



# Fall Equinox Issue Y.R. XLVII

## September 18, 2009 c.e.

### Volume 25 Issue 6

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#### Editor's Notes

[www.geocities.com/mikerdna](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna) has been my personal website for Reformed Druidic material since 1998 and a continuation of a previous website in 1995 at St. Cloud State University in Minnesota. The provider, Geocities, will be closing operations and "mikerdna" will be hosted by Yahoo! instead with a new domain. The automated switch-over will occur between October 27 and October 31, quite fitting for a Celtic website. I will announce by e-mail and conference and this magazine what the new address will be in advance. The old address will have a website also forwarding you to the changed address.

Deadline for the **Samhain issue** is October 18, 2009. For Submissions: Send to [mikerdna@hotmail.com](mailto:mikerdna@hotmail.com)

**Next Issue highlights:** Ellen Hopman's new DVD and Book, Top 10 Things Your Ancestors Want, My Religion is Bigger than Your Religion, After Life Planning Tips, Sleepy Hollow vs. Tamlin, Your soul before you came along.



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# News of the Groves

A fuller list of the known active Reformed Druid groves is available at [www.geocities.com/mikerdna/wheregrove.html](http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna/wheregrove.html)

## **Carleton Grove: News from Minnesota**

School has started, Daniel is still in exile in New York. The current Archdruids are Avery and Kaitlin. They say all is going well, but they hope for Daniel's return later this year.

## **Amon Sul Grove: News from Kentucky**

Please remove Amon Sul's website from the Grove list. I'm not sure if I'm going to put it back up after Geocities shuts down.

Thanks,  
Gandalf

## **Monument Grove ( briefly revived): News from DC**

With some luck, I will arrive in Montreal, Quebec, Canada in early November after Samhain. I hope to join the Woodland Grove there upon my arrival and collaborate on new activities. See note on Atelier du Druide below:

## **Koad Grove: News from Ohio**

Koad Protogrove celebrated Lughnasadh on 31 July in Toledo, Ohio. We honoured Lugh and his foster-mother Tailtiu and discussed her sacrifice. We also shared the Waters of Life and associated a selection of Sodalite stones with Lughnasadh. We are hoping to establish a stone correspondence with each festival. In addition, short stories are being written by each member concerning the festival and the stone

Koad Protogrove has a website at <http://koadprotogroverdna.weebly.com/>

We have listed ourselves as an Affiliate Grove of the Black Mountain Order of Druidry as Koad Protogrove (RDNA)

We are also looking into becoming a full-fledged Grove within the RDNA

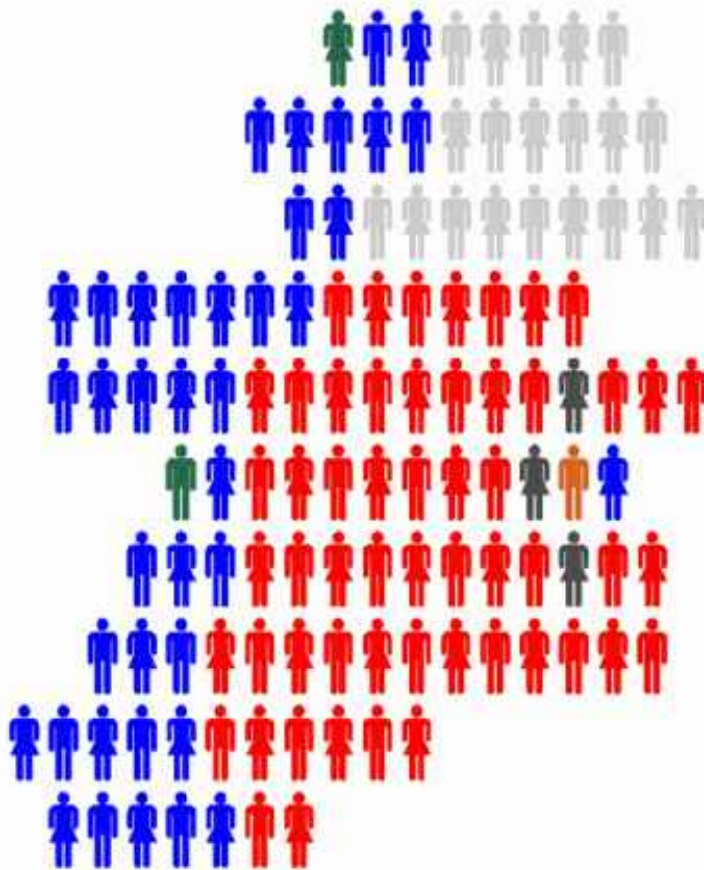
We will be celebrating our next festival on the Autumnal Equinox - all are welcome

Yours in the Mother,

Phagos  
CoDaL



A little bit too eco-friendly?



Éire mar **100** duine  
Ireland as **100** people

### TEANGACHA languages

Mura mbheadh in Éirinn ach 100 duine, bheadh...  
If there were only 100 people in Ireland...

- 55** diobh ag labhairt Béarla amháin  
of them would be speaking only English
- 39** diobh ag labhairt Béarla go príomha, agus Gaeilge uaireanta  
of them would be speaking mainly English, and occasionally Irish
- 2** diobh ag labhairt Gaeilge go príomha  
of them would be speaking mainly Irish
- 1** diobh ag labhairt Polainnise  
of them would be speaking Polish
- 3** diobh ag labhairt teangacha eile  
of them would be speaking other languages

Bunaithe ar dorthaí Dhaonáireachta 2006. Pobláir in hÉireann amháin.  
Based on Census 2006 results: Republic of Ireland only.

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www.cainteoir.com

## New Website: Atelier du Druide



<http://atelierdudruide.com/>

Sébastien has been learning and practicing Druidry for over 10 years, both publicly and privately. He is recognised as an official druid with the Reformed Druids of North America. Sébastien has written numerous texts and many essays on his own druidic practices and is very active within the international druidic community. If one was to describe his druidic way of life, one would say that he is very mystical in his approach, contemplative and down to earth; always connecting to the land and to his own inner spirit through prayer or meditation.

You can without a doubt come across him talking to birds, insects, plants and to the land. You may even find him alone in nature, meditating, praying or burning sacred herbs into the wind.

However, Sébastien druidic devotion and work is mostly found in his pottery. He has dedicated his pottery shop to his druidry. Because of this, his pottery shop has become known to many as place where one enters into a different world; a world of peace, contemplation, inspiration, imagination and discovery.

To learn more about Sébastien's druidic thoughts and practices, [visit his blog](#).

# Green Book Gems: 2 Stories about Chinese Trees

From the podcast, Ancient Tales of Wisdom  
<http://talesofwisdom.com/> also subscribable at iTunes



## “Learning Requires Consistency and Perseverance”

During the Dong Jin Dynasty, the famous poet Tao Yuanming was a noble and knowledgeable scholar. A young man asked him, “I admire you because you are so knowledgeable. Would you tell me the best way to learn?”

Tao Yuanming said, “There is no best way. If you work hard, you will make progress. And if you slack off, you will lag behind.” He took the young man by the hand and guided him to a field. He pointed at a small sprout and said,

“Look carefully, can you see that it is growing?”

The young man stared at it for a long time and said, “I did not see it grow.”

Tao Yuanming asked, “Really? Then how could a little sprout become so tall later on?” He continued, “In fact, it is growing every moment. However, we cannot see it with our eyes. It is the same principle for learning. Our knowledge accumulates little by little. Sometimes we don’t even know it. But if you consistently do it, you will make great progress.”

Tao Yuanming then pointed to a knife-sharpening whet-stone next to the stream and asked the young man, “Why is the concave side of the stone worn down like a saddle?”

The young man answered, “It is because people use it to sharpen knives day after day.”

Tao Yuanming then asked, “Then on exactly which day did it take this shape?” The young man shook his head. Tao Yuanming said, “It is because farmers have used it day after day. Learning is the same. If you don’t do it consistently, [to maintain your knowledge level] you be worn away like that stone by the passage of time.”

The young man finally understood him. He thanked Tao Yuanming.

Tao wrote the following for him, “Learning diligently is like a sprout in the Spring. It grows although we can’t see its daily growth. Slacking off is like [not using] a knife-sharpening stone. One will lose if he can’t study consistently.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Gu Ye Wang of the Nan Dynasty was a famous historian. His knowledge spanned many fields. Many people came to him to ask questions.

One time, the son of his friend Hou Xuan asked him, “You have read many scriptures. I want to ask you whether there is a shortcut in studying.”

After thinking for a moment, Gu Ye Wang pointed to a leafy tree and said, “If you want to know the shortcut, you need to look at this tree.”

Hou Xuan looked at the tree from top to bottom three times but could not find anything unusual. He then asked, “I am too blind to see anything. Please guide me.”

Gu Ye Wang said, “With its root system, the tree can grow tall and strong. With its thick and strong trunk, the tree can grow thick leaves. Only with a noble goal and firm belief can one have a bright future. Take the tree as an example, the tree progressively grows one ring every year. One needs to be diligent. Take one step forward at a time. This is the key.”

Since then, Hou Xuan calmed down to study. He improved rapidly. His friends asked him, “You are so familiar with those books that you can recite them from back to front. Why are you still reading them?” Hou Xuan said, “There is no shortcut in studying. One has to take one step at a time. I still have not enlightened to many principles and deep meanings in those books. Therefore I need to review them to learn something new each time.”

Gu Ye Wang taught the children, “A small tree likes sun because it wants to grow into a big and strong tree. For a person, his goal of life is to become a good person who will benefit his people and his country. It is important to have goals. When it comes to learning, it is very important to be consistent and never give up under any circumstances.”

Ancient people believed that learning was also a process of improving their morality. The key to learning lies in the will to work hard and perseverance. Studying consistently is the best way to learn.



## The lover of nature is the true worshipper of God.

Bowl of Saki, by Hazrat Inayat Khan

Commentary by Pir-o-Murshid Inayat Khan:

Submitted by Aziim of Monument Grove

A true worshipper of God sees His presence in all forms, and thus in respecting others he respects God. It may even develop to such an extent that the true worshipper of God, the Omnipresent, walks gently on the earth, bowing in his heart even to every tree and

plant, and it is then that the worshipper forms a communion with the Divine Beloved at all times, when he is awake and when he is asleep.

from [http://wahiduddin.net/mv2/XIII/XIII\\_15.htm](http://wahiduddin.net/mv2/XIII/XIII_15.htm)

Anyone who has some knowledge of mysticism and of the lives of the mystics knows that what always attracts the mystic most is nature. Nature is his bread and wine. Nature is his soul's nourishment. Nature inspires him, uplifts him and gives him the solitude for which his soul continually longs. Every soul born with a mystical tendency is constantly drawn towards nature; in nature that soul finds its life's demand, as it is said in the Vadan, 'Art is dear to my heart, but nature is near to my soul'. ... Nature does

not teach the glory of God; it need not teach this as nature itself is the glory of God. People wish to study astrology and other subjects in order to understand better, but if we study astrology then we are sure to arrive at an interpretation which is given by a man, whereas what we should read from nature is what nature gives us and not what any book teaches us.

There comes a time with the maturity of the soul when every thing and every being begins to reveal its nature to us. We do not need to read their lives. We do not need to read their theories. We know then that this wide nature in its four aspects is ever-revealing and that one can always communicate with it, but that in spite of this it is not the privilege of every soul to read it. Many souls remain blind with open eyes. They are in heaven, but not allowed to look at heaven; they are in paradise, but not allowed to enjoy the beauties of paradise. It is just like a person sleeping on a pile of gems and jewels. From the moment man's eyes open and he begins to read the book of nature he begins to live; and he continues to live forever.

from [http://wahiduddin.net/mv2/XI/XI\\_III\\_7.htm](http://wahiduddin.net/mv2/XI/XI_III_7.htm)

'There is One Holy Book, the sacred manuscript of nature, the only scripture which can enlighten the reader.' Most people consider as sacred scriptures only certain books or scrolls written by the hand of man, and carefully preserved as holy, to be handed down to posterity as divine revelation. Men have fought and disputed over the authenticity of these books, have refused to accept any other book of similar character, and, clinging thus to the book and losing the sense of it have formed diverse sects. The Sufi has in all ages respected all such books, and has traced in the Vedanta, Zend-Avesta, Kabbala, Bible, Quran, and all other sacred scriptures, the same truth which he reads in the incorruptible manuscript of nature, the only Holy Book, the perfect and living model that teaches the inner law of life: all scriptures before nature's manuscript are as little pools of water before the ocean.

To the eye of the seer every leaf of the tree is a page of the holy book that contains divine revelation, and he is inspired every moment of his life by constantly reading and understanding the holy script of nature.

from [http://wahiduddin.net/mv2/I/I\\_I\\_1.htm](http://wahiduddin.net/mv2/I/I_I_1.htm)



## My Own Land

Give me my own land,  
Where the trees will hold their proper place  
As lords and ladies of the land  
Standing tall as they reach  
For the Gods of the Sky  
Standing firm as they commune  
With the Gods of the Land  
Reaching deep as they seek  
The Gods of the Deep Waters

What a beautiful sight,  
The sun exalted in blue skies  
Singular in its majesty  
Arc through the heavens  
With nothing obscuring the sight

Yet what a wonder  
To see the Bright One  
Filtered through the endless leaves  
Stream down in Ogham  
That plays upon the ground

With each passing breeze,  
A different message  
With each subtle breath  
A new way of seeing  
With each moving cloud  
A story in telling

The trees have free reign  
On this land, free of trespass  
They will grow where they will  
And flourish as they must  
There will be groves that form,  
This is natural in the wild  
There will be straight pathways,  
This too is part of the norm  
There will be avenues of arbours,

That call to the Sun  
There will be mazes and mysteries  
In this land full of trees

Give me my own land  
From here to horizon  
Give me my own land  
And I will give it away  
The Gods will walk there,  
Amongst pine, oak, and maple  
Stand in the virtue of  
Land, sea, and sky

To the new sun rising,  
I open my palm,  
Breeze and leaf  
Murmur and flow

To the bright moon observing,  
I hold up my face  
To capture the light  
Ghostly I walk,  
Through the dark and the night

To the quiet forest,  
In deepest of darkness  
I hold myself still  
I raise my own branch  
Up to the sky,  
I whisper a prayer,  
To the deepest of Night:  
“Swallow me whole  
“In this infinite shadow”  
The stars slowly flicker,  
Then silence

For the Summer Solstice, 2009  
By Phagos of Koad Grove  
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# Druid Academy Nomination Award Committee (DANAC)

## 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Golden Oak Awards (The "Oakie" Awards)

The Druid Academy Nomination Award Committee (DANAC) consists of prominent members of the Henge of Keltria (HoK), Ar nDraiocht Fein (ADF), the Reformed Druids of North America (RDNA), Order of the White Oak (OWO), the Reformed Druids of Gaia (RDG), and the Missionary Order of the Celtic Cross (MOCC).

The DANAC members wish to learn more about happenings in their own group, and in other groups, and encourage the best of the best by acknowledging the annual accomplishments of modern Druids.

In order to provide potential nominations to the DANAC, Mike Scharding (RDNA) is soliciting submissions for the Oakies in the following 11 categories:

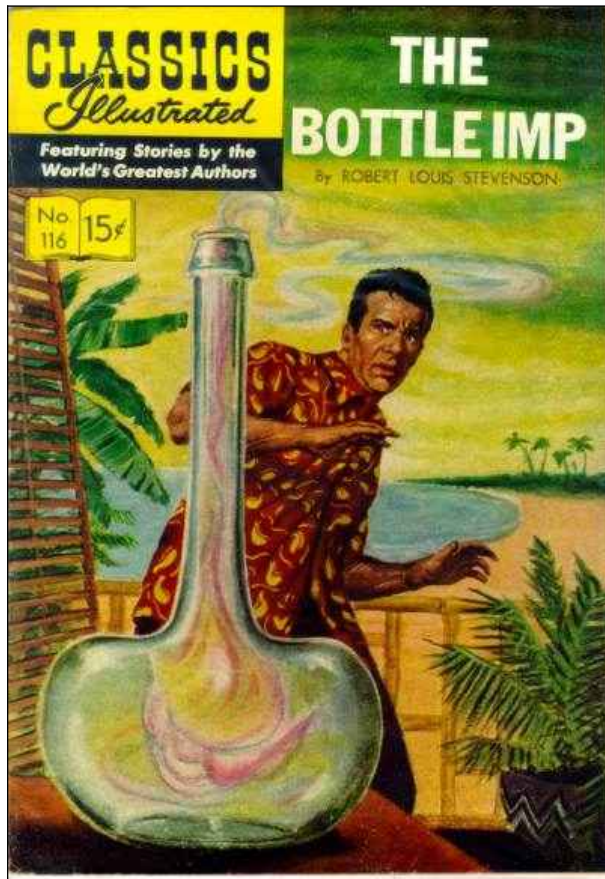
1. Most interesting **internal grove project** begun or completed in 2009. Non-exhaustive examples include: liturgical design, fund-raising, recruitment, education, development, site-planning, web-development, meeting style, festival/meeting idea, etc.
2. Inspiring **external project** begun in 2009 by a grove or member (s). Non-exhaustive examples include: activism, ecology, public outreach, legal moves, publishing, charity, civic involvement, interaction with other religious organization, etc.
3. Greatest **hardship** overcome in 2009. Publicly admissible, of course, no gossip please. Non-exhaustive examples include: persecution, financial obstacles, medical impairments, isolation, time constraints, educational restraints, etc.
4. Best **Poem or song** released in 2009.
5. Best **work of Art** completed or released in 2009. Non exhaustive examples: painting, drawing, sculpture, digital art, clay, collage, photography, etc. Dance choreography will be considered if an internet video is provided. Collaborating artists will receive a single prize.
6. Best **craftwork** completed or released in 2009. Non exhaustive examples: leatherwork, metalwork, clothing, needlepoint, moulding, weaving, jewelry, basketry, woodwork, stonework, etc. Food, drink, cosmetics and brewing can't be tested easily enough in disparate parts of the U.S. Collaborative craftspeople will receive a single prize.
7. Best **academic book** released in 2009. At least 50 pages in length, can be on any subject somehow applicable to "Druidism", modern or ancient, such as history, religion, crafts, art, philosophy, spirituality, ethnicity, language, etc.
8. Best **novel** (true or fiction) released in 2009, at **least** 20,000 words.
9. Best **short story** released in 2009, at **most** 20,000 words.
10. Best "Druidical" **essay or article** released or completed in 2009..
11. Best movie or video-clip or instructional video, released or revised in 2009, that advances the positive perception of Druidism in some way produced.

The candidates can be members of the RDNA (or NRDNA, etc.), but you can also pass on interesting candidates to me who are from ADF, Keltria, MOCC, OWO, RDG & OMS. Write-ups describing the candidate should be 50-150 words, provide a sample of the text, photo of the object, file, web links and phone or e-mail contacts for the candidates too as appropriate and possible.

Submissions must be received by [Mike@dna.com](mailto:Mike@dna.com) by Yule, **or earlier**, if you can (before you forget).

I will then submit up to two candidates in each category to the DANAC for further consideration.

We will publish the both the RDNA results and the DANAC results (if released in time) in the Imbolc 2010 issue of Druid Inquirer. Winners of each the 10 DANAC awards will receive a \$33.33 prize from the Druid Academy, a blessed pretty rock, and international fame and kudos.



## The Bottle Imp (1891)

By Robert Louis Stevenson

A 15 page long classic

There was a man of the Island of Hawaii, whom I shall call Keawe; for the truth is, he still lives, and his name must be kept secret; but the place of his birth was not far from Honaunau, where the bones of Keawe the Great lie hidden in a cave. This man was poor, brave, and active; he could read and write like a schoolmaster; he was a first-rate mariner besides, sailed for some time in the island steamers, and steered a whaleboat on the Hamakua coast. At length it came in Keawe's mind to have a sight of the great world and foreign cities, and he shipped on a vessel bound to San Francisco.

This is a fine town, with a fine harbour, and rich people uncountable; and in particular, there is one hill which is covered with palaces. Upon this hill Keawe was one day taking a walk with his pocket full of money, viewing the great houses upon either hand with pleasure. "What fine houses these are!" he was thinking, "and how happy must those people be who dwell in them, and take no care for the morrow!" The thought was in his mind when he came abreast of a

house that was smaller than some others, but all finished and beautified like a toy; the steps of that house shone like silver, and the borders of the garden bloomed like garlands, and the windows were bright like diamonds; and Keawe stopped and wondered at the excellence of all he saw. So stopping, he was aware of a man that looked forth upon him through a window so clear that Keawe could see him as you see a fish in a pool upon the reef. The man was elderly, with a bald head and a black beard; and his face was heavy with sorrow, and he bitterly sighed. And the truth of it is, that as Keawe looked in upon the man, and the man looked out upon Keawe, each envied the other.

All of a sudden, the man smiled and nodded, and beckoned Keawe to enter, and met him at the door of the house.

"This is a fine house of mine," said the man, and bitterly sighed. "Would you not care to view the chambers?"

So he led Keawe all over it, from the cellar to the roof, and there was nothing there that was not perfect of its kind, and Keawe was astonished.

"Truly," said Keawe, "this is a beautiful house; if I lived in the like of it I should be laughing all day long. How comes it, then, that you should be sighing?"

"There is no reason," said the man, "why you should not have a house in all points similar to this, and finer, if you wish. You have some money, I suppose?"

"I have fifty dollars," said Keawe; "but a house like this will cost more than fifty dollars."

The man made a computation. "I am sorry you have no more," said he, "for it may raise you trouble in the future; but it shall be yours at fifty dollars."

"The house?" asked Keawe.

"No, not the house," replied the man; "but the bottle. For, I must tell you, although I appear to you so rich and fortunate, all my fortune, and this house itself and its garden, came out of a bottle not much bigger than a pint. This is it."

And he opened a lockfast place, and took out a round-bellied bottle with a long neck; the glass of it was white like milk, with changing rainbow colours in the grain. Withinsides something obscurely moved, like a shadow and a fire.

"This is the bottle," said the man; and, when Keawe laughed, "You do not believe me?" he added. "Try, then, for yourself. See if you can break it."

So Keawe took the bottle up and dashed it on the floor till he was weary; but it jumped on the floor like a child's ball, and was not injured.

"This is a strange thing," said Keawe. "For by the touch of it, as well as by the look, the bottle should be of glass."

"Of glass it is," replied the man, sighing more heavily than ever; "but the glass of it was tempered in the flames of hell. An imp lives in it, and that is the shadow we behold there moving; or so I suppose. If any man buy this bottle the imp is at his command; all that he desires-- love, fame, money, houses like this house, ay, or a city like this city--all are his at the word uttered. Napoleon had this bottle, and by it he grew to be the king of the world; but he sold it a the last, and fell. Captain Cook had this bottle, and by it he found his way to so many islands; but he, too sold it, and was slain upon Hawaii. For, once it is sold, the power goes and the protection; and unless a man remain content with what he has, ill will befall him."

"And yet you talk of selling it yourself?" Keawe said.

"I have all I wish, and I am growing elderly," replied the man. "There is one thing the imp cannot do--he cannot prolong life; and, it would not be fair to conceal from you, there is a drawback to the bottle; for if a man die before he sells it, he must burn in hell for ever."

"To be sure, that is a drawback and no mistake," cried Keawe. "I would not meddle with the thing. I can do without a house, thank God; but there is on thing I could not be doing with one particle, and that is to be damned."

"Dear me, you must not run away with things, " returned the man. "All you have to do is to use the power of the imp in moderation, and then sell it to someone else, as I do to you, and finish your life in comfort."

"Well, I observe two things," said Keawe. "All the time you keep sighing like a maid in love, that is one; and, for the other, you sell this bottle very cheap."

"I have told you already why I sigh," said the man. "It is because I fear my health is breaking up; and, as you said yourself, to die and go to the devil is a pity for anyone. As for why I sell so cheap, I must explain to you there is a peculiarity about the bottle. Long ago, when the devil brought it first upon earth, it was extremely expensive, and was sold first of all to Prester John for many millions of dollars; but it cannot be sold at all, unless sold at a loss. If you sell it for as much as you paid for it, back it comes to you again like a homing pigeon. It follows that the price has kept falling in these centuries, and the bottle is now remarkably cheap. I bought it myself from one of my great neighbours on this hill, and the price I paid was only ninety dollars. I could sell it for as high as eighty-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents, but not a penny dearer, or back the thing must come to me. Now, about this there are two bothers. First, when you offer a bottle so singular for eighty odd dollars, people suppose you to be jesting. And second--but there is no hurry about that--and I need not go into it. Only remember it must be coined money that you sell it for."

"How am I to know that this is all true?" asked Keawe.

"Some of it you can try at once," replied the man. "Give me your fifty dollars, take the bottle, and wish your fifty dollars back into your pocket. If that does not happen, I pledge you my honour I will cry off the bargain and restore your money."

"You are not deceiving me?" said Keawe.

The man bound himself with a great oath.

"Well, I will risk that much," said Keawe, "for that can do no harm." And he paid over his money to the man, and the man handed him the bottle.

"Imp of the bottle," said Keawe, "I want my fifty dollars back." And sure enough he had scarce said the word before his pocket was as heavy as ever.

"To be sure this is a wonderful bottle," said Keawe.

"And now, good morning to you, my fine fellow, and the devil go with you for me!" said the man.

"Hold on," said Keawe, "I don't want any more of this fun. Here, take your bottle back."

"You have bought it for less than I paid for it," replied the man, rubbing his hands. "It is yours now; and, for my part, I am only concerned to see the back of you." And with that he rang for his Chinese servant, and had Keawe shown out of the house.

Now, when Keawe was in the street, with the bottle under his arm, he began to think. "If all is true about this bottle, I may have made a losing bargain," thinks he. "But perhaps the man was only fooling me." The first thing he did was to count his money; the sum was exact--forty-nine dollars American money, and one Chili piece. "That looks like the truth," said Keawe. "Now I will try another part."



The streets in that part of the city were as clean as a ship's decks, and though it was noon, there were no passengers. Keawe set the bottle in the gutter and walked away. Twice he looked back, and there was the milky, round-bellied bottle where he left it. A third time he looked back, and turned a corner; but he had scarce done so, when something knocked upon his elbow, and behold! it was the long neck sticking up; and as for the round belly, it was jammed into the pocket of his pilot-coat.

"And that looks like the truth," said Keawe.

The next thing he did was to buy a cork-screw in a shop, and go apart into a secret place in the fields. And there he tried to draw the cork, but as often as he put the screw in, out it came again, and the cork as whole as ever.

"This is some new sort of cork," said Keawe, and all at once he began to shake and sweat, for he was afraid of that bottle.

On his way back to the port-side, he saw a shop where a man sold shells and clubs from the wild islands, old heathen deities, old coined money, pictures from China and Japan, and all manner of things that sailors bring in their sea-chests. And here he had an idea. So he went in and offered the bottle for a hundred dollars. The man of the shop laughed at him at the first, and offered him five; but indeed, it was a curious bottle--such glass was never blown in any human glass-works, so prettily the colours shown under the milky white, and so strangely the shadow hovered in the midst; so, after he had disputed awhile after the manner of his kind, the shopman gave Keawe sixty silver dollars for the thing, and set it on a shelf in the midst of his window.

"Now," said Keawe, "I have sold that for sixty which I bought for fifty--so, to say truth, a little less, because one of my dollars was from Chili. Now I shall know the truth upon another point."

So he went back on board his ship, and, when he opened his chest, there was the bottle, and had come more quickly than himself. Now Keawe had a mate on board whose name was Lopaka.

"What ails you?" said Lopaka, "that you stare in your chest?"

They were alone in the ship's fore-castle, and Keawe bound him to secrecy, and told all.

"This is a very strange affair," said Lopaka; "and I fear you will be in trouble about this bottle. But there is one point very clear--that you are sure of the trouble, and you had better have the profit in the bargain. Make up your mind what you want with it; give the order, and if it is done as you desire, I will buy the bottle myself; for I have an idea of my own to get a schooner, and go trading through the islands."

"That is not my idea," said Keawe; "but to have a beautiful house and garden on the Kona Coast, where I was born, the sun shining in at the door, flowers in the garden, glass in the windows, pictures on the walls, and toys and fine carpets on the tables, for all the world like the house I was in this day--only a storey higher, and with balconies all about like the king's palace; and to live there without care and make merry with my friends and relatives."

"Well," said Lopaka, "let us carry it back with us to Hawaii, and if all comes true, as you suppose, I will buy the bottle, as I said, and ask a schooner."

Upon that they were agreed, and it was not long before the ship returned to Honolulu, carrying Keawe and Lopaka, and the bottle. They were scarce come ashore when they met a friend upon the beach, who began at once to condole with Keawe.

"I do not know what I am to be condoled about," said Keawe.

"Is it possible you have not heard," said the friend, "your uncle--that good old man--is dead, and your cousin--that beautiful boy--was drowned at sea?"

Keawe was filled with sorrow, and, beginning to weep and to lament he forgot about the bottle. But Lopaka was thinking to himself, and presently, when Keawe's grief was a little abated, "I have been thinking," said Lopaka. "Had not your uncle lands in Hawaii, in the district of Kau?"

"No," said Keawe, "not in Kau; they are on the mountain-side--a little way south of Hookena."

"These lands will now be yours?" asked Lopaka.

"And so they will," says Keawe, and began again to lament for his relatives.

"No," said Lopaka, "do not lament at present. I have a thought in my mind. How if this should be the doing of the bottle? For here is the place ready for your house."

"If this be so," cried Keawe, "it is a very ill way to serve me by killing my relatives. But it may be, indeed; for it was in just such a station that I saw the house with my mind's eye."

"The house, however, is not yet built," said Lopaka.

"No, nor like to be!" said Keawe, "for though my uncle has some coffee and ava and bananas, it will not be more than will keep me in comfort; and the rest of that land is the black lava."

"Let us go to the lawyer," said Lopaka; "I have still this idea in my mind."

Now, when they came to the lawyer's, it appeared Keawe's uncle had grown monstrous rich in the last days, and there was a fund of money.

"And here is the money for the house!" cried Lopaka.

"If you are thinking of a new house," said the lawyer, "here is the card of a new architect, of whom they tell me great things."

"Better and better!" cried Lopaka. "Here is all made plain for us. Let us continue to obey orders."

So they went to the architect, and he had drawings of houses on his table.

"You want something out of the way," said the architect. "How do you like this?" and he handed a drawing to Keawe.

Now, when Keawe set eyes on the drawing, he cried out aloud, for it was the picture of his thought exactly drawn.

"I am for this house," thought he. "Little as I like the way it comes to me, I am in for it now, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."

So he told the architect all that he wished, and how he would have that house furnished, and about the pictures on the wall and the knick-knacks on the tables; and he asked the man plainly for how much he would undertake the whole affair.

The architect put many questions, and took his pen and made a computation; and when he had done he named the very sum that Keawe had inherited.



Lopaka and Keawe looked at one another and nodded.

"It is quite clear," thought Keawe, "that I am to have this house, whether or no. It comes from the devil, and I fear I will get little good by that; and of one thing I am sure, I will make no more wishes as long as I have this bottle. But with the house I am saddled, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."

So he made his terms with the architect, and they signed a paper; and Keawe and Lopaka took ship again and sailed to Australia; for it was concluded between them they should not interfere at all, but leave the architect and the bottle imp to build and to adorn that house at their own pleasure.

The voyage was a good voyage, only all the time Keawe was holding in his breath, for he had sworn he would utter no more wishes, and take no more favours from the devil. The time was up when they go back. The architect told them that the house was ready, and Keawe and Lopaka took a passage in the *Hall*, and went down Kona way to view the house, and see if all had been done fitly according to the thought that was in Keawe's mind.

Now, the house stood on the mountain-side, visible to ships. Above, the forest ran up into the clouds of rain; below, the black lava fell in cliffs, where the kings of old lay buried. A garden bloomed about that house with every hue of flowers; and there was an orchard of papaia on the one hand and an orchard of breadfruit on the other, and right in front, toward the sea, a ship's mast had been rigged up and bore a flag. As for the house, it was three storeys high, with great chambers and broad balconies on each. The windows were of glass, so excellent that it was as clear as water and as bright as day. All manner of furniture adorned the chambers. Pictures hung upon the wall in golden frames: pictures of ships, and men fighting, and of the most beautiful women, and of singular places; nowhere in the world are there pictures of so bright a colour as those Keawe found hanging in his house. As for the knick-knacks, they were extraordinary fine; chiming clocks and musical boxes, little men with nodding heads, books filled with pictures, weapons of price from all quarters of the world, and the most elegant puzzles to entertain the leisure of a solitary man. And as no one would care to live in such chambers, only to walk through and view them, the balconies were made so broad that a whole town might have lived upon them in delight; and Keawe knew not which to prefer, whether the back porch, where you got the land breeze, and looked upon the orchards and the flowers, or the front balcony, where you could drink the wind of the sea, and look down the steep wall of the mountain and see the *Hall* going by once a week or so between Kookena and the hills of Pele, or the schooners plying up the coast for wood and ava and bananas.

When they had viewed all, Keawe and Lopaka sat on the porch.

"Well," asked Lopaka, "is it all as you designed?"

"Words cannot utter it," said Keawe. "It is better than I dreamed, and I am sick with satisfaction."

"There is but one thing to consider," said Lopaka; "all this may be quite natural, and the bottle imp have nothing whatever to say to it. If I were to buy the bottle, and got no schooner after all, I should have put my hand in the fire for nothing. I gave you my word, I know; but yet I think you would not grudge me one more proof."

"I have sworn I would take no more favours," said Keawe. "I have gone already deep enough."

"This is no favour I am thinking of," replied Lopaka. "It is only to see the imp himself. There is nothing to be gained by that, and so nothing to be ashamed of; and yet, if I once saw him, I should be sure of the whole matter. So indulge me so far, and let me see the imp; and, after that, here is the money in my hand, and I will buy it."

"There is only one thing I am afraid of," said Keawe. "The imp may be very ugly to view; and if you once set eyes upon him you might be very undesirous of the bottle."

"I am a man of my word," said Lopaka. "And here is the money betwixt us."

"Very well," replied Keawe. "I have a curiosity myself. So come, let us have one look at you, Mr. Imp."

Now as soon as that was said, the imp looked out of the bottle, and in again, swift as a lizard; and there sat Keawe and Lopaka turned to stone. The night had quite come, before either found a thought to say or voice to say it with; and then Lopaka pushed the money over and took the bottle.

"I am a man of my word," said he, "and had need to be so, or I would not touch this bottle with my foot. Well, I shall get my schooner and a dollar or two for my pocket; and then I will be rid of this devil as fast as I can. For to tell you the plain truth, the look of him has cast me down."

"Lopaka," said Keawe, "do not you think any worse of me than you can help; I know it is night, and the roads had, and the pass by the tombs an ill place to go by so late, but I declare since I have seen that little face, I cannot eat or sleep or pray till it is gone from me. I will give you a lantern, and a basket to put the bottle in, and any picture or fine thing in all my house that takes your fancy;--and be gone at once, and go sleep at Hookena with Nahinu."

"Keawe," said Lopaka, "many a man would take this ill; above all, when I am doing you a turn so friendly, as to keep my word and buy the bottle; and for that matter, the night and the dark, and the way by the tombs, must be all tenfold more dangerous to a man with such a sin upon his conscience, and such a bottle under his arm. But for my part, I am so extremely terrified myself, I have not the heart to blame you. Here I go then; and I pray God you may be happy in your house, and I fortunate with my schooner, and both get to heaven in the end in spite of the devil and his bottle."

So Lopaka went down the mountain; and Keawe stood in his front balcony, and listened to the clink of the horse's shoes, and watched the lantern go shining down the path, and along the cliff of caves where the old dead are buried; and all the time he trembled and clasped his hands, and prayed for his friend, and gave glory to God that he himself had escaped out of that trouble.



But the next day came very brightly, and that new house of his was so delightful to behold that he forgot his terrors. One day followed another, and Keawe dwelt there in perpetual joy. He had his place on the back porch; it was there he ate and lived, and read the stories in the Honolulu newspapers; but when anyone came by they would go in and view the chambers and the pictures. And the fame of the house went far and wide; it was called *Ka-Hale Nui*--the Great House--in all Kona; and sometimes the Bright House, for Keawe kept a Chinaman, who was all day dusting and furbishing; and the glass and the gilt, and the fine stuffs, and the pictures, shown as bright as the morning. As for Keawe himself, he could not walk in the chambers without singing, his heart was so enlarged; and when ships sailed by upon the sea, he would fly his colours on the mast.

So time went by, until one day Keawe went upon a visit as far as Kailua to certain of his friends. There he was well feasted; and left as soon as he could the next morning, and rode hard, for he was impatient to behold his beautiful house; and, besides, the night then coming on was the night in which the dead of old days go abroad in the sides of Kona; and having already meddled with the devil, he was the more chary of meeting with the dead. A little beyond Honaunau, looking far ahead, he was aware of a woman bathing in the edge of the sea; and she seemed a well grown girl, but he thought no more of it. Then he saw her white shift flutter as she put it on, and then her red holoku; and by the time he came abreast of her she was done with her toilet, and had come up from the sea, and stood by the track-side in her red holoku, and she was all freshened with the bath, and her eyes shone and were kind. Now Keawe no sooner beheld her than he drew rein.

"I thought I knew everyone in this country," said he. "How comes it that I do not know you?"

"I am Kokua, daughter of Kiano," said the girl, "and I have just returned from Oahu. Who are you?"

"I will tell you who I am in a little," said Keawe, dismounting from his horse, "but not now. For I have a thought in my mind, and if you knew who I was, you might have heard of me, and would not give me a true answer. But tell me, first of all, one thing: Are you married?"

At this Kokua laughed out aloud. "It is you who ask questions," said she. "Are you married yourself?"

"Indeed, Kokua, I am not," replied Keawe, "and never thought to be until this hour. But here is the plain truth. I have met you here at the roadside, and I saw your eyes, which are like the stars, and my

heart went to you as swift as a bird. And so now, if you want none of me, say so, and I will go on to my own place; but if you think me no worse than any other young man, say so, too, and I will turn aside to your father's for the night, and tomorrow I will talk with the good man."

Kokua said never a word, but she looked at the sea and laughed.

"Kokua," said Keawe, "if you say nothing, I will take that for the good answer; so let us be stepping to your father's door."

She went on ahead of him, still without speech; only sometimes she glanced back and glanced away again, and she kept the string of her hat in her mouth.

Now, when they had come to the door, Kiano came out on his verandah, and cried out and welcomed Keawe by name. At that the girl looked over, for the fame of the great house had come to her ears; and, to be sure, it was a great temptation. All that evening they were very merry together; and the girl was as bold as brass under the eyes of her parents, and made a mock of Keawe, for she had a quick wit. The next day he had a word with Kiano, and found the girl alone.

"Kokua," said he, "you made a mock of me all the evening; and it is still time to bid me go. I would not tell you who I was, because I have so fine a house, and I feared you would think too much of that house and too little of the man that loves you. Now you know all, and if you wish to have seen the last of me, say so at once."

"No," said Kokua; but this time she did not laugh, nor did Keawe ask for more.

This was the wooing of Keawe; things had gone quickly; but so an arrow goes, and the ball of a rifle swifter still, and yet both may strike the target. Things had gone fast, but they had gone far also, and the thought of Keawe rang in the maiden's head; she heard his voice in the breach of the surf upon the lava, and for this young man that she had seen but twice she would have left father and mother and her native islands. As for Keawe himself, his horse flew up the path of the mountain under the cliff of tombs, and the sound of the hoofs, and the sound of Keawe singing to himself for pleasure echoed in the caverns of the dead. He came to the Bright House, and still he was singing. He sat and ate in the broad balcony, and the Chinaman wondered at his master, to hear how he sang between the mouthfuls. The sun went down into the sea, and the night came; and Keawe walked the balconies by lamplight, high on the mountains, and the voice of his singing startled men on ships.

"Here am I now upon my high place," he said to himself. "Life may be no better; this is the mountain top; and all shelves about me towards the worse. For the first time I will light up the chambers, and bathe in my fine bath with the hot water and the cold, and sleep alone in the bed of my bridal chamber."

So the Chinaman had word, and he must rise from sleep and light the furnaces; and as he wrought below, beside the boilers, he heard his master singing and rejoicing above him in the lighted chambers. When the water began to be hot the Chinaman cried to his master; and Keawe went into the bathroom; and the Chinaman heard him sing as he filled the marble basin; and heard him sing, and the signing broken, as he undressed; until of a sudden, the song ceased. The Chinaman listened, and listened; he called up the house to Keawe to ask if all were well, and Keawe answered him "Yes," and bad him go to bed; but there was no more singing in the Bright House; and all night long, the Chinaman heard his master's feet go round and round the balconies without repose.

Now the truth of it was this: as Keawe undressed for his bath, he spied upon his flesh a patch like a patch of lichen on a rock, and it was then that he stopped singing. For he knew the likeness of that patch, and knew that he was fallen in the Chinese Evil. [footnote: Leprosy.] Now, it is a sad thing for any man to fall into this sickness. And it would be a sad thing for anyone to leave a house so beautiful and so commodious, and depart from all his friends to the north coast of Molokai between the mighty cliff and the sea-breakers. But what was that the case of the man Keawe, he who had met his love but yesterday, and won her but that morning, and now saw all his hopes break, in a moment, like a piece of glass?

Awhile he sat upon the edge of the bath; then sprang, with a cry and ran outside; and to and fro, to and fro, along the balcony, like one despairing.



"Very willingly could I leave Hawaii, the home of my fathers," Keawe was thinking. "Very lightly could I leave my house, the high-placed, the many-windowed, here upon the mountains. Very bravely could I go to Molokai, to Kalaupapa by the cliffs, to live with the smitten and to sleep there, far from my fathers. But what wrong have I done, what sin lies upon my soul, that I should have encountered Kokua coming cool from the sea-water in the evening? Kokua, the soul ensnarer! Kokua, the light of my life! Her may I never wed, her may I look upon no longer, her may I no more handle with my living hand; and it is for this, it is for you, O Kokua! that I pour my lamentations!"

Now you are to observe what sort of a man Keawe was, for he might have dwelt there in the Bright House for years, and no one been the wiser of his sickness; but he reckoned nothing of that, if he must lose Kokua. And again, he might have wed Kokua even as he was; and so many would have done, because they have the souls of pigs; but Keawe loved the maid manfully, and he would do her no hurt and bring her in no danger.

A little beyond the midst of the night, there came in his mind the recollection of that bottle. He went round to the back porch, and called to memory the day when the devil had looked forth; and at the thought ice ran in his veins.

"A dreadful thing is the bottle," thought Keawe, "and dreadful is the imp, and it is a dreadful thing to risk the flames of hell. But what other hope have I to cure the sickness or to wed Kokua? What!" he thought, "would I beard the devil once, only to get me a house, and not face him again to win Kokua?"

Thereupon he called to mind it was the next day the *Hall* went by on her return to Honolulu. "There must I go first," he thought, "and see Lopaka. For the best hope that I have now is to find that same bottle I was so please to be rid of."

Never a wink could he sleep; the food stuck in his throat; but he sent a letter to Kiano, and about the time when the steamer would be coming, rode down beside the cliff of the tombs. It rained; his horse went heavily; he looked up at the black mouths of the caves, and he envied the dead that slept there and were done with trouble; and called to mind how he had galloped by the day before, and was astonished. So he came down to Hookena, and there was all the country gathered for the steamer as usual. In the shed before the store they sat and jested and passed the news; but there was no matter of speech in Keawe's bosom, and he sat in their midst and looked without on the rain falling on the houses, and the surf beating among the rocks, and the sighs arose in his throat.

"Keawe of the Bright House is out of spirits," said one to another. Indeed, and so he was, and little wonder.

Then the *Hall* came, and the whaleboat carried him on board. The after-part of the ship was full of Haoles [footnote: Whites] who had been to visit the volcano, as their custom is; and the midst was crowded with Kanakas, and the forepart with wild bulls from Hilo and horses from Kau; but Keawe sat apart from all in his sorrow, and watched for the house of Kiano. There is sat, low upon the shore in the black rocks and shaded by the cocoa palms, and there by the door was a red holoku, no greater than a fly, and going to and fro with a fly's busyness.

"Ah, queen of my heart," he cried, "I'll venture my dear soul to win you!"

Soon after, darkness fell, and the cabins were lit up, and the Haoles sat and played at the cards and drank whisky as their custom is; but Keawe walked the deck all night; and all the next day, as they steamed under the lee of Maui or of Molokai, he was still pacing to and from like a wild animal in a menagerie.

Towards evening they passed Diamond Head, and came to the pier of Honolulu. Keawe stepped out among the crowd and began to ask for Lopaka. It seemed he had become the owner of a schooner--none better in the islands--and was gone upon an adventure as far as Pola- Pola or Kahiki; so there was no help to be looked for from Lopaka. Keawe called to mind a friend of his, a lawyer in the town (I must not tell his name), and inquired of him. They said he was grown suddenly rich, and had a fine new house upon Waikiki shore; and this put a thought in Keawe's head, and he called a hack and drove to the lawyer's house.



The house was all brand new, and the trees in the garden no greater than walking-sticks, and the lawyer, when he came, had the air of a man well pleased.

"What can I do to serve you?" said the lawyer.

"You are a friend of Lopaka's," replied Keawe, "and Lopaka purchased from me a certain piece of goods that I thought you might enable me to trace."

The lawyer's face became very dark. "I do not profess to misunderstand you, Mr. Keawe," said he, "though this is an ugly business to be stirring in. You maybe sure I know nothing, but yet I have a guess, and if you would apply in a certain quarter I think you might have news."

And he named the name of a man, which, again, I had better not repeat. So it was for days, and Keawe went from one to another, finding everywhere new clothes and carriages, and fine new houses and men everywhere in great contentment, although, to be sure, when he hinted at his business their faces would cloud over.

"No doubt I am upon the track," thought Keawe. "These new clothes and carriages are all the gifts of the little imp, and these glad faces are the faces of men who have taken their profit and got rid of the accursed thing in safety. When I see pale cheeks and hear sighing, I shall know that I am near the bottle."

So it befell at last that he was recommended to a Haole in Beritania Street. When he came to the door, about the hour of the evening meal, there were the usual marks of the new house, and the young garden, and the electric light shining in the windows; but when the owner came, a shock of hope and fear ran through Keawe; for here was a young man, white as a corpse, and black about the eyes, the hair shedding from his head, and such a look in his countenance as a man may have when he is waiting for the gallows.

"Here it is, to be sure," thought Keawe, and so with this man he no ways veiled his errand. "I am come to buy the bottle," said he.

At the word, the young Haole of Beritania Street reeled against the wall.

"The bottle!" he gasped. "To buy the bottle!" Then he seemed to choke, and seizing Keawe by the arm carried him into a room and poured out wine in two glasses.

"Here is my respects," said Keawe, who had been much about with Haoles in his time. "Yes," he added, "I am come to buy the bottle. What is the price by now?"

At that word the young man let his glass slip through his fingers, and looked upon Keawe like a ghost.

"The price," says he; "the price! you do not know the price?"

"It is for that I am asking you," returned Keawe. "But why are you so much concerned? Is there anything wrong about the price?"

"It has dropped a great deal in value since your time, Mr. Keawe," said the young man, stammering.

"Well, well, I shall have the less to pay for it," said Keawe. "How much did it cost you?"

The young man was as white as a sheet. "Two cents," said he.

"What?" cried Keawe, "two cents? Why, then, you can only sell it for one. And he who buys it--" The words died upon Keawe's tongue; he who bought it could never sell it again, the bottle and the bottle imp must abide with him until he died, and when he died must carry him to the red end of hell.

The young man of Beritania Street fell upon his knees. "For God's sake buy it!" he cried. "You can have all my fortune in the bargain. I was mad when I bought it at that price. I had embezzled money at my store; I was lost else; I must have gone to jail."

"Poor creature," said Keawe, "you would risk your soul upon so desperate an adventure, and to avoid the proper punishment of your own disgrace; and you think I could hesitate with love in front of me. Give me the bottle, and the change which I make sure you have all ready. Here is a five-cent piece."



It was as Keawe supposed; the young man had the change ready in a drawer; the bottle changed hands, and Keawe's fingers were no sooner clasped upon the stalk than he had breathed his wish to be a clean man. And, sure enough, when he got home to his room and stripped himself before a glass, his flesh was whole like an infant's. And here was the strange thing: he had no sooner seen this miracle, than his mind was changed within him, and he cared naught for the Chinese Evil, and little enough for Kokua; and had but the one thought, that here he was bound to the bottle imp for time and for eternity, and had no better hope but to be a cinder forever in the flames of hell. Away ahead of him he saw them blaze with his mind's eye, and his soul shrank, and darkness fell upon the light.

When Keawe came to himself a little, he was aware it was the night when the band played at the hotel. Thither he went, because he feared to be alone; and there, among happy faces, walked to and fro, and heard the tunes go up and down, and saw Berger beat the measure, and all the while he heard the flames crackle, and saw the red fire burning in the bottomless pit. Of a sudden the band played *Kiki-ao-ao*; that was a song that he had sung with Kokua, and at the strain courage returned to him.

"It is done now," he thought, "and once more let me take the good along with the evil."

So it befell that he returned to Hawaii by the first steamer, and as soon as it could be managed he was wedded to Kokua, and carried her up the mountain side to the Bright House.

Now it was so with these two, that when they ere together, Keawe's heart was stilled; but so soon has he was alone he fell into a brooding horror, and heard the flames crackle, and saw the red fire burn in the bottomless pit. The girl, indeed, had come to him wholly; her heart leapt in her side at sight of him, her hand clung to his; and she was so fashioned from the hair upon her head to the nails upon her toes that none could see her without joy. She was pleasant in her nature. She had the good word always. Full of song she was, and went to and fro in the Bright House, the brightest thing in its three storeys, carolling like the birds. And Keawe beheld and heard her with delight, and then must shrink upon one side, and weep and groan to think upon the price that he had paid for her; and then he must dry his eyes, and wash his face, and go and sit with her on the broad balconies joining in her songs, and, with a sick spirit, answering her smiles.

There came a day when her feet began to be heavy and her songs more rare; and now it was not Keawe only that would weep apart, but each would sunder from the other and sit in opposite balconies with the whole width of the Bright House betwixt. Keawe was so sunk in his despair, he scarce observed the change, and was only glad he had more hours to sit alone and brood upon his destiny and was not so frequently condemned to pull a smiling face on a sick heart. But one day, coming softly through the house, he heard the sound of a child sobbing, and there was Kokua rolling her face upon the balcony floor, and weeping like the lost.

"You do well to weep in this house, Kokua," he said. "And yet I would give the head off my body that you (at least) might have been happy."

"Happy!" she cried. "Keawe, when you lived alone in your Bright House, you were the word of the island for a happy man; laughter and song were in your mouth, and your face was as bright as the sunrise. Then you wedded pour Kokua; and the good God knows what is amiss in her--but from that day you have not smiled. Ah!" she cried, "what ails me? I thought I was pretty, and I knew I loved him. What ails me that I throw this cloud upon my husband?"



"Poor Kokua," said Keawe. He sat down by her side, and sought to take her hand; but that she plucked away. "Poor Kokua," he said, again. "My poor child--my pretty. And I thought all this while to spare you! Well, you shall know all. Then, at least, you will pity poor Keawe; then you will understand how much he loved you in the past-- that he dared hell for your possession--and how much he loves you still (the poor condemned one), that he can yet call up a smile when he beholds you."

With that, he told her all, even from the beginning.

"You have done this for me?" she cried. "Ah, well then what do I care!"--and she clasped and wept upon him.

"Ah, child!" said Keawe, "and yet, when I consider of the fire of hell, I care a good deal!"

"Never tell me," said she; "no man can be lost because he loved Kokua, and no other fault. I tell you, Keawe, I shall save you with these hands, or perish in your company. What! you loved me, and gave your soul, and you think I will not die to save you in return?"

"Ah, my dear! you might die a hundred times, and what difference would that make?" he cried, "except to leave me lonely till the time comes of my damnation?"

"You know nothing," said she. "I was educated in a school in Honolulu; I am no common girl. And I tell you, I shall save my lover. What is this you say about a cent? But all the world is not American. In England they have a piece they call a farthing, which is about half a cent. Ah! sorrow!" she cried, "that makes it scarcely better, for the buyer must be lost, and we shall find none so brave as my Keawe! But, then, there is France; they have a small coin there which they call a centime, and these go five to the cent or thereabout. We could not do better. Come, Keawe, let us go to the French islands; let us go to Tahiti, as fast as ships can bear us. There we have four centimes, three centimes, two centimes one centime; four possible sales to come and go on; and two of us to push the bargain. Come, my Keawe! kiss me, and banish care. Kokua will defend you."

"Gift of God!" he cried. "I cannot think that God will punish me for desiring aught so good! Be it as you will, then; take me where you please: I put my life and my salvation in your hands."

Early the next day Kokua was about her preparations. She took Keawe's chest that he went with sailing; and first she put the bottle in a corner; and then packed it with the richest of the clothes and the bravest of the knick-knacks in the house. "For," said she, "we must seem to be rich folks, or who will believe in the bottle?" All the time of her preparation she was as gay as a bird; only when she looked upon Keawe, the tears would spring in her eye, and she must run and kiss him. As for Keawe, a weight was off his soul; now that he had his secret shared, and some hope in front of him, he seemed like a new man, his feet went lightly on the earth, and his breath was good to him again. Yet was terror still at his elbow; and ever and again, as the wind blows out a taper, hope died in him, and he saw the flames toss and the red fire burn in hell.

It was given out in the country they were gone pleasuring to the States, which was thought a strange thing, and yet not so strange as the truth, if any could have guessed it. So they went to Honolulu in the *Hall*, and thence in the *Umatilla* to San Francisco with a crowd of Haoles, and at San Francisco took their passage by the mail brigantine, the *Tropic Bird* for Papeete, the chief place of the French in the south islands. Thither they came, after a pleasant voyage, on a fair day of the Trade Wind, and saw the reef with the surf breaking, and Motuiti with its palms, and the schooner riding within- side, and the white houses of the town low down along the shore among green trees, and overhead the mountains and the clouds of Tahiti, the wise island.

It was judged the most wise to hire a house, which they did accordingly, opposite the British Consul's, to make a great parade of money, and themselves conspicuous with carriages and horses. This it was very easy to do, so long as they had the bottle in their possession; for Kokua was more bold than Keawe, and whenever she had a mind, called on the imp for twenty or a hundred dollars. At this rate they soon grew to be remarked in the town; and the strangers from Hawaii, their riding and their driving, the fine holokus and the rich lace of Kokua, became the matter of much talk.



They got on well after the first with the Tahitian language, which is indeed like to the Hawaiian, with a change of certain letters; and as soon as they had any freedom of speech, began to push the bottle. You are to consider it was not an easy subject to introduce; it was not easy to persuade people you were in earnest, when you offered so sell them for four centimes the spring of health and riches inexhaustible. It was necessary besides to explain the dangers of the bottle; and either people disbelieved the whole thing and laughed or they thought the more of the darker part, became overcast with gravity, and drew away from Keawe and Kokua, as from persons who had dealings with the devil. So far from gaining ground, these two began to find they were avoided in the town; the children ran away from them

screaming, a thing intolerable to Kokua; Catholics crossed themselves as they went by; and all persons began with one accord to disengage themselves from their advances.

Depression fell upon their spirits. They would sit at night in their new house, after a day's weariness, and not exchange one word, or the silence would be broken by Kokua bursting suddenly into sobs. Sometimes they would pray together; sometimes they would have the bottle out upon the floor, and sit all evening watching how the shadow hovered in the midst. At such times they would be afraid to go to rest. It was long ere slumber came to them, and if either dozed off, it would be to wake and find the other silently weeping in the dark, or perhaps, to wake alone, the other having fled from the house and the neighbourhood of that bottle, to pace under the bananas in the little garden, or to wander on the beach by moonlight.

One night it was so when Kokua awoke. Keawe was gone. She felt in the bed and his place was cold. Then fear fell upon her, and she sat up in bed. A little moonshine filtered through the shutters. The room was bright, and she could spy the bottle on the floor. Outside it blew high, the great trees of the avenue cried aloud, and the fallen leaves rattled in the verandah. In the midst of this Kokua was aware of another sound; whether of a beast or of a man she could scarce tell, but it was as sad as death, and cut her to the soul. Softly she arose, set the door ajar, and looked forth in the moonlit yard. There, under the bananas, lay Keawe, his mouth in the dust, and as he lay he moaned.

It was Kokua's first thought to run forward and console him; her second potently withheld her. Keawe had borne himself before his wife like a brave man; it became her little in the hour of weakness to intrude upon his shame. With the thought she drew back into the house.

"Heavens!" she thought, "how careless have I been--- how weak! It is he, not I that stands in this eternal peril; it was he, not I, that took the curse upon his soul. It is for my sake, and for the love of a creature of so little worth and such poor help, that he now beholds so close to him the flames of hell--ay, and smells the smoke of it, lying without there in the wind and moonlight. Am I so dull of spirit that never till now I have surmised my duty, or have I seen it before and turned aside? But now, at least, I take upon my soul in both the hands of my affection; now I say farewell to the white steps of heaven and the waiting faces of my friends. A love for a love, and let mine be equalled with Keawe's! A soul for a soul, and be it mine to perish!"

She was a deft woman with her hands, and was soon apparelled. She took in her hands the change--the precious centimes they kept ever at their side; for this coin is little used, and they had made provision at a Government office. When she was forth in the avenue clouds came on the wind, and the moon was blackened. The town slept, and she knew not whither to turn till she heard one coughing in the shadow of the trees.

"Old man," said Kokua, "what do you here abroad in the cold night?"

The old man could scarce express himself for coughing, but she made out that he was old and poor, and a stranger in the island.

"Will you do me a service?" said Kokua. "As one stranger to another, and as an old man to a young woman, will you help a daughter of Hawaii?"

"Ah," said the old man. "So you are the witch from the eight islands, and even my old soul you seek to entangle. But I have heard of you, and defy your wickedness."

"Sit down here," said Kokua, "and let me tell you a tale." And she told him the story of Keawe from the beginning to the end.

"And now," said she, "I am his wife, whom he bought with his soul's welfare. And what should I do? If I went to him myself and offered to buy it, he would refuse. But if you go, he will sell it eagerly; I will await you here; you will buy it for four centimes, and I will buy it again for three. And the Lord strengthen a poor girl!"

"If you meant falsely," said the old man, "I think God would strike you dead."

"He would!" cried Kokua. "Be sure he would. I could not be so treacherous--God would not suffer it."



"Give me the four centimes and await me here," said the old man.

Now, when Kokua stood alone in the street, her spirit died. The wind roared in the trees, and it seemed to her the rushing of the flames of hell; the shadows tossed in the light of the street lamp, and they seemed to her the snatching hands of evil ones. If she had had the strength, she must have run away, and if she had had the breath she must have screamed aloud; but, in truth, she could do neither, and stood trembled in the avenue, like an affrighted child.

Then she saw the old man returning, and he had the bottle in his hand.

"I have done your bidding," said he. "I left your husband weeping like a child; tonight he will sleep easy." And he held the bottle forth.

"Before you give it me," Kokua panted, "take the good with the evil--ask to be delivered from your cough."

"I am an old man," replied the other, "and too near the gate of the grave to take a favour from the devil. But what is this? Why do you not take the bottle? Do you hesitate?"

"Not hesitate!" cried Kokua. "I am only weak. Give me a moment. It is my hand resists, my flesh shrinks back from the accursed thing. One moment only!"

The old man looked upon Kokua kindly. "Poor child!" said he, "you fear; your soul misgives you. Well, let me keep it. I am old and can never more be happy in this world, and as for the next--"

"Give it me!" gasped Kokua. "There is your money. Do you think I am so base as that? give me the bottle."

"God bless you, child," said the old man.

Kokua concealed the bottle under her holoku, said farewell to the old man, and walked off along the avenue, she cared not whither. For all roads were not the same to her, and led equally to hell. Sometimes she walked, and sometimes ran; sometimes she screamed out loud in the night, and sometimes lay by the wayside in the dust and wept. All that she had heard of hell came back to her; she saw the flames blaze, and she smelt the smoke, and her flesh withered on the coals.

Near the day she came to her mind again, and returned to the house. It was even as the old man said-- Keawe slumbered like a child. Kokua stood and gazed upon his face.

"Now, my husband," said she, "it is your turn to sleep. When you wake it will be your turn to sing and laugh. But for poor Kokua, alas! that meant no evil--for poor Kokua no more sleep, no more singing, no more delight, whether in earth or heaven."

With that she lay down into the bed by his side, and her misery was so extreme that she fell in a deep slumber instantly.

Late in the morning her husband woke her and gave her the good news. It seemed he was silly with delight, for he paid no heed to her distress, ill though she dissembled it. The words stuck in her mouth, it mattered not; Keawe did the speaking. She ate not a bite, but who was to observe it? for Keawe cleared the dish. Kokua saw and heard him, like some strange thing in a dream; there were times when she forgot or doubted, and put her hands to her brow; to know herself doomed and hear her husband babble, seemed so monstrous.

All the while Keawe was eating and talking, and planning the time of their return, and thanking her for saving him, and fondling her, and calling her the true helper after all. He laughed at the old man that was fool enough to buy that bottle.

"A worthy old man he seemed," Keawe said. "But no one can judge by appearances. For why did the old reprobate require the bottle?"

"My husband," said Kokua, humbly, "his purpose may have been good."

Keawe laughed like an angry man.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" cried Keawe. "An old rogue, I tell you; and an old ass to boot. For the bottle was hard enough to sell at four centimes; and at three it will be quite impossible. The margin is not broad



enough, the thing begins to smell of scorching--brrr!" said he, and shuddered. "It is true I bought it myself at a cent, when I knew not there were smaller coins. I was a fool for my pains; there will never be found another: and whoever has that bottle now will carry it to the pit."

"O my husband!" said Kokua. "It is not a terrible thing to save oneself by the eternal ruin of another? It seems to me I could not laugh. I would be humbled. I would be filled with melancholy. I would pray for the poor holder."

Then Keawe, because he felt the truth of what she said, grew the more angry. "Heifty-teifty!" cried he. "You maybe filled with melancholy if you please. It is not the mind of a good wife. If you thought at all of me, you would sit shamed."

Thereupon he went out, and Kokua was alone.

What chance had she to sell that bottle at two centimes? None, she perceived. And if she had any, here was her husband hurrying her away to a country where there was nothing lower than a cent. And here--on the morrow of her sacrifice--was her husband leaving her and blaming her.

She would not even try to profit by what time she had, but sat in the house, and now had the bottle out and viewed it with unutterable fear, and now, with loathing, hid it out of sight.

By-and-by, Keawe came back, and would have her take a drive.

"My husband, I am ill," she said. "I am out of heart. Excuse me, I can take no pleasure."

Then was Keawe more wroth than ever. With her, because he thought she was brooding over the case of the old man; and with himself, because thought she was right, and was ashamed to be so happy.

"This is your truth," cried he, "and this your affection! Your husband is just saved from eternal ruin, which he encountered for the love of you--and you take no pleasure! Kokua, you have a disloyal heart."

He went forth again furious, and wandered in the town all day. He met friends, and drank with them; they hired a carriage and drove into the country, and there drank again. All the time Keawe was ill at ease, because he was taking this pastime while his wife was sad, and because he knew in his heart that she was more right than he; and the knowledge made him drink the deeper.

Now there was an old brutal Haole drinking with him, one that had been a boatswain of a whaler, a runaway, a digger in gold mines, a convict in prisons. He had a low mind and a foul mouth; he loved to drink and to see other drunken; and he pressed the glass upon Keawe. Soon there was no more money in the company.

"Here, you!" says the boatswain, "you are rich, you have been always saying. You have a bottle or some foolishness."

"Yes," says Keawe, "I am rich; I will go back and get some money from my wife, who keeps it."

"That's a bad idea, mate," said the boatswain. "Never you trust a petticoat with dollars. They're all as false as water; you keep an eye on her."

Now, this word struck in Keawe's mind; for he was muddled with what he had been drinking.

"I should not wonder but she was false, indeed," thought he. "Why else should she be so cast down at my release? But I will show her I am not the man to be fooled, I will catch her in the act."

Accordingly, when they were back in town, Keawe bade the boatswain wait for him at the corner, by the old calaboose, and went forward up the avenue alone to the door of his house. The night had come again; there was a light within, but never a sound; and Keawe crept about the corner, opened the back door softly, and looked in.

There was Kokua on the floor, the lamp at her side, before her was a milk-white bottle, with a round belly and a long neck; and as she viewed it, Kokua wrong her hands.

A long time Keawe stood and looked in the doorway. At first he was struck stupid; and then fear fell upon him that the bargain had been made amiss, and the bottle had come back to him as it came at San Francisco; and at that his knees were loosened, and the fumes of the wine departed from his head like



mists off a river in the morning. And then he had another thought; and it was a strange one, that made his cheeks to burn.

"I must make sure of this," thought he.

So he closed the door, and went softly round the corner again, and then came noisily in, as though he were but now returned. And, lo! by the time he opened the front door no bottle was to be seen; and Kokua sat in a chair and started up like one awakened out of sleep.

"I have been drinking all day and making merry," said Keawe. "I have been with good companions, and now I only come back for money, and return to drink and carouse with them again."

Both his face and voice were as stern as judgement, but Kokua was too troubled to observe.

"You do well to use your own, my husband," said she, and her words trembled.

"O, I do well in all things," said Keawe, and he went straight to the chest and took out money. But he looked besides in the corner where they kept the bottle, and there was no bottle there.

At that the chest heaved upon the floor like a sea-billow, and the house span about him like a wreath of smoke, for he saw he was lost now, and there was no escape. "It is what I feared," he thought. "It is she who bought it."

And then he came to himself a little and rose up; but the sweat streamed on his face as thick as the rain and as cold as the well-water.

"Kokua," said he, "I said to you today what ill became me. Now I return to carouse with my jolly companions," and at that he laughed a little quietly. "I will take more pleasure in the cup if you forgive me."

She clasped his knees in a moment; she kissed his knees with flowing tears.

"O," she cried, "I asked but a kind word!"

"Let us never one think hardly of the other," said Keawe, and was gone out of the house.

Now, the money that Keawe had taken was only some of that store of centime piece they had laid in at their arrival. It was very sure he had no mind to be drinking. His wife had given her soul for him, now he must give his for hers; no other thought was in the world with him.

At the corner, by the old calaboose, there was the boatswain waiting.

"My wife has the bottle," said Keawe, "and, unless you help me to recover it, there can be no more money and no more liquor tonight."

"You do not mean to say you are serious about that bottle?" cried the boatswain.

"There is the lamp," said Keawe. "Do I look as if I was jesting?"

"That is so," said the boatswain. "You look as serious as a ghost."

"Well, then," said Keawe, "here are two centimes; you must go to my wife in the house, and offer her these for the bottle, which (if I am not much mistaken) she will give you instantly. Bring it to me here, and I will buy it back from you for one; for that is the law with this bottle, that it still must be sold for a less sum. But whatever you do, never breathe a word to her that you have come from me."

"Mate, I wonder are you making a fool of me?" asked the boatswain.

"It will do you no harm if I am," returned Keawe.

"That is so, mate," said the boatswain.

"And if you doubt me," added Keawe, "you can try. As soon as you are clear of the house, wish to have your pocket full of money, or a bottle of the best rum, or what you please, and you will see the virtue of the thing."

"Very well, Kanaka," says the boatswain. "I will try; but if you are having your fun out of me, I will take my fun out of you with a belaying pin."





So the whaler-man went off upon the avenue; and Keawe stood and waited. It was near the same spot where Kokua had waited the night before; but Keawe was more resolved, and never faltered in his purpose; only his soul was bitter with despair.

It seemed a long time he had to wait before he heard a voice singing in the darkness of the avenue. He knew the voice to be the boatswain's; but it was strange how drunken it appeared upon a sudden.

Next, the man himself came stumbling into the light of the lamp. He had the devil's bottle buttoned in his coat; another bottle was in his hand; and even as he came in view he raised it to his mouth and drank.

"You have it," said Keawe. "I see that."

"Hands off!" cried the boatswain, jumping back. "Take a step near me, and I'll smash your mouth. You thought you could make a cat's-paw of me, did you?"

"What do you mean?" cried Keawe.

"Mean?" cried the boatswain. "This is a pretty good bottle, this is; that's what I mean. How I got it for two centimes I can't make out; but I'm sure you shan't have it for one."

"You mean you won't sell?" gasped Keawe.

"No, *sir!*" cried the boatswain. "But I'll give you a drink of the rum, if you like."

"I tell you," said Keawe, "the man who has that bottle goes to hell."

"I reckon I'm going anyway," returned the sailor; "and this bottle's the best thing to go with I've struck yet. No, sir!" he cried again, "this is my bottle now, and you can go and fish for another."

"Can this be true?" Keawe cried. "For your own sake, I beseech you, sell it me!"

"I don't value any of your talk," replied the boatswain. "You thought I was a flat; now you see I'm not; and there's an end. If you won't have a swallow of the rum, I'll have one myself. Here's your health, and goodnight to you!"

So off he went down the avenue toward town, and there goes the bottle out of the story.

But Keawe ran to Kokua light as the wind; and great was their joy that night; and great, since then has been the peace of all their days in the Bright House.

(End.)



## Dictionary and Druidism

By Mike The Fool

A friend of mine in college commented that you can always find **Druids** betwixt **drugs** and **drums**, and if you don't believe me, look in the dictionary. She was right. Good company? I list some other words for your contemplation:

Maggot  
Magic(ian)  
Magistrate

Sham  
Shaman  
Shambles

Wit  
Witch  
With

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Religion In Ten Easy Steps](#)



# HOW TO CREATE YOUR OWN RELIGION IN TEN EASY STEPS!

- or -

## All Hail the Great God Lardicus!!

What's the point of living if you can't create your own God? Aside from my delusions of grandeur (and how much grander can they get than God-creation?) the main reason I'm doing this is so that I can have a God I can use without offending anyone while I'm writing here on [www.aPath.org](http://www.aPath.org). And it's fun.

While I originally wrote this for the above reason, it turned out to be a bit more comprehensive and insightful than I had anticipated. I hope you find it enjoyable and perhaps even educational on a variety of levels. I have tried not to offend anyone specifically. More sort of a general offend-everybody-equally kind of thing. Let's get started!

A properly created religion can give you personal ~~control~~ ~~influence~~ guidance over the ~~wallets~~ ~~minds~~ hearts of those who feel that being a Free-Thinking Individual is way too much work.

Here we provide you with our simple format to take you through the basic steps, from creating your own Gods and Goddesses to creating a simple yet ambiguous framework for your followers to try to conform to.

With our humble guidance, you'll be able to start up your own ~~cult~~ ~~sect~~ ~~denomination~~ religion in no time and have all the ~~power~~ ~~money~~ ~~control~~ faith you need to get you through this mortal coil.

**Here's how simple God-creation can be:**

**1) Create a God.** One with a catchy name is best. Should be simple and out of the ordinary, but not too far out that people can't remember it.

In our example we will create "The Great God Lardicus". It has "Lard" in the name which people already associate with fast food. It has "-icus" at the end of it, which sounds Greek, so it must be old and have centuries of tradition behind it.

**2) Make it in charge of something people already focus on,** but don't have a target for that focus.

In this case, eating too much fast food and poor dietary practices. Poof! Millions of people are now in your target audience.

**3) Make it something that people will be reminded of frequently.**

In this case, whenever they think of fast food, they will think of Lardicus after reading this (at least for a while).

In fact, the next time you drive down the road I bet you will think of The Great God Lardicus at least once. And the second time, you'll think of it because you'll remember thinking of it the first time. And so on. See how easy that was!

**4) Make it easy for them to "buy into" the worship of your New God.**

In this case, whenever you eat fast food, you are honoring The Great God Lardicus.

Whenever you pay at the drive-in window, you are tithing to The Great God Lardicus.

**5) Make it ambiguous.** Let both sides of an argument claim it as their own.

In this case, is The Great God Lardicus a "Dark God" bent on destroying The Temple Of Your Physical Being, or is he a "Light God" and the patron of those who are too busy in their lives to stop and eat a well-balanced meal?

Why define it when you can let people fight it out themselves. People are funny. They'll fight over anything. Even something you just made up. Enjoy the show and try not to think too much about the Karmic issues you are creating for yourself.

**6) Establish some standards by which the God should be referred to,** creating an intrinsic reverence right from the start.

In this case, The Great God Lardicus must always be referred to as "The Great God" Lardicus. Once people see this a few hundred times, they'll start believing it without even realizing it.

Make sure that the Full Title and Name are Always Capitalized. This is because that everybody knows that something that has Capital Letters Is Much More Important than something that isn't.

This is called "Marketing" and all the Most Holy of The Great God Lardicus's High Priests study the Dark Arts of Marketing and practice it many times a day in their Most Holy Rites.

**7) Make cool symbols.** They should be things that people already know and see everywhere. And they should be easy to draw and say.

In our case, The Great God Lardicus's symbols will be the Arch, the Crown and Pigtailed. (If you think you'd look silly in pigtailed, just substitute an image of a Pig, which works well when you think of bacon, pork chops, and the obvious "pig" symbolism). You'll suddenly start seeing The Great God Lardicus's symbols everywhere. Temples to The Great God Lardicus will appear, as if by Divine Intervention, on every street corner in every town across the nation.

Boy, that was fun!

Okay, we've now created our first God.

**Now, let's see how easy it is to turn it into a Religion!**

You can't have a cool religion with just a single character, so....

**8) You need an opposing force.** Not necessarily an arch-enemy, but an opposite perspective so that people can pick sides and fight over things.

Remember the stuff about people up there in Number 5? If everybody gets along, nobody will ever hear about your new religion. Most people hardly ever talk about how happy and content they are with their spirituality. In fact, many feel that they have to impose their beliefs on others in order to validate themselves and their beliefs. Because if you can get other people to be convinced to believe the same thing you do, you must be right! And that validates your choices. You want to play into that if you're going to be creating your own religion.

In this case, we will create The Gentle Goddess Dietima.

Notice how we have used all the rules so far with this name and the subtle effects it engenders. Let's review:

1) It has "Diet" in the name, which is obviously the opposite of "Lard". It sounds Greek too, so it fits nicely into our freshly created pantheon of psuedo-Greek deities.

It sounds catchy. And it should. Because we have simply co-opted the name of an actual character from Greek Literature, Diotima. Many people will vaguely (but not quite) remember her name from a high school or college class. This is another great technique when you are creating a new religion: overlay your gods, legends, temples, holy days and whatever else you can think of over top of the ones used by The Other Religions. Why invent something new when you can simply co-opt it and claim it as your own? Then people can fight over who stole what from whom and the nefarious motivations for doing so. People love to fight, and it would be cruel of you to deny them this chance.

2) Who hasn't been on or thought about going on a diet? The Gentle Goddess Dietima is the patron for you!

3) Is there anyone you know that isn't painfully aware of diets and dieting? My point exactly.

4) It sounds Feminine with just the right mix of Fluffy-Bunny and Wise Woman. It is sweet enough for the flowering gentle pre-teen who wants a kinder, more understanding world but it also sounds great for attracting the people who would never worship a masculine meat-eating fatso un-environmentally-conscious goat-mater like Grease God Lardicus!

Wow! Intolerance is fun and yet still makes you feel superior and important, while at the same time elevating you to the moral high-ground above those who you don't agree with. Neat, huh?

5) Notice how we have made The Gentle Goddess Dietima attractive to the entire spectrum of human emotion! Now we can just sit back and watch Her Faithful fight over which of her aspects is "The Real One".

6) The Gentle Goddess Dietima should always referred to as "The Gentle Goddess", unless you are in need of her unspecified warrior attributes which are whatever you want them to be whenever you want to use them. Good ol' rule number 5!

7) Dietima's symbols are the cute adorable little bunny (because nobody could not love a cute adorable little bunny), a curved silver knife (crescent moon shaped, great for cutting earth-friendly veggies to eat and tilling the ground, and useful for those unspecified warrior aspects, and similar enough to the Arch to cause more fun bickering) and the egg (fertility, orb shapes are common, and it will further confuse the whole spring holiday symbolism thing and cause more exciting discussions).

So much for the review, now back to the recipie book:

**9) You need to confuse everybody.** This will make sure that nobody can be really certain WHAT they believe, because it is all so non-sensical to begin with. And when you don't spell it out exactly (or even if you do) you know how those funny humans will all magically just get along, right!

In this case, we'll try to be real thorough here:

The Gentle Goddess Dietima and The Great God Lardicus are Divine Brother and Sister. However, they are also Husband and Wife. And The Great God Lardicus is the child of Himself and The Gentle Goddess Dietima. As is Dietima. They love each other, but argue and even fight regularly for a variety of reasons that we won't go into here because we want people to make up their own reasons, which they can then fight over.

We don't even have to explain how any of this is possible because they are Gods and can do whatever they want. We don't want to specify who was born first or the details of their immaculate self-conceptions, because that might give one side the upper hand in any arguments. Remember Rule Number 5: Keep it ambiguous.

The Gentle Goddess Dietima and The Great God Lardicus may or may not have other children, parents, siblings or acquaintances. We can add them in later if we want or need to, and then the old-timers (historians, scholars, etc.) can fight the new converts (who are always the most passionate about things) about whether they should "really" be in the pantheon or not, since they weren't there in the beginning. We'll probably just say we found

some ancient scrolls that nobody is allowed to examine that mentioned them when we want to add in any new characters. That'll be fun!

And last but certainly not least:

**10) The Big Reward.** You know everything you always wished you had in this life? After you die, you'll get it! We promise! Hot women. Cute Guys. Flying Cars. Washboard abs. Rivers of Chocolate that won't add an ounce or an inch to your perfectly fit, weightless body. And lots of cute, adorable fluffy bunnies to frolic with in virgin green pastures.

In our case, we guarantee that you'll get everything listed above. And then some!

But wait! There's more! All the people you love in this life will be there. But not the people you don't like. They all go to "The Other Place". Don't worry. They'll get theirs. And you'll spend eternity in Paradise. Really. We Promise.

**Oh yeah, one last thing:**

The always present but never written down (written down here because I can't whisper it in your ear) Eleventh Rule:

**11) Get The Word Out!**

What good is creating your own religion if you can't get people to worship your Gods and beg you for guidance because they don't trust themselves to navigate their own way through life? They'll be much better having an uninformed random someone else tell them what to do than looking at their own situation objectively and determining a logical path to take that is likely to help them improve their lot in life.

And don't forget the money! Once people realize that <http://www.aPath.org> is the only place that they can find The One True Path, they'll start throwing money at me to solve their problems for them and I can quit my day job and hang out at the beach with my religion-driving laptop-toting bikini-wearing interns. Um, I mean staff.

So get to work and start sending copies of this to everyone you know and help me, humbly, to bring them to **True Salvation** here at <http://www.aPath.org> .

In fact, if you send this to twenty or more people in the next ten minutes, you may very well win the lottery! If you don't, and your car explodes, it wasn't my fault. It was yours.

Blessed Be,

- Brian Gallagher

Keeper of The One True Path to Paradise

[http://www.apath.org/creating\\_religion.html](http://www.apath.org/creating_religion.html)

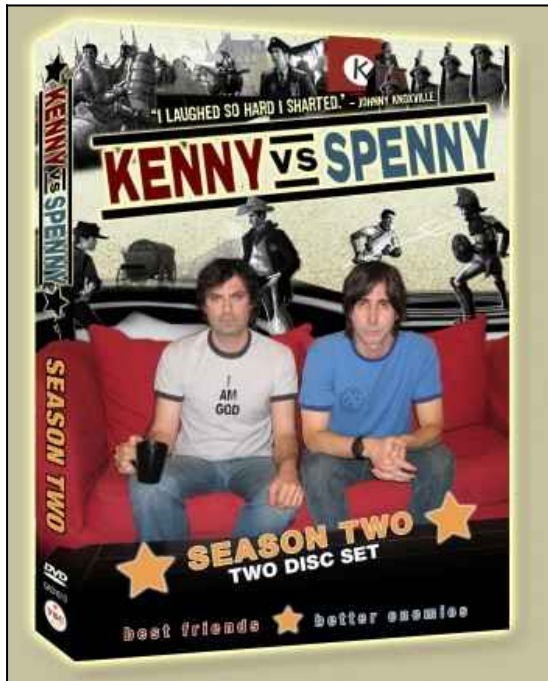


## Dr. Druid

A column for medical questions, concerns and confusions with answers from Dr. Druid.

Submit your questions to:  
Doc.Druid (at) Gmail (dot) com.

Please keep sending the questions and controversies to him.



## Ethics Corner

### Rivalry, e.g. “Kenny vs. Spenny”

#### Comments from Mike the Fool

Oh my goodness, what a show I have found! Excuse me while I gush about it for a few pages.

On the face of it, as you’ll read below, the show could easily be dismissed as vulgar macho contests by two losers, which it is. And yet, it completely fascinates me from an ethical point of view. You can purchase the seasons if you wish, and it’d be fun to watch in a group, as each episode is only 20 minutes. The episode titles state the contest, and you can thus avoid the most grotesque of the episodes, if you wish. Watch a few episodes on Youtube or Google

Video, keyword “Kenny vs. Spenny”, and see what you think.

I recommend the following five episodes, out of 54 made so far, to begin with:

1. Who Can Dance the Longest?: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IMX78eG9C6E> Part 1, stick with it to the end for the twist.
2. Who Can Stay in a Haunted House the Longest? <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I2s4vO6jJds>
3. “Fart Contest” (try Google Videos) type “kenny vs. spenny fart contest (1/3)”
4. [Kenny vs Spenny - Who will use their arms first \( 1 of 3 \)](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I2s4vO6jJds)
5. Who is the better actor?  
<http://www.veoh.com/browse/videos/category/comedy/watch/v6238001Xreyz7QQ>

And you can go on from there.

What I love is that it epitomizes the two different styles of competing, by bending the rules and by following the spirit of the rules. We all know folks who are like this in real life. Normally, Kenny seeks the former and Spenny the later. If the series is unscripted and genuine, of which I’m 92% sure it is,

then Kenny is perhaps one of the most diabolically clever geniuses at cheating, with often built-in built-in redundant strategies to overcome Spenny. I also am fascinated how their friendship could possibly survive the humiliation, cheating and strain of so many contests; and indeed, both sometime reverse course after “going over the edge”. Friends and lovers indeed make the most bitter rivals, since they know each others greatest weaknesses.

The friendly bitter rivalry of the show also reminded me of some ancient Celtic rivalries. For example there is a story of two knights (perhaps Gareth or Gawain vs. Sir Ironsides or something) of the round table who fought a duel and they were brothers. One grew stronger with the rising of the sun and the other grew stronger with the setting of the sun. It was harder for the later during the beginning of their 12 hour duel, but the later eventually won, and it seemed an analogy of the battle of the Oak and Holly king at the summer and winter solstices for power. There are other stories in Cuchulain and his (lover) brother in arms, Ferdia, whose epic battle takes several scenes to develop as they seek an ethical way to avoid the inevitable battle.

It would of course be more genial for both of these friends to choose a common standard for each of them to overcome, that both could win (“who can go three days without peeing”). But for the interest of drama and shaming the other, it’s a zero-sum, one or the other winner. Some lament in modern times how “everyone is a winner” at summer camp, getting a prize for last place and all that, but often in this series, one person will “win”, but often its not something they really deserved. Either one cheated (usually Kenny), something beyond his control interfered, or it depended on a bit of luck. Its often like that in life, and how they deal with defeat or victory, knowing (or not knowing) this, adds a certain flavor to the endgame of each episode. I always feel bad for Spenny having to be humiliated when he loses due to trickery, but then, I’m a “rules” kind of guy.

Take a look, tell me what you think, and make sure impressionable kids or disapproving folk aren’t watching you while you have your guilty psycho-drama pleasures. Good fun in a group, and rather short (21 minutes) each episode.

*I must stress that the show is often quite vulgar, somewhat homophobic (“teasingly?”), and offensive to just about every ethnic group in some manner at least once in the series; and I deplore that.*

### Kenny vs. Spenny Summary from Wikipedia.org

**Kenny vs. Spenny** is a [Canadian comedy reality television series](#) about two best friends<sup>[1]</sup>, [Kenny Hotz](#) and [Spencer Rice](#), who face each other in various competitions. The loser of the episode must perform an act of humiliation, usually selected by the winner. Kenny and Spenny created the series themselves, and it is typically shot in their hometown of [Toronto, Ontario](#), based mainly out of the house they share. As of November 2008, the show airs on [CBC](#), [Global](#) and [Showcase](#) in Canada, on [Comedy Central](#) in the [United States](#), [Germany](#) and [The Netherlands](#), and on [Animax](#) in [South Africa](#). In response to some viewers questioning the authenticity of the show, Kenny asserts that the series is completely unscripted, and is all real.<sup>[1]</sup>

The series was nominated for [Gemini Awards](#) in 2005, 2006 and 2008 as the best Canadian comedy series, and has received a Rose d'Or nomination in Switzerland for "best international comedy series". The show has spawned several replicas of its format, including a British version on [Sky One](#) called [Ed vs. Spencer](#). There is also a [German](#) version of the show, called [Elton vs. Simon](#), featuring two German comedians and friends. A [French Canadian](#) version, called [Frank vs Girard](#) airs on [VRAK.TV](#). Also following this format is [Juan vs. Roman](#) in [Latin America](#), [Cenk vs. Erdem](#) in [Turkey](#) and [Katja vs. Bridget](#) in the [Netherlands](#).

## *Premise*

Each episode is typically based on a question which sets the goal of the competition in a "who is...?" or "who can?" style; occasionally a "first one to... loses" statement is used instead. Competitions sometimes take the familiar form of performing a task the best, such as catching the largest fish; but they are more often unusual tasks, such as who can be tied to a goat the longest. The other typical style of competition is endurance to see who can do or abstain from something the longest.

## **Competition rules**

Each episode typically begins with the roommates on their couch explaining the competition to the audience. In early episodes, no rules were made explicit on camera. Later, the criteria which defined the competition were made clear on the couch (defining the exact task to be performed or avoided of the competition). For a period of time, Spenny outlined rules on a whiteboard at the beginning of each episode to attempt to close loopholes he thought Kenny might use. Kenny, however, also had to agree to the rules for them to be official. Since season four, the whiteboard rules have not been frequently used or aired, and rules are often discussed and agreed upon during the couch scene. There are sometimes other rules declared to have been agreed upon before filming. The roommates' actions or inactions during competitions often imply additional rules which are not explicitly declared in an episode. In the most recent episodes, there has typically been a return to not making the rules clear to the audience at the beginning of episodes.

In the fourth season episode "First Guy to Get a Stain Loses", there was a return to the whiteboard rules, but they were interrupted by Kenny's antics. Spenny noted that broadcasters often complain that the rules are not properly thought out in advance. For competitions where a qualitative decision is required (such as who does something better), a method of judgment or refereeing is usually agreed upon in advance. Endurance competitions often have a time limit of three days at which point, if neither competitor has won, a draw is declared, or occasionally a tie-breaker competition is performed.

The main entertainment in the series, besides the nature of the competitions, stems from the contrasting personalities of Kenny and Spenny, which usually impact the way each approaches the competitions. Kenny's approach is typically more unorthodox; he is often willing to use any means necessary—including cheating—to win. Though he does not always break the rules, he is usually willing to bend them. Kenny sometimes admits to the belief that he would not win certain competitions without cheating.

On the other hand, Spenny almost always follows very strictly both the rules and his ethics. He not only follows the rules to the letter, but also what he perceives as the intention and spirit of the competition statement. Spenny will often bear the brunt of Kenny's plans and pranks. Spenny is often paranoid and sometimes this causes him to sabotage his own efforts. Additionally, Kenny occasionally uses the paranoia to his advantage. Kenny has also occasionally used his position as executive producer to threaten crew members and force them to help him and/or not help Spenny.

Beyond their competitive styles, the contrasting personalities of the two offer much of the humour of the show. Kenny is generally portrayed as an uncouth "frat boy" type with a penchant for [toilet humour](#). Spenny is a classic straight man, as he stated in one episode "I haven't laughed since 1987". He rarely laughs or makes jokes on camera. Instead, Spenny usually reacts with exasperation to Kenny's antics, which are often directed at him. Spenny's most common emotional reaction on the show is anger at some act which Kenny has committed. A recurring motif on the show is Kenny's assertion that Spenny is a closeted [homosexual](#), and furthermore that Spenny is in love with him. During competitions Kenny will often arrange events in order to portray Spenny as "humiliation", an embarrassing task, that the loser must perform; although it is implied that the loser must agree to the choice of humiliation, in various episodes where the winner attempts to extend the humiliation beyond what was agreed upon.



The show is usually less focused on who will actually win the competition and more on how each competitor will go about trying to win. This is evidenced by the fact that the person who performs the humiliation is not always technically the loser based on the rules—they just do not know about the rules broken by the winner. On several occasions, Kenny has cheated and still been declared the winner. The show also rarely shows the aftermath of the competition, leaving it unknown how a competitor reacted upon finding out that his opponent cheated. However, in some episodes, the ending credits will have the voices of Kenny and Spenny commenting on an unfair loss.

The two roommates each have a different opinion on who is the ultimate "winner" of a challenge. Kenny believes that the purpose of the competition is to avoid humiliation, and thus, he has won if Spenny does the humiliation. Spenny, on the other hand believes that Kenny cheating or derailing a competition he knows he is going to lose should at least be considered when looking at who ultimately won.<sup>[1]</sup>

If the competition is a tie (where either they both lost or they both win) , no humiliations are issued, although if Kenny and Spenny agree to forfeit the competition (a draw) , both receive a humiliation dictated by the show's camera crews.



## DRUIDIC ORGANIZATION

### Ancient and Modern

An Essay by Daniel Hansen

The enormous power wielded by the Druids both in religion and in politics, as well as the privileges which they claimed, makes it evident that they were a more or less closely organized priestly corporation. This conclusion receives support from the fact that they had fixed annual meetings in Gaul. Caesar says that there was one Chief-Druid (Arch-Druid) wielding authority over all the others. On the death of the Chief-Druid, the individual who had pre-eminent dignity among the others succeeded to the office but, if there were several of equal rank, the selection was made by vote, while sometimes they even contended in arms for the office. Though there were Druidic families, the priesthood was not necessarily hereditary, since, as has been seen, entrance to it was permitted after a long novitiate. There is no direct evidence that the insular Druids were similarly organized, but

in spite of the denials of some recent writers, the fact that there were Chief-Druids in Ireland is seen from the texts, and such a Chief-Druid, *primus magus*, summoned the others together when necessary, as in the case against St. Patrick. A passage of Timagenes cited by Ammianus Marcellinus, and connecting the Druidic organization with the authority of Pythagoras, speaks of the Druids as '*sodaliciiis adstricti consortils*' (The most just of men). This points to Druids as a religious corporation (*sodalitium*), and perhaps as dwelling in communities, if '*consortium*' is to be taken in that sense, which is not certain. Caesar, on the other hand, who gives the fullest account of them, says nothing of communities of Druids, and the passage of Timagenes may simply be an exaggeration due to the fact that there were Druidic families, and to a supposed following of the Pythagorean associations by them. The theory maintains that the Druids lived in communities like the Tibetan or Christian monks, devoted to abstruse studies, and that the Irish monastic system was simply a Christian transformation of the Druidic community life. The Irish texts give no support to this view; on the contrary, there are numerous

references to the wife and children of the Druid, nor is it likely that the Druids, in all cases hostile to the Christian faith, would be transformed into Christian monks. The Irish monastic system was formed on continental models, and owed nothing to Paganism.

For today, the hierarchy of the modern Druids varies from one group to the next group. Generally speaking however, there is usually a leader. This leader can have various titles, but the favored title is Arch-Druid. He is equivalent to being the president of the organization. Next there is the post of secretary or Scribe, who can also be referred to as a Bard. The final officer is the treasurer or purse warden. This triad of leadership is almost uniform throughout the Neo-Druid community, but there are numerous local variations on this theme. For larger groups there are more offices or posts, but they are generally used as part of the rituals such as cupbearer, quarter guardians or any number of other titles.

## ***DRUID HIERARCHY***

The functional tripartition of Gaulish society is clearly outlined by Caesar and corresponds to that of medieval Irish society as attested in epics of high Middle Ages. Caesar incorrectly confuses the artisan class and plebs under a single definition, but he gives the specific Gaulish name for servant (ambacti) in another context. Caesar's definition appears different from that of later Greek writer Diodorus, Siculus, and Strabo, who list Druids (philosophers), Bards (poets), and Vates (Soothsayers and sacrificers). There is in fact no contradiction when Caesar defines the priestly class as a whole in relation to the rest of society, while the Greeks describe its internal structure. The structural affinity of Gaulish and Irish society extends even to names of priestly functions.

### **CORRESPONDENCES BETWEEN GAULISH AND IRISH SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS**

A) Function within the larger society:

<b>FUNCTION</b>	<b>GAUL</b>	<b>IRELAND</b>	<b>WALES</b>
<i>Priest</i>	Druids	Druid/Draoi	Druid/Derwydd
<i>Warrior</i>	Equites	Flatha (nobility)	Bardd
<i>Cultivators</i>	Plebs	aes dana	Peasants
Craftsman	(People of art)		

B. FUNCTIONS WITHIN THE PRIESTLY CLASS

<b>FUNCTION</b>	<b>GAUL</b>	<b>IRELAND</b>	<b>WALES</b>
<i>Philosopher</i>	Druid	Draoi	Derwydd
<i>Poet</i>	Bard	Faith	Bardd
Diviner and <i>Sacrificer</i>	Vates	Faith	Ovydd

It is known that the Greeks, Romans, and Germans had colleges of priests, but the Celts were the only ones besides the Indians of India to possess a hierarchized and structural priestly class. The colleges of Druidesses passed by almost imperceptible degrees into a new designation of Christian nuns. The Druids themselves were the teachers of morality as well as of religion. In addition to their priestly functions the Druids were judges called Saronidae and also teachers of the young. They taught astronomy, law, and medicine. The poets among the Druids were known as Bardi or Bards.

Their augurs were skilled in divination and called Eubages. The priests themselves were the Vacerri. In Gaul the Druids were exempt from taxes and military services, however the warrior Druid is a common personage in Irish epic. The Druids were not pre-Celtic priests any more than they were mere philosophers, even less were they Shamans or sorcerers. The Druids combined the functions of the priest, magistrate, the scholar, and the physician.

For the **modern** Druids, generally speaking, there is no specialized training to achieve each title listed above. The awarding of titles and such is done by a number of ways to include the leader simply appointing a title to an individual. Some groups such as Ar nDraoicht Fein: A Druid Fellowship has a detailed independent study program which must be followed and then evaluated before one is granted elevations as a First Circle to Sixth Circle ADF Druid. Others like the Henge of Keltria and the Order of Bards Ovates, and Druids have correspondence courses. Complete the course and you can be elevated. With OBOD after completing the first yearlong course you self initiate yourself into the Bardic Grade, after the second year it is the Ovate Grade, and after the third and final year it is the Druidic Grade. With Keltria there is an initiation required to enter the Ring of the Birch, then a year later you become eligible to enter the Ring of the Yew, and then after a one to three year waiting period you become eligible to enter the Ring of the Oak. The criteria for being elevated into the different levels or titles vary greatly from one group to another. Typically some sort of initiation ceremony, either as part of a group or self-initiation, is required.

## ***ARCH DRUID***

Caesar is one of chief sources of information about the paleo-Druids and he discussed the concept of a Celtic Pontiff Maximus, which he called the Chief/Arch Druid (Archdruid). The Irish word is **ard** (ard-) meaning “high,” “lofty,” “above the ground,” or “elevated.” It is employed in many titles and names, especially place-names. Because the prefix is sometimes separate as in Ard Ri (“High King”) or joined as in Ardee (a town in Ireland) it is acceptable to present either Ard Druid or Arch Druid. According to Caesar the Arch Druid was the sole head of the Druid caste in Gaul. There does seem to be a bit of contradiction in his testimony about the Arch Druid. For example it is not clear if the Arch Druid serves for life or for a one-year term of office. Most scholars generally accept that the Arch Druid held that post for life. Whatever the case really was, when it came time to replace the Arch Druid who either died, resigned, or was forced out, his replacement was selected from the top candidates. This was done we are told by election, however in the case of a tie or when there were multiple candidates of equal caliber, we are told that a trial by combat usually determined the next Arch Druid. In Britain, tradition holds that there were three Arch Druids. In Ireland, there is no trace of the concept of an Arch Druid. There is no record of an Arch Druid after the fall of the Druid sanctuary of Mona on the Isle of Anglesey.

In 1717 with the Meso-Druid organization of the Universal Druid Bond, the concept of a leader for life was revived, but instead of calling their leader an Arch Druid they chose to call him a Chosen Chief. This title has remained to the present day for nearly all of the British orders to include the largest ones, the Ancient Order of Druids and the Order of Bards, Ovates, and Druids.

For modern American Druids, the concept of the Arch Druid was revived, however its application varies from one group to another. Most may have adopted the concept of an Arch Druid, but for the most part not as a supreme spiritual leader. The original Reformed Druids of North America had the concept that the Arch Druid position was an elected post of the local group and it lasted for only a year. There are no term limits so someone can be re-elected year after year. They had an axiom that states: “He who moves slowest becomes Arch Druid.” The RDNA Arch Druid of the Mother Grove is little more than the chairman of the Council of Dalon Ap Landu (board of directors) with no real power or authority. It wasn’t always an enviable position because it was usually left to the local Arch Druid to

organize and lead the rituals and other events. Typically it is a volunteer position (unpaid), and the Arch Druid often ends up footing the bill for expenses out of his or her own pocket. Each branch or grove of the RDNA was headed by someone who was called an Arch Druid and they usually held the post until they grew tired of running the local grove, stepped down, or was voted out by the others. Some groups see the position of Arch Druid as the pentacle of being a Druid while others see the post as purely ceremonial. Various groups treat the position of Arch Druid differently. For Ar nDraoicht Fein: A Druid Fellowship, originally the title of Arch Druid was given to its founder Issac Bonewits as an Arch Druid for life, but when he resigned due to health reasons, the post became an elected position and the elected Arch Druid would serve a nine-year term of office. Uxellios-Druidiactos had a similar stand with its Uer Drui (over druid), but when its founder resigned under duress, that particular organization simply fell apart. The Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids, head quartered in Britain, has an elected Chosen Chief who serves for life, but they have a nearly three hundred years worth of tradition and history behind them and don't seem to suffer from the same growing pains as their American counterparts do. The Henge of Keltria decided to avoid the position of Arch Druid altogether and used conventional titles such as President, Secretary, and Treasurer for its elected officers. Most neo-Druid groups do use the title of Arch Druid to describe their leader, either national or local. For ADF and most of the other neo-Druid groups, there is only one Arch Druid for each branch. The local leaders are called Grove Tenders, Senior Druid, or some other such title.

How does one become an Arch Druid? There are three primary ways for someone to become an Arch Druid. The first way is to be elected by the majority of members within whichever Druid organization you belong to. The democratic process is often haphazard and chances of winning an election depend on how popular you are with the other members. The second way to become an Arch Druid is to be appointed as one by whatever ruling body or board of directors (if any) exists within the organization. Generally this will be for a local group rather than the national group. The third and final way to become an Arch Druid is to start your own group and elevate yourself to the post of Arch Druid. This may seem more than a little presumptuous, but it is a sure way to become an Arch Druid.

The various neo-Druid groups are still defining the modern role of the Arch Druid, but essentially he or she is the point of contact or spokesperson for their particular branch of neo-Druidism. However there is one distinction that the neo-Druids all tend to agree upon, and that is, while an Arch Druid is in theory the Pontiff Maximus of a particular branch of Druidism, he or she is not infallible. As a whole, neo-Druids do not have a doctrine of Arch Druid infallibility as can be seen in the person of the Pope of the Catholic Church. When an Arch Druid speaks, they are not speaking for the gods, they are speaking for their particular branch of Druidism.



## ***DRYADISM***

Of all the aspects of the ancient Druid priesthood, the one subject, which has caused a considerable amount of controversy and debate, is the concept of the **Druidess**. Barbara Walker in her book “Woman’s Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets” presents the controversial concept that Druidism was originally in the hands of women. She refers to this as Dryadism, based on the 3<sup>rd</sup> century CE Dryas mentioned by Classical commentators. She presents the idea that during the patriarchal period, men usurped the religious role of women and thus Druidism came into being. She goes on to suggest that after the male Druids were

suppressed by the Roman Empire that the female Druids re-emerged as the 3<sup>rd</sup> century Dryas and she infers that they were the witches of the medieval period who were tortured and murdered during the Inquisition. Ms. Walker came to her conclusion using predominately non-Celtic examples to support her preconceived notion about women preceding men and then replacing them. Her concept is blatantly feminist and she clearly picked her facts to support her theory. As it turns out she wasn't completely wrong. Some seventy years earlier the Rev. Dr. John A. McCullough drew a similar conclusion using purely Celtic evidence to support the concept of a strong female priesthood, though not necessarily one that preceded the male Druids, but definitely coexisting with it.

If, as is likely, the Celtic divinities were at first female, then agricultural rites would have first been in the hands of women. Even when a strong priesthood had arisen, conservatism would, here and there, have left the rituals and its priestesses intact. Goddesses with a more or less strong personality may have been served at local shrines by women. While it is true that none of the Classical historical writers make a direct reference to a Druidess by name prior to the 3<sup>rd</sup> century CE, doesn't mean they didn't exist prior to then. The term used for Druidess was **Dryas**, which means "nymph of the woods." The ancient writers when referring to the druids used the term *druidae* or *druides* in Latin and in Greek it was *druides* or *druidai*, with the variant of *drouidas*. Both the Greek and Latin terms are male and neither gives the feminine as *Dryas*. Leaving that discrepancy aside, we may assume that the Druids included both men and women in their ranks, in part because women had a place of importance in Celtic society.

Traces of Druidism were found in Europe's sacred-oak cults, which were known by many names. Its priestesses, the oak-nymphs or tree spirits, have continued to be venerated to some extent to this day with the mystical reverence for oak trees. It is possible that Dryadism and Druidism were two phases of the same religion, evidently restricted to a female priesthood in the earlier matrilinear stage, later open to male priests as well. The term Dryadism comes from the Greek myths, which said the dryads were oak nymphs, each an oracular priestess with her own personal tree spirit. Thus Dryads were called priestesses of the Celtic versions of Artemis or Diana, whose spirits dwelt in their trees. In their Druidic groves throughout Western Europe, Strabo said, they practiced rites similar to the orgies of Samothrace. There is no break between the ancient semi-magical formulae chanted by the Druids and the later incantations of the wizard and the "wise-woman."

The fact that Caesar speaks of priestesses among the Germans but not among the Celts is sometimes regarded as proving that there were no Celtic priestesses, however we cannot suppose that Caesar gave a full account of Celtic religion. While the notices above referred to and the improbability that women had no religious functions among the Celts must be set against his silence.

The Druidical system was at its height at the time of the Roman invasion under Julius Caesar. Against the Druids, as their chief enemies, these Roman conquerors of the world directed unsparing fury. In the first century CE the Roman Emperor Claudius forbade the Druidic religion inside the Roman Empire. There are traditional accounts of the Druids fleeing from the Roman advances beyond Gaul and crossing over to the remote Hebridean Islands of western Scotland. The Druids, harassed at all points on the mainland, retreated to Anglesey (Mona) and Iona, where for a season they found shelter and continued their now dishonored rites. In 60 or 61 CE, the Romans sacked and destroyed their holy stronghold on the isle of Mona (also called Mon or Anglesey). According to Tacitus, black clad Druidesses leaped among the Celtic warriors, howling to the gods and screaming curses at the Romans. The women whose fury, along with the prayers of Druids, was directed against the Romans in Mona may have been of the same class. The Romans were victorious and not only slayed the warriors but killed all the Druids and laid waste to the sacred groves. The loss sent Druidism into permanent decline, within several generations, the venerated and powerful priesthood was on a par with

common sorcerers. In Britain during this event, Queen Boudicca performed priestly functions, invoking the gods and divining.

There are inscriptions in Gaul that show the existence of priestesses called 'antistes' or 'antistita' and 'flaminica sacerdos' at Arles and Le Prugnon, who, like the priestesses of Artemis among the Galatian Celts, whose priesthood was hereditary, were attendants on a goddess. On the other hand, the Metz inscription referring to a 'Druis antistita' is spurious. Other examples of Druidesses are the nine virgin priestesses of a Gaulish god on the isle of Sena who foretold the future, raised storms, and healed diseases, as well as transformed themselves into animals. Other women, who practiced an orgiastic cult on an island in the Loire, probably had priestesses among their number who directed the cult, as perhaps did also the virgins of Sena. Though perhaps pre-Celtic in origin, these cults were acceptable to Celtic women, who must have had similar rites of their own. Some regard this reference to these island cults as based on the myths of Circe's isle, but there is no reason to believe that they had not actually been observed, even though the accounts are somewhat vague. There is the example of the "dancing Druid priestess," a bronze statue made in Roman Gaul at Neuvy-en-Sullias.

The first literary reference to the name Druidess comes from Gaul in the third century of the Common Era. There is mention of women who predicted the future and were known as Dryas, which is translated as "Druidess," but by all accounts they were merely sorceresses. As this is the first occurrence of the name, it is likely that such wise women assumed the Druidic name when the Druid class died out. Such women as are here referred to were apparently diviners, such as the Celtic women whom Hannibal desired to arbitrate in certain matters with during the Punic War. One of these Druidesses prophesied that Diocletian would become emperor only after slaying the boar (aper). In 284 CE Diocletian executed the Praetorian Prefect Arrius Aper, and became emperor. It seems these Druidesses became little more than fortunetellers. It is possible that female Druids may have specialized in prophecy. As augurers they foretold the future from sacrifices and interpretations. Towards the beginning of the 4<sup>th</sup> century CE, Lampridius and women called Druis, who, as prophetesses or wise women, foretold events in the lives of the emperors or were consulted by them.

Unlike the Druids who generally lived alone, there were colleges' of Druidesses or Dryads, who, with the coming of Christianity, were assimilated as nuns and passed by almost imperceptible degrees into a new designation of Christian nuns. In Ireland, these women also seem to have had certain priestly functions. The nuns who guarded the sacred fire at Cill Dara (Kildare) had evidently succeeded to virgin guardians of a sacred fire, the priestesses of a cult that was taboo to men. Other guardians of sacred fires existed elsewhere in Ireland. These secluded sisterhoods, like the priestesses of Brigid (Brigit) at Cill Dara (Kildare), lived in convent-like sanctuaries where they guarded sacred wells and tended sacred fires that were kept perpetually burning. Fire was regarded as a symbol of divinity. Fire worship was practiced, and many deities were worshipped locally as personifications of natural and inanimate phenomena. For a very long time Irish churches were known by the old Druidic name of "dairthech" or 'oak-house,' formerly applied to the sacred grove.

Like the Druids, the Druidesses were divided into three classes of Druids (philosophers) **Ban-Drui**, Bards (poets) **Ban-File**, and Vates (Soothsayers and sacrificers) **Ban-Faith**. In Ireland female diviners seem to have been associated with the soothsayer or Faith (Fathi) as one priestly function open to women. The title Faith is used inclusively to designate the priestly functions and this accounts for the existence of Irish terms for Druidesses. Ban-Faith were consulted on important occasions.

The Filidh originally were involved with divination and prophecy, but medieval texts suggest a wide range of specialization, including historian, judge, storyteller, satirist, leech, harpist, and cupbearer. Usually the women (in one case the goddess Brigit) are also called Ban-File, or 'poetess,' (Book of Leinster). The legal reforms brought about by Christianization thus limited the religious role (divination and prophecy) of the Filidh, but considerably broadened their literary function (storytelling, genealogy, courtly poetry, official records). They were also accomplished genealogists. Others, called ban-tuathaig in the tales of the battle of Maghtured, had magical powers of transformation. They were probably the

'pythonesses' against whom the Patrician canons utter a warning, and whose spells the saint prayed against in his hymn ("protection against the spells of smiths, women, and Druids").

This class division of the Druidess was further broken down into three levels. One of the three classes of Druidesses consisted of an Elite Class who were the Holy Virgin guardians who tended the sacred fires. Another, less secluded class of Druidesses consisted of married women who lived at the temple and went home occasionally to visit their husbands. A third class was composed of temple servants who lived with their families, unless they were wives of Druids. Possibly all such women may later have been the "Druidesses," since this name is occasionally met with in the texts. The other two classes of Druidess were usually described as witches in the Middle Ages.

In the magical powers of witches we may further see the survival both of Druidic magic and of the priestly, prophetic, and magical powers of such priestesses. Druidic rites included the working up of frenzy into trance. Solinus says women as well as men in Ireland had knowledge of fertility of the land. They were shape-shifters, and could appear as either birds or women or the shapes of serpents, and were called Hamadryads or Amadryads. Sir Walter Scot said even in his day there were feminine spirits associated with trees, called Dryads in Greece and Druids in Scotland. Local Scottish folklore contended, "They know our thoughts, and can prophesy of things to come."

For most modern Druids, the concept of female Druids is moot because well over half of the Neo-Druids are women. They occupy no less than half of all leadership position. Women who are Druids have the option to either consider themselves as a Druidess, Ban-Druid, or most commonly as just Druid. Today we do not consider it unusual to call both men and women of any of the main Neo-Druid branches simply "Druid." We do not, as a general rule of thumb, have a division of men's roles as opposed to woman's roles. Sexual equality is a trademark of Neo-Druidism.



## 7 Druidic Podcasts

Many of you have MP3 and Ipod players out there and have music on them. I'm sure that you may also heard of podcasting, by which you can set up automated downloading of recorded audio or video broadcasts from certain websites.

Some of these websites are quite informative and useful for the Druid. I hope you can suggest others to me or write a brief review about them for the second installment of this article. Each of them has numerous back-broadcasts that you can pick and choose from.

Here are a few below that I recommend.

### The Druid Podcast <http://druidcast.libsyn.com/>

Brought to you by the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids

Your host is [Damh the Bard](#) and each episode he will feature poetry, story and song offered by Bards throughout the world. There will also be interviews with people from the Druid tradition, seasonal thoughts, explorations of Celtic mythology and history, reviews, and competitions. Please send contributions for the podcast to: [podcast@druidry.org](mailto:podcast@druidry.org), or through the post to: OBOD DruidCast, PO Box 1333, Lewes, E. Sussex, BN7 1DX.



Celtic Myth Podcast <http://celticmythpodshow.com/>

This is simply a phenomenal reading of great Celtic legends by a few voice actors, with a definite Celtic bent. Due to medical problems and some relatives moving in, the show has stopped making new episodes for the time being. However, there are a great number of back-issues available, easy to access on iTunes also. The texts can also be printed out from the website.

## About the Tribeways Podcast



**Tribeways | The ADF Podcast** is a selection of recordings broadcast each High Day featuring liturgy, essays, reviews, chants, poetry, music, workshops and celebrations from ADF members.

### History

Tribeways was started in 2008 after much discussion on various lists. Jack Cole, Senior Druid for Wild Onion Grove volunteered to take on the challenge of getting the project off the ground. Jack tirelessly worked hard to work out the bugs and put together an operating system and a year's worth of podcast before handing the project off to me. My goal is to continue the work that Jack has started, streamlining some of the process and allowing the podcast to continue to evolve. For those of you who have submitted work in the past a bighearted thank you, for those of you who haven't...what are you waiting for? Much like Oak Leaves the podcast is a reflection of ADF and its membership. The more people are actively [submitting material](#) the better the over-all project becomes. My promise is to make the best druid/pagan podcast being produced. I'll do my part—will you?

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The September 2009 broadcast talks about the RDNA, ARDA and its influence on the founding of ADF, quite interesting. Too bad it's only monthly.*



### Ariel's Druidic Craft of the Wise Podcast

<http://www.thedcw.org/Ariel/Lecture%20Podcast/Lecture%20Podcast.html>

Lectures on witchcraft and spiritual development, based on the teachings of [the Druidic Craft of the Wise](#). We, the Lance and Grail Coven, have been an active part of the neo-pagan movement since 1990. Although you may have heard bad



rumors about the group's founder, Eli Whitney, who has passed on; it appears that the Lance and Grail Grove's leader, Ariel, has taken a very different tack with his grove and I believe he is a man of much wisdom, even if I don't always agree with him . -Mike the Fool



## [Genesis Avalon](#)

Starting September 28, 2009

"Genesis Avalon " is a full-cast, fantasy maxi-series serial drama.

Like a lot of kids who grew up in the 1990s, I grew up with shows like X-Men, Batman: The Animated Series, Superman, Justice League, and Spider-man. As a child of the 90's though, I also grew up with a totally different form of the superhero in the form of anime. From the boys of Gundam, to the seven warriors of Suzaku in Fushigi Yuugi, to even (dare I say it) Sailor Moon, I had been able to see two different kinds of heroes. The kinds with capes and gadgets (Or alien powers), and the kind whose mystical powers governed their duties and how they fight.

So for the longest time, as a writer, I had always enjoyed writing for both of those genres. Even now, as the co-writer for Catwoman, I'm getting a chance to do things like write a story in the traditional, American comic book kind of way. For a long time, I have had a fascination with the idea of people who slay demons and what would ever happen if that fight went to the normal mortal plane.

Right as I began to look through the Voice Acting Alliance five years ago, I knew that I wanted to contribute something to radio drama. But what? I didn't like the idea of a fanfic or of some sort of fanwork at the time. I like writing, and I've been writing most of my life.

So I decided I would take the mythology I loved the most and apply it to a superhero.

Thus came Genesis Avalon.

Genesis Avalon is the story of Jaina Masterson, your average girl who finds out that she has been chosen to be the next Priestess of Avalon, in the vein of Nimue and Viviane. Charged with keeping order between good and evil, it's her job to use the powers of the Celtic gods and to keep the world from falling to pot.

Along the way, she has a familiar, a black cat named Noir who has secrets of his own as the familiar to generations of Avalons before her, and an intrepid reporter, Julian Alexander, who follows her every move.

I originally had thought I wanted Avalon to be fun, to be light, but then I realized as I was writing that she was a different kind of story.

Hers is the story of the reluctant warrior. A girl who is swept up into the duties of fighting a war she didn't know about until she got the medallion, and hopefully, will be able to win. As she fights, she finds allies, and enemies who were once allies, and an entire world she didn't know existed. Fighting the right hand of the devil himself, Jaina will face challenges that will define her and force her to realize the purpose being the Priestess of Avalon really means.

I hope you enjoy it as much as I have enjoyed writing and directing it. And my cast is made of platinum, you are all amazing.

Kathryn Pryde

*Creator, writer and director, "Genesis Avalon"*



## **From the Edge of the Circle** <http://edgeofcircle.qbl.libsyn.com/>

He may be a plainspoken and sincere Druid/Wiccan, unfortunately, the broadcaster is simply not very well organized, and it can take an agonizingly long time for him to get around to saying anything meaningful, and then he tends to repeat it about 4 times, and then insufficiently fleshing it out. A simple outline or point-list would greatly help his program. However, if you are not pressed for time, then enjoy. His broadcasts are not too regular due to his student and financial status.



## Religion & Ethics NewsWeekly Podcast (WEEKLY AUDIO)

Yes, it's world religious news, but it's interesting to hear of developments in Christendom, Jewish news, Buddhism communities, and occasional indigenous faiths. A good pulse and mixture of stories, always well presented and insightful.

From [www.pbs.org](http://www.pbs.org)

News coverage and analysis of religion and ethics. Download the entire show each week.

Podcast address: <http://feeds.pbs.org/pbs/wnet/religionandethics-audio>

Quite informative with 4 or 5 sections on various groups around the world, including non-Christians.

## Druid Media Section



### Review of 2 Miyazaki Movies for Children

This is part 2 of a total of 3 articles of the Druid Inquirer, in which I will review several of the most popular family anime movies of Japan, that have been translated and released in the English language. All of them will warm the cockles of your heart, even as they occasionally make you cry, laugh, or hold onto your seat as they twist dizzily on well-crafted storylines that children and adults can cherish.

This pair of films delve into human greed, military conflict and ecological devastation.

The director, Hayao Miyazaki is the Japanese equivalent of Walt Disney, with a nearly universal following in Japan since the 1980s, and a rapid following internationally, regularly winning awards at festivals for each of his painstakingly hand-drawn films. Nearly all of his films center on the travails and hardships of a young heroine, usually about 12 or 13. While never bloody or horrific, people do die in many of the movies from war, disease, old age, or accidents; but usually always in a touching or tragic fashion. You never know how it will really end until it is over, no guaranteed happy ending. Life is never simple, things go wrong, but the heroines always seem to find the best solution possible, despite the obstacles, with the help and wisdom of numerous characters in the films. Nearly all the films also have a little splash of magic and wonder in them.

They can all be found on [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com) and are distributed by Disney, but they are not "Disney-esque". Clips and trailers are to be found on [www.youtube.com](http://www.youtube.com) All are dubbed into English for the American release.



#### *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind* 1984

The story takes place 1,000 years after the "Seven Days of Fire", an event which destroyed human civilization and most of the [Earth's](#) original [ecosystem](#). Scattered human settlements survive, isolated from one another by the Sea of Decay, a jungle of giant plants and [fungi](#) swarming with giant [insects](#), which seem to come together only to wage war. Everything in the Sea of Decay, including the air, is lethally toxic.

The main protagonist, [Nausicaä](#), is a charismatic young princess of the peaceful Valley of the Wind. Although a skillful fighter, Miyazaki's Nausicaä is humane and peace-loving. She has an unusual gift for communicating with the giant

insects. She is also noted for her empathy toward animals, humans, and other beings. An intelligent girl, and inspired by the mentor figure Yupa, a wandering samurai type possessed of great wisdom, Nausicaä frequently explores the Sea of Decay and conducts scientific experiments in an attempt to define the true nature and origins of the toxic world in which she lives. Her explorations are facilitated by her skill at "windriding"; flying with an advanced [jet](#) assisted [glider](#) craft. She becomes embroiled in a war between the Pejite Kingdom and Tolmekia, who are unearthing several remaining weapons that previously nearly destroyed humanities and are also using enormous mutant insects of the Sea of Decay to wage an epic battle that could destroy her homeland in the middle, which also risks ecological destruction from the war's interference in the delicate balance of the nearby mutant forest.

Do not watch the first bowlderized 1985 American version, titled Warriors of the Wind. Rather watch the 2005 re-release of the film, with the correct title, which is truer and keeps the environmental sections of the film.



### Laputa (aka Castle in the Sky) 1986 (1989 in us)

This film was inspired by Gulliver's travel's description of a floating city known as Laputa. The film takes place in an alternative time somewhere between the 1890s and the 1930s with fantastic flying machines. According to legend, humans were fascinated with the sky; therefore they created increasingly sophisticated ways of lifting aircraft from the ground. This eventually led to flying cities and fortresses. Over time, the cities came crashing back to the ground, forcing the survivors to live on the ground as before. One city, Laputa, is said to remain in the sky, concealed within the swirling clouds of a violent thunderstorm. While most people consider it to be fictional, some believe the legend is true and have sought to find the ancient [city](#).

A young girl, Sheeta, falls mysteriously from the sky while being kidnapped and is befriended by a young boy miner named Pazu. He tries to help her avoid some government agents and some competing air-pirates from capturing her; meanwhile trying to understand the mystery behind a blue crystal pendant (a family heirloom) she wears that has unknown powers.

The two learn more about the girl's ancestry and a rival distant relative's maniacal desire to take over the world through the unmatched military might of Laputa, if it can be found. The stoic selfless robots of the Laputa are perhaps the greatest heartbreak of the film as they are torn between Sheeta and her relative in a terrifying climatic battle, that threatens to destroy the peaceful oasis of Laputa as it flies unmanned in the skies.



The film is simply hauntingly beautiful and begs to be rewatched, if nothing else, for the minute details of the scenery and sweeping musical scores.

## NEWS SECTION



### We Are All Hindus Now

By **Lisa Miller** | NEWSWEEK  
Published Aug 15, 2009  
From the magazine issue dated Aug 31, 2009

America is not a Christian nation. We are, it is true, a nation founded by Christians, and according to a 2008 survey, 76 percent of us continue to identify as Christian (still, that's the lowest percentage in American history). Of course, we are not a Hindu—or Muslim, or Jewish, or Wiccan—nation, either. A million-plus Hindus live in the United States, a fraction of the billion who live on Earth. But recent poll data show that conceptually, at least, we are slowly becoming more like Hindus and less like traditional Christians in the ways we think about God, our selves, each other, and eternity.

The Rig Veda, the most ancient Hindu scripture, says this: "Truth is One, but the sages speak of it by many names." A Hindu believes there are many paths to God. Jesus is one way, the Qur'an is another, yoga practice is a third. None is better than any other; all are equal. The most traditional, conservative Christians have not been taught to think like this. They learn in Sunday school that their religion is true, and others are false. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the father except through me."

Americans are no longer buying it. According to a 2008 Pew Forum survey, 65 percent of us believe that "many religions can lead to eternal life"—including 37 percent of white evangelicals, the group most likely to believe that salvation is theirs alone. Also, the number of people who seek spiritual truth outside church is growing. Thirty percent of Americans call themselves "spiritual, not religious," according to a 2009 NEWSWEEK Poll, up from 24 percent in 2005. Stephen Prothero, religion professor at Boston University, has long framed the American propensity for "the divine-deli-cafeteria religion" as "very much in the spirit of Hinduism. You're not picking and choosing from different religions, because they're all the same," he says. "It isn't about orthodoxy. It's about whatever works. If going to yoga works, great—and if going to Catholic mass works, great. And if going to Catholic mass plus the yoga plus the Buddhist retreat works, that's great, too."

Then there's the question of what happens when you die. Christians traditionally believe that bodies and souls are sacred, that together they comprise the "self," and that at the end of time they will be reunited in the Resurrection. You need both, in other words, and you need them forever. Hindus believe no such thing. At death, the body burns on a pyre, while the spirit—where identity resides—escapes. In reincarnation, central to Hinduism, selves come back to earth again and again in different bodies. So here is another way in which Americans are becoming more Hindu: 24 percent of Americans say they believe in reincarnation, according to a 2008 Harris poll. So agnostic are we about the ultimate fates of our bodies that we're burning them—like Hindus—after death. More than a third of Americans now choose cremation, according to the Cremation Association of North America, up from 6 percent in 1975. "I do think the more spiritual role of religion tends to deemphasize some of the more starkly literal interpretations of the Resurrection," agrees Diana Eck, professor of comparative religion at Harvard. So let us all say "om."



## 2 Druid Symbols Spotted in Virginia & a Stamp



Druid stamps at [zazzle.com](http://zazzle.com)

# ADVERTISING SECTION

No guarantees on the qualities of the following:



## Chevy Equinox vs. Pontiac Solstice

I saw these two cars on the same parking lot and I took it for an omen, and decided to make a brief article on Druidic car names.

Please enjoy.  
-Mike



### 2010 Chevy Equinox

22 City / 32 Hwy [\\$23,840 - \\$30,648](#)

Previously a good - but not great - entry within its class, the Equinox gets a much-needed makeover for 2010. With more power, a revamped interior and better fuel economy, the 2010 Chevy Equinox now has what it takes to become a class leader.

by more than \$1,000. "All new for 2010, the second-generation Chevy Equinox is more attractive, more refined, more powerful, more fuel efficient and more feature-filled than its predecessor," says [Kelley Blue Book](#). "Overnight the Equinox has gone from outdated to outstanding."

Even better is the fact that Chevrolet isn't charging a premium for the improvements. In fact, they've dropped the price of the new Equinox



### Pontiac Solstice

19 City / 25 Hwy Avg. Paid: [\\$23,225 - \\$29,933](#)

The 2009 Pontiac Solstice is eye-catching and fun to drive. Altogether, it makes a solid choice for anyone shopping for a sporty roadster.

### NOTE:

Surprisingly few vehicles have a direct religious or mythological connection, especially to the Christian faith, perhaps they fear a cry of blasphemy and mannon? Here are a couple that I could find:

#### Automakers

- [Mercury](#) (1939-present)
- [Ajax](#) (1914-1915)
- [Ajax](#) (1920-1921)
- [Ajax](#) (1925-1926)
- [Apollo](#) (1906-1907)
- [Apollo](#) (1962-1964) [Argonaut](#) (1959-1963)
- [Atlas](#) (1907-1913) [Diana](#) (1925-1928)
- [Vulcan](#) (1913-1915)

#### Model Names of Interest to Druids

- Toyota Avalon 95-now
- Toyota Cressida 89-92
- Buick Electra 89-90
- Chevy Equinox 05-now
- Hyundai Genesis 09
- Toyota Highlander 01-now
- Honda Odyssey 95-now
- VW Phaeton 04-06
- Toyota Sequoia 01-now
- Pontiac Solstice 06-08
- Nissan Titan 04- now

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Submissions Policy: Give it to me! If you have news about your grove, written a little essay, like to write up a book or movie, have a poem, saw an interesting news article in the paper, or have a cartoon, send it in to [mikerdna@hotmail.com](mailto:mikerdna@hotmail.com)

I'll try to give credit to whoever the original author is, and they retain the copyright to their works, and we'll reprint it one day in a future binding also. Nasty works will not be published. Although my standards are not sky-high, incomplete works will be nurtured towards a publish-able form. Submissions are accepted from other publications and organizations, so you need not be a formal member of the RDNA to have your items published.