women. Many heterosexual women are too dumb to see through the Third Mask. Others are just looking for security or the opportunity to breed.

She sent him a message saying, "I will go with you. I will leave my father for your sake. I love you." The answer that Fin sent, was to come to him; he would take her with gladness to Erin. [H *The most unconscious, latent homosexual men, who are motivated by paranoid replacement ideas and always fighting, are easily fooled by women wanting only to exploit them. The others want women only as brood mares and trophies that impress other men.*]

The king was grieved at the loss of his daughter. "I might go home now," said he, "and come back at another time; but how can I go and leave my daughter behind me?"

There was a champion called *Lavran MacSuain*, who could steal anything while men were asleep, and make them sleep even more but could not do harm to them. Lavran volunteered to bring back the daughter.

"If I find them asleep," said he, "I will bring her back, if you give me a reward."

"I will pay you well," said the king. "I will not spare rewards on you, if you bring me my daughter."

When Lavran came to where Fin was, he found him and the Fenians asleep and put them in a still deeper sleep. He brought *Teasa Taov Geal* to her father's ship then. The fleet sailed away in the night; and at day-break, there was not a trace of it. [H *What an improbable story! Given these facts, it's much more likely that Teasa Taov Geal was a spy that slipped away by her own efforts.*]

Next morning, when Fin woke and found that the king's daughter was gone, he sprang up and was raging with anger. He sent men to look for the fleet, but not a boat or a ship was in sight.

Oscar and Goll, seeing Fin in such passion, said, "We will go, if a druid goes with us. He will find out the castle by his knowledge; and we will bring the woman back, or die while striving to bring her." Next morning, Goll and Oscar took a ready ship from the fleet of the King of Sorách, set sail and never stopped till they touched land near the castle of the High King.

"The best way for us," said the druid, on landing, "is to say that we are bards, till we learn where the strength of the king is."

"We will not do that," said Oscar. [H *That's not heroic enough.*] "We will go straight forward, and bring the woman back with the strength of our arms."

They went straight from the strand toward the castle. At the wayside was a raft where the daughter of the king was at that time and no great number of men there to guard her. Goll and Oscar attacked the guards, cut them down and took Taov Geal. [H *They're sending her back for more intelligence.*]

"The king is coming home from a hunt," said the druid; "it is better to hurry back to our ship."

"We will sharpen our weapons," said Oscar, "and strike the king's men, if they come toward us; but do you take the woman, and go in all haste to the ship. We will stay behind to protect you."

The druid took Taov Geal, who was willing and glad, when she heard who had come for her. They reached the ship safely. Goll and Oscar came soon after, sprang into the ship, set sail and never stopped till they brought *Teasa Taov Geal* to Fin at the castle of the King of Sorách. There was a feast then far greater than the one which the High King had interrupted the first day.

"I will take you to Erin." said Fin to Taov Geal.

"I will go with you," said she.

"I know the Hard Gilla well," said the King of Sorách to Fin MacCumhail. "I will go with you to him; he is a great champion and a mighty enchanter."

The king and his men, with Fin and the Fenians, went to the lands of the Gilla; and when he saw them all, he brought them into his castle and treated them well. Dyeermud and the King of Tir Fohin were there also; they had been enjoying themselves, and feasting with the Gilla, while Fin and the others were fighting with the High King, and stealing his daughter.

The sending of the Irish to various places to fight as vassals suggests that the lords of Troy were able to hire or enlist mercenaries with their wealth. They probably had mercenaries from trading-partner countries all over Europe's sea trade routes fighting with them at Troy. Wealth from trade and influence would explain the many tongues that Homer says were heard in the streets of Troy. The world's most modern, syntactically-simple, word-order-dependent, trade and port language (English) could only have developed at the Bronze Age capital of the world. If this observation is insufficient to assure you that Troy was in Britain and not Turkey, then see Appendix F of DTD. Note too that in this Fir Bolg version of the events preceding the Trojan War (which is described in the next Chapter), not only are the gods (or fairies) firmly on the side of the defenders of the Isles, but "Helen" has gone with them willingly. We men all want to think that we're Mother Nature's gift to women; but in a savage, insecure world – even for eastern, heterosexual women, love is never the top priority.

Conan and the twenty-nine Fenians were all in good health; and Fin had the daughter of the High King in the castle, intending to take her to Erin.

Said Fin to the Gilla one day, "It was you and Conan who had the first quarrel; he and you are the men who began these adventures. I will leave him and you to end the whole story. Conan is not easy to talk with, and you are a hard man to conquer."

Conan was called up.

"What say you of our host," asked Fin: "and what would you do for him?"

"I was treated here as well as you have ever treated me in Fintra, or as any man treated me in another place," said Conan. [H *Conan's opinion is especially important because this man with the swath of black wool growing down his back is a hybrid. He is a god too. This will become still more apparent in the next myth. Search for Conan Maol Mac Morna in digital DTD.*]

"My sentence is this. Let him come to Erin with us in our ship, feast with us in Fintra, and ride home on his own horse."

"I will do that," said the Gilla.

Conan and the Gilla, with all the Fenians, went to the ship. Fin brought the daughter of the High King on board, and all sailed

away to Erin. The Gilla was entertained to his heart's content, till one day he said, "I must leave you now, and go to my own place."

Conan and a number of Fenians went to the seashore to see him ride away. "Where is your horse?" asked Conan.

"Here," said the Gilla. Conan turned to see the ugly long-legged beast but saw nothing. He turned then to look at the Gilla but saw only mist stretching out toward the water.

Again, the above myth probably derives from the British Isles between 1450 BC. and 1194 BC., between the first attacks by the "Sea Peoples" (Pelasgians), continental Celts and other peoples of the North Atlantic upon Crete and the attack upon Troy itself. It was intended to convey three messages to the various Goidelic Celts who were uniting behind the "High King" ("Daire Donn" in Irish or Fir Bolg mythology or "Agamemnon" in Homer). First, "Crete only fell because we were off our guard and unable to defend them at the time." Secondly, "Your women who have come aboard our gold and tin ships and returned with us to the British Isles did so because they are in love with us." And lastly, "We have helped to defend the divine order in Tir-na-nOg and have the gods on our side."

There is an unspoken message too, which the myth-makers may or may not have intended. It is this: for latent homosexual men



who are unconscious of their homosexuality, motivated by paranoid replacement ideas and forever fighting or searching for enemies; the issues of truth and justice that are so relevant to social harmony are inimical. Those issues can only interfere with the fighting, which is the closest thing to adult love that these men have.

Above is J.C. Leyendecker's Queen Maeve of Connaught. She led the men of Ireland against the Ulstermen in the most famous of all Irish myths, "The Cattle Raid of Cooley." See my interpretation of it in Appendix E of DTD.

21. THE BATTLE OF VENTRY

Ventry was originally *Fintry* and named after Fin. It is in the southwest corner of Ireland. Analysis of the rock monuments of Ireland and the world—and the references to megaliths in mythology—reveal that the *Homo erecti* were driven from east to west across Europe and from the middle of Ireland to the extreme north and extreme south. (See Appendix D in DTD, “Stonehenge and Other Rock Monuments Around the World.”) This would have been one of the places – if not *the* place -- where *Homo erectus* made his last stand.

The results of the battle would have been a foregone conclusion. But the belligerents on the *Homo erectus* side knew themselves to be in their last corner on Earth. There was nowhere for them to run. They knew themselves to be the last autonomous people of their species. They knew too that giving up meant slavery for themselves and the gradual but inevitable extinction of their species. Many of them would have fought till their dying breath.

About thirty millennia later, the Fir Bolgs would have been in a situation analogous to *Homo erectus*. Defeat meant servility and the loss of their wealth in gold, their estates and their sovereignty. The similarity of these battles at the same prehistoric place but 30,000 years apart caused them to be condensed into the myth you are about to read.

At least one other version of this myth was published in pamphlet form in Boston. The pamphlet was included within a bound anthology that is owned by the New York Public Library. There is no date upon it; but judging by the condition of the paper, it must have been put out no later than the beginning of the last century. It is entitled “Caugh Fiontra (the Battle of Fintry): which took place in the fourth century and continued without intermission for 366 days.” The publisher of this version must have thought that the myth referred to a battle fought during the invasion of the Angles, Saxons and Jutes during the mid-sixth century AD; but they only got as far as southern and eastern

Britain. The Boston publisher was off by almost 1,750 years with respect to the Trojan War and roughly 30,000 years with respect to the Species War.

This Boston version, although longer, adds very few details to the following one from Curtin's collection. Moreover, it contains several statements that are obvious corruptions that were produced and popularized by the ruling Goidelic Celts, the victors at Troy and invaders of the twelfth century BC. For example: the High King (in the Boston version) is *not* the King of France; England is listed among the many countries that are invading Ireland; and the Irish defenders (the Fir Bolgs) are said to be descendants of the "Milesians." (The latter were the alleged but bogus proto-inhabitants of Ireland and ancestors of the Goidels. See Chapter 31 and Appendix F in DTD.)

It was predicted *seven* years before the battle of Ventry, that Daire Donn, High King of the Great World, would invade Erin to conquer it.

Daire Donn was apparently the Irish name for Homer's Agamemnon. Soil depletion, global warming, the loss of land to the rising sea, overpopulation and the decreasing demand for tin all contributed to a growing crisis throughout Europe, the Mediterranean and the Near East in the second half of the second millennium. The crisis culminated in successive waves of migrations of armed and desperate peoples out of the north by land and sea. They overran agriculture-rich Crete in 1450, burning and looting all the palaces except the royal palace at Knossos. This palace fell later, in 1375 BC. Anatolia and the Levant were also overrun. Mycenae (the new Mycenae, so-named by its conquerors) was overthrown in 1150 BC. The British Isles, which were ruled by the cousins of the Fir Bolgs from Troy, were overrun circa the fall of Troy in 1183 BC. Only Egypt, which has provided archaeologists with written accounts of the conflagration, managed to hold out owing to the successful deployment of archers. See Rolleston, Woolley, Wilkens and DTD.

As of the first attacks upon Crete, a principal Eastern Mediterranean trading partner of the Trojans, the island empire would have begun to brace itself for war. Indeed, the archaeological record for the islands bears this out. (See Appendix D of DTD or

Burgess.) Mythology, geography and economics all suggest that the Irish were vassals of their British (Trojan) cousins. The Irish had to know that if Troy fell, they were next to be overrun. Again, this myth confuses the Trojan War (c. 1200 BC.) with great battles fought at Fintry (Ventry) at the close of the Species War (c. 33,000 BC.). Both probably occurred in the south of these islands and close to the coast.

Fin MacCumhail, for this reason, placed sentries at the chief ports of Erin. At Ventry, *Conn Crithir* was stationed on the top of *Cruach Varhin* to give warning; but he overslept when the fleet came; and the first news he had of its coming was from the cries of people attacked by the invaders.

The "fairies" or "Tuatha de Danann" were thought by many to have returned to "Tir-na-nOg," an island in the west. The "Fomorians," the bad Neanderthal, were thought to have retreated to Tory Island, in the north. This also accounts for the association of an invasion by sea near Troy with an obsessinally feared return of the "Fomorians" by sea at Ventry.

Conn Crithir sprang up, and said, "Great is the misery that has come by my sleep; but Fin and the Fenians will not see me alive after this. I will rush into the midst of the foreigners; and they will fall by me, till I fall by them."

So, he ran down toward the strand. On the way, he saw three strange women running before him. He increased his speed; but, unable to overtake them, he caught his spear to hurl it at the one nearest him.

The women stopped that moment, and cried, "Stay your hand, and do not kill innocent women who have come not to harm but to help you."

"Who are ye?" asked *Conn Crithir*.

"We are three sisters who have come from Tir-na-nOg. We are all three in love with you; [H *Confirm the motives that I cited for the creation of the myth of the previous chapter.*] but no one of us is jealous of the other. We will hide you with an enchanted cloud, so that you can attack the foreign forces unseen. We have a well of healing at the foot of *Sliav Iolar*; and its waters will cure every wound made in battle. After bathing in it, you will be as sound as the day you were born."

Conn Crithir was grateful, and hurried to the strand, where he slew four hundred men of the enemy on the first day.

The Trojans and Fir Bolgs must have been outnumbered, but not to the exaggerated extent claimed in the myth.

He was covered with wounds himself; but the three sisters took him to the well. He bathed in it, and was as sound as on the day he was born.

Conn Crithir was this way in struggle and combat, till *Teastalach Treunmhar*, the chief courier of Fin MacCumhail, came to Ventry.

“Have you tidings of Fin and the Fenians?” asked Conn.

“I have. They are at the River Lee,” said Teastalach.

The River Lee begins in the Shehy Mountains, east of Dingle Peninsula. It flows eastward into the north end of Cork Harbor, which flows into the sea in the west of County Cork, more or less in the middle of the southern side of the Island.

“Go to them quickly,” said Conn, “and tell how we are here. Let them come hither to save us.”

“It would ill become me to go till I had moistened my sword in the blood of the enemy,” said Teastalach; and he sent a challenge for single combat to the High King.

“I am the man to meet that warrior,” said *Colahan MacDochar*, the king’s champion; and he went on shore without waiting. Colahan was thirty feet in height, and fifteen around the waist. When he landed, he went at Teastalach. They fought one hour, and fought with such fury, the two of them, that their swords and spears went to pieces. The sword of Colahan was broken at the hilt; but of Teastalach’s blade there remained a piece as long as the breadth of a man’s palm.

Colahan, who was enraged that any champion could stand against him for the space of even one hour, seized Teastalach in his arms, to carry him living to the ship of the High King, twist off his head there, and raise it on a stake before the forces of the world. When he came to deep water, he raised Teastalach on his shoulder; but Teastalach, the swift courier of Fin MacCumhail, turned quickly, cut the head off his enemy, brought that head to the strand, and made boast of his deed.

Now Teastalach went to where Fin and his forces were, and told him of all that happened. Fin marched straightway, and never stopped nor rested till he came to Maminch, within twenty miles of Ventry. Fin rested there for the night; but Oscar, son of Oisin, with Conn Ceadach and one other, went forward. Before going, Oscar turned to Fin, and said, "Chew your thumb, and tell us what will be the end of our struggle."

Fin chewed his thumb from the skin to the flesh, from the flesh to the bone, from the bone to the marrow, from the marrow to the juice, and said, "The victory will be on our side, but little else will be with us. The battle will last for a day and a year, and every day will be a day of fierce struggle. No man of the foreigners will escape; and on our side, few will be left living and none without wounds."

Again, invaders would have landed not at Ventry, but at the River Boyne. The Irish are confusing the war at Troy and the subsequent subjugation of Ireland with the Species War. The bloodiest action of both wars may have been in the Ventry area and in Ulster. Some of the initial confusion of prehistory may also have been deliberate to circumvent censorship by the Goidels.

Oscar went his way then till he reached Ventry. Fin came on the second day, and stopped with all his forces at Rahonáin. Next morning, he asked, "Who will command the battle to-day?"

"We will go with two hundred," said Oisin and Oscar.

They went toward the harbor; and a great troop landed to meet them. The two parties faced each other then and fought till near evening when all were killed on the side of the foreigners except three smiths, and of Fin's men there remained only Oisin, Oscar and Goll, son of Morna.

Notice that the smiths, the iron workers, are on the side of the invading Achaeans. Within the dominions of the Trojans, they would have had the status of criminals most wanted.

On the following morning, Oisin and Oscar went with two hundred more but without Goll. The foreign troop came in numbers as before, and at midday, there was no man left living of Fin's men but Oisin and Oscar; on the foreign side, all had fallen except the three smiths who were mighty champions. Oscar and Oisin faced the smiths. Oscar had two men against him, and Oisin's

enemy was forcing him backward toward the water. Fin, seeing this, feared for his son and sent a poet to praise and encourage him.

"Now is the time to prove your valor and greatness, Oisin," said the poet. "You never went to any place but a king's daughter or a high beauty fell in love with you. Many are looking this day at you; and now is your time to show bravery."

Oisin was greatly encouraged; so, he grew in fury and increased on his blows till at last he swept the head off his enemy. About the same time, Oscar killed the two other smiths; but being faint from open wounds and blood-loss, he fell, senseless on the strand. Oisin, his father, rushed to him and held him till aid came. They carried him to Rahonáin where, after a long time, he revived.

The smiths had one bother in the fleet of the High King, and his name was Dealv Dura. This man, who was the first champion in the armies of the High King, fell into great grief and swore to have vengeance for his brothers. [H *Dealv Dura is the counterpart of Homer's Achilles.*] He went to the High King, and said, "I will go alone to the strand and will slay two hundred men every day till I have slain all the forces of Erin; and if any man of your troops interferes, I will kill him."

Next morning, Fin asked who would conduct the battle on that day. "I will," said Duvan, son of Donn, "with two hundred men."

"Go not," said Fin. "Let another go."

But Duvan went to the strand with two hundred; and there was no one before him but Dealv Dura, who demanded two hundred men in combat. A shout of derision went up from Duvan's men; but Dealv rushed at them, and he slew the two hundred without a man of them being able to put a sword-cut on him. Then, taking a hurley and ball, Dealv Dura threw up the ball, and kept it in the air with the hurley from the western to the eastern end of the strand without letting it touch the ground even one time. [H *Like tlachtli of the Mexicans, this ancient game was inspired by solar mythology. Here, they must have been describing the morning hours. This villain is moving the ball (i. e. the sun) from west to east, like the army of demons, which our primitive ancestors believed was engaged against the army of the Sun God, to drive it back under the*

eastern horizon. See “México Sangiento” in DTD.] Then, he put the ball on his right foot and kicked it high in the air; when it was near the earth, he sent it up with the left foot and kept the ball in the air with his two feet and never let it touch the earth once while he was rushing from one end of the strand to the other. Next, he put the ball on his right knee, sent it up with that, caught it on the left knee and kept the ball in the air with his two knees while he was running from one end of the strand to the other. Last, he put the ball on one shoulder, threw it up with that shoulder, caught it on the other and kept the ball in the air with his two shoulders while he was running like a blast of March wind from one end of the strand to the other.

Confirmation that Dealv was intended to represent the chief of the demons who fought to steal the sun is provided by the other (Boston) manuscript of this myth. Therein it says that only “M’Luge Lauvada,” the Irish sun god, had done as much (with a hurley ball or the sun).

When he had finished, he walked back and forth on the strand tauntingly and challenged the men of Erin to do the like of those feats.

Next day, Fin sent out two hundred men. Dealv Dura was down on the strand before them, and not a man of the two hundred returned.

Day after day, two hundred went out, and all fell before Dealv Dura. A report ran now through all Erin that Fin’s troops were perishing daily from one man; and this report reached at last the castle of the King of Ulster. The king had one son, and he only thirteen years of age. This son, who was the fairest and shapeliest youth in Erin, said to his father, “Let me go to help Fin MacCumhail and his men.”

“You are not old enough or strong enough, my son; your bones are too soft.”

When the youth insisted, his father confined him and set twelve youths, his own foster-brothers, to guard him, lest he might escape to Ventry Strand.

The king’s son was enraged at being confined, and said to his foster brothers, “It is through valor and daring that my father

gained glory in his young years; and why should I not win a name as well as he? Help me, and I will be a friend to you forever."

In the latter years of the Trojan War, when the people of the isles were desperate to hold off the more numerous invaders, the call to arms probably did extend to youths of a very tender age. This Ulster prince is reminiscent of Cucúlin, the greatest of all Irish warriors, who was also an Ulster man and won fame when still a boy. He starred in previous myth-tales herein and is depicted on the last page of this text.

He talked and persuaded, till they agreed to go with him to Fin MacCumhail. They took arms then, hurried across Erin; and when they came to Ventry, Dealv Dura was on the strand reviling the Fenians.

"O Fenians of Erin," said Oisin, "many have fallen by Dealv Dura; and I would rather die in combat against him than see the ruin he brings every day!"

A great cry was raised by all at these words. Now the son of the King of Ulster stood before Fin and saluted him.

"Who are you?" asked Fin.

"I am Goll [H "One-eyed," archer], son of the King of Ulster; and these twelve are my foster brothers. [H Thirteen boys, 7+6, genetic hostility and sex, indicates that the objects of love and hate are all at stake. It promises to be a fight to the finish. Note again too that this Prince Goll of Ulster associates with the one-eyed Neanderthal archers that our ancestors obsessionaly feared.] We have come to give you what assistance we can."

"My welcome to you," said Fin. The reviling of Dealv Dura was heard now again.

"Who is that?" asked the king's son from Ulster.

"An enemy asking for two hundred warriors of mine to meet him," said Fin.

Here the twelve foster-brothers went to the strand, unknown to the king's son.

"You are not a man," said Conan Maol, "and none of these twelve could face any warrior."

"I have never seen the Fenians till this day," said the king's son, "still I know that you are Conan Maol, who never speaks well of any man; but you will see that I am not in dread of Dealv Dura

or any champion on earth. I will go down now and meet the warrior single-handed."

Fin and the Fenians stopped the young hero and detained him and talked to him. Then, Conan began again and said, "In six days, that champion has slain *twelve* hundred men; and there was not a man of the *twelve* hundred who could not have killed *twelve* hundred like you every day."

These words enraged the king's son. He sprang up, and then heard the shouting of Dealv Dura on the strand. "What does he want now?" asked the king's son.

"More men for combat," said Conan. "He has just slain your *twelve* body-guards."

With that the king's son seized his weapons, and no man could stop or delay him. He rushed to the strand and went toward Dealv Dura. When the champion saw the youth coming, he sneered; and the hosts of the High King sent up a roar of laughter; for they thought Fin's men were all killed, since he had sent a stripling to meet Dealv Dura. The courage of the boy was all the greater from the derision; and he rushed on Dealv Dura, who got many wounds from the youth before he knew it. They fought a sharp, bloody combat; and no matter how the champion, Dealv Dura, used his strength, swiftness and skill, he was met by the king's son: and if the world could be searched, from its eastern edge to its western border, no braver battle would be found than was that one. The two fought through the day, the hosts of the great world and the Fenians cheering and urging them on. [H *The hosts of the Great World and the lengthy description of the battle refer to the Trojan War. Though confined to the West, it was in other respects the second world war, the Species War being the first world war.*]

Toward evening, their shields were hacked to pieces; and their weapons all shivered, but they did not stop the battle; they grappled and caught each other and fought so that the sand on the beach was boiling like water beneath them. They wrestled that way, seeing nothing in the world but each other, till the tide of the sea went over them and drowned the two there before the eyes of the Fenians and the hosts of the High King. A great cry of wailing

and sorrow was raised on both sides when the water closed over the champions.

Next morning, after the tide-ebb, the two bodies were found stiff and cold, each one in the grasp of the other; but Dealv Dura was under the king's son, so it was known that the youth was a better man than the other. The king's son was buried with great honor by the Fenians, and never before did they mourn for a hero as on that day.

"Who will command the battle this time?" asked Fin, on the following morning.

"I and my son Oscar," said Oisin.

They went to the strand with two hundred men, and against them came the King of France with his forces. The two sides fought with such venom that at midday there was no one alive on either side but Oscar, Oisin and the King of France. The king and Oisin were fighting at the eastern end of Ventry, and the king gave such a blow that he knocked a groan from Oisin.

Oscar, who was at the western end of the strand then, — Oscar, of noble deeds, the man with a heart that never knew fear and a foot that never stepped back before many or few, —rushed to see who had injured his father; and the noise that he made was like the noise of fifty horses while racing.

The king looked toward the point where the thundering sound was and saw Oscar coming. He knew then that unless he escaped, he had not long to live; his beauty and bravery left him, and his terror was like that of a hundred horses at the sound of a thunderbolt. Lightness of mind and body came on him; he stretched himself, sprang up, flew through the air and never stopped till he came down in Glean nan Allt, —a place to which, since that time, insane persons go, and every madman in Erin would go there in twenty-four hours if people would let him. [H *This place is in the Scottish highlands.*]

In the battle of the next day, the King of Norway was chief; and there was never such destruction of men in Erin before as on that day. This king had a venomous shield with red flames; and if it were put under the sea, not one of its flames would stop blazing, and the king himself was not hotter from any of them. When he had the shield on his arm no man could come near him; and he

went against the Fenians with only a sword. Not to use weapons had he come but to let the poison of his shield fly among them.

*The other, Boston manuscript of this myth represents this character more clearly. Therein he is the King of Denmark's son, and he bears no weapon—only the shield. The destruction that he wrecks upon the Irish is even more fantastic. This figure could represent obsessional fear of being destroyed by fire or water—as our ancestors once destroyed *Homo erectus*. In both versions, this monster is killed by the Ulster chief (a "good" Neanderthal god). But these blazing weapons have a more concrete meaning. The fire of this shield is a displacement of the hotter fires needed to forge iron and steel. By the start of the Trojan War, 1194 B. C., the continental Achaean leaders would have had lots of iron and steel. They came not for the tin but for plunder. By the end of the war, 1183 B. C., all the iron weapons of the Fir Bolg and Trojan lords would have come out of hiding for use in battle. Thus, everyone knew bronze weapons to be obsolete, which is why the Isleham Hoard remained intact up to recent days. See Appendix F of DTD for the recently-discovered Isleham Bronze Hoard.*

The balls of fire that he sent from the shield went through the bodies of men, so that each blazed up like a splinter of oak which had hung a whole year in the smoke of a chimney, and whoever touched the burning man blazed up as well as he; and small was every evil that came into Erin before when compared with that evil.

Like the Deluge bonfires, this fire leaves no trace of its victims.

"Lift up your hands," said Fin, "and give three shouts of blessing to the man who will put some delay on that foreigner."

A smile came on the king's face when he heard the shouts that Fin's men were giving. It was then that the Chief of the Fenians of Ulster came near; and he had a venomous spear, which entered the king's mouth and went out through his neck. The shield fell, and its blazing was quenched with the life of its master. The chief cut the head off the king and made boast of the deed; and his help was the best that the Fenians received from any man of their own men. Many were the deeds of that day; and but few of the forces of the High King went back to their ships in the evening.

The inclusion of the Ulstermen tells us that all Ireland was immersed in this war. Indeed, both the Species War and the Irish chapter of the Trojan War would have involved the whole island. Notice too that both of the Ulstermen referred to herein, the son of the Ulster King and the Chief of the Fenians of Ulster, have supernatural powers. Confirm that the Fir Bolgs continued to equate "Ulstermen" with the Tuatha de Danann, the fairies, their Species War victims.

On the following day, the foreigners came in thousands; for the High King had resolved to put an end to the struggle.

Here is more evidence that we are being told of a massive invasion. This myth includes what remains of the oral Irish history of the Trojan War, in which many nations participated and the Irishmen fought beside their British cousins. The parallels with Homer's "Iliad" are unmistakable, and Iman Wilkens has proven that the Trojans were the ancient Britons and that Troy was on the plains of Cambridge. Appendix F of Edition 23 of DTD verifies these conclusions and includes an analysis of the war dykes, the strategies that determined their locations and a coincidental, personal, anecdote that evinces the real location of Troy as well as any other evidence.

Conan Maol, who never spoke well of any man, had a power which he knew not himself and which no one in Erin knew except Fin. When Conan looked through his fingers at any man, that man fell dead the next instant.

"Looking through one's fingers" at another man is symbolic of launching an arrow at him. And here, the supernatural bow is in the hands of Conan, the hybrid! This image describes another one of our ancestors' obsessional "deluge" fears.

Fin never told Conan of this and never told anyone; for he knew that Conan would kill all the Fenians when he got vexed if he knew his own power. When the foreigners landed, Fin sent a party of men with Conan to a suitable place; so that when the enemy was attacking, these men would look with Conan through their fingers at the enemy and pray for assistance against them.

Latter-day Christians interpreted "looking through the fingers" as praying for assistance from "God." This is a servile and idiotic projection. Caesar described our pagan, Celtic ancestors as

being far too proud to assume a humiliating profile, even during defeat. The very suggestion of this is an insult to their memory and a monument to Christian stupidity.

Looking through one's fingers at "a suitable place" refers to archers firing from a height. These metaphors tell us that, even as late as the Trojan War, more than 13 ky after the Great Flood and 30 ky after the Species War, the bow and arrow were still too tabu to mention.

When Conan and his men looked through their fingers, the enemy fell dead in great numbers, and no one knew that it was Conan's look alone, without prayers or assistance from others, that slew them.

Conan and his company stood there all day, looking through their fingers and praying whenever a new face made its way from the harbor. [H *The breaking of the Pope's leg on you, Saint Patrick! They were not praying. They were launching arrows from atop the hill that is in the background, left, of Figure 8.*] The struggle lasted day after day till his men spoke to the High King and said to him, "We can never conquer unless you meet Fin in single combat."

The king challenged Fin to meet him on the third day. Fin accepted, though he was greatly in dread; for he knew that the trunk of the High King's body was formed of one bone and that no sword in the world could cut it but the king's own sword, which was kept in the Eastern World by his grandsire, the King of the Land of the White Men.

The Boston version says that Fin's (fairy) wife is a princess of this "White Nation." Because Fin is a hybrid, in either case the meaning is clear: the White Nation is a condensation of Indo-Europeans, iron-inventors and the Homo sapien victors of the Species War (the conquerors of the Tuatha De Danann or the fairies).

The "single-bone trunk of the King's body that could only be cut by the sword in the Eastern World" refers to iron body armor and swords. Confirm, again, as I said at the top of this chapter; the tin lords and their vassals were hiding their iron weapons and exerting every effort to deny the existence of and stop the spread of iron.

That old king had *seven* chambers in a part of his castle, one inside the other. On the door of the outer chamber was one lock, on the second two and so on to the door of the *seventh* and innermost chamber, which had *seven* locks; and in that chamber the sword and shield of the High King were kept. [H *The techniques of iron-making would have been guarded and kept secret, not by the Achaeans and their "High King," but by the smiths who knew them (who didn't want competition) and especially by the Tin Lords (who wanted to stop the spread of iron and maintain high prices for the tin and bronze they monopolized).*]

In the service of Daire Donn was a champion, a great wizard, who wished the High King ill. This man went to Fin, and said, "I'll bring you the sword and shield from the Eastern World."

Note that the Fir Bolg and Trojan Lords (the ruling elites of the British Isles who exercised the tin monopoly) would have been the first people of the far west to learn about iron. They were the people most in contact with the Eastern Mediterranean and Near East and the people able to pay the highest price for the information. The tin lords knew that they couldn't monopolize iron as they did tin. Charcoal and iron ore were everywhere abundant; and as soon as peoples began to learn the techniques of iron production, —bronze demand would decline. Over the two- and one-half millennia from 1200 BC to 1400 AD, the demand for tin and other rare metals shrank so completely that navigational and geographic knowledge of the Atlantic Ocean and its rim became completely lost. It was their iron, the tin lords' iron that was locked up "behind 7 doors and 28 locks" until absolutely needed for defense. The actual deception was all the devious strategies of the tin lords to stop the knowledge of and spread of iron metallurgy from its Transcaucasian or Black Sea Region source. See Wilkens or DTD, Appendix F.

"Good will be my reward to you," said Fin, "if you bring them in time."

Away went the man in a cloud of enchantment, and soon stood before the old king. "Your grandson," said he, "is to fight with Fin MacCumhail and has sent me for his weapons."

The old king had the sword and shield brought quickly, and gave them. The man hurried back to Erin and gave the weapons to Fin on the eve of the battle.

If you believe this, I have a bridge to sell you. Again, tin was to the Trojan War what oil was to the last two world wars. Iron production techniques would have been most closely guarded by the tin lords. The Trojans would have purchased and hidden all the iron they could find. This fantastic episode provides a false explanation of how the Trojans and Fir Bolgs would have produced iron weapons – seemingly out of nowhere—during this war. Similarly, because the victors wanted to expunge all memory of their invasion and the war, the public has been lied to about Troy, the war dykes and everything having anything to do with the war right down to the present day.

*Note also that technology has rarely, if ever, decided the outcome of war between opponents of the same species. Spies buy the secrets for a minuscule fraction of what it costs to discover them. In the case of the Species War and as the myths of many of our ancestors attest, *Homo erectus*' hands weren't good enough to make and use our tools – even if he acquired the knowledge of how to make them. (Search "hand" in the digital version of DTD.)*

Finally, and this can't be repeated too often, although no one ever chose to be latently homosexual, loveless and angry, although the men who can hide their homosexuality are forced to do so, forced to adopt a false persona due to the homophobia caused by our inept transition to monogamy and by the contradiction between their loving nature and the need for men of savage K and R society to be killing machines as required by its savage birthrate; the worst, Orwellian Big Brothers are in the 9th latent homosexual heaven when they are able to monopolize basic resources and humiliate the rest of us. They would have hidden iron forever had they been able. What does that say about today's oil gangsters and alternative energy?

Next morning, the High King came to the strand full of confidence. Believing himself safe, he thought he could kill Fin MacCumhail easily; but when he stood in front of the chief of the Fenians and saw his own venomous sword unsheathed in the hand of his enemy and knew that he was fated to die from that blade, his face left him for a moment, and his fingers were unsteady.

He rallied; and thinking to win by surprise, rushed suddenly, fiercely and mightily to combat. One of Fin's men sprang out and dealt a great blow with a broad axe; it laid open the

helmet, cut some of the hair of the High King but touched not the skin of his body. The High King with one blow made two of the Fenian; and, rushing at Fin, cut a slice from his shield and a strip of flesh from his thigh. Fin gave one blow then in answer, which made two equal parts of the king; so that one eye, one ear, one arm and one leg of him dropped on one side; and the other eye, ear, arm, and leg went to the other side.

Now, the hosts of the High King and the Fenians of Erin fought till there was no man standing in the field except one. He raised the body of the High King, and said, "It was bad for us but worse for you, Fenians of Erin; I go home in health, and ye have fallen side by side. I will come again soon and take all Erin."

This is apparently what actually happened. The Trojan War greatly depopulated the British Isles of fighting men, and continental Celts later returned unopposed. But of course, our Irish myth cannot admit this. The current lords don't want to admit that they, like most of the ruling K class everywhere, descend from violent conquerors. Theirs were not the first violent conquerors; and if man continues in his savage state, they are not likely to be the last.

"Sad am I," said Fin, as he lay on the field, "that I did not find death before I heard these words from the mouth of a foreigner, and he going into the Great World with tidings. Is there any man alive near me?"

"I am," said Fergus Finbel; "and there is no warrior who is not lying in his blood save the chief man of the High King and your own foster-son, Caol."

"Go to seek my foster-son," said Fin.

Fergus went to Caol, and asked him how his health was. "If my battle harness were loosened, my body would fall asunder from wounds; but more grieved am I at the escape of the foreigner with tidings than at my own woeful state. Take me to the sea, Fergus, that I may swim after the foreigner; perhaps he will fall by this hand before the life leaves me."

Fergus took him to the sea; and he swam to the ship. The foreigner thought him one of his own men and reached down to help him aboard, but Caol grasped the man firmly and drew him to the water. Both sank in the clear, cold sea and were drowned.

No man saw the foreigner afterward; but Caol's body was carried by the waves, borne northward and past the islands till it came to land at the port now called Caoil Cuan (Caol's Harbor).

"And none of the foreigners told their friends and relatives where they were going when they left home to invade Ireland."

The greatest warrior of Irish mythology, *Cucúlin* (below), was from Ulster. *Cucúlin* won fame when still a boy and turned into a giant whenever his "battle fury was on him." The illustration is from Joseph Christian Leyendecker.



AN AFTERWORD

By the way, some of you might be interested in the latest news from George. Many of you, who have read Just Say No to Latent Homosexual Crusades don't believe in George, the invisible alien who is my teacher and confidant. That's quite alright. But for those of you that do, he spoke to me just the other day. Said he had passed Jesus in flight. After the usual exchange of pleasantries, JC told George that he was returning to Heaven. George didn't tell me what galaxy Heaven is, but he told JC he was sorry to see him go and asked why he was leaving.

"Well," said JC, "my movement has stalled out."

"I've noticed," said George. "But you did help them stop sacrificing and eating each other. That'll always be a big gold star on your resume."

"Yes, but that was long ago; and since then, my followers haven't gotten any better. Moreover, my biggest church..."

"The one Paul helped you found..."

"Yes. It's soon to go bankrupt from all the child-molestation law suits being filed against it."

"Your priests do have some issues," said George.

"Yes, and I'm afraid the plaintiffs will soon be naming me as a co-defendant."

"Well, JC, it does sound like a good time for you to get out of town. But you're still a young man with lots to learn. Maybe you'll accomplish more on your next mission at another planet."

"Thanks for the encouragement, George. Say, ah, you wouldn't have a smoke for the road, would ya?"

"You know I don't smoke."

"Oh, sorry. Forgot. Well, sayonara Amigo."

And that, said George, is probably the last we'll ever see of Jesus. He did, according to George, also ask about me and the [Peace Love and Progress Party](#). George said his work with us is progressing; he's staying on with us; and even Christian priests that are willing to learn are welcome to visit our website and read our books.

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