

Samhain 2008

Welcome to the Samhain edition of EOLAS, the magazine of Ord na Darach Gile - the Order of WhiteOak. Another Summer's End and the time to reflect on the turning year. The current financial situation is hitting many people hard but within the wider Druid community that seems to be bringing a greater depth of introspection and the desire to find new ways to do things. For some this has generated debate on what a Druid's role is within the modern world, the impatient, on-demand era in which we live can sometimes seem at odds with the long term quest for knowledge and excellence that lies at the heart of Druidism.

In this edition of EOLAS we have our usual mix of articles, recipes, poems, with features on Tara (both ancient and modern) and an article on Taking Druidry to the Streets.

If anyone would like to contribute to future editions of EOLAS, please send your contributions to membership@whiteoakdruids.org

Within the peace of the Oaks,
J Craig Melia – October 2008

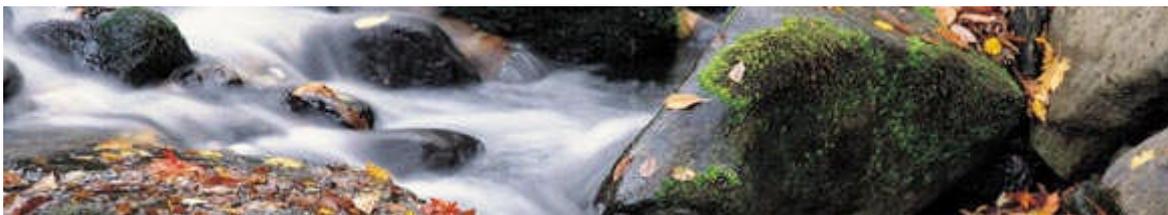
Visit our Virtual Shrine

The Virtual Shrine Of The Goddess Brighid is dedicated to all people who are suffering and to their loved ones who are in need of help. It is also a place to celebrate and commemorate significant life passages. It is intended for the use of all People of Faith, here you may offer prayers, give thanks or write petitions within our Messages area.

We take our lead from the ancient and sacred places used by our Ancestors, those Ancient Shrines and Holy Wells that dot the landscape, allowing the traveller to give thanks and to make offering for safe journey and good fortune.

Our Blessings and Remembrance sections offer words of wisdom and prayers from many traditions, not just Celtic but also Northern Traditions, Hinduism and Buddhism.

The shrine can be viewed at www.celticheritage.co.uk/virtualshrine



The Order of WhiteOak has instituted a teaching program and system of fostership. For more details visit our website at www.whiteoakdruids.org or email us via membership@whiteoakdruids.org

Teamhair, Tower, Tara: Towers in the Ancient World Vyvyan Ogma Wyverne

The word Teamhair occurs in Irish as Tara's other name, and also in English where it is spelt Tower.

In English the pronunciation of the English form of this word, 'tower' varies a lot from person to person. Some pronounce both syllables clearly, others pronounce it as one, not always prolonged, monosyllable, Tar, or even Tær Tor or Ter with many not pronouncing the r, so that it becomes simply 'taa' or even 'tae'. There are other pronunciations too, giving it either one or both syllables. This diversity is not reflected in English spelling, as it is in Irish, where the Tar- of Tara is equal to English's mono-syllabic spoken form, while the Teamhair represents the di-syllabic form. The word seems to have been the same in English and Ireland, with the Irish sense of it focusing not on just any building, but on the Hill of Tara specifically, while in English it can refer to any high building, including specific politically significant towers such as the Tower of London.

This same word occurs world-wide with many different spellings - mostly based upon the monosyllabic form - in compound words and in combination with a range of affixes. It sometimes means 'tower' or 'towers' and sometimes not, but many occurrences are clearly related. We see it as anything from place-names (Tours, Tehran, Taranto, Tarq, Tarsus) to the names of gods, (Taranos, Thor, Ishtar, Terpsichore); in fast food (tarts, torte), dog-breeds (terrier) mineral resources (tar) and sailors incidentally, (Jack Tars), tiaras, turnips, tyrants, the tarot and perhaps also the Chinese Tao, since Taoism was a culture that built towers. Variants such as Tur-, Tyr-, Ter-, Tor-, Tour-, Teir- are to be found all over the map, in place-names of great antiquity. Check the indexes of atlases, mythologies and histories and search the listings under T in foreign language dictionaries: not all occurrences will refer directly or obliquely to towers, but enough of them will for you to see the emerging vista. There are Thera, Tia-maat, and Ish-Tar, and in Sanskrit, Yudhishtira.

Analysis of place names confirm that the ancient Tower culture, richly described and lovingly preserved in fairy tales, legends and folk-memories of many countries today, really existed and was world-wide. Ancient eastern European Rapunzels probably were reared in towers by formidable witches with magical (medical) gardens in exchange for medicine. The likes of England's Alison Gross who lived "...in yon tower, the ugliest with in the North Country..." really did trust their reluctant lovers into many a dark tower, and during that same aevum, a few outlandish countries distant, the old spinster cast her spools, and spell-bound her castle from its highest tower, where the beautiful Aurora lay wrapped up in thorny briar roses for a century asleep.

Many a veritable Childe Harold really did approach that daunting Dark Tower quailing, where ruled Tyrants cruel and benign, or Tartars, or the Tarquins'. Glammed-up and perhaps flirtatious 'tarts' made cake 'torte' and pastries 'tarts' in Germany and England), and they wore tiaras, and understood the Tarot, and attended tournaments, and went on tours (travelling from tower to tower), introducing to the locals turquoise, tourmalines, tar, terrines, tureens and turnips - and significantly for reconstructionists, tartan.

As an Irish word Teamhair looks like a plural form of a (hypothetical) singular noun Teamhar. Teamhair would then mean The Towers. And if Tara means Teamhair, it too is a plural form, perhaps of (a hypothetical) Tar.ⁱⁱ That's one of the ways English people pronounce 'tower', and so it seems some of the olden day Irish.

Were all the Tower builders Celtic? It's difficult to say. It's not easy to define Celtic in today's world, and it's a much more elusive concept in the past. Throughout the world and within its range the word Celtic itself has many forms, both labial (P- Celtic) and non-labial (Q-Celtic), each with many variants. Then, the meaning has diversified as rapidly and continuously as the form, not stabilising until the much more circumscribed array of more or less sharply different languages that we now take for granted started to emerge out of the linguistic melange of indigenous and imported ancient and mediaeval western, middle, northern and eastern Europe and the southern coasts of the Mediterranean.ⁱⁱⁱ In the past, that ever-evolving melange of languages reflected a similar *cultural* melange, with mass marriages of fifty or more couples between cities or even countries helping to stir the mix.^{iv}

As the data accumulates and the picture emerges, it becomes clear that the Towers were world-wide; and so were the Cells, Kils, or Kells, the polises and churches of the Keltai, the Celts. Various known as Sel-Pel- Bel- Hel, Tel- with the vowel very various, plus a full array of suffixes, prefixes etc, variants can be found all over the map.

One of the most interesting is Gel, Gael, or Gaul, which seem to come from Goidh-el, which is variously spelt and related to Cath-al, which has P-forms related to the first two syllables of Parth-olan. These are traces of a truly international culture, incorporating Achilles, Apollo, Pwyll, Pali, Bali and more, extending perhaps into Australia, where names like Kalgoorlie, Coolgardie, Balladonia, and multitudes of other indigenous place-names occur alongside clear archeological evidence of an ancient Celtic presence.^v International also were the Bans, the Danes/Danaans, Mona/Iona/Iuno, Mer, Cathars and Moors, to name but a few. Hybrid names such as *tur-ban*, *Dardanian*, *Minataur*, *Kaftan*, and similar reveal the cultural interweaving that produced the cultural melange we're discerning there.

I'm seeing a system of paths, well-travelled mostly but with greenwoods and mirkwoods and high mountains and vast plains, penetrating to most parts of the world, peopled with the heroes, all-too-human gods, kings and queens, wizards and dwarfs, archetypes and stereotypes, and the plain men and women of folk-tales. Here and there are mighty towers where political power is held over surrounding lands, to protect or exploit according to the morality of the Tarts or Tyrants up in the Towers. It is possible that words for thunder, such as the Cornish *taran* and the Irish *toirmeach* are also related to Teamhair, as there is evidence that they used explosives.^{vi}

In Ireland long ago, no one knows when, in those places where the word had come to be pronounced *tír*, it underwent a semantic change, such that all the land surrounding the tower and under its control was called a *tír*. Now the sense of a central tower has been lost and the word *tír* denotes simply, 'land' or a 'country'. This is also true in Cornish, where 'dor' means 'ground', and in Latin, where 'terra' means land, earth or ground. But in Cornwall we also find that *ternas* is still a kingdom, or realm. The -nas is a double plural; the old Goidelic -ne or -na, which is -anna in modern Irish, shorn of its final vowel as in Germanic, and provided with a redundant English pluralising final s.

A similar semantic shift occurs in both Irish and Cornish and also Spanish and many other European words for a bull. In Irish it's *tarbh*. The -bh is the remains of an old dative plural ending meaning 'of' or 'with'. In Cornish it's *tarow*, with -ow a plural ending. In Latin it's *tauros*, *torro* in Spanish.

It's easy to imagine why the word for bull would be synonymous for the word for a tower. Under best conditions, the tower is fortified, built very strongly and guarded well, and there are people there to work and maintain things. The surrounding people have a refuge there in war-times, and so their homes are not so strongly fortified.

Their cows, two or three at the most per household, and most often just one, have need of a bull but once a year. A good virile bull depending on its breed needs to service a good few more cows than that, and indeed the tamest bull becomes very difficult to manage during rut, even if not frustrated. Keeping one healthy, impassioned bull per family is impossible. The best solution is for many families to retain just one, and keep him within the thick stone walls of the tower. Each family leads their gentle house cow to him each year in her oestrous. That way he gets his fill of cows, and no one has to take their cow further than the centre of their community for a service.

To maintain best breeding standards, the bull would have been replaced frequently.^{vii} Every so often you'd need to kill the existing bull and replace him with a carefully selected unrelated bull from another tower. Imagine the pride of having your own

bull calf selected! All other young bulls, perhaps yearlings, would be slaughtered for meat, while milk cows too would be carefully selected for each new generation. This could have been the origin of the idea of a 'bull feast', but no idea of divinatory rites is to be found there.^{viii} Tara changes to Tarbh by the addition of a suffix. Tur becomes Turk in the same way, with the -k being a form of the Irish -(e)ach, the English -ic, the Cornish -ek, etc. Related words are the old Irish Torc, meaning both a wild boar and a noble, a tower-ic person. They were clearly hunters of wild boar, because the Irish for 'hunt' is *toireach*. How did ancient Turks come to be so far from modern Turkey?

Consider the widespread dominion of the Tower culture from antiquity until the Roman take-over. You might see it as a cultural pool which now dries up as its well-springs are destroyed. Isolated remnants still recall their ancient past, and are still named for it. But the original Turks were not middle eastern only, they came from all cultures, all over the world, and were loved and hated and feared according to their deeds.

Gallant young Austrians to this day are called 'young Turks'. Turkish magic is deep and profound. The x in Latin words sometimes denotes the Greek guttural Chi, which is like the Celtic ch. the -torix in Vercin-ge-TOR-ix is more likely to mean Torc, the Vercin Tower people than any of the current guesses.^{ix}

Some of these towers must have had all the grimness of the fairytale accounts of them. Words for darkness including English *dark*, Irish *dorcha*, Cornish *tewl*, and *taw* which means silence. But others cultivated a different image. In Cornwall, *tewedh* a lisped form of *towers* is synonymous with stormy weather, indicating that that's where people went during very bad storms.

It's possible to see similarities to the old Taran system of rule and regulation in our modern civil services and systems of government. It's also possible to see developments in multiculturalism that might allow reconstructionists to experiment intelligently with networks of local administrative centres based on the old tower system. But even if all we do is gently sift through the right words and the right evidence from other sources, we can help our real past to re-emerge in our history books. Linking in our own thoughts and through our own understanding to Tara's name all that rightfully should be logically linked to it can help to restore a vital circulation which once sustained not just the sacred Hill of Tara, but the whole worldwide network of dark, solemn, mysterious, friendly, terrible, enlightened and magical towers that were a part of our ancestors' lives and our own past lives more than a thousand years ago.

Vyvyan Ogma Wyverne

Taking Druidry to the Streets

It isn't enough to read the books and join the forums if you want to achieve advancements in your spiritual journey – like the Druids of old you also need to tread the path wherever it may lead.

For twenty years I worked in the UK Civil Service (Government) until recently when my own spiritual path led me to take an actual 'leap of faith' and resign from my job to work for, and within, the Community. Many of my friends and family thought that I'd lost my mind and were concerned that I'd become destitute by taking such an adventurous step. "I'll be provided for, don't worry" I found myself repeating over and over again.

Now most of you reading this will by now know the main spiritual concepts and teachings but how many of us actually take the next bold step of Faith and test them out in the World? How many of us actually strive to live an authentic life? I no longer felt that I could write articles for my blog or wax lyrical on forums unless I was actually out there living my life alongside others who already dwelt in the Truth and the Light.

This led to me thinking about what would a modern day Druid do in society today and the answer came very quickly and very clear "They would be out in the Community striving for balance in society and being the inspiration for lighting the Divine Spark in others" – they would be the embodiment of the Awen.

The next thing that happened was inevitable. A series of coincidences led to me being invited to visit a Community Centre which was attached to an ambitious project which had successfully renovated a Franciscan Monastery that had fallen into ruin. Here was I, a modern day Druid, in a position to help a legacy of St Francis – probably the most Druidic figure in Christian history apart from Jesus himself.

Needless to say I volunteered free of charge on the spot.

After a couple of days I was sat at the reception desk when a man with a beard walked in obviously struggling and in pain. As he entered the door he looked up at me and a wide smile spread across his face "You're a good man" he said, although we'd never met before "I can go back home to rest and recover now knowing you are here and everything is in safe hands". I was happy and humbled but confused.

It turned out that he was the Rev. David Gray a Franciscan that worked at the Centre and who acted as the spiritual adviser for the now renovated Monastery. David is by no means a conventional Minister and we immediately became great friends.

It turned out that around the same time that David had become seriously ill due to being gluten intolerant that I had received my calling to work in the Community – it all suddenly became clear that although from very different spiritual backgrounds we had an undeniable link to continue the work together.,

This was a great lesson and reminds us that we should always be open to the other paths that people have taken and understand that authentic living shouldn't be seen as restricted to those on a Druid path, but should be celebrated, encouraged and supported wherever it is seen.



As the days, weeks and months panned out I helped run the centre alongside people of many different faiths and also had time to work on the various projects that used it as a base. The most rewarding of these was when I had the opportunity to work alongside offenders that had been tasked to work community hours rather than serve a prison sentence.

Rather than stand aloof and direct them as Supervisors, David and I chose to pick up tools and work alongside them gardening, painting and providing whatever labour was needed to pay something back to the community they had offended against. Working this way gave us the opportunity to engage in conversation always looking for the moment where we can share a laugh and a joke or discuss something inspirational which makes a human connection and kindle their Divine Spark.

I also began to see that everything I had done, the skills I had learnt and the experience I had prior to this time had all been preparation for this vocation. This revelation nearly knocked me off my feet as suddenly it all clicked into place – each day of my life that had passed I had been led into experiences where I had learnt skills that would be used in the future. Like a muscle I had been stretched sometimes to breaking point so that I would have the strength to take on my future challenges.

cont.

We have progressed further since then and David, myself and many others have been working on some very ambitious projects always bearing in mind our joint concerns to provide inspiration for our fellow humans, encourage positive involvement from everyone and to respect and preserve the natural world in all its forms.

If you would like to see some of the projects we are currently working on please go to www.c4stability.com and especially look at the '2020 Belle Vue Vision' and the 'C4S Be the Change Campaign'. I was honoured to be asked to be the Chairperson of this community campaigning group and with the help of our own co-chief, Mhaille I developed and maintain the website. Many thanks Mhaille ;-)

Mhaille and I are also working on a project that will be of massive benefit to charity and voluntary sector organisations. It is inevitable however that two Druids working on a project should choose to develop a whole new structure that develops and supports a community in a threefold way - on-line, in business and the wider community through the provision of the resulting projects. Central to the project is the development of ethical business which encourages collaborative partnership working which again are core principles of the Druid Way.

We all feel very lucky that we are in a position to be able to adapt our spirituality into practical work and do things that are a real help to our communities. But in reality the scale isn't the important thing, a simple act of kindness can make a huge amount of difference in someone's life. Be inspired by these words, take that next step and do something today to invoke the magic yourself.

I'd like to thank you for taking the time to read this article and may the Awen flow within you and inspire you each and every day to 'be the change'.

Much Love,

Damian /+\
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The Third Battle of Tara By Colm MacNiallais

The king marches over the hill
Sees the land his people are trying to kill
Sees the destruction to his queen, his wife
The land he married and gave his life
Anger fills his heart to the brim
And his feelings are hateful and grim
'My lady Tara, this road shall not go through
Across the sea I grew
Now I return for you
I'll fight and die for ancient Tara.'

The army marches behind their king
Going where Tara's cries high above sing
Willing to die for their queen
Sword, spear and bow are seen
They follow her banner bearer
Against traitor and betrayer
'Our lady Tara, this road shall not go through
Across the isle we grew
Now we return for you
We'll fight and die for ancient Tara.'

The battle rages, the banner falls
The king to Ireland calls
'Fight for Tara, fight for Ireland!'
Her army fights on to the last band
For her, they die and cry
The king with his last breath asked 'Why?
My lady Tara, this road will not go through
Across the sea I grew
Now I've returned for you
I've fought and died for ancient Tara.'



Oats (*avena sativa*) thrive in place where other crops give up. It's not surprising, then, that they're found in recipes from Scotland and are beloved by the Scottish, who have a reputation for persevering in the face of adversity. The grain's heart and health benefits are well known and it's listed online in *The World's Healthiest Foods*. According to the breakdown there, 1 cup of cooked oats provides manganese, selenium, tryptophan, phosphorus, thiamin (vitamin B1), fiber, magnesium, protein and only 145 calories. And their *beta-glucan* type of fiber brings antiatherogenic properties that are great for those of us thinking about controlling arterial plaque, or cholesterol and blood sugar levels. Not bad for a grain that grows just about anywhere! For me, the best part about oats is their taste – almost sweet and a little nutty. I like them as cereal, in flour to make scones, atop desserts, and in crackers. Good thing—as a person with diabetes, they're one of the best carbohydrate sources I can have.

I first discovered cooking with oats other than for cereal, while following a diet to reduce allergies, which recommended eating only one type of grain per day. That was when the truth hit me: most packaged cereals have multiple grains. Check your Cheerios box for wheat, rice, sugar...lots of things I wasn't allowed and still don't want in my breakfast food. Even in this age of health-food stores, cereals mix in barley malt, various grain flours and plenty of honey or molasses to sweeten these breakfast foods. In my book, though, the package with the fewest ingredients wins. That's why I like and feel good about eating the foods here. I hope you'll enjoy their healthy goodness, too. Do go easy on the oatcakes if you're prone to high blood pressure; they're pretty salty.

ETTRICK TRADITIONAL OATCAKES

2 cups oatmeal	2 T butter or margarine
½ tsp salt	½ cup hot water
½ tsp baking soda	

Combine the oatmeal, salt and baking soda. Mix thoroughly. Melt the butter and add. Stir enough hot water into the mixture to make a stiff dough. Turn out the dough onto a board sprinkled with oatmeal. Divide the dough in two. Take one half and knead lightly. Roll out to about ¼ inch thickness and cut in four pie-shaped wedges or quarters. In Scotland the quarters are called "farls."

GRIDDLE: Bake farls on a very lightly buttered iron griddle or heavy aluminum pan. Keep the heat low. The oatcakes will be ready when they curl up at the edges. Do not turn them. The color remains essentially the same, perhaps becoming a little deeper. Repeat with the other half of the dough.

OVEN: These oatcakes can also be baked in the oven on a lightly buttered cookie sheet at 325°F for about 30 minutes.

YIELD: 8 oatcakes.

Source: Sara Walker's Highland Fling Cookbook

In her cookbook, Sara Walker tells us that these cakes were called "bannocks" – flat thin cakes made from almost nothing but plain oatmeal. They were eaten with lots of butter and sometimes with cheese or jelly and were washed down with strong, sweet tea. For breakfast, I eat them with cottage cheese and raspberry all-fruit jelly; for lunch, with soup or a salad. I've never found the kind of Scottish fine-cut oatmeal Sara refers to, not even the "Scottish Oatmeal" in health food stores. According to Sara, though, old-fashioned rolled oats, not instant, put in a blender at the lowest speed for about a minute should yield a consistency that's equal to the original Scottish version. I usually use the Scottish fine-cut oats; while rough in texture, they have really wonderful flavor.

OATMEAL MACAROONS

1 egg	1 cup rolled oats (uncooked)
½ cup sugar or Splenda	¼ tsp salt
2 tsp melted butter or cooking margarine	½ tsp vanilla

VARIATION: Use 2/3 cup of rolled oats and 1/3 cup of shredded coconut instead of 1 cup rolled oats.

BEAT the egg in a bowl large enough for all ingredients. Beat in sugar gradually; stir in remaining ingredients. Take up round teaspoonfuls of the mixture and push onto a well-greased baking sheet at least 2 inches apart. Spread into flat discs with a knife which has been dipped in cold water.

OVEN: Bake on top shelf in a moderate oven (350°F) until delicately browned, about 10 minutes.

COOL: While still warm, remove from the pan using the side of a spatula held with one hand at each end of the blade. Place on a wire rack to cool. If the wafers become brittle on the baking sheet, return the pan to the oven for a few seconds to soften them.

YIELD: 20 wafers.

Source: The Basic Cookbook ©1933, 1936 & 1947

They Have Sold Their Souls For Filthy Lucre

They move amongst us. To liken them to wild creatures would be disgraceful, for creatures are in and of themselves pure. They are the epitome of vileness, heaping unto themselves the sweat and blood of innocent people, raping these trusting souls of their lands and oceans, robbing them of their true cultures and honorable histories, displacing millions of lives as they recklessly rove the entire globe seeking that which they might devour in their gluttonous search for acquiring shameful gain.

Ravenous, unquenchable, despicable, they tear into the earth and the waters, filling the skies and oceans with the excrement of their greed and lust for more, always more. Most beings who walk this earth are unaware and unconcerned with the actions of the vile ones, and droves have in fact been convinced that the rape/infrastructure/modernization is necessary for continuation of life. Don't get me wrong, there are some folk who have twinges of guilt over their lack of protest against these atrocities. But, they either are too lazy, too complacent, or too busy with survival to do anything about the mounting destruction.

The Hill of Tara Complex is one such place that could potentially be swallowed in an attempt by some in the Government who, as quickly as possible, would tear through the Sacred landscape, and tar over Ancient burial sites and villages. As surely as the sun will rise tomorrow, these men and women who have been convinced by corporations from other countries that they must be on the same plane as the rest of the 'civilized' world, will rue the day they allowed themselves to fall into this collective basket of ruination. That which is rising up from the land will surely not be what was anticipated by these unenlightened. The blessed bones of our Ancestors that have been disturbed from centuries of rest have cried out in horror and disbelief. The Spirit of the Island will begin to exact a heavy penalty from those responsible for these criminal and deplorable acts. Howley Engineering, late of County Cork, is a prime example of the beginning of payment long overdue.

In the Rosspport region of County Mayo, the citizenry are experiencing a very similar issue. The Royal Dutch Shell, PLC, more commonly known as Shell, has been, since 2002, working very diligently to construct a high-pressure raw gas pipeline from their offshore production facility, located several miles from the coastline, with plans to further build through privately held land to an on land refinery. Many of the local folk, (as much as 45% at the latest poll in January 2008) opposed this construction, and as a result, had their lands confiscated by the Shell company using the Compulsory Acquisition Order which was conveniently passed not long before.

It is a well known fact that in 1992, then Minister for Finance (and former Taoiseach) Bertie Ahern, reduced the tax rate for exploration companies to what was the lowest in the world. He opened the way for oil and gas companies to come to Ireland freely, welcoming them to foul the waters and lay waste to sea life. To quote one of the directors of StatOil at that time, "No country in the world gives as favourable terms to oil and gas companies as Ireland." It is certain that many pockets were filled deeply.

Royal Dutch Shell is a mega-monster. It is listed as the eighth largest company in the world. Primarily concerned with all aspects in the production of petroleum products, the company has some amount of interest in petrochemicals and renewable energy as well. A merging of Shell of Great Britain with the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company created this seemingly unstoppable entity.

But stop it must. The people who care will be heard above its voracious chomping. The land and the waters must, and will, be reclaimed, renewed, and returned to the rightful owners. Integrity, honor, and justice will prevail. Rosspport, the Tara Complex, amongst so many other areas, have been sullied and torn, but the soul of the island will soon be restored.

Ireland will be whole once again - Susan Isabella Sheehan



ⁱ Some English speakers pronounce Tower Queen exactly as the Latin Tarquin is pronounced. Perhaps the Tarquins were women. The word Tart is almost certainly a contraction of Tar-ite, meaning towerite or official of the ‘tar’ (tower). How the mighty are fallen!

ⁱⁱ Nazareth is ‘na Zarath’ and means ‘the Taras’ or ‘the towers’ (lispings was a common cause of language change). Old Nazareth has never been found, and more than one scholar has hinted that important religious centres mentioned in the bible and presumed to be in the Middle East are in fact in Ireland or England, and certainly some of the evidence looks convincing. It is anyway very naïve and inexpert etymology that derives it from the Hebrew ‘Naz-’ meaning to raise up, although given the broad range of the word, the opposite is possible.

ⁱⁱⁱ Modern mass media have accentuated this differentiation by erasing the residual dialects that continued to blur the borders between languages right up until the 20th century.

^{iv} An example occurs in *Tirant lo Blanc* by Joanot Martorell and Marti Joan de Galbi (who was, despite assertions to the contrary, one woman, not two men) in the closing chapters of the book, when twenty five Breton nobles were married to Greek damsels in Greece, after which numerous Greek damsels accompanied the bodies of Tirant and Carmesina to Brittany to be married to Breton knights.

^v There is an aboriginal people in NW Australia called the Wandjinna people, fairer skinned and fair-haired with a legendary past detailing an ancient shipwreck which brought their ancestors to the shore. Celto-Phoenician coins are often found there. This name, further inland, means simply ‘ancestral people’. A major totem across the continent, the emu has a special name: *dinawan* or *theenawan*, which only an educated elite know, although it isn’t secret. In Irish, *daoine bán* means white people. If you lenite the b of *bán*, you’ve got *daoine bhán*, which is pronounced just like *dinawan*, and the alternative *theenawan* even allows for the d to be pronounced as a th, which is a characteristic of Irish speech not found elsewhere (as far as I know). If you put this lenition-affected adjective first, you get *bhán daoine*. This is pronounced almost exactly like *wandjinna*, except for the slenderisation of the ‘d’.

^{vi} Besides ‘Druids’ eggs’ which were thrown into the enemy ranks where they exploded like petrol bombs, and dragons (dragoons?) who blasted their enemies with flame, in *Tirant lo Blanc* (see note ^v) in the opening chapters concerning Willian of Warwick, specifically in chapter X: “...in Alexandria... (a revered hermit) learned to make a kind of explosive that... once lit can destroy the whole world. The more water you pour on it the brighter it burns...” It seems they were well acquainted with petroleum, which seeps naturally to the surface in some places in the Middle East.

^{vii} Perhaps a bull feast here? Well maybe, but that’s not what the Tarbh Feis was. ‘Tar-bh’ is ‘of or with Tar-’ and ‘Feis’ means not ‘feast’ so much as ‘fairs’, and is a spelling of that word. ‘Fairs’ means something nearer to ‘affairs’ (political et al) but does incorporate festivities. The Tara Feis is described in Keatings *History of Ireland*, Pt2 Ch7. He calls it the ‘Convention of Temhair’ and there’s no bizarre divinatory rite involving bloody bullskins or bathing in bull soup anywhere in sight.

^{viii} The idea of a skin or hide, or even a golden calf, brown bull etc, used for divination is usually a misinterpretation of the simple act of reading books made of parchment, made mysterious by later scholars reluctant to acknowledge the widespread literacy of Celts and other ancient peoples, and then taken up by the romantic revivalists.

^{ix} ‘Vercin’ has its own etymology, which seems to relate it to Germanic words for working, perhaps including ‘Viking’ and the first two syllables of the Sanskrit Vaikuntha, the third syllable being a fairly common form of the ubiquitous ‘tower’.