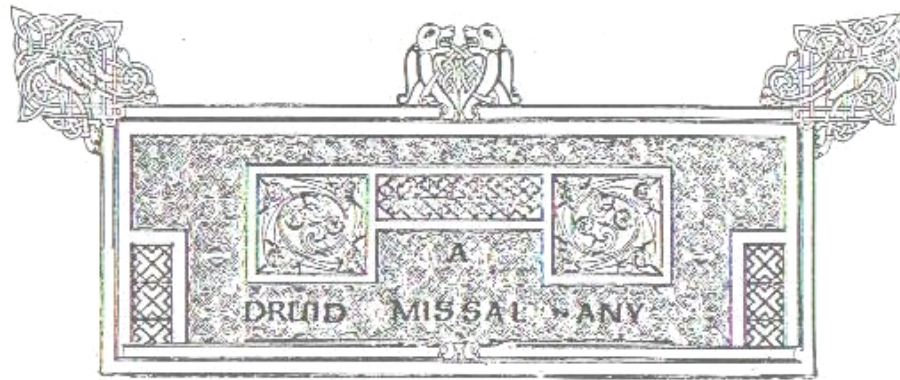


Part 11 of ARDA 2

SECTION TWO



A Druid Missal-Any

Volume Ten

1986 c.e.

Drynemetum Press



A Druid Missal-Any

Oimeic 1986

Volume 10 Number 1

Oimeic Essay: Baby Naming

By Emmon Bodfish



imeic, Thaw, Lady Day, birth of the lambs and goats. This is the Festival of Bride Fire Goddess, Divine Midwife, Ruler of the hearth and the byre, and guardian of birth. It was to Bride that the old Celts prayed and sacrificed when a child was being born. Then, after She was thanked for a live birth, the child was ushered into the Celtic community by the Druid naming ceremony. The parents in ancient Britain did not name the child, but rather the foremost Druid of the clan or fife offered a name, based on the circumstance at the birth. In the case of “great souls,” heroes or heroines, a Druid connected with the future child’s family might receive a vision, and prophesy a name and destiny for the child.

Françoise Le Roux in her study, *Les Druides*, describes three instances of Druid namings that have survived in the literary fragments of Pagan Celtic Culture. (So much of the rich Celtic Bardic work was lost in the Romanization and then more again in the Christianization of Europe and the Isles; we must piece together a heritage from what is left to us, mostly by the Irish Bardic Schools, and in the oral folk traditions. We have nothing comparable to the Bramanas of India, or even the Islandic/Nordic mythologies, though there is ample evidence that such a body of knowledge and art existed in the Celtic World.) A re-naming could occur in adult life, in the case of equites, (warrior-caste) or Druids, on the basis of their deeds, particularly if the warrior left his household and became a member of a different clan.

Ms. LeRoux (Translated from the French by Jean Elizabeth)

“The Druids intervened at the beginning of life, just, as we have seen, they occupied themselves with death. In Ireland, they officiated by giving a name, based on a particular detail or noteworthy happening. It is this that Cuchulainn, formerly named Setanta, got his name from the Druid, Cathbad. Having killed the fighting dog of the blacksmith, Culann, he, himself, rendered such equitable judgment that King Conchobar and his Druid, Cathbad, were astonished at the little boy:

‘What judgment will you render on this, boy?’ said Conchobar. ‘If a young dog of the same line exists in Ireland, I will bring him up just to the point where he is as capable as his father. Meanwhile, I will myself be the dog who will protect the flocks, the goods and the land of Culann.’

‘You have rendered a good judgment, little boy,’ said Conchobar. Cathbad declared, ‘In all truth, we could not have rendered a better one ourselves. Why don’t we name you Cu Chulainn, the dog of Culann?’ ... And from this moment onward he had this famous name, Cuchulainn, because he had killed the blacksmith, Culann’s, dog.” (*Ogam*, XI, 214-215)

King Conchobar’s naming is even more interesting:

“A child was born with a worm in each hand. He was taken, in the fetal position to the river that was named Conchobar; the river passed by him on his back. Cathbad took the child and gave him the name of the river, Conchobar, son of Fachtna; having taken the boy and put him on his lap, Cathbad gave thanks for him, and prophesized about him.” (*Ogam*, XII, 240)

A simple sign was enough. At the beginning of the *Longes mac n-Uisnig*, the Exile of Usnech’s Sons, the Ulates were assembled for a great feast in the house of Fedlimid. They received the announcement that Fedlimid’s wife is with child. The Druid, Cathbad, then foretells that the baby will be a girl of extraordinary beauty and magnetism. She will have skin like snow, blond hair, magnificent blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, flawless teeth, and lips as red as coral. But, Cathbad adds, in order to get this treasure of a child, the Ulates will end up fighting each other.

“Cathbad then put a hand on the mother’s stomach and the unborn babe stirred under the touch of his hand. He said that in all truth the baby would be a girl, that Derdriu would be her name, and that she would be pure, surrounded by evil.” (“True, but surrounded by weakness.”)

She must have also had considerable Bardic talent, by the later accounts and the poems that are attributed to her. I include a translation of one that survives. It is from the Penguin Classic *A Celtic Miscellany* and her name is spelled Deirdre, in the Scottish fashion, translator unclear, the editor, perhaps, Ms. Betty Radice.

—E.B.

21. Deirdre Remembers a Scottish Glen

Glen of fruit and fish and pools, its peaked hill of loveliest wheat, it is distressful for me to think of it—glen of bees, of long-horned wild oxen.

Glen of cuckoos and thrushes and blackbirds, precious is its cover to every fox; glen of wild garlic and watercress, of woods, of shamrock and flowers, leafy and twisting crested.

Sweet are the cries of the brown-backed dappled deer under the oak-wood above the bare hill-tops, gentle hinds that are timid lying hidden in the great-treed glen.

Glen of the rowans with scarlet berries, with fruit fit for every flock of birds; a slumbrous paradise for the badgers in their quiet burrows with their young.

Glen of the blue-eyed vigorous hawks, glen abounding in every harvest, glen of the ridged and pointed peaks, glen of blackberries and sloes and apples.

Glen of the sleek brown round-faced otters that are pleasant and active in fishing; many are the white-winged stately swans, and salmon breeding along the rocky brink.

Glen of the tangled branching yews, dewy glen with level lawn of kine; chalk-white starry sunny glen, glen of graceful pearl-like high-bred women.



We loved the piece on Santa Claus and the Horned God, keep up the good work!

—Albion & Bonnie Guppy

“I’m not a YUPPIE; I’m an ORA.”
 “An aura?”
 “No, an ORA. Old Rural Amateur.”

News of the Groves

“A Druid Missal-Any” hereby gives notice that it will not be publishing, nor responsible for publishing, news or notices of Live Oak Grove, R.D.N.A. Inc. non-profit corporation #11495120.

—January 27, 1986, 616 Miner Rd. Orinda CA 94563

(Oh, and Willow Oak is NOT Server. Our mistake. Sorry)

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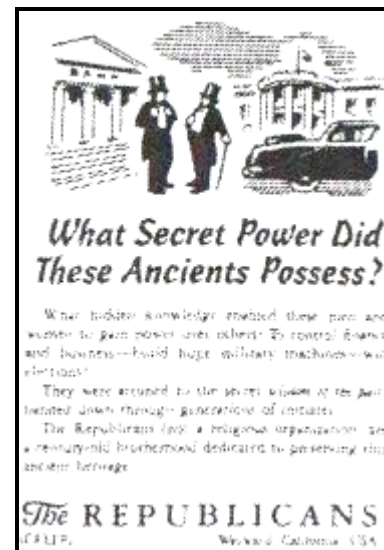


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The Republicans
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Calendar

Astronomical Oimele will occur at 3:02 A.M. Greenwich time on February 4, 1986; that's 7:02 P.M. Pacific Standard Time on February 3, 1986.

Yes, the Missal-Any is more mess-ill-anyous than usual. Our group has split into two, or several, and is undergoing re-organization. As one god said, in his final message to his creation:

SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE!

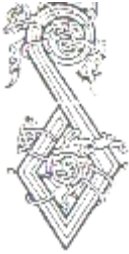
Postmarked Jan. 30, 1986

A Druid Missal-Any Spring Equinox 1986 Volume 10 Number 2

Spring Equinox Essay:

Votive Offerings

By Emmon Bodfish



Spring Equinox, the Sun crosses the Equator and shines down over the Northern tropics. It is dawn at the North Pole. This is one of the four Minor Celtic High Days. The grain of the last sheaf, made into the Corn-doll last autumn,* has been taken down from its place of honor, torn apart and scattered over the field prior to plowing. This holiday is one of renewal: planting, cleaning, fasting and "taking the baths," visiting holy wells and springs. In Southern Britain, if I recall an oral tradition correctly, it was associated with Sulis, Goddess of hot springs and the Rites at Bath, and perhaps in Gaul with Sequanna, Goddess of the source of the River Seine. Here, in the valley of Dijon, numerous votive offerings to Her have been found, and traditions dramatically emphasizing Her powers to cure the sick were recorded by classic writers. (c.f. Barry Cunliffe, though he does not list his sources for this.) Twenty-two wooden plaques, carved in relief to represent internal organs, one, better preserved, showing anatomically accurate depiction of trachea and lungs, have been recovered.

"The Celtic religious sense was strongly marked by the principle of reciprocity. To save a life, another would be sacrificed. Similarly," Cunliffe states, "if sacred waters were used by someone wanting a cure, a gift in exchange was expected of the user." Votive offerings found in this spring portray the hopes of the pilgrims who brought them, like the exquisite statue of the little blind girl from the shrine of Sequanna. Other carvings are of organs or limbs, perhaps to communicate with the Goddess or to focus the ritual's participants attention on the afflicted part. Wooden votives were carved from the heartwood of the Oak, and may depict the entire figure of the donor, sometimes holding the offering he has brought; a lamb, a jewel, a bar of silver. Most have very individual faces, as contrasted with the smooth, archetypical faces of Celtic God statues."

This is a time to get healthy; do a sauna or visit the Hot Springs, re-organize and get ready for Beltaine.

*See Fall Equinox Missal-Any, '85

News of the Groves

One of the 1st Order Druids contributes the following:

For those of you gifted with adroit feet, a finely tuned ear, and deft fingers, or just enjoy the music and dance of the Isles, there are offered in the East Bay:

Irish Dance lessons Monday evenings at 7 pm followed by a traditional Irish music session at 9 pm at the Starry Plough, 3101 Shattuck Ave. in Berkeley, 841-2802. See Terry O'Neil.

and

Scottish Country Dance lessons 6:30-8:30 pm Sunday evenings at the Northbrae Community Church, 941 The Alameda, in Berkeley. There is no fee for the first lesson and \$2 after that. Call Don Kennedy for more information at 261-8678.

Oimeic '86

Three Solitary Thirds* (met at the Orinda Grove Site to celebrate this Bridee's Day and share the milk of the ewe. (Raw goat's milk, actually, since no one we know owns sheep.)

Overheard later that evening at the "party-to-follow," "You know, here we are lounging by this fire, eating strawberries and raw sugar, it is possible to be a hedonist and a health food nut at the same time."

*Third Order Druids, RDNA, who are not associated with any currently active Grove.



Now that we at the Missal-Any have acquired a proof reader, things should be getting better.

The Heathen on the Heath:

Balance and Planting

By Les Craig-Harger, Humboldt County, CA

On the farm, the day of equal-night may pass, as usual, unmarked by any observance, yet no less sacred; sacred is each moment to its own purpose. Remember the day of planting, and keep it holy, for few hours separate the rain and clumping mud from the onrushing Too Late, wherein seedlings rise just in time for the devouring heat of midsummer, and bolt before any but the birds and mealybugs have tasted them! Forget not the blessed days of foal-gentling, before the young horse can overcome its wobbliness and see what tottering and snail-paced wimps we two legs are! And are the fowls laying, and where—sacred to this purpose are a thousand times and places, including the tool shed, or your tennies drying on the front porch.

And so sometime after the blooming of the first roses, and the setting out of beans and tomatoes from the greenhouse, someone may notice that spring has, indeed, sprung, and too bad we didn't have time for a Maypole last week...

One may be thankful for the Equinox as it whizzes by, seeing that the daylight hours finally hold their own with the hours of tripping over the water-hose and falling in the compost pit. One may recognize the rich generosity of the Mother in the blackness of dirty fingernails, and the smell of last year's dead leaves calling out to this year's living plants. On the day of the Equinox I may be on my hands and knees in the rain, planting with my fingers in a narrow raised bed, so that each row can be reached without putting my weight on the moist earth. I may be hunting ducks' eggs in the dew, with my son gathering feathers behind me. This year, I may be watching the cow calve, or frantically stringing fence against the incursions of milk stealing steers. But meditations may creep across the back of my mind, meditations of this day of balance, or precious and minutely-measured time—of economy, the ever shifting economy of life and of the earth, which makes hay, as the sun begins to shine, of all our smaller concerns.

In the city, our time is worth money. I could lay aside my shovel, take pen in hand, and prove to myself that in not renting a tractor to till my garden, I am earning perhaps eleven cents an hour. But what cosmic Boss offers me money for this time? and is not my time mine to keep or use, as well as sell? If I compare the time of buddy boots, dripping sweat, and peace with the time of driving cars and sitting at desks, I laugh. And if my time is not entirely my own, but also Hers, shall I offer Her days of my good, smelly, biodegradable toil, or hours and minutes of noise and spewing hydrocarbons? (Hours and minutes, which by Her own executive fiat, may not come until the time for planting is past, for it would take a worse farmer than I am to roll a thousand pounds of metal over the fragility of wet ground, when my own feet can tread their appointed walkways, and fingers and Garden-Weasel, while inefficient, will at least not undo the work of a year's composting.

And what do we plant? As we follow Mother around the garden, clumping like children in Her cast-off shoes, which game of creation shall we play? Each has its own rules; every garden must be a little ecosystem, hopefully favoring plants over pests, and competing successfully with a system of crabgrass, slugs, gooseberry runners, and aphids that already works perfectly well, thank you. The hardy radish will crowd out the weeds, but how many radishes will one family eat? Perhaps I can sell them turnips again this year, if I chop them

up finely in Chinese food, or dissolve them in lentil soup. Carrots love tomatoes, and vice versa, but neither of them loves my heavy acid loam; can I till in some sand, without merely creating a playground for the gophers? (My onions, potatoes, and garlic are planted—long before the Equinox—in old truck tires with wood or wire beneath them; for such gopher-ambrosia as these, I must create not only a separate ecosystem, but a separate little planet, inaccessible to nature's little restaurant critics.) The years teach me to recognize lost causes, too; Bak Choi will substitute for celery and cabbage both, and the mealybugs will at least share it with me. We ask for what we want, and do what we can to earn it, but the final choice is at the Mother's whim, varying from year to year. One year someone wished me either piss or peace, and got the accent wrong, for peas were upon me until long after summer should have withered them, whether I ever cultivated them properly or not. The next year, everyone ate a lot of borscht; the next, we learned a thousand and one ways to cook banana squash. I cannot bring myself to despair of eggplants, artichokes, or corn, but surely She laughs at my efforts, as each year's one-meal harvest is celebrated with a toast of "Better luck next time!"

So I'll raise a dented beer-can to this day of balance, before I've forgotten it (and drink the half that doesn't get poured in the slug-traps) and then go on to do as I've always done, celebrating not days, but seasons of labor and years of learning. Like most of Her mob of grubby kids, I love our Mother more than I bother to tell Her; and perhaps as we lesser mothers of forgetful offspring do, She know this. Another year of Her rough patience with my efforts has begun...



A prehistoric mural from the neolithic shrine at Catal Huyuk, Turkey. The 72 honeycomb-like cells seem to represent a natural calendar. Some cells are filled with symbols that look like bees, blossoms, and barley. The placement of the symbols seems anchored to the vernal equinox. (From *Echoes of the Ancient Skies*).

Advertisement

No. 43, Jan-Feb 1986

Science Frontiers is a bimonthly collection of digests of scientific anomalies found in the current literature. It is sent free to regular customers. Published by the Sourcebook Project, P.O. Box 107, Glen Arm, MD 21057.

Post Oak Proto-Grove

I liked the whole idea behind the derivation of Santa Claus from Cernunnos or the horned god in general. What was Herne the hunter anyway? Who was Herne...obviously he is the West Germanic cognate of Cernunnos...INDO-EUROPEAN *KERN- *KORN- "horn"

Latin: cornu = horn

Gaulish: carnu = horn (other dialects: cernu=horn)

Germanic: hernu = horn (Old English: hornu perhaps)

Grimm's law about K becoming Germanic H would mean that Herne is as ancient as Cernunnos and both coming from P.I.E. and therefore Herne is not borrowed from Celtic unless before the Consonantal shift of before 300 B.C. or earlier. The Germanic shift of Indo-European consonants called Grimm's law etc. is supposed to have occurred at least before 300 B.C. This would mean that proto-Germanic *pempe* would become Germanic *femfe* and eventually Gothic *fimf*, and Old English-Anglo-Saxon *fif* ect.

The neophyte brahmanic student or brahmacharin was given an antelope skin cloak from his guru during his initiation...along with the sacred thread or cord, plus a staff made of a special sacred wood...Doesn't this get-up put to mind the shamans of Finn-Ugrian types or what one might imagine the Celtic Druids. AND...if the antelope fur cloak still had the antler or horns intact, would that not resemble the dancing sorcerer of the Trois Freres cave and other upper Paleolithic and bronze age figures of alpine and central western Europe, which were supposedly shamans doing hunting magic rites. This would tie them in with Indo-European priesthoods such as Brahmans, Bhlaghmens, Flamines, Druids, volkhvy, Ktistai, hierophants, hotri, adhvaryus, magas (magi) atarvans, goturs, gaotars, gutuaters, gydhrs, etc.

Where the Brahmin student is given his sacred cord and belt, the Druid student was given his sacred torc and belt...both had staves of sacred wood and both had cloaks of the fur of a horned animal of one sort or another. The brahmanaran had a guru tutor him in an ashram whilst the druidic-pupil was tutored by his ollamh in a secluded nemeton school...both were furnished with huts both in India and Europe and both included studying wisdom, myths, poems, verses and stories by rote frontwards and backwards, both were done by mnemonic devices such as singing and reciting and much listening and repeating. Both students had to attend to sacred fires and keep them burning...and both greeted the sun every morning and early evening.

That's probably much of the similarities and close they were to some original Indo-European method of learning and worshipping.

Anyway, I want to get this off quickly and I'll make time to get the rest of my letter and more to come soon...

—Thomas M. Cross

Postmarked 17 March 1986

A Druid Missal-Any

Beltane 1986

Volume 10 Number 3

Beltane Essay: Fire Making

By Emmon Bodfish

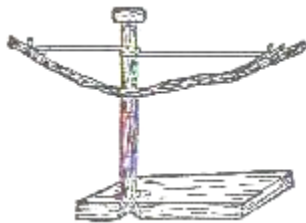


eltaine, May Day, festival of bonfires, greeting to Belenos, the returning Sun. It is the beginning of summer, Season of Life. In old "Celtdom" cattle were moved to the highland pastures; modern Third Order R.D.N.A. Druids exchange their white ceremonial ribbons for red ones.

In ancient Britain, Ireland and Gaul, according to the witness of the Classical writers and to numerous folk traditions, all fires were extinguished on Beltaine Eve, and a "new, clean fire" kindled by the Druids, "through means of friction, from logs of Oak." In Gàidhlig this process is called "tog an teine," lifting fire out of the wood.

Making fire by friction is a ceremonial skill that one or a few members of each Grove might want to try.

The bow and drill method is the easiest.



Make a fire-board of Oak, well seasoned, very dry. With a knife or a pointed stone, make a shallow hole, a cup, near the edge of the board. Whittle a "V" notch in from the edge of the board, with the "V's" point at the cup. Don't cut through into the cup/hole. Making the notch, which is undercut, wider on the bottom side of the board, helps. Place your tinder in the notch. (More about tinder later.) With the board on a firm, dry surface, hold it steady by kneeling on it, or holding it down with your foot as you drill. Put the drilling stick in the cup and hold down on it with the "fire hold" block. Then with the bow, spin it as fast as you can. Persistence and consistent speed pay. Use a "fire-stick," i.e. a drill, of at least 3/8 inch diameter. Thinner sticks dissipate heat and cool off too quickly. And, as our Humboldt County "Third" says, it also helps to have someone else to push down on the top of the "fire-hold." "As we work a bow back and forth like that, our arms automatically tend to rise." If no one else is around, hold down on it with your chin. (Paleolithic fire-holds are the joy of Old World archeologists.)

The fire-stick can also be turned by hand. I have not done this and I don't know anyone who has been able to get this way to work. It may have to be a group endeavor, with a number of people spelling each other in relay. But, so I'm told; "Use a longer drill than you would with the bowed method and roll it between your palms. When your hands

reach the bottom, quickly let go and return them to the top of the stick and keep it spinning." With either of these methods, it is easier and surer if you have a group of people. With the right choreography, this could be worked into the Beltaine Ceremonies as an effective part of co-operative ritual.

After a while, you will see smoke waver up from the cup-hole then hot black powder will well up and out into the notch; keep turning, faster. Press down harder. Press the tinder into the notch and against the red hot glowing firestick. If you turn the drill fast enough, sparks may jump out and catch the tinder. When you see a red, glowing area in the cup or on the notch, gently remove the fire-stick, and breath on the glow till it becomes a bright gleam. Then pick up the fireboard and tinder together and press the tinder around the incandescence. Carefully breath it into life. This part takes practice and finesse, minute attention, and great awareness of the right moment. In other words it is a meditation. Mastery over fire, like playing the violin, is not learned easily. In many pre-agricultural societies it is considered one of the marks of the Shaman or Adept.

For tinder, I use the feather "wolf-lichen," *Letharia vulpine*, that grows on Orinda coyote bushes, with lots of fine, dry splinters of resinous pine or juniper, and thinly shredded paper at the center of the bundle. Bradford, in his survival books, recommends lint, from your pocket, and very dry pine needles or shredded bark. ("finely shredded pieces of the "Wall Street Journal" soaked in lighter fluid is great."—Good-Gulf the Wizard) When the tinder begins to flame, gently set it to the kindling under your previous readied altar fire. Continue breathing on it auspiciously, coaxing it into a blaze. From this "new clean fire" re-kindle all your fires. By now you know why pre-industrial people kept fire burning, and never let it go completely out.

An Aside

"Match" is from "maide" meaning "little stick" in Gàidhlig. The match was invented by a Scotsman. Be grateful.

The Heathen on the Heath: Growth and Life

Beltaine, Belanos, love's return. The sacred shampoo commercial, Lord and Lady finally looking up, enraptured, to meet each other's eyes and fling themselves, slow-motion, into each other's arms. Fulfillment blossoms forth in a smugly profligate burst of life, without regards for our priorities; weeds, rabbits, gophers, and bugs share the celebration with humanity's pampered pets. Who invited the piratical jays, the defiantly rapacious boar? Never mind, you guys; I think She did. Anyway, they're not leaving, and where's the beer?

Beltaine, bright blossoms, how does your garden grow? With glistening backs and gaily discarded shirts, and a thousand things I don't remember planting, and none of it all in a row. My own strawberries could take lessons from the wild ones that have crept in through the fence, and the big, bold blooms of the flower garden struggle in vain to keep up with their more fragile sisters of meadow and creekbed. And our own turn to wildness as well, howling dog and disappearing tomcat in their turn, playing hard at the only game in town. The ducks are a scandal to the jaybirds, and the jaybirds are a scandal to everybody, but scandalous thoughts come easily to mind at this time of year.

I have seen snow on this day—doubtless some manic prank for my especial benefit—but if I want to can tomatoes this year, I will Have Faith and set the starts out, now. Pleasure coaxes us to faith, to belief in the unknowable future;

why else would I trust my corn to a wind called the Freight Train, because it comes every day at four o'clock? Of course, I stake everything, giving the neighbors something to laugh at when the entire assemblage arrives in their yard, green plastic ties gaily fluttering in the residual breeze. Still there are some covenants ineradicable and unbroken, and this day will see the Earth Mother's signature to Her indelible word: the sleek twin banner of the new-sprung squash plant, and the opulent green of the potato leaf. How richly She engraves the simple promise: you shall not starve.

The breeze is perfumed with paradox; roses and garlic, those old lovers of garden-book fame, confuse the nose together. The compost heats up evocatively, and the barnyard is definitely a barnyard, unless the wind is blowing through the lilac bush.

This, they tell us, is the Season of Life, as opposed to the Season of Sleep. This is because this is the Season of Damned Little Sleep, as the screech-owl's mad laughter proclaims its own inexplicable business to the world at large, and deer bound crashingly by the window, no fear of anything but boredom.

Life.

Life! LIFE! Wake up, oh Party Poopers, and celebrate Life! And restless at our Lady's command, we do. For is it not Her pleasure-principle that draws us to her purpose, starting with air but inevitably going on to the harder stuff, while She, our Connection, smiles and gently suggests? We lust and are fruitful, hunger and work, desire and create. And gently, irresistibly, she draws us on.

Beltaine. Blessed be, my people. Look about us, and see the endless, pointless, perfect purpose of our existence.

Poetry from *A Celtic Miscellany*

12. May-Time

May-time, fair season, perfect is thy aspect then; blackbirds sing a full song, if there be a scanty beam of day.

The hardy, bushy cuckoo calls, welcome noble summer! It calms the bitterness of bad weather, the branching wood is a prickly hedge.

Summer brings low the little stream, the swift herd makes for the water, the long hair of the heather spreads out, the weak white cotton-grass flourishes.

...The smooth sea flows, season when the ocean falls asleep; flowers cover the world.

Bees, whose strength is small, carry with their feet a load reaped from the flowers; the mountain allures the cattle, the ant makes a rich meal.

The harp of the wood plays melody, its music brings perfect peace; colour has settled on every hill, haze on the lake of full water.

The corncrake clacks, a strenuous bard; the high pure waterfall sings a greeting to the warm pool; rustling of rushes has come.

Light swallows dart on high, brisk music encircles the hill, tender rich fruits bud...

...The hardy cuckoo sings, the speckled fish leaps, mighty is the swift warrior.

The vigour of men flourishes, the glory of great hills is unspoiled; every wood is fair from crest to ground, fair each great goodly field.

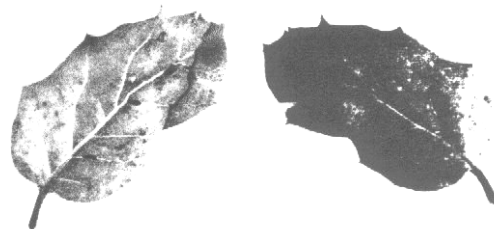
Delightful is the season's splendour, winter's rough wind has gone; bright is every fertile wood, a joyful peace is summer.

A flock of birds settles...; the green field re-echoes, where there is a brisk bright stream.

A mad ardour upon you to race horses, where the serried host is ranged around; very splendid is the bounty of the cattle-pond, the iris is gold because of it.

A timid persistent frail creature sings at the top of his voice, the lark chants a clear tale—excellent May-time of calm aspect!

Irish; author unknown; ninth-tenth century



23. Suibhne the Wild Man in the Forest

Little antlered one, little belling one, melodious little bleater, sweet I think the lowing you make in the glen.

Home sickness for my little dwelling has come upon my mind, the calves in the plain, the deer on the moor.

Oak, bushy, leafy, you are high above trees; hazel, little branchy one, wisdom of hazel nuts.

Alder, you are not spiteful, lovely is your colour, you are not prickly where you are in the gap.

Blackthorn, little thorny one, black little sloe bush; water-cress, little green-topped one, on the brink of the blackbird's well.

Saxifrage of the pathway, you are the sweetest of herbs; cress, very green one; plant where the strawberry grows.

Apple-tree, little apple-tree, violently everyone shakes you; rowan, little berried one, lovely is your bloom.

Bramble, little humped vine, you do not grant fair terms; you do not cease tearing me till you are sated with blood.

Yew, little yew, you are conspicuous in graveyards; ivy, little ivy, you are familiar in the dark wood.

Holly, little protector, door against the wind; ash-tree, baneful, weapon in the hand of the warrior.

Birch, smooth, blessed, proud, melodious, lovely is each entangled branch at the top of your crest.

Aspen, as it trembles from time to time I hear its leaves rustle and think it is the foray...

It is on my lonely journey I were to search the mountains of the dark earth, I would rather have the room for a single hut in great
 Glenn mBolcáin.

Good is its clear blue water, good its clean stern wind, good its cress-green watercress, better its deep brooklime.

Good its pure ivy, good its bright merry willow, good its yewy yew, better its melodious birch...

Irish; author unknown; 12th Century.

Advertisement

What! Irish lessons in Berkeley? Yes, after the departure of Jim Duran from the area, Irish language lessons and Folklore workshops seemed extinct. But now they are available again, in Berkeley and San Francisco, from Eddie Stack, a native Irish speaker. He can be reached at (415) 521-3636. He will be leaving for Ireland in June, so please contact him as soon as possible.



So I said, 'I'm one of the Little People,' and he said, 'Who isn't nowadays?'

Calendar

Astronomical Beltaine will occur when the Sun is at 15 degrees Taurus, on May 5, 1986 at 11:25 A.M. P.S.T. or, alternatively, when the Sun is midway Between Equinox and Solstice, at a declination of 16 degrees 18 minutes North, at 8:34 A.M. on May 5th this year. We will celebrate it on Sunday, May 4th at the Orinda Grove Site, around sundown. Be there close to 6:00 P.M. Bring a 15'-20' ribbon, color of your choice.

Postmarked 25 April 1986



A Druid Missal-Any Summer Solstice 1986 Volume 10 Number 4

Summer Solstice Essay: Firbolgs and Tuatha De Danann

By Raphael McKeen and Stacey Weinberger



Midsummer, Summer Solstice, the Longest Day of the Year, is one of four Minor High Days of the Celtic Calendar. It is a feast celebrating the glory and the peak of the Sun God Belenos' (meaning "the shining one") power. On this day the altar fire should be especially large and a sacrifice of green branches and mistletoe be made. It was upon Midsummer Day that the people of the Goddess Danu, the Tuatha de Danann, took pre-Celtic Ireland from its earlier inhabitants, the Fir Bolgs.

It was upon the mystic first day of May that the Tuatha de Danann landed on the coast of Ireland in a dense fog without being opposed by the Fir Bolgs. The Tuatha de Danann then proceeded to "druidically" form showers and fog-sustaining showers over the country and caused the air to pour down fire and blood upon the Fir Bolgs. The Fir Bolgs had to shelter themselves for three days and three nights, after which time their own Druids put a stop to these enchantments by counter spells.

After a parley at the Plain of the Sea, the Fir Bolgs and the Tuatha de Danann agreed to exchange weapons, so that each side might be able to come to some opinion as to the opponent's strength. The people of the Goddess Danu offered the Fir Bolgs peace, with a division of the country into two equal halves. The Fir Bolg King Eochaid would not have this. The Tuatha de Danann however, impressed by the Fir Bolgs' weapons, decided to retreat farther west into Connaught to a plain then called Nia (now called Moytura), where they drew up their boundary line at the extreme end. This was in front of the Pass of Balgaton, which offered a retreat in case of defeat. Nuada, King of the Tuatha de Danann, sent an ambassador offering the same terms as before. Again the Fir Bolgs declined, but agreed to a truce of one hundred and five days in order to become battle-ready.

It was on Midsummer day that the opposing armies at last met. The people of the Goddess Danu appeared "in a flaming line," wielding their "red-bordered, speckled, and firm shields." Opposite to them were aligned the Fir Bolgs, "sparkling, brilliant, and flaming, with their swords, spears, blades, and trowel-spears." A deadly hurley-match was begun in which thrice nine of the Tuatha de Danann met the same number of Fir Bolgs. The Fir Bolgs emerged the victors. This was followed with more parleys and battles, fought with equal numbers on each side. After four days and a terrible slaughter upon each side, the Fir Bolgs were reduced to three hundred men. Those remaining were offered a fifth part of Ireland—whichever province they might choose. They agreed to this and chose Connaught, ever afterwards their special home, and where, until the middle of the seventeenth century, men were

still found tracing their descent from Sreng, a warrior of the Fir Bolgs.

So when you gaze into the Midsummer fire, think of the power and beauty of the Light and before the Sun begins to wane for another half year, remember the Fir Bolgs with their flaming swords standing up to defeat by the Tuatha de Danann.

(Primary Source: Charles Squire, *Celtic Myth and Legend*. Newcastle Publishing Co., 1975.)



Never mind that. Can you bend the spoon?

The Celtic Calendar

Copyright Thomas M. Cross
for the Bard; The Druid Missal-Any

In the 19th century, a few fragmentary Gallic calendars were found in France. Only one of them collected was found in a near complete form in bronze plaques or tablets. This huge Calendar has been named the Coligny calendar by its discoverers. It was engraved with Latin letters of the style of the late republic or early empire in the Gaulish language. The calendar contains 62 consecutive months, the names of these months, numerals marking each night (or 24 hour period), and notes concerning the division of these months into halves and marking the mat "good" from the *annat* (abbreviated as ANM) "not-good" days and months. The calendar was lunar and not solar and therefore it follows closely the same type of calendar used in ancient Athens and the Sanskrit Hindu calendar all three of which are like the Jewish calendar. These lunar calendars have in common the intercalary month (an extra month) added twice in a five year period which keeps its months in the same season each year. The modern Western calendar which we use today is a Roman calendar unlike the lunar and so instead of adding a 13th month every so often, we have our year divided into months which add up to 365 days and add an extra day every four years. The lunar calendars have 12 months—half of them 29 days the other of 30 day lengths which only adds up to 354 days and every two or three years an extra 30 day month is added making 384 days in those years. Since the earth takes 365 days and six hours to complete a revolution around the sun, a lunar calendar is 11-1/4 days too short and a solar calendar of 365 days is one quarter of a day too short. The Coligny calendar adding an intercalary month of 30 days ever 2 1/2 years thus balances itself out thus:

Lunar Five Year Period: 1,830 days

Roman-Julian-Gregorian Five Years: 1,827 days

Number of Days in 5 solar revolutions: 1826.25 days

As one can see the Roman calendar is nineteen hours or three-quarters of a day too long in a five year period. The Julian year (named after Julius Caesar who hired a Greek astronomer living in Alexandria, Egypt named Sosigenes to design a calendar like the Egyptian solar calendar but more accurate) had an extra day added every fourth year to the last month of the Roman Year, Februarius. From the time of Caesar the Roman empire always used this calendar and after the conversion of most of Europe to Christianity this calendar remained in use. In the 16th century, Pope Gregory decided it would be necessary to make a further adjustment of the Roman calendar so that the extra hours that accumulate after a long period should be dropped so that the time reckoning would be more accurate. It took a while before the English adopted it, but they finally did so in 1752 and thus it also came into use in the English colonies in America. When the change was made they called it New Style, this angered many people who felt that they had lost days from their lives when the 11 days were dropped so that April 1st became April 12th. Those who still stuck with the Old Style (Julian) calendar were called April Fools and that's how April Fools' Day got its start. How did this effect the Celtic feasts? Well, with Old Style All Soul's Eve (Samhain) would have been on November 1st, 1752 which in New Style fell on November 12th, thus Old Style Oct. 31 was now Nov. 11 at sundown.

Many would say at first, that the Old Style Samhain is more correct with the old way, but is it? Not really. You see, the solar year remains 365.25 days and the Old Style (Julian year) got slowly – though very very slowly ahead of itself over the centuries. Lunar calendars (like that of Coligny) creep ahead of the solar year also and a little quicker—so with both of these calendars they had to periodically correct the time reckoning. The Gregorian reform has balanced out the jumping ahead; the calendar is more accurate. Some calendars have no regard for accuracy between keeping the solar and lunar years in harmony. The Moslem calendar for example is a very primitive lunar calendar—lacking intercalary months but merely going by the phases of the moon with 29 day months only. Thus the Moslem calendar lacks the extra intercalary month and the alternating 30 day months like that used in the Athenian, Hindu, Jewish and Gallic-Coligny calendars. Thus a particular month of their calendar may shift from spring to winter, to autumn to summer until they lose years over centuries; the Moslem era therefore has less years than the Julian-Gregorian in the same period of centuries (going by Julian-Gregorian centuries). The Moslems are losing time in their era by their method of time-reckoning. Since the Gregorian calendar is more accurate in terms of time reckoning, it would be silly for neo-pagan Celtophiles to shift Samhain from November 1st to November 12th. Only a few centuries of the Julian era (beginning 46 B.C.) had passed when the Christians came to Ireland and thus Samhain (Gaulish *trinouxition Samonios*) “three nights of ‘Summery’”) was marked into the Roman-Christian calendar or Julian Calendar. Thus the Celtic Fire Festivals (Samhain, Oimeic, Bealtaine, Lughnasadh) were preserved by their adoption into the Julian calendar as Christian feasts (All Souls and All Saints, Festival of Lights or Candlemas or St. Bridget's Day, May-Day and Lammas). Other pagan festivals of other peoples were adopted into the Roman-Julian calendar as Christian feasts. As anyone can see, the Celtic calendar's four

great feasts are safely worked properly into the Gregorian calendar.

Coligny Months	Duration	Northern*	Translations
Samonios	mat 30 days	Oct-Nov	Hefydd, Samhain samon=summer
Dumannios	anm 29	Nov-Dec	? “dark moon” Du+mamm
Riuos	mat 30	Dec-Jan	rhewi “frost” Welsh
Anagantios	anm 29	Jan-Feb	?
Ogronios	mat 30	Feb-Mar	oer “cold” Welsh
Qutios	mat 30	Mar-Apr	?
Giamonios	anm 29	Apr-May	Gaeaf, Geimhreadh Giamon=winter
Simusonnos	mat 30	May-Jun	?
Equos	anm 29	Jun-Jul	Archaic for Epos “horse”
Elembiuos	anm 29	Jul-Aug	?
Edrinios	mat 30	Aug-Sept	Welsh <i>edrin</i> “noise”
Cantlos	Anm 29	Sept-Oct	Welsh <i>cantell</i> “circle”

*If Alwyn and Brinley Rees in their *Celtic Heritage* are correct, then it could be that Giamon is the first month in the southern half as comparison with the Hindu calendar tradition shows; both being from a common Indo-European tradition. Thus the Coligny calendar is the Northern Gallic calendar, the southern Gallic calendar would begin with Giamon as the first month of the year.

—Thomas Cross for *The Druid Missal-Any*

Post Oak Proto-Grove

The Gaulish Language

By Thomas M. Cross

The first Celtic language to pass beyond this world was probably Gaulish—once spoken in regions we would now call France, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Bohemia, southern Germany and in Galatia of Turkey and perhaps Portugal and Galicia. This language was in most respects identical to the P-Celtic Old Brythonic ancestor of Welsh, Cornish and Breton. The main differences between the dialects of Gallo-Brythonic (Gaulish and Brythonic) were lexical, but like Goidelic (archaic and primitive Irish) the language had declensional endings similar to that found in Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Icelandic, Old English and Lithuanian. In other words, Gaulish shared the same characteristics of most all Indo-European languages in that it was highly inflected. Certainly this was the very tongue spoken by Diviacus known by Caesar and Cicero and the Druids described by Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Pomponius Mela and probably known to Poseidonios. James Travis theorized that the Druids probably had known a counterpart to the Rig Veda which he calls a “Druid-veda” in his book *Early Celtic Versecraft*. His investigation of the earliest verse forms in Celtic languages show that linguistic conditions which proceeded these first written verses must have shared the same Indo-European inflectional characteristics we find in such languages as the Vedas and other I-E verse forms. The accent was on the initial syllable

and syntax was free or less fixed. Rhyming was probably unknown as we know it today, but the main device used was alliteration similar to that we find in the early verse of Germanic languages.

Gaulish is only known to us from inscriptions (which employed either Greek or Roman letters), from glosses made by Romans or Greeks and from reconstructions based on phonetics and historical linguistics. How Gaulish was pronounced can only then be conjectured from phonetic rules and by the spelling used in the inscriptions. One of the problems is in the use of the Roman and Greek alphabets. Evidently those who could write Gaulish had to represent the pronunciation as best he could from the letters that we learned from Latin and Greek spelling, thus the sounds shared by both Gaulish and the other languages would use the corresponding letter. In ancient times, spelling was based more on pronunciation than it is today—as for example modern English or modern Irish in which the spelling represents older and obsolete pronunciations. Thus when we read Gaulish inscriptions using Roman letters, we must give the letters their Roman or Latin value as they were pronounced at the time the inscription was produced. To double check we may consult the phonetic rules of Celtic etymology. But some learned Gauls invented some letters such as the barred D “D” [There is a bar drawn through the D in the quotations] and barred S “S” [there is a bar drawn through the S in the quotations] which probably represent the soft or voiced th and “sh” sounds respectively. Also the Gauls may have used the Greek chi x to represent the ch sound represented in *loch*. The vowels must have had the “continental” values with the exception that in most unstressed positions they became schwa like the u in hut or the o in other. The Gauls would often spell the same word using e and i as alternatives and therefore we can see that a sound somewhere in between was used perhaps nasalised or similar to the i of English hit when spoken with a twang. Others say that Gaulish had the sound of the French u or German ü (like saying English “ee” of need with lips pouted in position of saying the oo of food).

Gaulish, unlike modern Celtic languages, did not have mutations or aspiration, the initial consonants did not change according to any grammatical rules. This phenomena was in its infancy developing later in the stage of lenition (consonants changing because of the final sound of a preceding word or because it is flanked by vowels) and eventually become systematic as the languages rapidly developed before literacy was widespread. At the same time that Celtic languages began developing mutations already the declensional endings began disappearing. It is very probable that the loss of the declensional endings were mostly responsible for the development of mutations as well as the fossilising of the syntax.

Some Basic Gaulish

Verb “to Be”:

esmī	I am
esi	thou art (you are)
esti	he is
esmos	we are
sueste	you (plural) are
sent	they are

Pronouns:

Singulars:	I	Thou	He	She	It
Nominative	eg	tu	is/es	si	id
Accusative	me	te	im/em	siam	id
Dative	moi	toi	io	iai	io
Genitive	moue	toue	eso	esa	eson
Plurals:	We	You	They (masc.)	They (fem.)	They (neut.)
Nominative	snes	sues	ioi	ias	ioi
Accusative	snes	sues	sons	sans	sons
Dative	nebis	suebis	iobis	iobis	iobis
Genitive	neseron	seuseron	eson	esan	esan

Gaulish had basically four cases nominative (subject), accusative (object), dative (prepositional), and genitive (possessive – denoting ownership or origination) and sometimes a vocative case (used when directly addressing someone). There was also Plural and Dual numbers. An example can be made in the masculine proper name Segomaros:

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	Segomaros	Seogomaroi	Segomarou
Accusative	Segomaron	Sgomarons	Segomarou
Dative	Segomaru	Segomarobis	Segomarobem
Genitive	Segomari	Segomaris	Segomarou
Vocative	Segomare	Segomaros	Segomarou

The feminine noun *benna* “woman” (from Indo-Eur. *gwen)

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	benna	bennas	bennai
Accusative	bennan	bennans	bennai
Dative	bennai	bennabo	bennabem
Genitive	bennas	bennon	bennai

magos “plain” Irish *magh*, Welsh *ma* Masculine noun

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	magos	mageša	
Accusative	magon	mageša	
Dative	gages	magebos	magebem
Genitive	gagesos	gageson	

rix “king” Irish *righ* or *ri*, Welsh *rhi* Masculine noun

CASE	SINGULAR	PLURAL	DUAL
Nom.	Rix	Riges	Rige
Acc.	Rigim	Rigons	Rige
Dat.	Rigi	Rigobis	Rigebem
Gen.	Rigos	Rigon	Rigou

mens “month” Irish *mi*, Welsh *mis*

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	mens	menses	mensou
Accusative	mensim	mensins	mensou
Dative	mensai	mens	mesobem
Genitive	mensos	menson	mensou

mater “mother” Ir. *mathair*, Welsh *mam* Feminine noun

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	mater	matres	matres
Accusative	matren	matrens	matrens
Dative	matrei	matrebo	matrebem
Genitive	matres	matron	matriou

Lugus (proper name) Irish Lugh, Welsh Lleu Masculine –u Stem

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	Lugus	Lugoues	Lugu
Accusative	Lugum	Luguns	Lugu
Dative	Lugou	Lugubis	Lugubem
Genitive	Lugous	Lugion	Lugouo

Medu “mead” Gaulish neuter u-stem, Irish *medhbh*, Welsh *medd*

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	medu	medoues	medu
Accusative	medu	meduns	medu
Dative	medu	medubis	medubem
Genitive	medous	medion	medouo

The I-stem Masculine endings

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	-is	-ies	-ie
Accusative	-in	-ins	-ie
Dative	-I	-ibis	-ibem
Genitive	-os	-ion	-iou

Feminine I-stem endings

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	-i	-ias	-ia
Accusative	-ien	-iens	-ia
Dative	-i	-ibo	-ibem
Genitive	-as	-i	-iau

Neuter I-stem endings

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	-i	-ia	-ia
Accusative	-i	-ins	-ia
Dative	-i	-ibis	-ibem
Genitive	-os	-ion	-iou

Masculine N-stem endings

	Singular	Plural	Dual
Nominative	-o	-enes	-ene
Accusative	-in	-ons	-ene
Dative	-I	-enobis	-obem
Genitive	-os	-on	-ou

This is just a few of the Gaulish declensional endings that have been reconstructed by Celtic philologists working with the inscriptions found in excavations and working with the etymology of Old Irish and early Welsh. Note that the Gaulish ending –os masculine of Segomarus corresponds with the Latin –us ending, Greek –as or –os and proto-Germanic –az (in Gothic –as) endings.

Many Gaulish words were Latinised and assimilated to Latin some of which survived into modern French, e.g. courma or (to) cereuis to cerevisia to cervoise “beer” or ale”.

Casanos (an epithet of the oak tree “holy one” to Latin *cassanus* to French *chêne*. Gaulish *gleno* “to clean” Latin *glenare* to French *glaner*.

Gaulish	English	Irish cognate	Welsh cognate
abona	river	abhain	afon
are	near		ar
beccan	small	beag	bach
briga	hill		bryn
cambo	crooked		
ceto	wood		coed
cumbo	valley		cwm
dunon	fortress	dun	din
dubo	black	dubh	du
dubro	water		dwr
lindon	lake	lind	llyn
lis	hall		llys
maros	great	mór	mawr
monedos	mountain		mynedd
nantos	brook		nant
penno	head	ceann	pen
poullon	pool, harbour		pwll
tir	land	tir	tir
tracto	sand		draeth
innis	island	innis	ynys
nemeton	shrine, consecrated place		
more	sea	muir	mor

Gaulish Religious Terms

	Cognates	Meaning
Druidiactos	O. Ir. <i>druidecht</i> , Mod. Ir. <i>draiocht</i>	Druidism
Vindomagos (ouindomagos)	Welsh <i>gwynfa</i>	“paradise “white plain”
Bacuceos (bahkook-os)		possessed by evil spirits
talamu	Ir. <i>talamh</i>	“earth”
duos		an incubus (according to Latin gloss)
talamasca		female evil spirit “earth hag”
cassos or caddos		holy (as in Cassibellaunos and Cassanos)
caragos		a fortune telling
morimarusa		“sea of the dead”
iipomiiduos (epomeduos)		horse sacrifice (cf. <i>asvamedha</i> of Vedic)
bilimagos		“plain of the sacred tree”
nemeton (nimidas)		“shrine” nemet=“sacred” (-as ending spelling variant)
uernemetis		“over shrine” (-is ending is genitive plural)
crotta	O.Ir. <i>crot</i> , Welsh <i>crwth</i>	“lyre” or type of string instrument
cauoros (kaouaros)	Welsh <i>cawr</i>	“giant”

daculon		“sickle”
gutuatos		“invoker” (Latinised as gutater) attached to certain deities such as Moltinos, the gutuater Martis

Calendar

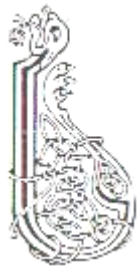
Summer Solstice in 1986 will occur at 10:04 P.M. Greenwich Time, which translates to 3:04 P.M. Pacific Daylight Time on June 21st. The Moon is full on the 22nd. It is not often that a full Moon falls on the longest day of the year. It must mean something. Time and arrangements for Celebration at the Orinda Grove will be announced.

No postmark

A Druid Missal-Any Lughnasadh 1986 Volume 10 Number 5

Lughnasadh Essay: Tales of Lugh

By Emmon Bodfish



ughnasadh, festival of the funeral games of Lugh the Sun God, or, given by Lugh in honor of his father the Sun, depending on your tradition. It is the beginning of the Celtic harvest season, and is often called Festival of the First Fruits. Lugh, from the same root word as light and luminous, is one of the younger generations of gods in the Celtic pantheon. Like other Indo-European solar deities, his growth was rapid,, being the size of a 10 year old when he was 5, and gaining full manly size and skill by age 10 or 12. He is the multi-competent god, not specializing in one function, but capable in all. Even as a child he was expert at any craft or skill from his first attempt at it. As a boy of 8, according to Welsh legend, while his goddess-mother was measuring his foot for a shoe, he picked up a bow and arrow and shot a wren in the leg. This, the story goes on to explain, was the favorite demonstration shot of Celtdom's best crack archers. His mother was delighted, and Lugh went on to become a parent's dream come true. He was good at everything, polite, chivalrous, and an example of filial devotion.

Later as a young man, when he applied for admittance to the company of the elder gods, he is quizzed by the gatekeeper as to what he can offer. "I am an excellent smith," he says. "We have Goibhne the smith," said the gatekeeper. "We have no need of that." And this continues to be the reply as he lists each one of his skills. The gods already have one of their number who is an expert in that domain. Finally, frustrated, the boy shouts, "But do you have anyone who can do them all?" The gatekeeper reflects that, no, they do not. And so Lugh is admitted.

Lugh is the patron of craftsmen, apprentices, and artists. In another tradition, he is also associated with money and the accumulation of wealth. This is his only functionalistic connection with a harvest festival. The Funeral Games of Lugh, whose title for this high day may also refer to the fact that by now the Sun is past his Zenith, and is declining again toward the South.

In the R.D.N.A. traditions, anyone who has a garden, grows anything, etc., should save their first picked produce of the summer season, and bring it or a portion of it to the Service, to be offered up in the altar fire, with hopes of prosperity in the years to come.

News of the Groves

At the Orinda Grove Site, edible puffballs have sprouted next to the altar, (left side, of course.) Of all the ground covers we planted, the Dichrondra did the best. The Gopher Bane plants that we so carefully tended up from mail-order seedlings turned out to be annuals. They set seed and died. The nursery didn't tell us this. Were we bilked? It's true they were one-shot, but there are no gopher tunnels around there this year, either. Perhaps for Lughnasadh we should gather in the seeds and thresh them and replant more Gopher Bane next year.

As the Lughnasadh sacrifice in the R.D.N.A. tradition offers up the first fruits of the harvest, anyone who has a garden, a farm or a flowerbox, might pick and bring an offering.

Some animal got hold of the sack of sacrificial meal and dragged it off and consumed it. I found the tattered and toothmarked bag. She/he will have to pay this back when she/he gets to the Other world.



Haying at Orinda Grove Site

New Publications

“Mermade” magickal arts catalogue and pamphlet was recently sent to us here at the “Missal-Any.” While not exclusively Celtic, it has some interesting art work and products not carried elsewhere. As often before, every time you think you’ve seen it all in the Pagan community, something new comes along. Now, Pagan Paper Dolls.

“Well,” as Eileen says, “why not?”

This may not be new to some of you, I don’t know, since I have been out of the paper doll using circles for a long time, i.e. ever since I gave up teasing my younger sister and her friends, when some of them grew larger and huskier than I, and this pastime became too dangerous.

You can get a copy by writing to: P.O. Box 106, Long Beach, CA 90803

The Heathen on the Heath: Garden Wars

Okay, enough already! This is war. Sweat runs down too fast to blink away from my eyeballs, and my hands are too filthy to mop it away. How can so many slugs exist in the *world*, let alone in my garden? And where did that eighth duck go, and just what is it that got past my eight-foot fence, stacked tires and assorted whirligigs and wind chimes to eradicate half my potato plants? Hey, gang, there’s a limit! Isn’t there? At Beltaine you came to party. Now the sun is past the zenith, and you’re still raiding the pantry. I’ve tried asking you to go home. No dice. And the dog has some inexplicable wound on his paw—boars? Bobcats?

This is war. Somehow mine ancient enemy, the wild gooseberry, has started some fifth-column activity amid the tomatoes, and sent spies among my mealybug-ridden brassicae. No use griping to Mother: She and her Consort are making hay while the sun shines, and hardly interested in the squabbles of the children.

Whoever first characterized life in Nature as peaceful had a somewhat warped sense of humor.

The very plants do battle; this winter my pruning-saw must break up a slow-motion barroom brawl between an oak, a madrone, and a whitethorn, all of whom can survive quite nicely if they will simply settle for their own spaces and leave each other alone. Fat chance! All living things demand to not only live, but win, preferably at the expense of any and all possible competitors. That herd of wild pigs must not only have the next ridge, but also *my* ridge, to find true happiness.

And what members of any one species think of each other cannot be printed and sent through the U.S. mail.

Where does that leave your everlovin’ Heathen? Confused, mostly. While I have no compunctions about claiming the fruits of my own labor, and whatever else I can pry loose (I’m not even a vegetarian) there are certain human-engineered refinements on the art of war that I will not use. Mom may not care whether my tomatoes or her gooseberries grow in the garden, but that’s not sufficient reason to dump assorted petrochemicals in Her water-table--or feed to my down hill neighbors, if it comes to that. I’ll go after rodents with cats, traps, and a .22, but I have no desire to bring down my allies the redtails with the “friendly fire” of B-gon or DeCon. Can this be said to make a difference, in view of how the rest of my species chooses to nuke their nuisances? And ought I to be messing around in here at all? This garden is an invasion in itself, exotic and pampered organisms installed in

the devastation of turf that I chose to call French Intensive Double-Digging. That’s not what was here to begin with.

Thing is, an attitude of nobles oblige requires a certain amount of backup. Kindness is for what we control, and as I gaze in utter dismay on the ruin of my efforts, and the impossibility of reverting to humanity’s original mode of participation (hunting and gathering) without overstressing an already depleted wild economy, I realize that my control over this environment is minimal. And wasn’t that what I wanted?

Admittedly the fight is rigged. Pit me, with a rifle, against a boar with tusks and I’ll bet on me every time. I ought to know; I rigged it myself...I, and forebears who shared my motives, long ago. Like the boar, we also want it all. Unlike the boar, we may someday be unfortunate enough to get it all, thereby destroying it. Will we someday live on chemicals, or mutated yeast, because we have won all our wars and there are no other surviving species?

The squirming, biting, struggling child takes endless comfort in the unarguable restraint of Mother’s arms. But as the child ceases to be a baby, a little caution creeps into its protest, unaware at first: we don’t want to *hurt* Mommy, after all. And hopefully, by the time we are big and strong enough to do Her real damage, we will have thoroughly absorbed the lesson that She has feelings, too.

Except that people-en-masse are always a little dumber than people one at a time.

Where are you in the world? Where are your battles, what have you won...and at what cost? Come, swap war-stories with me, for even if you are busily making chemicals out of other chemicals, or laying concrete over ground, we are all the same in this. Nobody gave us the right to be who we are; we have made ourselves. Nobody owed us a place in the world; we have taken it. This is *our* nature, as surely a part of us as greenness is of grass, to be channeled but never truly changed.

Just remember that perhaps it is not worth postponing, indefinitely at finite cost to the rest of the world, one’s own last battle. For *sus scrofa, homo sapiens*, or any living creature, anywhere, there is but one ending. Let the sun blaze on into the night, drink deep, and gird yourself with honor. It is a good day, at least, not to know what’s going to happen. And no matter how many sandbags we make of our environment, to pile around our laughable foxholes in the scheme of things, it’s out there, waiting for us, somewhere: the fight we can’t win.

Nobody’s getting out of here alive.

Calendar

Lughnasadh Celebration will be held on August 6th, at sundown, at the Orinda Grove Site. Astronomical Lughnasadha being on August 7, 1986, we will follow the Ancient Druid tradition of the night preceding the day.

The Decline of Druidism:

A Time-Line

Post Oak Proto-Grove

Gaul

- 43 B.C. to A.D. 14 Augustus forbids Roman citizens to participate in Druidic rites.
- A.D. 14 to 37 Tiberius persecutes the Druids of Gaul
- A.D. 41 to 54 Claudius has the Druids “very thoroughly suppressed”

Britain

- A.D.61 Suetonius Paulinus massacres Druids on the Isle of Anglesey (Mon) off the coast of Wales.

Ireland

- A.D. 590 Synod of Drumceat restricts activities of the Druids in Ireland.
- A.D. 637 Druids abolished following the battle of Moyrath

Medieval Period

The class of the *filidh* take over many of the traditions of the Druids along with the Brehons, storytellers and *ollamhs* in Ireland and Gaelic Scotland.

Elizabethan to Cromwell Periods

Bardic schools are broken up by the English in Ireland and eventually in Scotland with the destruction of Irish aristocratic society.

Following the Cromwellian and Glorious Revolutionary Periods

Celts and Druids are re-discovered in England and Wales during the beginning of the enlightenment period and into the “Age of Reason” through the reading of classical literature. In the 18th century, some neo-Druidic (mesopagan) groups appear.

Romantic Period

Edward Williams “Iolo Morganwg” founds a neo-Druidic dogma from the study of Bardic relics from which he

forges a Bardic philosophy under the influence of the Enlightenment, Romantic movements and “natural religion.”

There soon follows a revival of interest in Welsh antiquities which has a beneficial influence on Celtic scholarship and Celtic nationalism.

Twentieth Century

Rise of more Druidic orders based on Morganwg and 18th century “Druidic” lodges. Anthropology in its infancy is still under the influence of amateur archaeologists and amateur romantic social scientists which gives rise to unscrupulous scholarship such as Gerald Gardner’s Witchcraft theories, Margaret Murray’s theories and finally to Robert Graves’ *The White Goddess*. Following the works of Murray, Gardner, Graves etc. there appears many “wicca” groups and covens which claim to be practicing the “old religion” of ancient Europe.

Serious scholarship begins to investigate the ancient religions of Europe and the importance of the Indo-European culture and ideology is discovered by Georges Dumezil and many linguists, anthropologists, and religious historians.

Latter Half of the Twentieth Century

Following the publication of works by the serious scholars in Indo-European philology, history and archaeology, much of the lost knowledge of the Druids and Celtic peoples is restored and neo-pagan groups begin to incorporate the data. Many other neo-pagans are distraught by the truth of the old religion and decide that their traditions based on the erroneous works of Gardner, Graves, Murray is preferential in their own modern tastes. Neo-Druids based on the Morganwgic material is clung to since it appeals to their own tastes.

Therefore what has come from the Druids and survived into the myths, legends and sagas of the Irish, evidence from archaeology of Gaul, the iconography, bas-reliefs, classical testimony, Celtic philology, Welsh and Scottish tales, the folklore, the epic-type literature and with Indo-European comparative studies, much of what the Druids *probably* taught has been restored or reconstructed.

The question remains then, does anyone who wants to learn what the Druids

probably taught wish to use that information for a basis of their religion or religious thought? If not, then I would ask such a person why would they want to identify with the Druids or why should they call themselves “Druids” or neo-Druids or any sort? What is it to be a neo-Druid? Would it not be self-contradictory to call oneself a Druid or neo-Druid and not be interested or make any use of the scholarship or information concerning what the ancient Druids taught? How can anyone be called a Hindu who never read any Vedic literature or disagreed with revealed knowledge of the Hindus? How can anyone be called Jewish who did not profess the religion contained in the Torah or any Jewish scriptures? How can anyone be called or call himself a Tao-ist yet reject the Tao Te Ching taught by Lao-Tzu? The neo-Druid who is not interested in Celtic mythology or historical Celtic religion as probably taught by the ancient Druids has little right to be called by such an epithet as Druid or neo-Druid? If one is more in agreement with Wicca or Christianity or is more interested in Shamanism than with Celtic religion, one is not a Druid, but rather a “Wiccan” or Christian, or disciple of Shamanism.

At least the followers of Iolo Morganwg are within a Celtic tradition, albeit not an ancient one.

—Thomas M. Cross

2003 Editor’s Note: The final part of this letter began the Cross Affair debate, shown in the Apocrypha that would last almost a year.

Postmarked Jul 28, 1986

A Druid Missal-Any Fall Equinox 1986 Volume 10 Number 6

Fall Equinox Essay:

More on St. Michael and His Pagan Associations

By Emmon Bodfish



all Equinox is associated with the gathering of root crops in Scotland and England, and perhaps, before the potato, in Ireland as well. Many of the old customs are preserved in the Highlands, enacted now in the name of “Michaelmas” festivals. Michael was the Christian personality most often substituted for Lugh, or, in other contexts, for Llyr, by the Old Celtic Church. The flaming sword and warrior aspect of the Archangel may have suggested a similarity to Lugh-of-the-Long-Arm with his magical spear. It also carries on the Celtic God’s protective image and his function as defender of the people, but most particularly it is the quality of “shining-ness” that links the two.

Alexander Carmichael, collecting oral folklore in the 1800s, notes that in the Highlands, St. Michael is spoken of as “an brian Michael.” That is “The Demi-god Michael.” Christian saints, such as Columba or Andrew, are called Santo, Saint, from the Latin. Archangel Gabriel is “aingéal” a Gàidhlig word deriving from the Latin, or “Naomh,” Gàidhlig for holy, sacred. No one else is “brian,” demi-god. The Highlanders’ Michael is pictured riding a winged horse, and is the patron of sailors and ships. There is not basis in the Biblical angel’s character for this; it is probably a co-option from Llyr, God of the Western Ocean and Master of Horses. The same characteristics, and the combination of associations with ships and with a fiery steed, are attributed to Manannan McLlyr, in Cornwall and Brittany.

The ceremony of the carrots, described by Carmichael, in connection with Fall Equinox and Llyr/Lugh’s Time, is something that could be adapted to the present R.D.N.A. celebration. It follows.

From the Carmina Gadelica

On the 29th of September, a festival in honour of St. Michael is held throughout the Western Coasts and Isles. This is much the most imposing pageant and much the most popular of the Celtic year. Many causes conduce to this—causes which move the minds and the hearts of the people to their utmost tension. To the young the Day is a day of promise, to the old a day of fulfillment, to the aged a day of retrospect. It is a day when pagan cult and Christian doctrine meet and mingle like the lights and shadows on their own Highland hills.

The Eve of St. Michael is the eve of bringing in the carrots, of baking the ‘struan,’ of killing the lamb, of stealing

the horses. The Day of St. Michael is the Day of the early mass, the day of the sacrificial lamb, the day of the oblation ‘struan,’ the day of the distribution of the lamb, the day of the distribution of the ‘struan,’ the day of the pilgrimage to the burial-ground of their fathers, the day of the burial-ground service, the day of the burial-ground circuiting, the day of giving and receiving the carrots with their wishes and acknowledgements, and the day of the ‘oda’—the athletics of men and the racing of horses. And the Night of Michael is the night of the dance and the song, of the merry-making of the love-making, and of the love-gifts.

Some days before the festival of St. Michael the women and girls go to the fields and plains of the townland to procure carrots. The afternoon of the Sunday immediately preceding St. Michael’s Day is especially devoted to this purpose, and on this account is known as ‘Domhnach Curran’—Carrot Sunday. When the soil is soft and friable, the carrots can be pulled out of the ground without digging. When, however, the soil is hard, a space is dug to give the hand access to the root. This space is made in the form of an equal-sided triangle, technically called ‘torcan,’ diminutive of “torc,” a cleft. The instrument used is a small mattock of three prongs, called ‘tri-meurach,’ three-fingered, ‘sliopag,’ ‘sliobhag.’ The three sided ‘torcan’ is meant to typify the three sided shield, and the three-fingered ‘sliopag,’ the trident of St. Michael, and possibly each to symbolize the Trinity. The many brightly-clad figures swing to and for, in and out, like the figures in a kaleidoscope, are singularly pretty and picturesque. Each woman intones a rune to her own tune and time irrespective of those around her. The following fragment was intoned to me in a soft, subdued voice by a woman who had gathered carrots eighty years previously:—

‘Torcan, torrach, torrach, torrach,
Sonas curran corr orm,
Michael mil a bhi dha m’chonuil,
Bride gheal dha m’chonradh

Piseach linn gach piseach,
Piseach dha mo bhroinn,
Piseach linn gach piseach,
Piseach dha mo chloinn.’

Cleft fruitful, fruitful, fruitful,
Joy of carrots surpassing upon me,
Michael the brave endowing me,
Bride the fair be aiding me.

Progeny pre-eminent over every progeny,
Progeny on my womb,
Progeny pre-eminent over every progeny,
Progeny on my progeny.

Should a woman find a forked carrot, she breaks out into a more exultant strain that brings her neighbours round to see and to admire her luck.

‘Fhorca shona, shona, shona,
Fhorca churran mor orm,
Conuil curran corr orm
Sonas curran mor dhomh.’

Fork joyful, joyful, joyful,
Fork of great carrot to me,
Endowment of carrot surpassing upon me,
Joy of great carrot to me.

There is much rivalry among the women who shall have most and best carrots. They carry the carrots in a bag slung from the waist, called ‘crisolachan,’ little girdle, from ‘crios,’ a girdle. When the ‘carrasaid’ was worn, the carrots were carried in its ample folds. The women wash the carrots and tie them up in small bunches, each of which contains a ‘glac,’ handful. The bunches are tied with three-ply thread, generally scarlet, and put in pits near the house and covered with sand till required.

A Letter to the Editor:

I beg to remind Thomas Cross (Post Oak Proto-Grove, Lughnasadh edition) that scholarship is but one path to the Goddess. Perhaps our true roots’ obscurity is an advantage, allowing us to do more seat-of-the-pants flying than is permitted by a religion of more cohesive background and authority. The occasional romantic sloppiness of Gardner, Graves, et al, does not negate their premise (that the Old Religion honored Nature in both male and female principles). Nor should it denigrate the poesy of their praise. In their day, both were revolutionary.

It may be that the ancients—of Northern Europe and of other places—knew a good many things that we do not. Trying to discover these truths seems a noble enterprise, but I am not about to limit myself to one cultural group, when that culture is no longer there to be immersed in. You and I may be different *types* of Neopagan Druid, but since Cathbad isn’t around to object, “Druid” seems as good a name as any, for either of us.

Les Craig-Harger
Myers Flat, CA.

Pictish

Post Oak Proto-Grove

The Picts seem to have spoken a pre-Indo-European language at one time, before the P-Celtic speakers conquered most of them in southern Scotland, and pushed the rest into its north-eastern extremity. Eventually the Picts were “Godhelicized” by Irish invaders who later colonized Scotland, and the Pictish dialects died out entirely. Our only evidence for this pre-Indo-European Pictish comes from a few inscriptions, carved in Irish ogam characters, after the Irish had settled in Scotland. Such evidence is so scanty that little can be made of this inscriptional evidence. Some contend that Pictish, (the non-Indo-European dialect,) is not related to any other language; others have tried to compare it with some other languages, without success. Some have compared it to Basque, (a pre-Indo-European or non-Indo-European Iberian language) as Sir John Rhys did, but this was unsuccessful. While many proper names of Pictish kings turn out to be Celtic, either P-Celtic or Q-Celtic, some of these names cannot be determined to be either, and seem to be non-Celtic, and even non-Indo-European.

From the Lunnasting inscription:

Ettocuhetts ahehhtannn hccuueuu nehhtons

From the Brandsbutt stone:

irataddoarens

St. Ninians:

besmeqqnanannovvez

Keiss bay:

netetri

Pictish Names which seem Non-Celtic and Non-Indo-Eur.:

Bliesblituth
Canatulachama
Usconbuts

Notice the extreme repetition of consonant clusters in the Lunnasting, Brandsbutt, and St. Ninian inscription which suggest a language which is phonemically very consonantal like that of the Causcassic languages, however the consonant groups are repetitions of the same letters or phonemes such as *tt*, *hh*, *cc*, *vv*, or *uu*, and *nnn*. Notice also that there are all single vowels of the Roman alphabet represented a, e, i, o, u, but not many diphthongs *euu* and *oa* and possibly *ie* in Bliesblituth—these diphthongs may form separate syllables and therefore might not be diphthongs. Notice the prominent s next to other consonants *-ts*, *-ns* in the endings of words such as *Ettocuhetts*, *irataddoarens*, *nehhtons* and *Usconbuts* and appears in the middle of Bliesblituth. This reminds me of the *-s* ending formed in Etruscan genitives of certain words such as *clan* “son” *clans* “of the son” and may also remind me of English and Anglo-Saxon genitives formed by adding *-s* or *-es*. This makes one wonder as to whether Pictish has affinities with a non-Indo-European language like Etruscan or with Germanic languages. If *nehhtons* is interpreted as a form of the Celtic Nechtain then we may have a genitive case of Nechtain in *Nehhtons*.

It may also be a resemblance to Basque in that many Basque words end with *-tz* (cf. Pictish *-ts*) such as *bortz* “five,” however Basque words tend to have a vowel following *-tz* e.g. *-tza*, *-tze* or *-tzi*; Basque has more open vowels and ultimate vowels, i.e. not flanked by consonants as much as Pictish. Finno-Ugric languages like Finnish and Lappish have many doubled consonants and consonant clusters like Pictish, but then, these languages are rich in vowel endings on words like Basque. Many Hs appear in Pictish inscriptions which suggests that it did not lack the aspirate H sound and would compare itself again to Germanic languages which in Grimm’s law originated with Proto-I.E. initial K-sound. In Welsh, the H sound occurs initially on words from a rather late development from an initial S-sound (e.g. Samon = Haf, Sabrina = Hafren, etc.) The H sound occurs in Irish as a prefixed sound to separate words with an initial vowel and as a late development from mutated forms of consonants at the initial position of words. The internal or medial H found in Pictish seems to be anomalous to Celtic, Germanic or Indo-European phonemics as in *ahehhtann* and *ettocuhetts*.

Lastly, we must conclude that Pictish will continue to elude us for a while until further archaeology can turn up more inscriptions and more helpful inscriptions. We would need to find some written documents in Pictish with some glosses in some known language such as Old Irish or Latin and we would finally be able to finally decipher Pictish and find out definitely its affinities or lack of affinity with other languages. Pictish is more mysterious than Etruscan in that we have found many Etruscan inscriptions in comparison.

—Thomas M. Cross

The Heathen on the Heath:

First Fruits and Hunting

First fruits, late as usual—arguments with the neighbors—yellow grass, grey dust, and scorching heat. Balanced now are we? In the hardware store where I earn some of my living, a motley assortment of law-abiding types are buying their hunting licenses, with tags permitting them to ritually assassinate one or two adult male deer this season. Certain local subsistence hunters regard both the season and its regulations as ridiculous. But I count the hopeful license buyers during one workday, and then count the deer on my way home. The number of deer becomes less impressive, beside the number of hunters.

And the subsistence hunters—does concern for the continued stability of the deer population arise automatically from need? I doubt it. And the numbers of the needy are also increasing...

But the hunt goes on. From my own experience, in pursuit of one wild pig (which died to provide food for two families with hungry children, one of them mine) it seems strange to call it a sport. The hunt is a relationship, ending with the death of the other party. The pig wanted to live, and my cohort and I wanted to eat it. These goals were mutually exclusive; no amount of mystical hocus-pocus could ever convince me that the pig was a willing participant.

There was one moment, crouched on the hillside, with the immensely vital, prehistoric-looking beast looking directly at me, when I felt that the hunt was at an end; I had met the wild. My challenge had been offered and met. The pig was ready to attack or flee, but did neither. Here was life; its ending was anti-climactic.

But sorrow was also the feeling of a split second. Our children were fed. And something within me was changed.

The Hunter roams the greenwood, dealing death at will. Yet He guards His beasts, wears their semblance, instills in them His lust and power. And the Maiden-as-Huntress, in any pantheon, is the friend of Her creatures, mourning their destruction at the hands of conquering humanity.

So it is with nature. Animals do not hate their prey. Cats pounce with glee, eyes wide and ears forward. The dog pursues the rabbit with his tail high; he is playing. They are part of the world, and filled with the sense of being alive.

Is this the longing in the eyes of those who approach my counter, saying "Liscence and two tags, please," and paying the \$41 that the government demands for their participation in the rite? The people whose actual means of making a living is many times removed from Earth's vitality will finally face the wild and have something personal to say to it. Balanced now are we?

With that same longing, I came to the Druids, and with that same longing, I came eventually to my untamed hill, to be one grubby, sweaty part of a world with more than people in it. Cars race over a concrete bridge; uncaring, the river flows beneath. Balanced now are we?

As day conquered night, and light conquers day, and our guaranteed annual year continues on its appointed course, I tell you; there is no need for faith.

Balanced now are we?

We may not be able to feel it, but it's there.

News of the Groves

Orinda Grove Site

Lughnasadha, as a festival of the first fruits, went off well. I was surprised at the number of feral plants that have "appeared" for members and born us fruit. One brought as offering the first tomato from a vine that "appeared on its own" in a pot of marigolds. I brought the first apple from the appletree that has been growing outside of my kitchen window for fifteen years, sprung from a Macintosh apple core. Small carrots still occasionally come up in the Grove Site, by the Monterey Pine, on the site of Joan's (First Arch Druid of Live Oak) compost pile. And our apple sapling beside the Lughnasadha caber, sprouted from a spit seed from the '83 feast, is growing rapidly.

The moral is clear:

Fling your garbage

Out the window.

(Sung to Irish Jig Tune)

Live in the middle

Of a kitchen midden.

It's an old Celtic

Tradition.

Skara brae...

Take me home..

Skara brae...

If you can't stand this nonsense, send in your own article and crowd it out.

Calendar

Fall Equinox will occur at 11:53 P.M. Pacific Daylight Time, or 07 hours 53 minutes Greenwich on September 23, 1986. Services at the Orinda Grove Site to be arranged: (415) 254-1387.

A Druid Missal-Any

Samhain 1986

Volume 10 Number 7

Samhain Essay: The Other World

By Emmon Bodfish



amhain, Celtic New Years, the Day-between the Worlds...The Druidic year starts on Samhain, in the fall of the year, just as the Druidic day begins with the going down of the Sun. Samhain marks the end of the harvest which began at Lughnasadh. All fruit not gathered in by Samhain Eve must be left in the fields to feed the birds, the wild animals, and the Sidhi. The Pukas, mischievous spirits, will come for it, to steal its nourishing essence and leave the husk, or to despoil it, if it is not to

their liking. Their mythic descendents swarm out in the form of myriad "Trick-or-Treaters."

Like New Years' celebration all over the world, Samhain festivities fall into two sequential phases: one that signifies the return to Chaos, and involves the disposal of old goods, potlatches, parties, suspension of taboos, return of the dead, and the mixing of the two Worlds, in Past and Future; and a second whose theme is the rebirth of Order and Cosmos, of creating anew, of preparations, and of the rites of Samhain Morning. (As we are not an official, organized Grove, here in Orinda, but a gathering of Solitary Third Order Druids, First Orders, and friends, the election that would ordinarily be held for officers in an R.D.N.A. Grove will not need to be held. Isn't it a relief!?)

The beliefs involving the return of the dead on Samhain Night are based on the Pan-European traditions of Samhain as the time when the Other World is closest to this one, and when, therefore, doors, passages, may open between the two. In Celtic myths these gateways were usually located at the Sidhi Mounds, the megalithic tombs of the Celts' Pre-Indo-European predecessors. But ways were also said to exist through sacred lakes and springs, and through caves in the craigs. These doorways admitted passage in both directions. On special days, mortal heroes or heroines crossed to the Other World on quests, adventures or to obtain prophetic knowledge. Throughout Eur-Asia, the dead, who exist beyond time, are believed to know the future as well as everything that has happened in the past. Dead ancestors could help a favored descendent with this knowledge, or send health and prosperity, but first the petitioner must be in perfect estate, having broken no Geas, nor taboo, nor have incurred the censor of any Deity or Sidhi. In addition, the seeker must be in the good graces of the ancestor whose help is needed. Health or disease were from the ancestors in the Celtic Cosmos; to live well one had to be on good terms with the dead and with one's past. The past becomes present again on Samhain, between the years. All oblations and funeral rites due the ancestors must have been offered, and all debts of this World paid, if the traveler is to step lightly between the Worlds. If all was not in perfect order, the quester might become trapped or the ancestors could send disease and misfortune when the passage opened. Or the

wronged dead could pass into this World, and walk in the time between the years, seeking revenge.

The concept of going to the Other World for help from disease or to secure prophetic knowledge is found in several different European Samhain traditions, as well as among the Celts, is probably cognate with, descended from the Other World journeys of the Paleolithic Eurasian shamans. Similar, but more complex and complete traditions and epics have been preserved among the Siberian shamanic religions. There, going to the Other World(s) and returning to one's mortal body are usually the privilege of the clergy, i.e. initiate shamans. But in Europe, on Samhain, the Other World is very close, in Celtic verse, just a mist apart. On this night, there is no treacherous journey through intermediate kingdoms or being-states. Tonight a mortal, albeit a hero or a heroine, could make the leap.

R.D.N.A members hold all night vigils, beginning with a bonfire at dusk when the first of the two Samhain services is held. All opened bottles of spirits must be finished by dawn, and there will be, then, no more fermented spirits in the Grove chalice until Beltaine. Plates of food and offerings should be set out, just beyond the firelight, for the souls of friends who have died in the past year. They may be invited to join the festivities.

At dawn the second Samhain service is held. All remaining liquor is sacrificed in the fire, and the Third Order Druids exchange their red ribbons and ornaments for the white of the Season of Sleep. There is pure water in the Chalice. The new year has begun.

In preparation, all debts should be paid, or arrangements for them brought into harmony. All rites due to the dead, and the past, should have been performed, and all obligations to the living brought current. Then enter the Time-Between-the-Worlds "without burden, without geas, without malice." Pleasant journeys!



The Song of the Druid

Post Oak Proto-Grove

A poem by Thomas M. Cross based on the "Hymn of Amhairghin" translated into the Gallo-Brittonic language commonly called Gaulish or Brythonic. Copyright 1986 Thomas M. Cross

Cantos Druidos

Esmi uentos uerna more
Esmi dubroi en more
Esmi taruos cation sectam
Esmi brennos uxellos-do monedos
Esmi gurensos sauli
Esmi tecisamos blotion
Esmi nertos aggos segos torci
Esmi esox en poullon
Esmi lindon en magos
Esmi cladibi catous
Esmi druids, io uragati tane en pennos.
Poi uedati menses lugati?
Poi lugati oinocos uerna monedon?

Poi canati magesos sauli, a ne me?

Translation:

I am the wind on the sea
I am the waters in the sea
I am the bull of seven battles
I am the crow above the mountain
I am the warmth of the sun
I am the fairest of flowers
I am the power and courage of the boar
I am the salmon in the pool
I am the lake in the plain
I am the sword of battle
I am the druid, who works fire in the head
Who speaks of the months of the moon?
Who lights the union on the mountain?
Who sings of the plain of the sun, if not I?

Notes:

Gaulish was a declensional language like Greek and Latin and contained nominative, accusative, genitive, dative and sometimes a vocative form differing from the nominative for its nouns. It also contained masculine, feminine and neuter genders; plural and dual forms. The verbs of Gaulish are conjugated similarly to Greek and Latin. It was a P-Celtic language spoken in ancient Britain (known as Brythonic) and in most of France, Belgium, parts of Iberia, Austria, Switzerland and part of southern Germany and was carried to Galatia and Bohemia by colonies of Gauls before the Christian era. The main dialects of Gaul were Belgic, Lugdunensian, and Narbonensian. Belgic dialects became Brythonic* which in time evolved into Welsh, Cornish and Breton –the three surviving P-Celtic languages. Cornish died out in the late 1700s, but was kept alive academically until its revival in this century. In ancient times the Celtic languages did not mutate the initial consonant as they do today, but during the period they began to drop many declensional endings, the process of lenition and other phonetic eccentricities caused mutation.

*in Britain

Re: A Druid Missal-Any

(Emmon Bodfish)

NO. 86-3869

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Shirley A. Coats of said County, does hereby certify:

That she is and was during all the time herein mentioned, a citizen of the United States, over the age of 21 years and neither a part to nor in any way interested in the matter or action herein set forth, and is and was competent to be a witness in said matter or action:

That she is now and at all times herein mentioned was the principal clerk of THE CONTRA COSTA NEWS REGISTER, publishers of THE CONTRA COSTA NEWS REGISTER, which is and was at all times herein mentioned a newspaper of general circulation printed and published semi-weekly in the City of Walnut Creek, County of Contra Costa, State of California, and as such principal clerk she has now and at all of said times had charge of all legal notices and advertisements in said newspaper; that said CONTRA COSTA NEWS REGISTER is now and was at all times herein mentioned newspaper of general circulation as that term is defined by Section 6000 of the Government Code, and as provided by said Section, is and at all of said time was published for the dissemination of local and telegraphic news and intelligence of a general character, having a bona fide subscription list of paying subscribers, and is not and at none of said times was devoted to the interests or published for the entertainment or instruction of a particular class, profession, trade, calling, race or denomination, or for any number of such classes, professions, trades, callings, races or denominations; that at all times said newspaper has been established, printed and published at regular intervals in said County and State, for more than one year preceding the date of the first publication of the notice herein mentioned; that said notice was set in type not smaller than nonpareil, and was preceded with words printed in black face type not smaller than nonpareil, describing and expressing in general terms the purpose and character of the notice intended to be given.

THAT THE

Fictitious Business Name Statement

of which the annexed is a printed copy, was published in said newspaper and not in any supplement thereof on the following dates, to-wit:

August 14, 22, 29; September 5, 1986

I certify (or declare) under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

Dated at Walnut Creek, California

this 5th day of September 1986

Shirley A. Coats
Signature.

Filed Sep 5 1986

J.R. Olsson, County Clerk

CONTRA COSTA COUNTRY

by C. Bonavera deputy

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME
STATEMENT

Contra Costa County No. 86-3869

The following person is doing business as: A Druid Missal-Any at 616 Miner Rd., Orinda, CA 94563.
EMMON BODFISH, 616 Miner Rd., Orinda, CA 94563.

This business commenced on November 10, 1985.
This business is conducted by an Individual.
/S/ EMMON BODFISH
Statement filed with the County Clerk of Contra Costa County
on Aug. 2, 1986.
Pub: Aug. 15, 22, 29; Sept. 5, 1986.



The Heathen on the Heath: Dying

It is the dawning of our year, and the time to mourn our dead.

I mourn two men of gentle courage, Earl McKeever and George Russ. I cannot keen, or recite their deeds in epic verse; I was not so trained, and neither am I that big a liar. I wept when weeping was fresh and unavoidable. Now is the time of remembrance, and I remember each of them.

Both lived with disability; both died at the hands of murderers. What this means to the year that has ended, or the year that is beginning, or any years before or after, is beyond me—for which I am glad.

As always, I turn to the garden, to the land.

Plants are dying now, sinking to the ground, beginning to decay before the green of life has entirely left them. New growth fastens on the decay and is made strong thereby. This is the way of compost, and of those of us who bear the stigma: Survivor. Ruthlessly the living soul battens on memory. The mourner weeps proudly, wearing the names of the dead as decorations of battle.

And the earth does not judge us, nor does she care. Salmon run, and spawn, and die, and all their history is carried out to sea, along with the hope of their race. Leaves fall, and become rich loam. Myth degenerates into bedtime stories—

—and children dream.

And what shall we do, when sweet-scented loves and bright, clean angers of youth begin to disintegrate into the nameless depths of a mind no longer young?

Some of us become cynical, embracing disproof when proof proves impossible. Some of us set places for the dead at our tables, and turn down their beds, and berate the living world for slighting them; too, we cling to dead dreams as if loud repetition of their content would bring back our innocence, and vindicate its misconceptions as higher truth. To some of us, the passage of time is a pattern, immune to any attempt of ours to contribute. To others, time has not passed at all.

“When I die,” one friend told me, “the world ends.”

But I choose to inhabit a world that will outlive me, if only for company, and the desire to belong. I may not leave a mark on the face of history; there may be no place for me in any structured scheme of things.

But there's always room on the compost heap.



Chapter of Not Having to Move Furniture in the Other World

Whoso knows this spell will have all his weekends free in Amenta.

May I not be forced to move furniture in the other world. That which is large, awkward, and extremely heavy, with sharp corners—may I not be forced to lift it.

The sofa—“I break your back” is its name; it does not fit through any door. I shall not carry the sofa; I shall not lift one end of the sofa.

The chest of drawers—“I fall on your foot” is its name. I shall not move the chest of drawers; I shall not carry even one drawer.

The pile of book boxes—it towers unto the ceiling; “pyramid of Khufu” is its name. I shall not carry one box; I shall not carry one book.

The waterbed—of myriad pieces is it made; no man knows their number. I shall not carry one piece; I shall not attempt to fit two pieces together.

I shall not move furniture in the other world, and all my weekends will be my own, for millions of years.

—Obscure Chapter of the Egyptian Book of the Dead.

Calendar

Samhain, when the Sun is half-way between Equinox and Solstice, will occur at 09:09 hours Greenwich on November 7th, 1986, or 9 minutes after 2 A.M. Pacific Daylight Time. (For Orinda Grove, add 8 minutes and 16 seconds from Fresno.) By the alternative method of calculation, the Sun will reach 15 degrees Scorpius at 10:06 A.M. P.D.T. on 11/7/86. For update on plans at Orinda Grove, call (415) 254-1387. Sickle and Corn Doll Ceremony follows.

*It has actually been a year, a very happy year, since we ran a-foul of that force that causes more trouble than ever did ghosts or goblins. I am speaking of...politics.

—Mad Sweeney.

Postmarked 31 Oct 1986

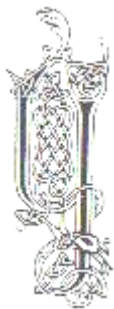
A Druid Missal-Any

Yule 1986

Volume 10 Number 8

Yule Essay: Mistletoe

By Emmon Bodfish



ule, Winter Solstice is one of the four minor Druid High Days. It is associated with the Holly and the Mistletoe, prosperity and purification. The hanging of Mistletoe over doorways harks back to its protective function, as the All-Heal. Spirits that bring disease will not pass under it. All Mistletoe use and customs are carry overs from Pagan, most notably Druidic traditions.

Though kissing under the Mistletoe can't be traced back further than the 17th century, it is probably much older. It reflects the herb's Paleo-Druidic attributes of protection, fertility, and prosperity.

Pliny the Elder, in his *Natural History*, gives us the best description of a Paleopagan Druid Ceremony, that of cutting the Mistletoe. According to Stuart Piggot, the ceremonial mistletoe must be cut from an oak tree. The time of the ritual was set by the Moon as in Pliny's description.

"The time of the rite was the sixth day of the new moon, after preparations had been made for a feast and a sacrifice of two white bulls. A Druid in a white robe climbed the tree and cut with a golden sickle the branch of mistletoe, which was caught as it fell on a white cloak. The bulls were then sacrificed and all present ate of them."

The golden sickle is a puzzle, as pure gold will not hold an edge sharp and tough enough to cut through the woody stem of the mistletoe. Gilded, or simply polished bronze, are more likely materials. Though Pliny was allowed to witness the ritual, he probably could not approach the Druid or examine the sickle.

Nor would he have been able to talk to a Gaulish Druid without an interpreter. Their ceremony was recorded in Roman Gaul. Gold may have been a description of color, or a quoting of hearsay. Elsewhere in his book Pliny writes of the ritual necessity of gathering the mistletoe left handed, after fasting, and of the Celts plucking Selago without using an iron knife, barefoot and with the right hand through the left sleeve of a white tunic, but these were private rites, not public ceremonies. There is no mention in them of the presence of a Druid.

Calendar

Winter Solstice is at 7:56 P.M. Pacific Standard Time on December 21st, that is 03:56 hours Greenwich, 1986. If you are near a clock, and remember, shout "Shaul!"

Post-Oak Proto-Grove

Druidism and Truth

An Editorial by Thomas Cross

The word druid itself is rooted in the same Indo-European source as the English word true and truth: names **dru*—the zero-grade form of **deru* "firm, solid, steadfast" which also gave us such words as tree, endure, durable, the Greek *drus*, Sanskrit *druvam* and so forth.

Since Druid means "he who is truthful" or "the firm, solid and steadfast one" (in Gaulish *druis* "druid" in nominative case, *druidos* in the genitive), it is appropriate that we look always for the truth and always utter the truth. In old Irish sagas, the druid or seer who utters a falsehood is cursed and some disaster befalls him and whenever he takes an oath he promises or swears that if he should utter a falsehood knowingly, he may be swallowed up into the earth or some other calamity take him.

In our modern information age that we are now entering, I urge that us modern day druids do our share of preserving truth and guarding against falsehood and dishonesty. I am of course speaking in terms of advertising, everyday speech, on the job, in school, in business, etc. The truth must be able to stand on its own. Truth is not opinion, truth is fact, truth is not values, but truth, though it be impersonal, often hurts when people cannot face it. I find that my greatest pet peeve is misinformation, misleading speculation, propaganda, deception in reporting and teaching. There is much deliberate writing of misinformation in the writings of the occult world. Often the authors are too lazy or too hasty to do the proper research for supporting their opinions or they deliberately falsify their sources and present pseudo-history as history or vice versa. There are so many popular misconceptions held by so many that the truth will be distorted for a long time in the folklore of the modern occultist and neo-pagan in the years to come—although we have the correct information available in most public libraries alongside the misinformation.

Another source of misinformation being disseminated to the general public (outside of the neo-pagan milieu) is the propaganda of the Christian Fundamentalists and Evangelists or "Fundagelicals", who deliberately report falsehoods about the beliefs of others in order to build "straw-men" of their religious and ideological competitors. Often the Fundagelicals report or present their own idiosyncratic or personal religious views as if they were fact—that is, as if they were the objective truth! The Fundagelicals, one might say, confuse fact with values or opinions—a blatant error in logic!

In the field of Celtic scholarship concerning the ancient or paleo-Druids, there is so much nonsense being passed off as fact that it is a time-consuming and tedious task to begin to research the subject. To the beginner and those who have fallen victim to the nonsense, I recommend that you read many of the books coming out in the field of comparative religion and mythology by Georges Dumezil, Jaan Puhvel, Gerald Larson, Bruce Lincoln (to name a few) and consult the works of Mircea Eliade—one of the great 20th century scholars. For those who are concerned about ecology and conservation, I recommend Lovelock's Gaia. For the general

reader I would recommend *The New Apocrypha*—John Sladek, *Psychology's Occult Doubles*—Leahy and Leahy, *The Psychology of Transcendence*—Andrew Neher, the *Dictionary of Misinformation*—Burnam, *More Misinformation*—Burnam, *There are Alligators in our Sewers*—Dickson.

Also I recommend that all neo-pagans develop a skeptical side to how they view these things, to read between the lines, and question things and be curious. It is o.k. to be curious—in fact, it is healthy to be curious about life. Most everyone reading this newsletter, will probably think to him or herself, “Oh I always think for myself, I question things, I read between the lines” and so forth. I ask that you even question *that* and even question what I have written as you read. I *am* not suggesting that we be distrustful or become reductionists or *overly* critical and skeptical. I am suggesting though, that we become less emotional and more inquisitive about learning...that we don't just accept things because they merely feel good or seem to work. Playing around with metaphysics and making experiments with our consciousness is serious business and one can so easily fool oneself into believing things that are not the case which can have serious repercussions for the future. If anyone has read the book *The Day the Universe Changed* by James Burke or seen the series on PBS, you will understand on the worldly level also.

I recommend that you get a copy of a good simple-to-read book on Logic or Reasoning—especially if you have never studied the subject and read it carefully (I recommend *Introduction to Logic* by Copi). Take a course in logic at a local college or school, it will well be worth it for anyone. A fun pastime would be to identify fallacies while reading or watching TV or listening to the radio—(advertising is rife with fallacies and propaganda techniques). Pretty soon you can tear apart the arguments of books simply on grounds of incorrect reasoning or illogic.

I am sure this article will have offended many right-brain, purely emotional mystics, who believe that truth can only be found through some altered state or dream-world; my rebuttal to them is that they are not speaking of this world that we all must live in together. I am talking about the physical world, the here and now, and the rules for living here depends upon people getting along with each other, keeping the environment clean and inhabitable, avoidance of war, avoidance of crime, learning to live with the weather and climatic conditions and avoiding stress, disease, poisons and dishonesty. We all must face that we have to have the mundane necessities in order to survive and we cannot live by spiritual and visionary or magical experiences alone.

—Tom C.

Nonsense: Or Popular Fallacies in the Neo-Pagan World:

That worshipping a Male deity is a trait of a male dominated society, or, that worshipping a female deity is the trait of a female dominated society.

That a society that used matrilineal descent was “matriarchal.”

That all patriarchal societies treated females as inferiors.

That the mother goddesses of Europeans in pagan times are derived from a pre-Indo-European matriarchal or matrilineal people, and/or that they all represent a universal Mother-Earth. That all celestial deities are Male deities.

That removing sexism from our language will help us to be less sexist. (the Turks and Persians or Iranians have almost genderless or non-sexist languages—yet their cultures are very sexist).

That religious beliefs can be handed down genetically—that certain races have certain types of souls or spirits.

—TC

Halloween and the Druids

This mis-information for school children was published by ESP Inc. Here's what to do. Write to these people at the Berkeley School District, and make known your objections to this spread of misrepresentations. You might quote some of the sources in the past Missal-Anys, or the Druid Book List (available from us.). Be polite, as they in all probability did not know that they perpetuating untruths.

Have students learn to spell and define the following terms, which appear in the “Student Instructions.”

demon
Druid
elf
grotesque
Halloween
pagan
summer's end
witch
fairy
ghost
pitchfork
spirit

Student Instructions

The name “Halloween” means “hallowed (holy) evening.” It is celebrated the day before All Saint's Day. In spite of the fact that Halloween takes its name from a Christian festival, it has never taken on a Christian significance. All of the customs associated with Halloween have pagan origins.

The Druids were an order of pagan priests in ancient Britain and Gaul. They believed that ghosts, witches, fairies, and elves came out to hurt people on Halloween. They also believed black cats were sacred and that they had once been human beings but were changed as a punishment for their bad deeds.

The Druids held a celebration on Halloween called Samhain, meaning summer's end, which marked the beginning of winter and was a time for feasting on food grown in the summer months. Our custom of decorating for Halloween with autumn leaves, pumpkins, and cornstalks came from the autumn festival of the Druids. On the night between October and November, the Druids built huge fires on hills as a protection against the evil to come. The believed evil spirits were waiting to rush in when summer was over. Many Druids stood around these fires and told of their meetings with spirits. They waved burning pieces of straw raised on pitchforks, for they believed this would frighten away demons and witches. In case this did not work, they also wore grotesque and

terrifying costumes. They believed if they dressed horribly and walked around all night, the spirits would think they were demons and do them no harm.

We have kept many Druid customs by using pictures and shapes of ghosts and witches in Halloween decorations and by wearing costumes and masks.

The Heathen on the Heath: Seasonal Festivities

The wind is rising; it yowls like a ghost, or like my boojum-hunting Siamese cat. Modern society, to placate centralized authority, has its Halloweens and Christmases mixed up; Yule's defiance of the dark has always had a shiver in it, for all the blazing fires and gift-giving.

In the hills, our potlatches begin early and end late, with gifts displaying little of meekness, or modern good taste. It is a show of individual power and communal solidarity, an upraised finger to the society that names us separate and subordinate, and a jeer at the darkness. Animals are given, and food, and parts for woodstoves, and tools, and weapons. The well-to-do clothe their friends in gaudy finery; the poor may literally give the shirts off their backs. ("I got good wear out of this, but it'd really look better on you...") Some of these folk are Christians, and others evade all Gods equally; we pagans, for the most part, go in secret. But the Mother is there. Who can forget Her ways, when She blows off chunks of the roof and pours the bounty of Her waters down the backs of our necks at 4 A.M.?

The Really Together Pagan Farmer could perhaps use the Season of Sleep to catch up on same (barring the occasional invasion by the elements!) For all Her vaunted somnolence in these short days, Mom would do a lot of my winter work for me, had I only prepared. Clover scattered in the cornfield will both feed and weed it, while we who miss the boat get to experience winter's majesty firsthand, as we haul manure in the rain. And this is the litany of the Not So Together Pagan Farmer: "Next year, for sure, I'll remember!"

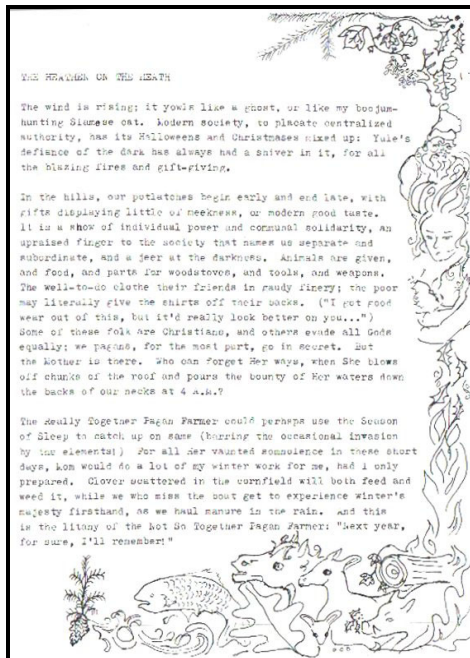
People of the towns and valleys charge about at breakneck speed, readying for their own midwinter festival. They beam in childlike glee at festoons of red and gold and green—anybody recognize those colors? Spend money like water, and then go home and feed their shrewd and skeptical children one version or another of the Santa Clause: there is or there ain't. The Heathen's child didn't wait for the huffing and puffing of grownup authority. "Santa's a spirit," he said. The Heathen's child happens to believe in spirits, being something of an imp himself. Will Santa come to him in visions? Guide him through the forest at night? Bestow amulets, misplace household objects, spook the cat? There have been a disproportionate number of small, impressively-antlered deer around here lately; perhaps I should have a talk with that kid.

Do people have a Yule instinct? With crèches and evergreens, candles in varying arrangements, and assorted bells and books, we all seem to gather in the dark, to give the Wheel of the Year a push out of midwinter's mud and snow. And thus we come to love a season of harsh truths. It is now that sickly animals will die, and terminally-ill people as well. It is now that the weather takes its toll, in sniffles and shivers, in stuck, crashed, or broken vehicles. And darkness settles in our thoughts and our hearts, depression and contention and unexplained tears: we *need* our festival now. The flame of Life's energy burns low, and it is our turn to fan the embers that once blazed so heartily, whether or not we noticed or cared.

The Druids did NOT believe that ghosts, fairy (firr an Si) came out to hurt people on Samhain. And no Druids of ancient times ever made mention of witches, a pejorative term for members of the Old, also Pagan, Religion. There is no evidence connecting Druidism with any beliefs about black cats; a belief that is probably much more ancient and universal. There is also no evidence that the Celtic beliefs about reincarnation included the return of a person as a cat. Celtic myths and poems that deal with the subject show people's souls returning as people. For a brief summary of some of the Druidic beliefs about Samhain, see the Samhain Missal—Any for 1986. The bonfires on hilltops were beacons to herald the returning Sun, not "protection from evil." The straw and pitchfork story, I cannot find anywhere in Celtic myth, folklore, history or religion. There is no evidence that they ever dressed in "costumes." This is a later invention, possibly harking to memories of myths of Puccas, Celtic nature spirits who gleaned the grain left in the fields after Samhain, Samhain being the end of the harvest. As for line 7, column 2, there is no reference indicating that Druids ever dressed in poor taste nor walked insomniacally around all night. Vigils were held on Samhain. There is no evidence that any Druid ever disguised her/himself as a demon.

"Oh, Well," as Larry said, "It could have been worse. At least they didn't mention human sacrifice."

—E.B.



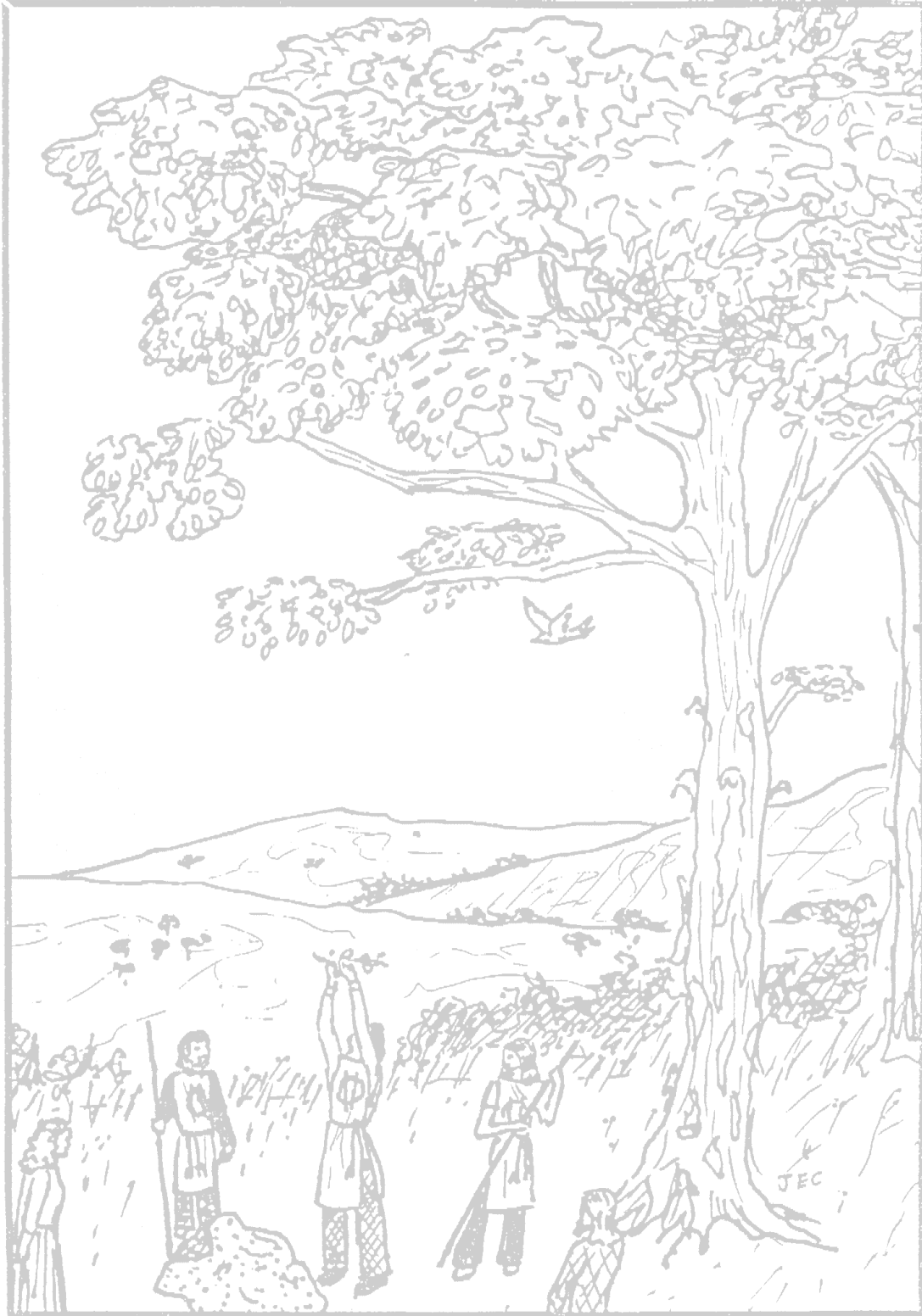
So join now, my people, remembering who we are. Let not the traditions of others, whether openly sacred or merely The Way Things Are Done These Days, bind us in unawareness. Rather let us face our hardship and heartbreaks, wearying pasts and intimidating futures, and together make loud, rude noises at them. And so we shall be prepared for the Sun's return, and strengthened for the work that is to follow. Don't worry if it isn't easy, or if the holiday's merriment has a catch in it here and there. We have the freedom to debunk the *real* seasonal fraud, and admit: it *isn't* easy, or carefree, or exactly like being a kid again. Then, having admitted it, light the fire, pour the punch, and make the light welcome when it gets here.

It isn't easy. So why should Mom have to do it all alone?



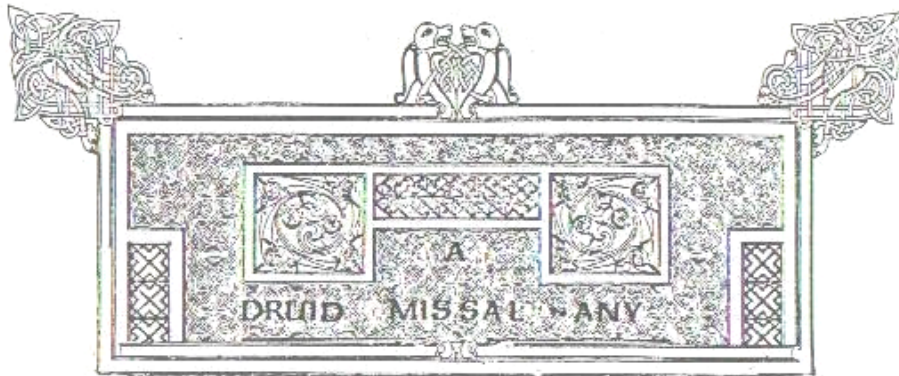
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SECTION TWO

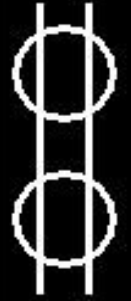


A Druid Missal-Any

Volume Eleven

1987 c.e.

Drynemetum Press



A Druid Missal-Any

Oimeic 1987

Volume 11 Number 1

Oimeic Essay: Bride

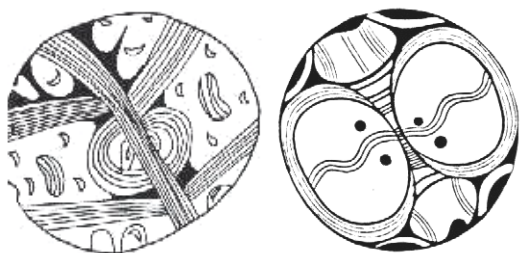
By Emmon Bodfish



Oimeic, the festival of Bride, Bridgit, Bredes, the Sun-Maiden, Celtic Goddess of Light, Fire, and the Hearth. She is the patroness of craftsmen, especially those that use fire, smithies and workers in gold. Gold is her color, and she hangs her cloak on the beams of the morning Sun. She is also the patroness of poets, source of Bardic inspiration, which, to the Gaels was a supersensory form of fire descending upon the mind of the poet. The symbol of fire-in-the-water signified her divine inspiration, and her favored poets could see fire burning at the bottom of her sacred wells and springs.

The Festival of Lights, Candlemas, on the Continent, a celebration presided over by “Lucinda,” from the Latin “the light bringer,” is rooted in old Oimeic festivals. The Light is now returning; the days grow perceptibly longer, thaw begins in the more southerly parts of Europe and in Ireland, and the sheep and kine begin to give birth. In this association, and as Goddess of the Hearth, Bride is also the Goddess of birth. (To co-opt her worship, which they couldn’t eradicate, the Christians invented Bridget, who was mid-wife to Mary and Jesus. No such character is mentioned in the Bible.)

In the R.D.N.A. tradition, Oimeic is celebrated when the Sun is mid-way between Solstice and Equinox. There is the milk of a sheep or a goat in the chalice, and thanks are given that the coldest time of the year is past. The Earth Mother begins to stir in Her sleep, and dream of Spring.



Hatching Blessing

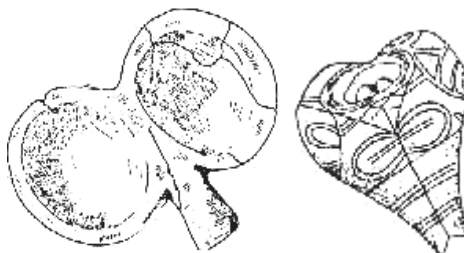
Bu tu fein an deagh nabaidh agus an caraide caomh. Ma ’s a h-e agus gun ruig thu null fearann do dhuthchais agus duthaich do bhreith, agus gum feumair thu tilleadh a nall dh’an fhoonn-sa rithist, tha mise cur mar bhoid agus mar bhriathar ort, agus mar naoi riarraiche nam bana-sith, thu dhol gu ruig Cladh Mhicheil ann an Ormacleit, an Uibhist, agus thu thoir as a sin thugam-sa deannan beag urach a churar air clar mo chridhe-sa la mo bhais.

I will rise early on the morning of Monday,
I will sing my rune and rhyme,
I will go sunwise with my cog
To the nest of my hen with sure intent.

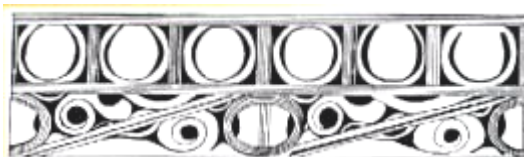
I will place my left hand to my breast,

My right hand to my heart,
I will seek the loving wisdom of Him
Abundant in grace, in broods, and in flocks.

I will close my two eyes quickly,
As in blind-man’s bluff moving slowly;
I will stretch my left hand over thither
To the nest of my hen on yonder side.



This is a hatching spell peculiar to this egg-time of year, from the Scottish Highlands, circa 1800. In the Gáidhlig introduction by the collector, Alexander Carmichael, there is a quote from the 102 year old lady from whom he collected this and other runes. In it she tells of the customs, purely pagan, of placing a bit of the native soil on the breast of a corpse before burial. This is a custom I have heard from many sources in the Neo-pagan community, and from my Celtic relatives as a child. However, this is the first “academic” reference or precedent I have been able to uncover. It may have been a part of the Ancient Druid funeral rites, or from an even older Pagan stratum. I have heard it called the “releasing soil” now-a-days. It could well be incorporated into N.R.D.N.A. traditions. We would appreciate any feedback anyone out there has on this.



[2005 Editor’s note: Emmon had this done at his funeral in 1999.]

Letters to the Editor

I especially have come to enjoy “The Heathen on the Heath” series—it’s well written and thoughtful, there is a place for both the scholarly point of view and “the country pagan” point of view. In my opinion, both are important.

I’ve lived in the country twice in my life, and it’s much easier to be a “real” pagan in the country than in the city. In my opinion—the natural cycles of the Earth and the seasons are far easier to follow and to be in tune with in the country—I long for the mountains and woods in my heart—I really don’t like living in the city, but for now, that’s reality I suppose.

Thom Cross tells me that the Celts really weren’t Chthonic oriented—or Mother Earth oriented, but were more sky and astronomically oriented.

Well, the Celts loved Nature from what I read—and I personally believe that some of their Goddesses were very much Earth Mother types (Dana or Danu for one example)—and in a way it doesn’t matter what the historic Celts believed in, or how they practiced their faith in the ancient times, but what we believe in and where we are going *now*.

I believe that Mother Earth needs our help, and now perhaps some of the “Balance” lost can be restored—perhaps I’m wrong—but that’s one of the major reasons that paganism is

important to me—that I'm of Celtic descent is important too, but it's second to the feelings above.

I believe that modern pagans should become more involved in ecology—cause at least to me that is where the real “power” comes from—from our attunement to Nature, and to the natural cycles of building and decay—life and death.

I'm not trying to negate the role scholarship and study either, for these are very important too—but one can probably learn more about the role of one's life in relation to the whole, and to “the Gods” by a few days in the wilderness, than by weeks spent studying in the library, or in one's study.

I suppose that it comes down to a question of balance in our lives, as well as in nature (which are lives are a part of—no matter if we live in city or country), to balance the studying and scholarship, and the playing and questing in Nature out, one with the other—“the middle path” as the Tibetan Buddhists might say.

—Albion

Pagan Action Alert: November, 1986

Circle Prepares to Go to Court to Fight for Wiccan Rights: We Need Your Help!

Our struggle to obtain a permit to continue operating our Wiccan Church on Circle Sanctuary Land has been going on for more than seven months, and now it is very likely that we will be going to court.

Our right to have our Church's networking offices and other religious activities in our remodeled barn was challenged in April by the county zoning administrator, who threatened to take us to court and fine us for non-compliance to the county zoning code. We then went through a series of intense public zoning meetings in July and August. After running into difficulties in the first two meetings, we got another attorney involved. This second lawyer, who has done work with the ACLU in the past, told us he was interested in serving as lead attorney should we need to go to court. I, along with both of our attorneys, spoke in our Church's behalf at the next meeting in late August. There was much heated debate between us and the government officials about whether or not we were a legitimate Church and whether or not we should get a permit. Finally, we were verbally promised by the local Town Board, the County Zoning Committee, and the County Chairman himself, that we would get a zoning change and permit to continue operating our Church on our Land as we have been doing for the past three years. Based on that promise, we entered into the additional legal steps necessary to obtain that permit, including filing a new application and presenting our request to government officials at more meetings.

However, our new application began running into trouble at the October meeting when the Town Board broke its promise and voted to recommend denying the zoning change to County Board which has the authority to grant the change. Despite this, we persisted in negotiations at a meeting on November 6 and won the Zoning Committee's recommendation for the change by a 3-2 vote. In addition, we even settled on the terms of our zoning permit with both the Town Board and the Zoning Committee. But our zoning change was defeated a week later at the county level by the County Board. Accompanying this letter are recent newspaper articles about that decision.

We now have done everything we can to obtain our permit without a court battle. There is still a chance that the County Board may reverse its decision by voting again, but this has seldom happened in County Board history. I am presently planning strategy with our team of attorneys, which now includes

the two who have already been involved in the case, plus another who has had direct experience in dealing with a case of this nature in Wisconsin. While, due to counsel from our attorneys, I can not report exact what legal approaches we will be taking, I can tell you that we are preparing to go to court, even the U.S. Supreme Court if necessary, to fight for our right to operate our Wiccan Church on this Land.

As far as I know, Circle Sanctuary is the first Wiccan Church in the nation to be faced with such a zoning challenge. Whether we win or lose, what happens to us will affect efforts of other Wiccan Churches to obtain Church zoning in their own local areas as well as Pagan Rights in general. Therefore, it is vitally important for us to win—not only so that we can keep providing our networking services to Pagans throughout the nation and around the world, but even more importantly, so that Pagan religious freedoms are upheld.

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

* Send Money: we desperately need funds to win this battle. Any donation, large or small, is appreciated and is tax deductible. Send to: Circle Sanctuary Defense Fund, Box 219, Mr. Horeb, WI 53572 USA.

* Send Energy: Remember us in your meditations and rituals. Send us healing, strength, protection, prosperity, and success.

* Tell Others: ask other Pagans to send us money and energy, too.

Thanks for all Support you send us!

Blessed Be, Selena Fox, High Priestess, Circle Sanctuary

Calendar

Astronomical Oimelc, when the Sun is half way between Solstice and Equinox, will occur this year at 46 minutes after midnight February 4, 1987, Pacific Standard Time.

A Druid Missal-Any Spring Equinox 1987 Volume 11 Number 2

Spring Equinox Essay:

Horse Deities

By Emmon Bodfish



Spring Equinox, balance, awakening, a time of planting, a time in keeping with the theme of Irish Macha, Patroness of farmers, the Horse-goddess, who could run with the speed of a horse or become one. On the Continent She was called Epona. She was Rhiannon in Wales. She is a shape-shifting Goddess who can appear in human form, or in the form of a mare, or of a woman mounted on horseback. She is responsible not only for the fertility of herds, but of the ground as well. She is described in Celtic myths as the mother of kings or as capable of bestowing sovereignty on the rightful king. She is represented by the white mare whom the Kings of Ireland espouse at their coronations. Prof. J. Duran speculates that Macha and the mare represent the agrarian classes, the "Tuath," the third of the three castes in ancient Celtic society. (The other two were the warriors and the Druids. "Caste" is a poor word since these categories were not rigid, and some movement between them was possible, but it is used in Indo-European studies for lack of a better term.)

Macha may have been the Patroness of the Tuath, as Bride was the Patroness of Bards, and as the Morgani were associated with the warrior caste. Llyr, or Mamnon McLlyr, it is said, also has ancient equine themes running through His worship. There is a theory that He was a Horse-deity back on the steppes of the Indo-European homeland, and that only later, when the Celtic peoples reached the Atlantic coast and the Island, did He become a Sea-god. He is always portrayed in a chariot, or riding in a boat, or in a combination of both, as in His sea-shell boat drawn by porpoises. This considered, He may be more a charioteer or vehicular god than a Horse-deity.* Epona rides astride. Cernnunos, the other shape-shifting, fertility-bestowing deity, never rides. He sits on the ground among the wild beasts, and is spoken of as running with the deer. These latter two figures hark back to the earliest Eur-Asian levels, very likely to the Paleolithic. Similar figures may have been common to the Ice Age peoples of Eastern Europe and West Asia from whom the Proto-Indo-Europeans sprang. In that early time, in the art of the Magdalenian hunters, a similar theme can be seen.

The Paleolithic dancer wearing a horse-head mask is a woman. The men wear disguises of horned animals, bear, or mammoths. The connection between Macha, the female shape-shifter-shaman-magician, and the horse may be very old, paralleling the male enchanter of horned animals, from the time when the Horned Man and the Horse Woman danced in Paleolithic caves.

*Could He be persuaded to protect us nowadays in our cars?



Fig. 24. L. Capitan, etc. Peintures et gravures murales des caverns paleolithiques. Les Combarelles aux Eyzies, 1924."

Calendar

Spring Equinox will occur at 7:53 P.M. on March 20, 1987, Pacific Time. The Sun crosses the Celestial Equator and Spring begins in the vulgar calendar.

Astronomical Beltaine, when the Sun is midway between Equinox and Solstice, will occur at 2:08 P.M. Pacific Standard Time on May 5, 1987.

God upstairs,
Downstairs you.
Now just which
Invented who?
Dharma Shave



"Little Magician's Kit" on the box.

The Debate Issue

(The Editor fiercely refuses to take sides)



A Rebuttal to Albion and the Irrationalists and the Anti-Intellectual and Anti-Celtic "Druids" (or Those who call themselves "Druids" 'cause they like the name)

I would like to point out that I never told him that the Celts were "astronomically" oriented nor did I tell him that the ancient

Celts had no chthonic beliefs (at all). Mr. Albion has made a “straw man” of me and he uses an *ad hominem* argument by implying that I am anti-ecological or anti-nature because I happen to believe in BOTH the celestial and terrestrial.

Albion is apparently stricken with urban romanticism and somehow believes that knowing “too much” about the ancient Celts will somehow keep you from appreciating nature (which he equates with mother-earth). The Celtic peoples of pagan times were very much concerned with *natural phenomena*. This is clearly not the same thing as MOTHER Nature, whom we have seen on margarine commercials (and elves do not bake cookies in trees either).

The ancient Celts have been romanticized for three centuries or more, and the Druids have been characterized as anything from White-Robed Hermits to Astronomers and medicine men. I believe that we modern Druids are above this kind of la-de-da romanticism that contributes nothing to our intellectual and spiritual growth, but merely serves to obscure the truth behind pseudo-science and whimsical folklore and fairytales. If paganism or NEO-paganism has to hide behind pseudo-science and irrational obscurantism, then it is not better off than the rubbish promulgated by mad-men...the delusions, the fads and falsehood that will certainly lead our civilization to ignorance and ruin.

Mr. Albion has attacked the years of research I have put into reconstructing and organizing the vast amount of comparative studies on the Druids and what they might have actually taught. Because Albion has learned much from me* and because he seems to be disappointed in what the paleo-Druids were about, he has decided to attack the messenger for the message. However, he would not have been so quick to attack had he understood the significance of what the paleo-Druid’s message had to teach, but unfortunately he finds his *own* reality a safe place than to try to comprehend the world of the ancient Celt. Of course it is not easy to understand the world-view of the ancient pagans—but nothing worth knowing is always going to be EASY.

Furthermore, Albion hasn’t his facts straight...Danu (Anglicised as Dana) was not an EARTH MOTHER type so far as scholars can deduce, for the name Danu comes from an Indo-European root meaning “to flow” or “to drip” (see page 175 of Julius Pokorny’s Dictionary)...going by the fact that Danu is cognate with the name of the Danube river (*Danu- in Celtic renamed *Danuuius* by the Romans) it seems that *She* is (or was) originally a *River Goddess*. This is not uncommon since rivers all over Britain and Ireland (also Gaul) are named after Celtic goddesses. Danu’s role in Celtic myths is very shadowy and ill-definable—all we can surmise is that she is the Mother-of-the-Gods since the name Tuatha De Danann (= tribes-of-Goddess-Danu) and Welsh Mabinogi characters with divine names are frequently “ap Don” (= “son of Don” or “Son of Danu”). Also there are river names all over Britain resembling this Don/Danu: Donwy river, Don river (in Scotland) and the two Dee rivers (the Dee = Celtic *Deua* in Gaulish (or Brythonic) “goddess” the feminine equivalent of *Deuos* “god.”) Therefore, we have no real evidence for believing that Danu was an earth goddess.

Out of respect for the intelligence of Missal-Any readers I believe I am obligated to research and substantiate my assertions before I allow my ideas to be published...in Albion’s case what he has written speaks for itself...as what many others have written in neo-pagan journals. If you were led to think that Danu was an earth goddess and it was never

*well maybe not!

presented to you any other way, you would not know any better. Unfortunately, Albion didn’t know or consider using a better and more plausible example of an earth goddess for the ancient Celts

(which I might add is quite obvious if one knows anything about Celtic mythology) that is *Tailltiu* who gave her name to Teltown—the site of an ancient shrine for ancient Irish pagans. The name *Tailltiu* is etymologically cognate with the Latin *Tellus* and these names go back to an Indo-European root meaning “ground, floor” **Tel-* and this gave the Gauls their word for earth “*talamu* (genitive *talamun*) in Irish this word is *talamh*. The ancient Romans had *Terra mater* “mother earth” or quite literally “mother land.” The Greeks had *Gaia* which James Lovelock used as the title of a well-known book...and well the Celts loved nature so much but...if you’re like Albion: just go out to the country and make up you own religion...why give a rat’s arse about all that boog larning’ anyway!?!?!

—Thomas Cross

The Modern Irrationalist or Fundamentalist Paganism

(A Satire by Thomas Cross)

I’m a kentree pagan ya see s’I doan need no ejjy-kayshunz
 I doan give a dayam ‘bout whut them ancient Droods tawt
 I bleeve to be a true nay-o pagan ya need misty-cull oh-cayshunz
 I doan wanna hair no tock ‘bout them seltic or kelchick stories
 I thank we should jest make it all up from our own thought.

I bleeve that iffen ye larn too mech ‘bout them myth-all-jeez
 Ye aint goan get haaa oan naychur lag hawkin’ in the wudds
 Them payble who sets cheer in they lah-berries an’ steddies
 Hey man I doan wanna larn nuthin’ I jest wont vibrations.

Whudda hair ya sayin’ is thet yew bleeve in yer reality
 Well Ah got ma own reality ma min’ is closed to what them
 skollies have to say
 I thank all ye gotta do is go outside and teeka hawk through the
 wudds
 I shore do miss them mountains I hate the setty laugh
 I wants to get backy nachur lag the good ole daze

Although I’m not a blood-selt I fail it een ma hort
 I gnaw een ma hort awm a drood dude, man
 So doan go conner-dickin’ ma re-Al-it-tee
 So daon go tailin’ me ‘bout them oldtimey Droodz
 It herts ma broyn to hair that steff ‘cuz I
 Done made up moan red-LEGION annitz my re-Al-it-tee

I’m kenchee pagan ya see s’I doan bleeve in HIS-story
 I doan keer whut them SIGH-en-tists bleeve or soy
 I doan keer fer TAKE-gnaw-lujjy or air EEK-con-gnome-ee
 Een ma hort an’ spert I gnaw it all jest from what ah fail

Doan gimme them high-falutin’ kolleej wurdz
 All I wont is them vibrations, man
 I bleeve in getting’ back to nature with nuthin’ but
 a shovel and SIGH-kick energy
 I doan need no Sigh-enz to hep out the earth
 Jest my reality.

The Irrational Pagan

(A Satire on Those Turned Off by Paleo-Druidism and Other Anti-Intellectuals Also.)

Bein’ a pagan’s nothin’ more than goin’ outside
 Going out in the country and talkin’ ‘bout ecology

Yer only a true pagan when you go out in the woods
 And getchy self in tune with nature or Mother Earth
 We don't need Science and Tech-nology
 to make the world a better place for what it's worth.
 Though I don't care what they had to say
 I call myself a Druid anyway
 I also say I'm a Celtic-man
 Though I aint interested in their culture.
 It don't matter what's in history's plan
 I jest know what I fail in ma hort with nature
 So don't go telling' me 'bout them ancient folks
 You can only learn about them in books.
 It hurts my eyes and brain to read 'bout ancient stuff.
 So I bleeve what I fail in my hort is enough.
 What I hair yo sayin' man is that you bleeve in yer reality
 Well I got my own reality and it's a safer place for me
 In my own world where I b'long I get high on nature
 I pine for the trees and mountains where there's no one
 To contradict me or disagree (with humongous college words)
 There, I can say whatever I bleeve is pagan and Druidic
 I can say that I am a Celt or Tibetan Buddhist and
 No one can ask me questions about the Celtic or Buddhist bleefs.
 Yep, I'm safe in my own reality there in the country
 I am all alone to be a real backwoods mystic
 Aint it a shame though that I have to live in the big city
 Where there's a bunch o' other people talkin' and learnin'
 I feel so damn powerless against them high rise buildings
 I can only sound out magical energy to restore nature's balance.
 But hail there goes them damn scholars a-studyin' things again
 Tellin' me it aint enough to be sendin' out vibrations
 They tell me I got to read and learn things, damn that education!

—Thomas M. Cross 1987

A Reply to Thomas Cross' Rebuttal

By Albion

First off, I'd like to say that it saddens me deeply that I have obviously lost a good friend.

Thomas, my letter was *not* an attack upon you personally, though you obviously took it that way. I am truly sorry to have offended a friend over something like having different opinions (and it seems that we are indeed worlds apart in our views).

If I could offer some opinions here, (notice I said "opinions," that's exactly what I mean) I am going to ignore all the pointed jabs that Thom Cross makes at me personally, but I do want to address several of the issues that he raises.

I never meant to imply that Thom was "Anti-ecological" or "anti-nature," I can't see where he finds this from after re-reading the original letter (which by the by, was a personal letter to Emmon and was only published after he asked me if I minded if he did so) of mine.

On the contrary, I knew that Thom loves nature long before I wrote this letter.

Where in my letter in question, do I attack "the years of research" that you have done, there *is* a need for scholarship as I pointed out, but reading and studying will never take one all the way to a spiritual experience, it can help, but something more is needed.

It would be nice to know much more about what the Ancient Celts believed in and did, but even if I did know, it's doubtful that I would live or practice ritual in the same manner as they did. Paganism, like all living religion and true forms of spirituality, is an evolving and changing thing. I find it highly doubtful that we could go back to the world of the Ancient Celts, as time at this level is linear, we can only go forward (or around,

as the case may be). The Celts, as all ancient cultures, did some rather ghastly and Barbaric things—that I personally would never want to be part of.

I stand corrected about Danu, however, as the meaning of words changed, Dana, or Danu, came to be connected with the land in general in Ireland, this holds true today, as well in yesteryear.

I think Thomas Cross is missing the point here, where paganism survived (at least in the British Isles) it was not usually the scholarly class who helped it do so, but the simple country people who had passed their beliefs on orally for hundreds of years, these people were not researchers, nor did their knowledge come from books—but it was passed down from generation to generation (by word of mouth).

I don't advocate "making up" one's own religion. I do advocate getting to know your own Higher Self, I do advocate getting out of the cities if it's possible, which in many cases it isn't—in these cases some sort of "quest" into Nature and your own relationship to Nature at all levels is in order, I feel.

I feel that we as a species are at a turning point that could go either way—certainly, being an active ecologist is part of being pagan (at least for me). After living in California for two years, the condition of much of the air and water in the heavier populated places is simply appalling to me. So much for my "urban romanticism".

I am proud to be of Celtic descent, I am interested in my ancestry and always have been.

I am not a "Druid"—since the real Ancient Druids all died off centuries ago (or thousands of years ago). What really qualifies one to be a "Druid?" There are many Druid-revivalist groups both here and in Europe, are any of them "real" Druids?

I have received teachings from an hereditary pagan from England, from two "Wicca" groups of modern origins, and done much research into Native-American Spirituality and Religion, as well as much reading into the Celts and everything Celtic, including their religion. I'm probably also affected by "Quaker" thought (or "The Society of Friends") which was the last branch of Christianity that I was associated with before I adopted paganism.

I am not especially fond of titles, but "pagan" serves quite nicely at this time.

I do not think of myself as a scholar, but as a reasonably simple person who wishes to see Life thrive and our planet survive these turbulent times.

If I have offended the readers of "A Druid Missal-Any", including Thomas Cross, I apologize. But, we are *all* entitled to our own opinions.

P.S. As to the mocking of my Southern accent: as Mark Twain once said, "You got the words, but you ain't got the tune."

The Heathen on the Heath:

The Balanced Epistle

Balance? Not to doubt You, oh my Mother, but I don't see it. As the hill greens around me, and the ducks begin to lay, work looms large; winter's anomie begins to thaw, and my own identity pokes its nose out of hiding—a belated groundhog in search of its shadow. Where is meaning, or mission, or will? There is a place for me in these hills, and right easily could I stagnate in it.

Seasons come to us, reminding us that we are neither omnipotent nor alone. But seasons have as many names as there are folk to speak them. I give rose-cuttings to a Wiccan neighbor

“for Brigid,” because if I said Oimeic she’d say “huh?” And local farmers have other names for it: lambing-time, and also a pain in the ass, with bummers to nurse and marauders to repel—coyote, cougar, dog-pack. And then one must ask, are the berry-bushes cut yet? Does the nursery have seed-potatoes? The time to remember the Equinox, and planting, is in February, before it is too late.

Much is said in these pages of tradition, and of scholarship, and of knowledge that must not be lost. Others, I among them, point in turn to the knowledge that sits directly in front of our noses, just waiting to be ignored. Neither the traditional scholar, nor I, can do anything as a purist but yell at the other; in the vibrating tension between us is most of reality.

So let me say now that I do not set out to abandon the mythic awareness of our forefolk, but only to live a life with leaves as well as roots. If we are not merely the inventors of myth, but co-participants with the gods, then we must recognize that myth springs both from humanity and from the soil itself. Gladly will I learn what my people once knew of their homeland. But if you ask *me* (or even if you don’t; you can always read something else!) I will tell you what I learn from my own homeland, for that may well be the only thing on Earth that I know and you don’t.

Myth likes the grubby liberty of the hills, and hill folk join gladly in the game, taking to themselves small notorieties as straight-men to Nature’s comedies, or soldiers in mythic battles. There is a Trickster here, called The Buck You’d Better Not Shoot At: he’s robbed a thousand gardens with impunity, and whosoever shoulders a gun against him is injured in the attempt. I’ve seen him myself; he’s magnificent. There are good-lucks and bad-lucks, many of them founded in common sense: don’t hunt between the houses could hardly be called baseless superstition, nor could the rough interpretations of Karma or hubris that passes for common knowledge. “Something will hear you!” we warn our braggarts, and they turn pale and shut up. And “God” help the one who drives heedlessly by a neighbor’s stalled or swamped vehicle, for the local gods will not.

Where do these youthful, local traditions and the elder traditions of Celtic Druidism meet? I spent as many days as anyone else with neither any recognizable knowledge, nor any use for it; then a neighbor came to me. “You’re the Druid around here,” he said; “which trees should I be careful not to cut?”

I could have said that Druids don’t deal with things like that, except that what little I known of tradition states that our forebears were priests and cognoscenti, *meant* to be consulted by their neighbors. I could have said that Neopagan Druidism was a religion—but since when does that make it irrelevant? So “the Druid around here” spent a long day in a neighbor’s woodlot, trying to feel the life-forces of trees, inspecting roots for firmness and tops for fullness, and trying to remember snatches of an ecology course she took in 1970. Seat of the pants flying, indeed—but it might have been less confusing if I’d spent more time studying!

And there, perhaps, we have balance, if not stability. Just so is the spring a time of balance, though when it snows one day and cooks my greenhouse the next, it may be too pretty to appreciate it. The year is not an orderly, well-mannered procession; it goes by fits and starts. And learning, if it is to take us anywhere we haven’t been before, must see-saw between study and appreciation, with each testing the other.

And when I am confused, I shall admit confusion—not by intoning that there are Things I Was Not Meant To Know, but by realizing that I can’t see (or portray) the whole picture at once. I speak to you only as one person speaking, saying one thing at a time. We are not the people of the One God, the One Truth, or the One Way; we are like the forces of Nature that we worship—a howling confabulation of extremes.

This is our balance (as when we chant to a March windstorm, “Balanced now are we!” and burst into giggles.) Let no voice among us be silenced; this is what we are, and how we grow.



News of the Groves

Odd incident on Oimeic Service held by a solitary Third, alone, for his own and the Goddess’ benefit. It had rained. The fire pit of the altar was soaked. The wood burned dully and smoldered, since, despite all precautions, it was probably damp. I wondered if it would ignite the sacrifice. This was the Oimeic offering, a fresh bud sprig of pine, with some blooming Baccharis and green hedge from around the Grove. It sat on the coals and smoked a little. I waited, I kept my patience; I resisted the urge to blow on the fire. “Let happen what’s going to happen.” After a while, a small, blue flame started from one edge of the offering, died down and then revived, yellow-orange. The sacrifice began to burn from the base and the middle of the sprigs, and upward toward their buds. In its own burning, it rekindled the fire, which then burned easily, all the way down to coals. It is the only instance I have seen of the sacrifice igniting the fire.

From the manner in which the sacrifice burned, the Celts read the augury. This, then, is the divination from the coming season.

Circle Sanctuary

An unsigned letter attacking Circle and networking efforts by other nearby Wiccan groups has been sent out across the country. This letter bears the name Moonrose. Moonrose, a Wiccan center in the Denver area, did not write the letter and the allegations it contains are false. Moonrose and Circle have begun an investigation into who is responsible for this hate letter. If you have received this letter, send postmark date and place information along with any ideas of who originated it to Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572 as soon as possible. Thank you.

Please publish in your next issue and following issues through June:

International Pagan Spirit Gathering

June 16-21: 1987

Weeklong camping festival with rituals, workshops, sweatlodge, music, dancing, bonfires, feasting, children’s programs, and other activities. Includes all night Midsummer’s Eve ceremony and celebration. Sponsored by Circle in secluded natural campground. For more information, write: PSG ‘87, Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572 USA or call: (608) 924-2216.

Postmarked March 18, 1987

A Druid Missal-Any

Beltane 1987

Volume 11 Number 3

Beltane Essay: Maypole and Sacrifice

By Emmon Bodfish



eltaine, May Day, was always the most widely and universally celebrated of the Druidic and old Pagan High Days. It was also the least Christianized and distorted, even in the heyday of the church's powers. In Ireland, Wales, and parts of Europe the Maypole was a freshly cut young larch with a crown of green living branches at its top. The use of a tree of the larch family, decorated with streamers suspended down from its top, and other features of the Maypole dance are thought to hark back to the early Proto-Indo-European deer and horse sacrifices, and the rituals

around the sacrificial stake.

Rituals of this kind were preserved down to the present century in Siberia among the peoples of the northwestern quarter. These tribes once occupied a more southerly location, but have been driven steadily northward since medieval times. In the Neolithic, they are thought to have occupied the forest belt north of the Proto-Indo-European homeland around the Caspian and Aral Seas. Pursuing an essentially Mesolithic life of hunting and pastoralism, most of these forest peoples rejected Christianity and maintained their traditional religions down to modern times, and have, therefore, as Professor James Duran puts it, "been able to give us a window on the past."

They have likewise preserved their traditions in the face of the Russian State, which tolerates them as a folk curiosity. First studied and recorded in this century, they have been a rich source of information about Meso and Neolithic European cultures. The Russian anthropologist Popinov, in his extensive studies of these peoples, gives transcriptions of many of the traditional ceremonies that they have preserved.

In the Siberian pony or reindeer sacrifices, the animal was tied to a freshly cut young larch or birch which had been decorated with ribbons, streamers, and colored threads. In this offering, the Buryat shaman was assisted by the unmarried young people of the tribe, nine youths and nine maidens, who danced around the larch and the slain animal. The shaman, in trance, conducted the animal's soul up the path marked by the streamers to the top of the tree, and then upward to the waiting deity who received the sacrifice. (Ribbons were also used to mark out "soul paths" in healing and initiation rituals.)

In the East Indian Rig Veda, one of the oldest written Indo-European documents, there is a description of the stake to which the horse sacrifice is tethered. The pole is "brightly beribboned" with "colored banners streaming down from it."

The tradition of the Maypole may also draw from a second and even from a third source in the Eastern Mediterranean rites of spring, and in those of the Pre-Indo-European peoples of Europe. In the former, ribbon decorate effigies were carried on tall poles, and each pole-bearer was followed by a line of young girls dancing and singing. These rites were formalized and preserved in the Roman rites of Priapus and in the older, Pre-Indo-European strata behind the festivals of Dionysus in Greece. It seems that

similar rituals were enacted in European villages as part or in addition to the dance of the Maypole.

The bare Maypole, in contrast to the May Larch Tree, seems to be a blending of these different lines. From the Mediterranean and the Pre-Indo-European sides it take the bare form and Priapus' crown of flowers, and, in some areas, preserved his phallic effigy. From the ancient Indo-European line come the pole's central position within the circle of dancers, the long streamers, and the steps of the dance that weave them around the pole's trunk.

The R.D.N.A. has always held a Maypole dance. It is the Big Party of the year, and was once dubbed by the media "Pagan Christmas." We will be having a Maypole dance and celebration at the Orinda Grovesite, with food to follow. Isaac's group will also be holding a May Celebration on the weekend.



News of the Groves

Equinox at Orinda Grovesite saw the enactment of the traditional R.D.N.A. service for that holiday, followed by a sumptuous organic feast. The long tabled plans for leveling the Maypole Meadow were revived and the first two postholes begun. "What is this Reform Druidic obsession with digging pits in the ground?" at Orinda Site where I served my preceptorship, I learned Celtic history, meditation and posthole digging, or most precisely digging all kinds of holes and filling them back up again. For those of you who missed "the Army experience" you can get it now through the "church". The "daub and wattle" retaining walls which we made for a couple steps, as an experiment in this kind of construction, have held up well through the winter.

Druidaxta

News from Post-Oak Proto-Grove

(Plus the rantings and preachings of T. Cross, including the debate and dialectic between purist Reconstructionist Druidism and Heterodox Eclecticism.)

Onomatophobia, onomaphobia—these are the fear of words and names. To be afraid of labeling oneself and other thing about oneself is to be afraid to categorize things. To be afraid to refer to something in writing and any other communication is certainly a sign of a lack of self-confidence and certainly a lack of knowing whom one's self is. Honesty in the use of words, or phrases, that is, true communication is a very real and vital form of Life. It is, along with actions or deeds, a divine and human phenomenon that is important to the expression of love, of freedom, of joy, of thought and emotion. As the ancient Druids of Gaul were to say, according to Diogenes Laertius, "the gods must be worshipped, and no evil done, and manly behaviour maintained." And from the Colloquy of the Ancients (Acallamh na Senorach) Caelte told Patrick, that "truth in our hearts, strength in our arms, and fulfillment in our tongues" were the virtues of the pagan Irish.

The elder Druids, which we reconstructionists (such as me), accept as our forbearers both *spiritually* as well as in name, were deeply concerned with the speaking of truth—intellectual and spiritual honesty. The misuse of words is illusion—*maya* as the Indian Druids, the Brahmins, would call it. Perhaps, the whole universe, the cosmos, the order, as we have named it and as we have perceived it in our mythologies and metaphysics are all pure *maya*, and in order to transcend it we must get to know the

illusion well enough to become disillusioned and then we can achieve the experience of deeply knowing and transcending the walls of illusion.

One cannot jump immediately from naïveté to transcendence without experiencing profound disillusionment first. But one cannot change the world without changing the self and to change the self is a process of transcendence, a process of disillusionment, of accepting the truth about one's self and the cosmic order. There is an eternal order to the external and internal world that does not evolve in any perceivable and contrived manner, the perceived evolution is within. The unperceived evolution is only identifiable by its results and not the process.

The gods of the ancient Celts are like those of the Vedic Indians, Germanic peoples, etc. because they evolved from their Indo-European forbearers as did the others, but the essential characteristics did not change by direct manipulation of the myth by people on the folk level. The Druids always strove to keep the tradition intact, to keep it pure from foreign influence, to be caretakers of tradition so that it would not be diluted by those who would use it for *maya* (for deception) to contrive to force it to fit some purely modern needs in their time.

The Druids were indeed the cognoscenti of the ancient Celts and not peasants practicing some deviant religion. Even the keepers of the traditions today, the *seanchaithe* of the Gaeltacht, tell the tales as they were told to them, that is they try to keep the tales word for word as they were transmitted, they avoid distorting and perverting the tradition...except, perhaps, a fabulist here and there, who may parody himself. Even those pagan cults which survived Christianity, were usually isolated and kept their traditions pure from some "new fangled" eclectic influence. By the way, any pagan cult of the British isles which professes to be a PAGAN religion or cult, is more than likely not to be any older than this century, but you can see the oldest pagan cults (which have more links with the ancient pagan religion) carrying on through the Catholic Church tradition (e.g. the holy wells, saints cults, relic cults, and other hagiographical sites and traditions). But it must be admitted that these are on a folk-level, not the products of the Celtic society of the time of the Druids. Many scholars have gone out into the field to work with the conservators of ancient tradition. The Irish Folklore Commission has collected hundreds of recordings of Irish seanchaith (shanachies—the traditional story-tellers) and published many transcriptions of the stories.

Similarly, the Parsis of India are continuers of Zoroastrian religion who fled Iran for Gujarat, India. There are still the Irani (Zoroastrians) of Iran, who knows what has happened to them since Fundamentalist Islam has risen there? But the *mobads* (the magi or priests) of the Parsis has *not* succumbed to eclecticism from the coming of western religious tourists who went there to study under them and over them in the twentieth century. Although, some theosophists did succeed in converting some Parsis to Theosophy, they were very few and the mobads or magi did not allow it to pervert their tradition which was handed down to them from the ancient magi (*mobad* is the direct linguistic descendant of *magu-(patis)* that ancient Persian word for a magus, our word is Latinized and Hellenized.)

Modern Parsis, though, do not inherit their religion through their genes; it's not a biological concept flowing through blood into the cerebrum. There are many people of Irish descent who could claim legitimate descent from the Druids, filidhe, and bards of Old Erin. If one has the last name of McNeilly, one may be a direct paternal descendent of an *fili* ("poet" "seer") since McNeilly derives from *Mac an Fhileadh* "son of the fili", and other names of Ireland and Scotland's Highlands derive from occupational surnames of the Druids and Bardic class. Some clans and septs were hereditary bards. I, myself, could be descended from ancient Irish satirists since my forefathers were the MacCrossans of Donegal, but my Welsh and Scottish

forbearers do not have occupational surnames but other kinds of surnames and they are not paternal or patrilineal. However, these do not mean we are what our names mean any more than people named Smith are really smiths, or people named Baker are really bakers or people named Taylor are really tailors. Religion is not inherited genetically anymore than one's profession and is even less determined by birth than a name.

The Indo-Europeans were a culture which developed from a segmentary lineage (according to the French structural anthropologists) and this culture pattern is found among the Nuer of Africa who developed a very similar religion to that of the ancient Indo-Europeans. Their version of the sky-father (Taranus of the Gauls) is called *Kwoth* and his descendents the gods of heaven are their version of the Irish *Tuatha de Danann*, but they also have equivalents of the *Fomoir* and numerous other similarities. The genealogy of the gods and goddesses are a segmentary lineage, their culture is pastoral, and there are numerous other similarities. The metaphysics of the Druids of antiquity is more sophisticated than some "savage barbarianism" we get from hard primitivists and we need not romanticize them by elevating them to "Noble Savage" either.

Sure, they have much in common with shamans, but the term shaman has been so abused by popular usage that the term has become almost meaningless. Certainly they were not that much like classic shamans (as defined by Eliade, in his famous book) and only appear so on the most superficial level.

Do we want to popularize our Revivalist Druidism to some low proletariat level? Do we want to succumb to creating some mass-media hype version of Druidism for display of middle-class or proletariat deviance because we may feel alienated? Why not be rational and live according to what is honest and truthful? We do not need self-deception. We do not need to build walls by making our individual opinions become our dogmas. The strength of our commitment to our "revived" and Reformed Druidism is productive efforts to create and not stagnate into some disunited sects professing some fundamentalist, fragmented dogmas and retreating into non-communication, non-participation, into a darkness of "belly-aching", complaining, and alienation. We are not together as independent individuals battling for a monopoly of truth, but we are all part of the sacred cosmos. We cannot defy nature; it is impossible, for we destroy ourselves in the attempt. We must grow and allow evolution to take place by realizing that we are not mere individuals but a part of the whole cosmos and that we are interdependent upon each other and everything of all that is.

Every one of us, are a microcosm of the total order, we possess within ourselves the very physical elements of everything in the cosmos. The cosmos, is interdependent also, it and all depends upon us both as individuals and as a collective unity. The gods are within us. We need not look always for external manifestations of the divine and sacred. Every act and deed we perform either conforms to nature, is creative and productive or destructive and violent, both go together and both are part of the process of evolution. Our act of eating, learning, and working (to create) are sacrifices...they are acts of sacrifice and when things become used, when things are given or spent, they are sacrificed also. The food you eat has been sacrificed to you, and the water you drink has been sacrificed to you as an individual. The love you give to someone else is a sacrifice to that person. And as Queen Medb made clear (she being a euhemerized goddess of Connacht) as her expectation of a husband (a king married to her—the tutelary goddess), "without jealousy, without fear, without stinginess." Thus the embodiment of Royal Celtic and Druidic virtues in this triad includes generosity. The king sacrifices cattle to feed his people and himself and he is a sacrifice himself. He stands as the leader and patriarch married not only to his wife or wives but to his goddess who protects and serves the people (her children). The goddess is the land and

people, the reign and the society and she is a part of the tribes' divine segmentary lineage, which itself is descended from the higher lineage of the *Tuatha De Danann*, the race of the gods of heaven and their lineage from the primordial family that rose from the oceans of chaos, from the fecundated darkness. Thus the appearance of mankind is itself from the same and everyone has a bit of all within.

Therefore, "I am..., I am..." spoke Amhairghin when he stepped out of the boat of the "Milesians" and consecrated the sacred land of Erin by proclaiming himself, by meditating on the sacrifice within. Donn, the Yama of the Irish pagans, is sacrificed and he dwells down into the otherworld where he built a home for mankind and his descendents. He was a sacrificial victim not so much placating the *Tuatha De Danann*, but as the ancestor (Dis Pater as Caesar would have called him) of mankind who prepared *Teach Duinn* for the others. There are many other themes in the early literature of the Irish and Welsh which correspond with other Indo-European themes right down to the detail: e.g. dogs which guard the entrances to the Otherworld/Underworld...cwn Annwn (Welsh), the *cus Sidhe*, Kerberos (Greek), Garm (old Norse), the Hounds of Yama (Vedic) and so forth.

We do not need to create an ad-hoc Druidism to fit our preconceived notions of religion and something else; we do not need to distort Celtic myths to fit a modern ideology created to fit our prejudices and our own individual experience. To do so, builds walls, breaks down communication, obstructs others' quest for truth, obscures learning and growth.

It is an obscurantist attitude to moan "there are things I am not meant to know" and to take to the fields as a neo-Luddite and curse the repressive socio-economic-political system or the establishment and get back in tune with nature is another thing. Sure and certainly we are not "the people of one god, one Truth, one Way" but we are not "a howling confabulation of extremes" either. And if we are, why should we be? It's something of a cop-out to merely point out that we are diverse in our attitude and opinions and not still grow like the branches on the tree, both in sharing a common knowledge, some common thread, some ground that we may share, that we may grow together? The dialectic of various opinions may grow to a higher level of unity when we are well informed and can speak in similar terms. We need not be some pluralistic society of people with no direction. We can have our philosophical pluralists, dualist, triplist, etc. We can be all of these, and we can transcend mere complaining and semantic arguing, we can transcend the proletarianization of our religious and philosophic ideals. In short, we can deal with things on a much higher level.

Scholarship is important to achieving these means, because it is not mere "book learnin,'" [it] is an attitude which opens doors and enlightens and if one has trouble with reading and comprehending the materials, then one must have patience and courage. We should not feel that we must compete with each other, that is not the purpose of learning. Not to be clever and show-off, but to take away darkness and help other to learn also. For everyone may benefit when one more person takes the time to learn something new. We are all interdependent and so the more one individual knows, the better is the world. When one person refuses to learn, he or she keeps the totality down, or that is, he or she makes it more difficult for others. It slows down progress when many do not make the effort to allow progression. We all can change the things we see around us that we do not like. Take action for positive change and not merely complain about it! Study is more than formulating theories, scholarship is more than mere perusal of old manuscripts, it is testing those theories, it is going out and practicing what you preach.

The higher your standards are, the more difficult it can be to practice what you preach. But going out to preach what you practice is another thing, and it is quite easy to do if you make no effort toward growing. Still, you can be an instrument of

deception and not practice what you preach because you are not the kind of person you're preaching at. We know exactly about those famous men who don't practice what they preach because they're not the kind of people they're preaching to! I needn't mention them by name because there are many of them in America and they are frequently or constantly in the public eye.

Reconstructionist Druids endeavor to reconstruct what was lost and use that as a foundation on which to build, it is an old time-tested foundation and well-grounded in the past We do not seek to slip into some time-warp to become living anachronisms. There's the S.C.A. for that kind of fun! We, however, take the identity of Druidism seriously enough to make it work, to create something that actually owes something to the elder Druids besides a mere word or name. We are not ashamed to use labels, names or words; we do not suffer from onomatophobia or onomaphobia. We do not commit human sacrifices or go out and play ancient Gaul in the woods. We do enjoy ourselves. Jim C. is a musician in his spare time, Jim W. does Tai Chi, Chas. H. is in Drama and art, we have many friends and acquaintances from all ages and all walks of life. I, Tom Cross, myself happen to be an English teacher, a literary person and so naturally I like writing different things. This piece and other pieces for the Missal-Any is just one facet and subject of which I like to take a little time to write about. There are other bits and pieces I write, some fiction, some poetry, some non-fiction. This is why we differ from say a Wiccan coven or a Hermetic Lodge, or New Age networks for centering or trance channeling. We are not all of one mind, one way, one truth, but we share enough interests to talk, to meditate, and have some enjoyment of life.

I have friends who do not belong to the neo-pagan movement at all, who are Agnostic, Taoist, and Roman Catholic, and we respect each other's religions and some of them know more about the Celts and the Druids than many neo-pagans simply because they have read my stuff (including stuff I've read and written) as well as hearing it from me (when I show them the latest piece of literature I've read or bought). I am the mere spokesman here because I like to write while others do not or prefer to remain anonymous. One Jewish friend of mine likes to debunk falsehood and fallacies and for a while we were making it a game and running gag—it got me into the habit myself and I use it as part of my thinking habits. So while we look to the ancient Druids for inspiration, we are also very tolerant of other's opinions and we have respect for other people's rights. We do not believe ourselves pious ones, as braggarts and dogma-mongers—we are not evangelists or some Gospel of the Druids, but we have an interest in the hermeneutics of Celticism. What is wrong with that? What is wrong with reconstructing Druidism in this regard? If no one is interested in hearing anymore from me or us, let me know immediately and we shall not waste our time anymore.

An La Bhealtainne Maith

—Thomas Cross

Any comments? If you care to write to me personally, write in care of 2009 Sunnybrook Lane, Garland, TX 75041.

On the Spring Equinox Diatribe

Why does Albion think that a religion should evolve and grow away from scholarship and towards some opinions unsupported by facts or contradictory of facts? The fact is that the Celtic myths were composed by a scholarly class, the intelligentsia made up of bards, filidhe and druids, not by mere eclectic pluralism. Why does Albion bring up some boasts about learning from some "hereditary" pagan group or about "Native-American Spirituality" and then "humble" himself with an appeal to plain folks (false modesty) about "I do not think of myself as a

scholar.” The last statement is certainly partly true, what he truly is (as far as I am concerned) is a scholar manqué—a half-hearted scholar who hasn’t the interest to carefully read and utilize the materials he has requested.

If he were only using the data for his personal use and distorting it, I would not protest, but since he is putting his misrepresentations before many others—I *must* protest strongly. I am vehemently opposed to deliberate misrepresentation of the tradition for the purpose of changing it to suit an individual’s personal biases and prejudices and to deliberately pervert it. As much as he has said, he is not promoting evolution or anyone getting to know his or her higher self—but rather to close people’s minds to the possibilities offered by a reasonable and competent study of the ancient tradition. He is promoting darkness, not enlightenment.

While Albion uses the genetic fallacy saying he’s a Celt simply because he MAY be descended from Celts, and saying that he has studied them (that’s questionable to a degree) he appeals to authority (fallacy) by saying he’s privy to some other traditions unrelated. Scholars have better methods than mere fallacious reasoning to find the truth and not just self-congratulatory appeals to folk wisdom and hearsay but rather documentation. Albion speaks for himself only as an individual (this I can say is his only defense), but somehow he expects that everyone should agree with his opinions because he appeals to the crowd by saying “it is highly doubtful we could go back to” wishing to “see Life (sic) thrive and our planet survive.” Is he running for some office? Certainly he is right in saying that “being an ecologist is part (my underscore) of being a pagan.”

Albion suffers from onomatophobia when he is not fond of titles because he has a problem with words and categories. He doesn’t want to label anything cause that means he would have to express himself, that he would have to define things and categorize them; which is something he’d rather not do because that means getting to know something about them. Also I might add, the avoidance of labeling things by many people, is simply to avoid giving them any meaning so that they can mean whatever they want them to at will and whimsy.

We were friends and he originally wrote to me asking for information on the ancient Celts, but unfortunately he’s given me more reasons for mistrust because of his insincerity (pretending to understand the data when he didn’t even read it) then taking what little he remembered and distorting it before our fellow pagans. Albion had the data that would reconstruct the ancient Druids’ wisdom right under his nose, but he ignored it because it required some intellectual thinking and an imagination as well as some difficult studying (philology, a bit of structural anthropology, comparative mythology, etc.) If I had known that this stuff was too difficult for him, I would not have wasted my time trying to provide him with guidelines, but he led me to believe otherwise.

—T.C.

Albion’s Response

April 21, 1987

I came to the pagan faith because generally speaking, it is more tolerant than any other form of religion or spirituality I have found.

But gee, Tom Cross may have changed my mind.

“Promoting darkness” ay?

This tidbit comes to you from one who is supposedly “very tolerant of other’s opinions,” could’ve fooled me.

I stand by what I wrote last issue.

Paganism, as I see it, is made up of many different strands of thought, and if Tom Cross doesn’t like that or can’t deal with that – that is his problem, not mine.

It is a fact that the pagan faith survived in the British Isles, it was diluted or changed to a certain extent by folkways or ceremonial magic, or both, but it did survive. There really are hereditary pagans in the British Isles who practice a religion, that has survived for a very, very long time.

But let me ask the readership to judge the psychic quality of Tom Cross’ letters in this issue and the last issue of *A Druid Missal-Any*.

Pagans should be beyond this brutal, personalized, backstabbing that goes beyond defense to simply being hurtful and attacking someone because they are different from you, or hold a different opinion than yours.

The views expressed by Tom Cross in print are tame compared to at least one of the letters I received through the mail.

If this was the work of “born-again” Christians or someone from the Nazi Party or the Ku-Klux Klan, I could perhaps understand—but this is a person who calls himself a “pagan”, this implies (in my mind at least), some sort of tolerance for other’s views.

Once again, I stand corrected.

I have always like the *Missal-Any* because of its scholarship and approach, this sort of b.s. cheapens and degrades the quality of the *Missal-Any*, in my opinion.

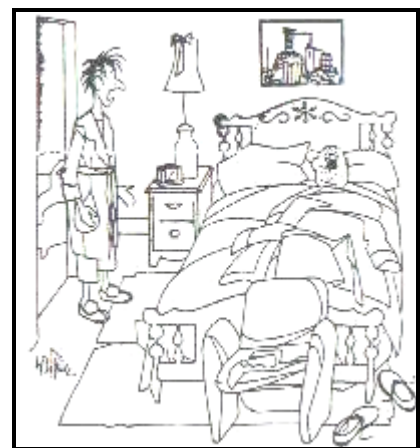
I do care deeply for the Truth (in *all* of its forms), and I will *not* stand for someone saying that I don’t. There is not one way to the Gods, but many ways, even in the Celtic Tradition, and my suggestion is that Tom Cross meditate upon *that*.

If I could close with a quote from an earlier form of Revived Druidism: “Truth against the World”.

—Albion

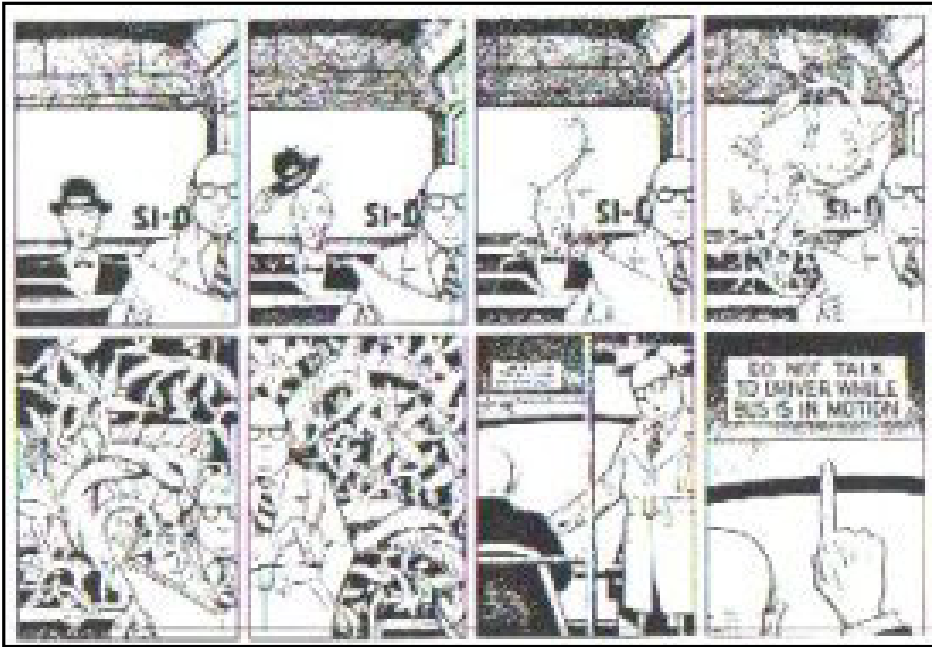
Calendar

Astronomical Beltaine, when the Sun is half way between Equinox and Solstice, will occur this year at 22 hours and 8 minutes, Greenwich, or 3:08 P.M. Pacific Daylight Time. We will begin celebrating in Orinda at 1:00 P.M., that is, Solar Noon. Bring a flower and a ribbon, twelve to fourteen feet long, our Maypole is 9 feet high. (What’s yours?)



“It’s day one of the Merry Month of May. You want a piece of the action?”

Modern Urban Green Man Joke



Do not talk to driver while bus is in motion.”

“How is meditation like dealing with a bureaucracy?”

“In both, persistence pays.”

—Postmarked Apr. 28, 1987

A Druid Missal-Any Summer Solstice 1987 Volume 11 Number 4

Summer Solstice Essay:

Danu and Diana

By Emmon Bodfish



idsummer Solstice, one the four minor High Days of the Reformed Druid Calendar, is associated with the Celtic Goddess Danu, Mother of the Gods, the Tuatha de Danann. She is particularly associated with rivers, and rivers from the Don in Russia to the Don in Scotland are

thought to be named for Her. She is probably the same figure as the Irish Goddess, Anu, and the Breton's Ana. Roman Diana and Greek Artemis may be other cognates of this Pan-Indo-European Deity. These theories are based on the study of word origins, and on the witness of Gallo-Roman writers of the period who noted the similarities in character, rituals, and Seasons of Worship of Danu and Diana. These primary historical sources, written when the Celtic religion was still practiced in Gaul, corroborate the evidence from linguistic studies. There is an opinion about that Danu was not an important Deity, or even that the Celts lacked a Mother-Goddess figure, but I can find no hard evidence in Philology, history, or Celtic Mythology for this point of view.

Like Roman Diana, Danu's totem is the boar, an animal also associated with a female agricultural deity in the Balkans. Danu, like Frigga of the Germans, presides over marriage and fertility, and the luckiness of June weddings may be a distant memory of her festivities. Mugwort is Her sacred flower, an herb also sacred to Roman Diana; the ripe ear of grain is Her token. (This fits T. Edwards' theory that the Christian Madonna was modeled after (to co-opt?) the various Mother-Grain Goddesses of pagan Europe.) On the Isle of Man it is customary to wear a sprig of mugwort to the Midsummer dance, and in England, placing mugwort under her pillow is said to bring a young woman dreams of her future husband.¹ In Scotland, there are all night bonfires, song fests, and dances for the young, unmarried people of the villages.

This is the morning on which the Sun used to rise over the heel stone at Stonehenge, thus beginning the new season in the Megalithic calendar. It no longer rises at that point owing to the procession of the Earth's axis, but celebrations are held there, anyway.

The Druids did NOT build Stonehenge. It antedates their arrival in Britain by centuries. It was William Stuckeley in 1717 who mislocated the Druids there. He did some of the best archeological field work of his day, but his theorizing later wildly outstripped his data. The mistake was an honest one, however, considering what was known in his time. He showed that the stones were not a memorial to King Arthur nor a Roman temple, the two then common theories. He was the first to establish the monument as definitely pre-Roman. The only knowledge of pre-Roman Britain he had came from Roman and Greek writers of the Classical Period. They said that Britain was inhabited by Celts whose priests were the Druids. So, if the stones were older than any Roman constructions, Stuckeley reasoned, they must have been put there by Druids. He knew of no other candidates. But in the last two centuries, archeology has provided us with many, even too many other possibilities. The currently favored

candidates are the early Neolithic farmers of Natufian stock, a longheaded, slender, fine-boned people who inhabited the Salisbury area from 2900-2500 B.C. coinciding with the most accurate modern date for the first cycle of building at Stonehenge. A larger boned hardier people later took over the monument and set up the Blue Stones, but they too had disappeared before the arrival of the Celts around 480 B.C.

This is not to say that the Celts did not take cognizance of the huge stones. They worked monuments of other prehistoric peoples into their mythology and song. Numerous Bardic compositions refer to the Sidh Mounds of Ireland and the Carnes of Scotland as sacred places and the long abandoned abodes of the Gods. They may have done the same for Stonehenge, but the English traditions and Bardic works were almost all lost, while the Irish are among the best preserved of any oral lore.

"Behold the Sidhe before your eyes.

It is manifest to you that it is a king's mansion,
Which was built by the firm Dagda.

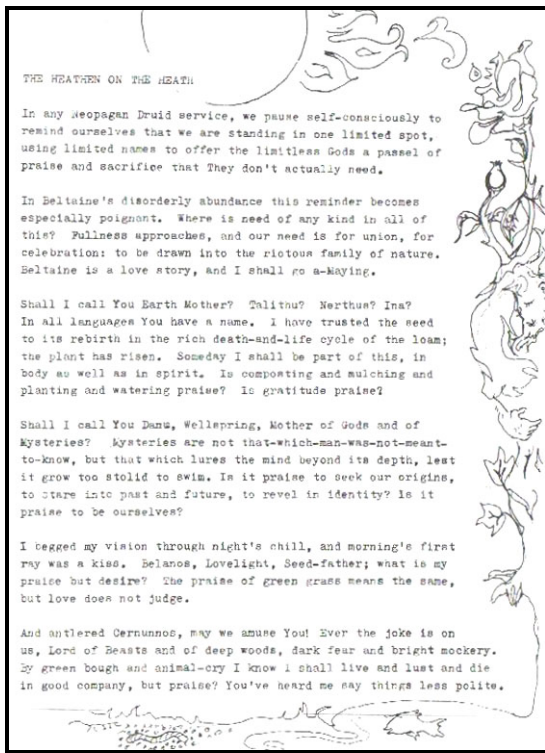
It is a wonder, a court, and admirable hill."

"The Sidhe of Donegal" a seminar by Prof. Duran.

Two or more different groups of peoples, sharing the same or similar astronomically oriented beliefs, contributed to the five cycles of construction and reconstruction at Stonehenge. Theirs was a fairly sophisticated culture for the time. They knew that the Solstices, eclipses of the Moon, and the courses of the stars were regular predictable events. Their stone moving techniques were on a par with the times. Though not aligned accurately enough for an "observatory" in the modern sense, the stones can serve as a calendar rectifier, an eclipse predictor, and, of course, as a ritual site for religious ceremonies. But what those religions were must remain a matter of conjecture. Clearly they had something to do with sunrise, Midsummer Solstice, moonrise, and lunar eclipses, but what they meant, and what the people did there, is probably not recoverable. As Clannad sings "Forgotten is the race that no one knows."²

¹A friend of mine tried the experiment of putting mugwort under her pillow, but reported she had no dreams at all. "I guess I'm just going to stay single." She is till fancy-free three years later. If anyone wants to try this, you can get mugwort in most herb shops. Send in your results and we'll publish them for Lughnasadh.

²Clannad, a modern Irish Folk Group. "Ring of Stones," good album.



The Heathen on the Heath: Praising the Gods of May

In any Neopagan Druid service, we pause self-consciously to remind ourselves that we are standing in one limited spot, using limited names to offer the limitless Gods a passel of praise and sacrifice that They don't actually need.

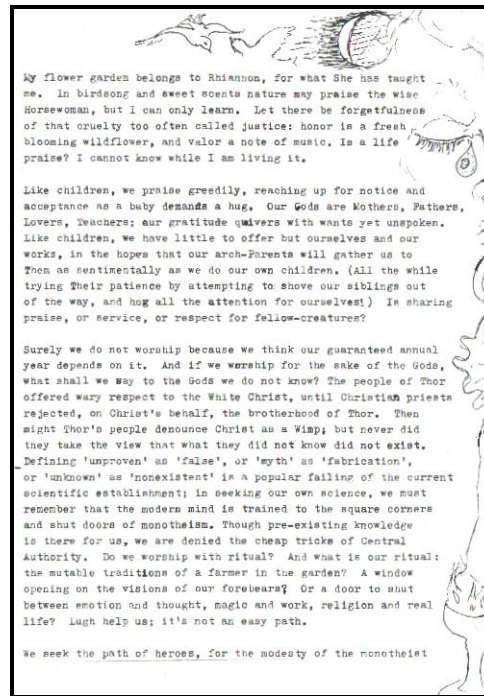
In Beltane's disorderly abundance this reminder becomes especially poignant. Where is need of any kind in all of this? Fullness approaches, and our need is for union, for celebration: to be drawn into the riotous family of nature. Beltane is a love story, and I shall go a-Maying.

Shall I call you Earth Mother? Talithu? Nerthus? Ina? In all languages You have a name. I have trusted the seed to its rebirth in the rich death-and-life cycle of the loam; the plant has risen. Someday I shall be part of this, in body as well as in spirit. Is composting and mulching and planting and watering praise? Is gratitude praise?

Shall I call you Danu, Wellspring, Mother of Gods and of Mysteries? Mysteries are not that-which-man-was-not-to-know, but that which lures the mind beyond its depth, lest it grow too stolid to swim. Is it praise to seek our origins, to stare into the past and future, to revel in identity? Is it praise to be ourselves?

I begged my vision through night's chill, and morning's first ray was a kiss. Belanos, Lovelight, Seed-father; what is my praise but desire? The praise of green grass means the same, but love does not judge.

An antlered Cernunnos, may we amuse You! Ever the joke is on us, Lord of Beasts and of deep woods, dark fear and bright mockery. By green bough and animal-cry I know I shall live and lust and die in good company, but praise? You've heard me say things less polite.



My flower gardens belongs to Rhiannon, for what She has taught me. In birdsong and sweet scents nature may praise the wise Horsewoman, bu I can only learn. Let there be forgetfulness of that cruelty too often called justice: honor is a fresh blooming wild flower, and valor a note of music. Is a life praise? I cannot know while I am living it.

Like children, we praise greedily, reaching up for notice and acceptance, as a baby demands a hug. Our Gods are Mothers, Fathers, Lovers, Teachers; our gratitude quivers with wants yet unspoken. Like children, we have little to offer but ourselves and our works, in the hopes that our arch-Parents will gather us to Them as sentimentally as we do our own children. (All the while trying Their patience by attempting to shove our siblings out of the way, and hog all the attention for ourselves!) Is sharing praise, or service, or respect for fellow-creatures?

Surely we do not worship because we think our guaranteed annual year depends on it. And if we worship for the sake of the Gods, what shall we say to the Gods we do not know? The people of Thor offered wary respect to the White Christ, until Christian priests rejected, on Christ's behalf, the brotherhood of Thor. Then might Thor's people denounce Christ as a Wimp; but never did they take the view that what they did not know did not exist. Defining "unproven" as "false," or "myth" as "fabrication," or "unknown" as "nonexistent" is a popular failing of the current scientific establishment; in seeking our own science, we must remember that the modern mind is trained to the square corners and shut doors of monotheism. Though pre-existing knowledge is there for us, we are denied the cheap tricks of Central Authority. Do we worship in ritual? And what is our ritual: the mutable traditions of a farmer in the garden? A window opening on the visions of our forebears? Or a door to shut between emotion and thought, magic and work, religion and real life? Lugh help us; it's not an easy path.

We seek the path of heroes, for the modesty of the monotheist is another cop-out we don't get. Saints are safe in Heaven, beyond the reach of our kind, but heroes are meant to be emulated--though they may shine brighter out of antiquity, all their awkward moments over and one with. We need only remember that some being or circumstance will eventually play Emer to our Cuchullain, and require us to place money where mouth is.

So be splendid in the splendor of May, fellow wedding-guests! If our praise is presumptuous and our dreaming extravagant, only look around: with gaudy flower fields, flooding light, and leaping beasts, we have a fine example.

Salacious Spring Meditation:

Make sure the rigor of your mind is not rigor mortis, but the other kind!



The Heathen on the Heath: The Gift of Horses

I invoke that portion of compost, which is the gift of horses.

Do you guys know how many times I've rewritten this #!%?! thing? I think we can settle down and admit that the Missal-Any has become a new format: Interactive Nonfiction. Is there some Hitchhiker's Guide to the minority-theological Galaxy? Or are we headed for the Snit at the End of the Universe? Stay tuned...

This is the season of battle; the Sun stands ringed by hero-light, facing the confrontation He cannot win. In the summer blaze of midsummer, YES!, we stand cocky and feisty at His side. The day is long and summer just begun—will it not last forever? By August, each warm hour is precious: our words and deeds will echo with the gentleness of farewell. The (Carleton) traditional services chant our glee at the conquest of day over night, but most of us have our moments of rooting for Pryderi. We are in our glory, our attitude of immortality unsmirched, yet we can still take comfort in saying "This, too, shall pass."

We (genetic and/or emotional) Celts are historically marked as argumentative cusses, as witness the forms of lampoon, rant, and challenge-in-verse. Boldness is our legacy, and defensiveness our last year's garbage.

What is the appropriate channeling of our quibblesome nature? I, for one, would not go back to my pacifist beginnings; I have little respect for the tameness of a toothless dog. My most honored comrades are dangerous folk, controlled by volition rather than weakness. When people are scarce enough to be a resource rather than a nuisance, the strong can stop apologizing. We don't sheathe our blades in the neighbor's house out of fear, but because we respect our neighbors.

Also, if we love, we are having too much fun to care overmuch what our beloveds can do to us...

As a religious minority, we are an automatic rural neighborhood. We have our local characters, but let the stranger say, "Do you know that nut-case?" We will quite likely say, "Oh, he/she's okay once you know him/her," and find that, against the perspective of the rest of the world, we mean it. I know, I know; you'll all howl that this kind of neighborhood loyalty is not something you reserve for Druids or extend to everyone who takes that name. That's true. My primary clan relationships are likely to differ from Tom's, or Albion's, or Mad Sweeney's, and a good number of the members of my clan or clans do not name Neopagan Druidism as their religious orientation. They are all, however, joined to me in avowed and reliable goodwill, and respectful of the orientations I profess. So okay, I am available to

my own clansfolk before I would be available to Tom, or Albion, or any other Druids that I don't personally know. But I am available (willingly, and in good faith) to my Druish brethren and sistern before I am (willingly, and in good faith) available to the mainstream authorities. I assume that we squabble *en tutoyant*, and will still be there for each other if that is necessary. (And yes, you can call me on that. Box 215, Myers Flat, CA 95554).

This doesn't mean you have to agree with me, or approve of me. Your minds, especially in devotion to the Gods, are your own.

Fear of names? Sometimes. What do I most fear to name: my Gods, or myself? My dealing with some Gods are embarrassingly private. And I myself possess a name that will call me from sleep, or draw my energy to the user of it; I don't give that to just anybody.

But Tom and Albion have boldly "named" themselves in these pages, to a degree that I have not. Ergo, the Summer Statement: Here am I, a woman 35 years old, attempting to farm a hillside steading in southern Humboldt while making a living as a freelance reporter and general odd-jobber (currently, selling cherry cider and produce to tourists.) The untidy generosity of my physique bears witness to my undisciplined nature, but I'm still pretty functional.

I write—basically, anything that anyone will print, and a lot of things they won't. Most dear to me of all our lore are the poetic, emotionally-charge stories of Erin. Like Albion, I was once a Quaker. My religious practice contains little of formal observance, but I operate under a number of what I see as my own geasa and obligations. (Laugh if you want; sometimes I do, too.) I use magic only as a last-ditch adjunct to doing my damndest on the physical plane, and only for certain purposes. I honor ethics and deplore morality. My greatest weakness is a reflexive snapping and snarling at what I see as elitism or authoritarianism. I once beaned a wife-beater with my purse, but I am not reliably or consciously brave. I'm a solitary 3rd, married, with a 7-year-old son who lives with me full-time and a 9-year-old daughter who visits.

Tom, Albion, I offer this: who among us has the *power* to be a threat to the others? (Hopefully none of us is such a slob as to throw energy around as we argue, instead of grounding it out!) Both "promoting darkness" and "Ku Klux Klan" show a fine sense of drama, but you know effing well that if the storm troopers showed up looking for any of us tomorrow, the rest would like like right valiant rugs to cover his/her ass. So *will* you guys kiss & make up, or at least wait for the bell?!!

—Les

Calendar

Summer Solstice will occur at 3:11 Pacific Daylight Time on June 21, 1987. The festivities will begin at 1:00 P.M. which is Solar Noon

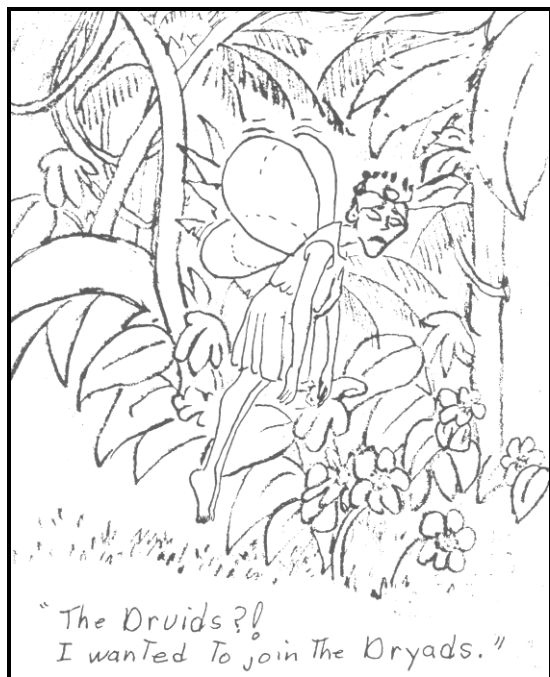


Lucid Dream Project

Headed by Dr. Stephen La Berge at the Sleep Research center at Stanford University School of Medicine, this vanguard project is targeting the development of an easy, inexpensive device that can be used by anyone wishing to induce lucid dreams (being aware you are dreaming while dreaming.) Dr. La Berge believes the lucid dream state can be used to facilitate creative problem-solving, enhance self-confidence, improve mental, emotional and perhaps physical health, and lead to higher-level consciousness. Lucidity Project, P.O. Box 2364, Stanford, CA 94305

Unwitting Paganization Note:

The Bay Area Rapid Transit and Bus Co. use of the Maypole symbol on all its transfers this year.



And now, to answer many letters at once:

How to Join

What is Reformed Druidism?



Emmon Bodfish
616 Miner Road
Orinda, CA



Guidelines for Visitors and Newcomers

1. Reformed Druid Services schedule to mesh with the movement of the Sun and the Stars. They must start on time, such as at Solar Noon, when the Sun is highest in the sky, or at Sunset. Please be on time. If you are late, stand quietly outside the circle; please don't interrupt.
2. The Service is not a party; partying is afterwards. While R.D.N.A. is not grimly solemn, Druids are serious in their religious purpose. If you are not seriously interested in spiritual development or meditative skills, then Druidism, R.D.N.A. system, is not for you.
3. Once the Service begins, focus. Talking, joking, laughing etc. are rude. They break the concentration of others and prevent the Grove from achieving its goal. If you are drunk, stoned, or uncontrollably disruptive, you will be asked to leave.
4. While everyone is not a scholar, you are expected to learn some historical background about the Ancient Druids.
5. Ranks earned in other religions don't "count" in R.D.N.A. There is no fast way up or around the hierarchy. We are in no way connected with any other Neopagan religion, Wiccan, Craft or the secular, charitable organization style "Druids".
6. If what you really want are "Sex 'n Drugs 'n Rock 'n Roll," Druidism, again, is not for you. You might consult the San Francisco Sex Information Switchboard (415-665-7300) who deal with that sort of networking. Neither do we offer instant magic, curses, nor predictions about the Stock Market.

Enough Said

With thanks to Selena Fox's "Guidelines"

Now, if you're still with us, How to Join.

Read the basic Tenets and see if you agree with them. Read over the Outline of the Foundation of the Fundamentals.

To become a full member of the Reformed Druids, you must attend a Service or a Grove, during the summer half of the year, state that you want to join, state that you agree with the Basic Tenet, "Nature is Good," when you are asked this by the Archdruid, and share with the Grove a sip of the Waters-of-Life. Or you may be accepted by a Solitary Third Order (clergy) Druid who performs the standard Service and shares with you the Waters-of-Life.

If neither of these opportunities are available to you, you can become a Proto-grove member until you can meet an ordained Druid or attend an active Grove. Perform the proto-grove Service yourself. Tell Deity(s) that you agree with the basic Tenets. Let us know and we will announce your new Proto-grove

in the Missal-Any. To wisecracks who only want to see their names in print, and so send us fallacious Proto-Grove applications, we leave them to Cernunos, Sucellos, and their consciences.

For a copy of the Proto-grove service, send us two or three stamps and an envelope, or \$1.00 (We are on budgets, too.)

Now the Basic Tenets of Reformed Druidism are these:

The object of the search for religious truth, which is a universal and a never-ending search, may be found through the Earth Mother, which is Nature; but this is one way, yea, one way among many.

And great is the importance, which is of a spiritual importance, of Nature, which is the Earth Mother; for is is one of the objects of Creation, and with it we do live, yea, even as we do struggle through life are we come face to face with it.

Nature is good!

And the second is like unto the first:

Nature is good!

The following is from:



The Druid
Chronicles (Evolved)



Outline of the Foundation of Fundamentals

Being:

a brief catalogue of the major quasi-metaphysical-theological conclusions which may be abstracted from and by the application of the Reformed Druid point of view to questions of ultimate relevance (in outline form).

THE THREE PILLARS

(or treasures, or paths, or baskets, or roots, or branches, or wondrous illuminations)

I. *The Relentless Rebellion (threefold)*

A. *The categorical If*

No intellectually honest mind can long remain so termed unless it is willing to submit all things to rigorous examination, even the most sacred provinces. Blind faith is no faith; it is blindness.

B. *The Principle of Non-Confirmation*

Applying rigorous scrutiny to the world's religions, we find, especially in western form, universal claims to exclusiveness; yet none submits any more proof of its claim than an appeal to faith. Logically, therefore, all are equal.

C. *The Principle of Non-Confirmation*

In the face of the insoluble problem of selecting the "one true faith" most people conform to one of two patterns:

1. *The True Believer* embraces the faith of his fathers wholeheartedly and unquestioningly, fearing to face the logical possibility (probability?) that he is wrong.

2. *The Non-Believer* rejects all faiths out of hand, fearing that he might prove himself a fool by choosing the wrong one.

Reformed Druids reject the necessity of conforming to either of these patterns based on fear. True spiritual growth exists only in the *Relentless Rebellion* against petrified norms.

II. *The Paths of Paradox* (also threefold)

A. *The Ceremonial Syndrome*

Man is incurably finite. He cannot conceive of spiritual activity except in terms of ritualistic hocus-pocus. But ritual must be carefully selected or it will independently acquire magical properties of its own. Ritual properly constitutes a springboard for the spirit only. Oak worship is ideal for this purpose (see also III).

B. *The Primacy of Ambiguity*

True spiritual growth consisting of personal effort and rebellion, Reformed Druidism must remain devoid of orthodoxy. All writings must be ambiguous and non-final (present dissertation included).

C. *The Principle of Non-Confirmation*

(rears its ugly head again)

You'll get no pat answers here. There being no logical basis for the acceptance or denial of any faith, Reformed Druidism confirms nothing (including Reformed Druidism). You're welcome to, but you're on your own.

III. *The Last Refuge* (whadaya know...threefold!)

A. *The Noble Fivefold Formulation*

1. *The Nature of Life*

Life is defined as the unity of the spiritual (Be'al) and the material (the Earth-Mother). Without the material the spiritual has no form; without the spiritual the material is dead.

2. *And Man?*

Man, as a living animal, ideally consists of both material and spiritual.

3. *And Man?*

Man is unique. This is because he has self-awareness. He passes from self-awareness through self-centeredness to self-importance, thence to self-isolation, resulting in self-misery.

4. *Unity for All and All for Unity*

Man's self-importance cuts him off from the life-giving benefits of unity with the spirit and Nature (the material). Druids sometimes call unity *Awareness*. It is the object of religion to restore unity; most concentrate

on the direct attainment of spiritual unity, ignoring (or rejecting) the material.

5. *Back to Nature*

Druids (at least some of them) believe that a good approach is to first restore material unity. Having broken down part of the barrier around the self, the rest should then be easier. Hence, Druid Nature worship: the ideality of going to worship oaks.

B. *The Basic Tenets*

The Basic Tenets of Reformed Druidism, which form the basis (believe it or not) for the preceding discussion, are found in the Constitution of the Reformed Druids [at Carleton], and in another form in the Book of the Law in *The Druid Chronicles (Reformed) [of the Foundation]*. They are the quintessences of Druidism, such that a person need accept nothing else and still become a Reformed Druid. They are here presented in their most concentrated form:

1. Nature is good!

And the second is like unto the first:

2. Nature is good!

C. *The Last Refuge*

It is simple to grind out these systems. It is the expected thing to do. Perhaps it is useful. It is meaningless!

It is simple to sit on the Hill of the Three Oaks and look at the pretty blue sky. That, too, can be meaningless!

It is not so simple to stand alone under the pretty blue sky and watch all your preconceived systems come tumbling down. But when they come tumbling down, there is a refuge: in Nature. There one may find a clearing of the head, a freedom from stagnant forms, a beginning. (The end)



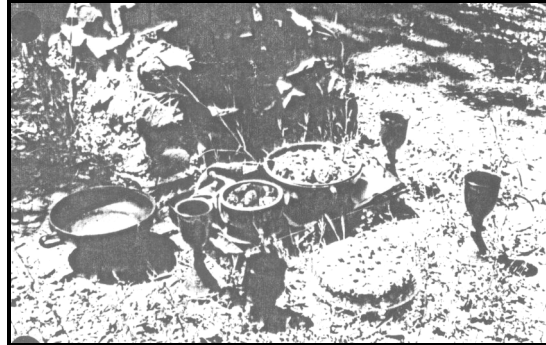
News of the Groves

Announcement:

Stacey and Rapheal have applied to take Second Orders, with the Orinda Group in the R.D.N.A. context. Their requests have been accepted by the two Third Order Druids and the ceremonies will take place in the next six to eight weeks.

Birch Grove

Joan Carruth and Joe Lambert will be getting handfasted at the Rites of Spring Festival in Massachusetts this May. Joan is the Archdruid of Birch Grove, in Vermont. Anyone interested in R.D.N.A. style Druidism in the New England area can contact them here, through the Missal-Any. (No, we don't give out people's addresses without their permission. A sad-but-necessary precaution.)



The Feast

Orinda Grovesite

Orinda Grovesite will not grow a lawn this year, in honor of the drought here. Instead, we will concentrate our efforts on leveling the Maypole Meadow.



Beltaine '87, Orinda

Postmarked June 18, 1987

A Druid Missal-Any

Lughnasadh 1987

Volume 11 Number 5

Calendar

Astronomical Lughnasadha will occur 8:17 P.M. Pacific Standard Time. Traditional Lughnasadha, Sun at 15 degrees Leo, will have occurred less than three hours previously, at 5:23.

Lughnasadh Essay: Lugh, Balor, and Belenos

By Emmon Bodfish



ughnasadh, festival of the funeral games of Lugh the Sun God, or, given by Lugh in honor of his father the Sun, depending on your tradition. It is the beginning of the Celtic harvest season, and is often called festival of the First Fruits. Lugh, from the same root word as light and luminous, is one the younger generations of gods in the Celtic pantheon. The other Solar Deities, Belenos and Balor, the good and the bad aspects of the sun, respectively, are not only pictured as older, mature male figures, but are traceable to the Early Indo-European stratas, in the Eastern European homelands. But Lugh, as the young Shining One, didn't appear until the Celts had settled Gaul and melded with the Celto-Ligurians and the Pre-Indo-European "Atlantic Wall" cultures which they encountered there, circa 600 B.C. Urnfields replaced passage graves, and typical Celtic farming practices were begun. When the Celto-Ligurians had arrived, a thousand years earlier, there had been no sharp cultural discontinuity, as they blended with the Pre-Indo-Europeans, who continued to build their dolmens and passage graves. Pre-Indo-European traditions were therefore still strong when Celtic Lugh arose and began to replace Belenos as the popular Solar Figure. His ascendant, youthful, headlong character may have been influenced by the Young Year God image common in the Pre-Indo-European cultures of the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts. This archetype has been traced by G. Racheal Levy from the Balkans, to Minoan Greece, along the Mediterranean Coast to France and north to Normandy.

Lugh's best Indo-European cognate is Apollo of the Greeks. The Greek religion was strongly influenced in other ways by the beliefs and Deities of the Pre-Indo-European people they conquered and absorbed. Odin, Lugh's Northern cognate, has a much less Solar character. He is more a Shaman, knowledge-bringer, and Divine Wayfarer, going among mortals in disguise. He is not a martial figure; He is not youthful. Lugh is the patron of the harvest, which in Celtic countries began at Lughnasadh. Apollo was worshipped in the Peloponnesus as a god of vegetation, giving Him another link with the "young Year God" of the Western Neolithic. From a magical lawgiver, healer, transformer archetype, which He shares with Odin and Varuna, He evolved, partly through absorption of the Young Year God, into the youthful solar Deity of the later Celtic myths.

In R.D.N.A. traditions, anyone who has a garden, grows anything, etc. should save their first picked produce of the summer season, and bring it or part of it to Lughnasadh Service, to be offered up in the altar fire, with hopes of prosperity in years to come.



A Contrary Opinion

Getting Back to Nature This Summer

The heat, the cold, the work, the constant struggle, the hunger, the dirt, the sleeping on the ground, the sickness, the disasters, the pain, and most of all the round-the-clock anxiety and fear, will make you so glad to get back to the relatively palatial environs of your third floor cold water walk-up, that you won't believe the luxury you've been living in all your life.

News of the Groves

Stacey and Rapheal took Second Orders at the Orinda Grove Site on July 26. The sacrifices burned brightly and both candidates were accepted. This is the first giving of Orders of any rank at which this Solitary Third Order Druid has officiated. Walking in the woods ahead of time, long thoughts came while selecting the plants for the sacrifice. Does death occur when one of our patron Deities chooses us for their sacrifice? The Ancient Sacrificers entrusted their messages to the soul of the white bull and dispatched him to the Other World. I choose a sprig of bay laurel, an oak leaf and a goldenrod flower.

Plants are always being sacrificed for us, for our lives. Every meal is a sacrifice. This idea of exchange was a strong part of the Paleo-Pagan's conception of the sacrifice. A life was given that the sacrificer's life might be spared, or that his people might continue to live and prosper. One of our members said that our sacrifices "aren't real sacrifices" because we offer us plants instead of animals. (She wants blood and gore?) We are the *Reformed* Druids of North America. The Reform strictly forbade human (and animal) sacrifice in 1963. Eating animal meat is not forbidden, though. But the problem is still there, even for us vegetarians, we always have to take life in order to sustain our own. This is what anthropologists like Rasmussen and G.R. Levy studying the opinions and theologies of modern Stone Age peoples have called the "universal ethical dilemma."¹

Only green plants are truly "a-hinsa" or harmless, and guiltless in this matter. All of the rest of us are parasites and have



no choice but to live off of them. They are in this sense the highest moral beings on the plant and thus worthy objects of veneration and worship as every Druid knows.

Now after a two or three thousand year sidetrack into more superficial ethical problems:

“Who owns what?”

“Who gets to boss whom?”

etc.; we are coming back to struggle with this fundamental dilemma again. By “we” I mean the western Indo-Europeans. The Brahmins of India never lost sight of it, nor did their Buddhist descendents. Animal Rights organizations, Gaia Principal groups and ecological consciousness are becoming common fare. A Cultural-Materialist friend of ours wishes to inject here: “When people get enough to eat, then they start to think about what they’re eating.” “Stone Age level peoples think about it,” I reply, “They just can’t do anything about it.” We may be able to...

After vegetarianism, I suppose the ultimate liberation from this dilemma will come when we achieve artificial photosynthesis on a practical scale and can make our own food from sunlight. That, if it ever happens,² it would be a change as profound as the Agricultural Revolution, in altering our basic relationship to other living things. But this time we would be moving in the opposite direction, hopefully with more benign results. Futuristic speculations? Just are some more of the meanings of the sacrifice.

¹Rasmussen quotes an Eskimo shaman on the subject of sacred animal paintings:

“We make them new bodies to replace the bodies we have taken.” “The greatest peril of life is that human food consists entirely of souls: all the beings that we must kill and eat, all those that we have to strike down and destroy to make clothes for ourselves...must be pacified lest they revenge themselves on us for taking away their bodies.”

For similar statements from Australians, Malayans, and Siberians, see G.R. Levy, J. Halifax, and A.A. Popov, respectively.

²I wouldn’t want to think of it happening too soon, as I’d hate to think of putting any more power in the hands of the present technocracy with its Nature-hating consciousness and its evil genius for turning anything to a destructive use. Alternatives to the present Big Brother and Star Wars mind-set are well set out by Shulamith Firestone in “Feminism and Ecology”, and by many others. For a copy of the “Druid Book Lists” send us a SASE.



Boycott News

For all the junkfood junkie Druids and other pagans who’ve been participating in the boycott, success has been achieved at one fast food franchise. It’s safe* to go back into the take out line.

San Francisco Chronicle,

Friday, July 24, 1987

Environmentalists Gain Goal,

End Boycott of Burger King

Environmentalists yesterday ended a consumer boycott against Burger King after the fast-food chain said it would stop

buying the beef of cattle ranchers who are destroying tropical rain forests in Central America.

“Two-thirds of Central America’s rain forests have been destroyed since World War II. The primary cause has been the conversion of rain forests to cattle pastures,” Rainforest Action Network director Randy Hayes said at a San Francisco press conference.

Burger King received hundreds of letters after the boycott was begun in the spring of 1986. The company formed a management task force to study the problem, said Ann Kokenge, a spokeswoman for the nation’s No. 2 fast food hamburger chain.

Hayes said, “We applaud their action. They made a responsible decision.”

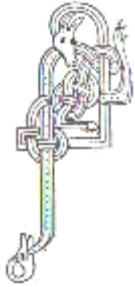
*”Safe?! For who?”

(Signed) Your Stomach

A Druid Missal-Any Fall Equinox 1987 Volume 11 Number 6

Fall Equinox Essay: Sirona

By Emmon Bodfish



all Equinox, a minor High Day in the Druid calendar. The days are getting short again and the harvest is in full swing. This is the time of Cernunnos, and the other Deities of night, of the Season of Sleep, and the Otherworld. The Celts, as far as we know, did not have a specific lunar deity. (I often get asked for the name of a Moon Goddess.) In researching this I have come across the interesting information on the origins of the Goddess Sirona. Her name comes from the same Indo-European root as “star,” although She was later associated with the source of the river Seine, a spring where a shrine to Her was located.

As the Celts moved out of the Halstatt homeland in Austria and across Europe, they re-named rivers and springs for their Goddesses, perhaps merging them with local protective Earth Goddesses. A major shrine to Sirona, located at a spring in Hochscheid has been both traced in Roman reports and verified archeologically. This shrine was associated with healing, and Sirona is shown here on plaques and in votive statues along with a young male figure. This is probably Lugh, whom the Romans equated with Apollo after they took over the site in the second century AD. When Christians later took over the shrine, the dedicated it to a “Saint Sabine,” another euhemerism of a Pagan Goddess into a Christian Pious. In late Celtic times the sanctuary was a Nemeton built around a spring whose waters were directed into a pool. In the pool have been found small votive statues of the Goddess and of the Divine Couple, presumably Sirona and Lugh, and also coins and precious offerings. It is described by the excavators as an unusually rich shrine for one so far in the country.

Sirona is portrayed here, as elsewhere, in statues and wall reliefs, holding a serpent, and a bowl of eggs, probably serpent’s eggs. The motif of the Serpent’s Egg appears in Irish literature and in folklore about the Druid in the British Isles. Possession of these magical eggs was said to bestow divine wisdom, eloquence, and protection against spells and disease. This last quality may be a dim echo of the healing powers of Sirona and of Her ancient association with night and dreams. People seeking cures for chronic illnesses often made pilgrimages in order to sleep within the sanctuary of a healing Deity in hope of receiving a Divine Dream in which the cause and cure of their illness would be made known to them by the Goddess of the shrine. Dio Cassius wrote of a pilgrimage made by the Emperor Caracalla to the shrines of the Celts as well as to Greek and Roman temples in search of a cure.

Farther west in Gaul, Sirona takes on a more diurnal and agrarian image, and is portrayed holding an ear of grain and a bowl. The concepts of healing and of regeneration were always closely associated in Celtic culture, according to Prof. Miranda Green, archeologist and British expert on the Celts. The ear of wheat symbolized the power of growth and rebirth, truth to its name “spica” from the root for hope. Green calls Sirona “polyandrous,” but evidence simply shows Her working in

conjunction with several different male Deities: Lugh, Bormo, Grannus, and several other as yet unidentified male figures. She is always associated with the serpent itself as an image of healing and wisdom in the Ancient World, and a symbol associated with the Milky Way in several early astronomies.

Night, rest, and healing are the domain of Sirona. The nights will be getting longer now, taking precedence over the day. But as one devotee of Sirona, in spirit if not in name, put it, “I hold the darkness to be good no less than the light.” Now begins the harvest of the benefits of the “good and covering dark.” Between now and Samhain, try to visit some place in the deep country where you can see the Milky Way and the dark sky the way the Druids of Sirona saw it before artificial lights and smog lowered our vision. Anywhere you are, though, a few of the bright stars and planets are always visible, even in the city. If you can’t sleep go out and look at the stars.

A meditative experiment for the radical and the brave: From now ‘til Samhain, avoid all night time electronic media. Know darkness and stars.

Last Minute News of the Groves

Some of the fish in our pond had become caught in the algae and had died. The spirulina was making good use of the fish-fertilizer. “Oh, dear! The algae is eating the fish.” That’s how it is out here at Orinda Grovesite everything happening backwards. According to some strains of Celtic mythology, this would mean we have all died and gone to the netherworld. This not a bad theory; it would explain so much.



How’s it going, Bob? Jennifer and I were in the neighborhood and thought we’d drop in and see how the search for inner peace and solitude is coming.

(To our new subscribers: This is the finale on a debate that has raged for eight or more months. To get the full fight, send a stamped large envelope for relevant parts of the back issues. Then write up your opinions and send them in.)

Post Oak Proto-Grove

Scholarly pursuits and research can be very mystical and to deny this is missing the point of my attempt to reconstruct the ancient Druids' tradition. When one takes the time to consume the writings of Indo-European scholars, archaeologists, comparative-mythologists, professors of religious history and socio-cultural anthropologists—you are disciplining yourself to a set of guidelines that will keep you on the path to *truth*. The scholarly data are the guideposts and signs along the road to *another* time and place. One forms a mental image or set of images; it starts out blurry and fuzzy, but the more you journey backward in time, the clearer it becomes. When you study linguistics and philology—you can begin to hear the voices of the ancient ones. You can read the ancient inscriptions or etymologies and that helps you to hear the voices from the past. When you study the culture of the ancient Celts or the Indo-Europeans, you begin to form cleaner and cleaner pictures and images of their lives. And then, when you begin to organize and integrate the data you've collected, your mental picture becomes a whole, built-up upon many pictures, sounds and even feelings.

It is like a shamanic journey, but you are not witnessing or experiencing an Otherworld, but a past world—this world as it was. When the puzzle pieces fit together—correlating and corroborating—the image must be true and real and you must reject those pieces which do not fit together, which are not verifiable by comparison and contrast. When it comes together—the image can become so sharply focused that you can *feel* it. When you are studying it and organizing it all—you are absorbed into it and you become like a shaman possessed by spirits. But the important thing, when you take the journey, is to leave behind all assumptions—to become a detached observer leaving behind judgmental thoughts—prejudices, biases and misconceptions. When you come back from the journey, you are in the here and now, and you may then form opinions about it (what you saw and felt), this is where you can apply the data, but the data is a reconstructed tradition and the more facts (verifiable through tests, correlation, corroboration, etc.) the closer your reconstruction is to the ultimate truth. Another way of testing the truth is by its internal logic and also by substantiating it with appeals to the BEST authorities who have used strictest standards of reconstruction.

There *is* a mysticism in scholarship, indeed! It is very useful scholarship to reconstruct the past—for many reasons that are obvious. It is not a matter of taste or opinion when you have actually seen or demonstrated a matter of fact—the reaction to the facts are something entirely different! If something is an established fact, then it is right for its own sake and for the sake of *truth*. Whether or not an ancient Druid said or did something is either a fact or not a fact, and can either be demonstrated or not! One only has the authority to facts about something, but truth is contingent to facts. You can choose to base your beliefs on a factual matter or not, but a belief which expresses to deny a fact is a *false* belief, no matter how you categorize it!

Example:

A false belief:

“Lugh is an Egyptian god believed in by industrial workers in China.

I believe in this.”

A true belief:

“I believe that the sunset occurred at dusk this evening.”

My vision of Druidism is to reconstruct the ancient religious beliefs and allow it to become part of a new tradition. Now in reconstructing the old traditions—I am engaging in an activity that is subject to being fact or non-fact. Either the Druid said this (did this) or he did not. Whether I can verify it through cultural, anthropological, linguistic, literary or historical evidence is the criteria for establishing its veracity. If it is verifiable, provable, or demonstrable through scholarship, then it is worthy of becoming integrated into the tradition. Once established into the reconstructed tradition, then it becomes a matter of fact—and only then can we say whether or not we agree with it or believe in it.

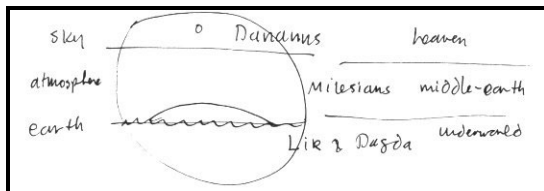
If we choose not to believe in it, then we have broken off from ancient tradition, but it is still part of our heritage as neo-Druids, for after all we have named ourselves after them and that implies that we have drawn from them somehow. If we make-up a false tradition, on the other hand, we encourage false beliefs and we become a ridiculous joke in the history of human folly. If we take ourselves too seriously, of course, we could very well become the sort of “Our way is the only right way” authoritarian fundamentalist type of thing. But if we are not serious enough, we cannot fulfill ourselves, we are a joke and we can degenerate into a superficial band of people who miss out on thoughtfulness.

More on Mitra-Varuna dual sovereignty. In the Celtic priesthood, the Druids were supreme authorities—they were xenophobic, conservative and they embodied traditions of their culture, they scorned eclecticism (unless it fit in with their tradition!)—only in southern Narbonensian Gaul did they allow much outside influences. The seers and prophets, vates and *filidhe*, etc. were concerned with the more mystical side—but still they were working within the bounds of tradition too—maybe more strictly since the Druid (*purohita*) types were watching over them. Also, the *filidhe*, vates, or *faith* were poets—they sang, chanted and composed verses—literary types more than we are or could ever be, but we need more of it! The Rix (pl. Riges)—kings were bound to carry out the policies set by Druids (*purohita*-types) because Druids were judges drawing upon TRADITIONS that they memorized. Odin and Tiw or Lugh and Nuadu were gods who perhaps personified the relationship between Druid and Rix, between Brahman and Rajan or Flamen and Rex, but the correspondence was probably closest in those Proto-Indo-European days when the Kurgan folk had yet to divide the segmented lineages and load up the wagons in search of greener pastures. When the Regos and Blaghmen were our ancestors' father and uncle, dividing their tasks between war and sacrifice, between leading men in a cattle-raid and leading poets in praise. The Regos grabbed his battle axe and said “follow me” while his brother the gheu-patruos or Blaghmen said “I'll lead the people in a sacrifice to offer Dyeu-pater our best bull, so that our Regos and his men shall have victory in the raid!”

So the priest offered a bull to the god of war, a sky god, and the king led the raid—thus father-sky had a brother who made judgements on the people below and the thus the priest must find out this god's will. Manus killed Yemos—priest sacrificed the king—for the king must be willing to die for his people—as their father and protector. He gave his life so others could live, but our uncle the priest made sure his death was dignified and honorable and thus the father of mankind was a twin Yemos (Yama, Yima, Ymir, Remus, Donn or Tuisto) and the uncle of mankind was Manus (Manu, Romulus, Wironos, Mannwaz, Amhairghen or Manannán) he was the priest, the twin of Yemos. The corresponding gods were Odin and Tiwaz, Jupiter

and Dius Fidius, Zeus and Hades, Lugh and Nuadu, Mitra-Varuna, Bodb and Manannán, or Amhairgehn and Donn. The pattern fits:

Sea Giants	Sky Gods	Man Kind
House of Llyr & Dagda "Eochaid Ollathair"	House of Danann	House of Milé
Bodb Dearg—king	Nuada—king	Donn—king
Manannán Mac Lir—priest	Lugh—priest	Amhairghen—priest



[Clearer chart for graph above.]

Sky	Dananns	Heaven
Atmosphere	Milesians	Middle-earth
Earth	Lir & Dagda	Underworld

Hope to hear from you again,

Tom

May 1st

Dear Emmon,

Got your letter of "May 1st." Sorry to have been so didactic—perhaps I am out-growing neo-paganism—or perhaps I am rebelling against it—the theology of modern religion. If I have offended anyone by defending myself, then it must be a sure sign that I no longer fit in anymore. Still, I believe I have been unjustly criticized or whatever you want to call it.

It seems, also, now, that I have offended you. I truly regret this, if this is so. I *never* intended to upset anyone but merely to state my position so that I could get on with writing scholarship or scholarly research type of stuff. When I have to stop and defend scholarship, it took away from just writing it. I was beginning to feel that no one cared—no feedback – no positive feedback, either! There's mysticism in scholarship which, I believe, we both share. Correct me if I'm wrong! You have shared really great stuff with me and I like James Duran's exposition, because of listening to him, I was turned on to Structuralism, Cultural materialism, and comparing African New Religion, etc. I believe that this turned my direction toward getting at the bottom of the I-E religious stuff- yet at the same time that I wanted to reconstruct the religion, I also turned away from its "modern" application.

It's like taking a shamanic journey into another time or another world. I believe there is mysticism in studying history—when you can imagine the past—dream about it and see it. I'm not going to send in anymore stuff to the Missal-Any because I believe that it is not apparently of any interest to the readers anymore—unless someone wants to write to me, I'm going to keep my mouth shut and only contribute if requested! I enclose the letter fragment I wrote a few days ago.

—Tom

Heathen on the Heath:

The Secret of Autumn

Autumn is a promise, wind singing of the blessed rains to come. Autumn is my true love calling, soft as death. The door blows open; cats run in and out. The scent and horror of wildfire blows away, and we foolhardy ones replace it with the smoke of woodstoves against cold that we secretly cherish.

In these days I glare daggers at those who whine for more nice days. Have we cursed our land with the curse of drought, for the sake of our prim plastic notion of a nice day? Do we think of unblemished tomatoes, or mold-free buds, or whatever turns us over-proliferating hominids on, and not of the Mother? She knows her grief will soon be upon her; do we forbid her to weep and be comforted? I may throw a shoe at the Today Show one of these mornings—a strange offering to the gods!

I pick tomatoes now, between writing assignments. My boss is unlike me, but also a farmer. He tells me how he does it, but is also open-eared for what little I may know that he does not. That eternally confused expression belongs to both of us. We share a secret, called "Damned If I Know." We run to beat the deadline of rain, and altogether it's sort of festive.

Autumn howls laughter, weeps loving, just around the corner, and we beg for the turning of seasons, while cursing the passage of time. Neopagans differ from paleopagans, for we face threats that our forbears did not, and are lulled by our overcomplicated distancing devices. No neophyte bard or Druid could have been held in thrall by a vehicle unstartable, or a heating or cooling whoozits beyond normal comprehension. A wise one might instruct on in the mysteries, but no expert was needed to keep one functioning. Take time from the broken washing machine, Oh my People, and ponder the water we wash with. No one has yet died and left us in charge, and that water could somehow manage not to come. We differ as we must, but also in ways that we should not. And in some ways, all our pagan forbears knew the same thing.

What's Gaelic for "Be attentive as you walk?"

News of the Groves

We have finished digging the post-holes and set the seven cabers in place that will hold the retaining wall so that we can level the Maypole meadow. We plan to use woven wood and mud mortar, "daub and wattle works," for the body of the wall. The ancient city walls and dykes of Dublin were made this way. Dublin is from Dubh Linn: "for in the black pond." Our post-holes and earth-works will still be detectable thousands of years hence. Though unless this culture takes some radical detours, they will probably be under shore-to-shore condominiums.

This year has not only been one of the driest, but has also seen one of the worst infestations of Oak Moths in Orinda in living memory. (And living memory is the way we go. In answer to one letter writer's question. "No, the Druid Missal-Any is not computerized. Its records are kept in the living memory of its Third Order Druids.") Not wanting to break with Organic Purity, we did not spray, but have trusted to the birds and worms' other natural enemies. Some of the bird species have gotten in two nests this year, and all have had a "Banner Year." Last service, at that in the R.D.N.A. ritual when offerings of requests to the different Deities are accepted, I asked to be instructed as to what should do for our Oak trees, especially for Darag, a Valley Oak in the consecrated part of the Grove who has suffered more damage from the worms than have the Live Oaks. Next day, in a Health food store of all places, my eye was drawn to a new, guaranteed Organic, product for dealing with these worms which have been

bad all over the Bay Area. Next service, I will confer with my fellow Druids and we will decide whether and how to use it.

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Calendar

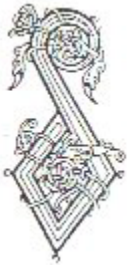
Astronomical Equinox will occur at thirteen hours and thirty nine minutes Greenwich Time on September 23, 1987. That translates into 6:39 A.M. Pacific Daylight Time. This is about as late in the year as Equinox ever gets. Experience it; put it in your living memory.

Postmarked Sep. 18 1987

A Druid Missal-Any Samhain 1987 Volume 11 Number 7

Samhain Essay: Celtic Feast Days

By Emmon Bodfish



amhain, Celtic New Year, the day between the Worlds. The Druid year starts with Samhain in the fall of the year, just as the Druid reckoning of days begins each day at the fall of night. This high day marks the end of the harvest season. Any fruit not gathered in by Samhain Eve must be left in the fields to feed the birds and the wild animals, or the Sidhe, as one would have it. According to Françoise Le Roux, whose article, "Studies on the Celtic Feast Days" has been translated from the French by one of our subscribers, Jeanne Elizabeth, Samhain may be derived from Sam Fuin, meaning weakening or end of summer. Other competing derivations from Sam Rad or Samhra are by no means disproven, such as Samhrad, summer, or Samhrach, quiet, still.

Like New Year's celebrations everywhere, Samhain's festivities fall into two sequential phases: one that signifies a return to Chaos, to wit: the disposal of old goods, expelling of evil, reversal of usual habits of behavior, parties, suspension of taboos, and the return of the dead to this world of the living, all of which occur on Samhain night; and a second phase which signifies rebirth of the Cosmos and creation anew, to wit: the lighting of new fires, the beginning of a new season, inauguration of new ceremonies, re-affirmation of the existing order, and installation of new leaders. This phase is enacted Samhain morning, and is symbolized in the RDNA tradition in the Samhain Dawn service, Service The newly elected Archdruid, in Preceptor, and Server enact the first service of the new year; All Third order Druids change their ceremonial ribbons to new white ones, and winter begins.

News of the Groves

It's a short article, not for any lack of news, but what with the markets doing yo-yo's and back flips, we have had very little time to write down anything other than numbers. If it is true, as Jim Duran says, that the ancestors may send or withhold prosperity, then the ancestors are PISSED! We will see what we can do about this on Samhain when the gates between the worlds open, and the dead are said to walk and speak. In the meantime, we promise a longer, "catch-up" article if and when things settle down around Yule.

"I would go crazy,
but I already live there."

—Mad Sweeney



Announcing a new, pagan and New Age oriented newspaper from northern California. It includes more writing from the author of our column. "The Heathen on the Heath."

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Calendar

Astronomical Samhain, when the sun is midway between Equinox and Solstice, will occur on November 6, 1987, at 5:40 P.M. Pacific Standard Time, or by the Astrological method, at 8:42 P.M. Pacific Standard Time, also on November 6th. Samhain Festivities here will begin at sundown, and culminate with the sacrifice of the maypole ribbons, and end with the dawn Service, ushering in the new year.

Letter to the Editor (received Oct. 29)

Editor:

“The Celts had no Mother Goddesses.” Startling theory! And where does Tom Cross get the evidence to contradict Green, deVries, Grenier and Szabo, etc., the accepted experts in the field? Listen to this. “Going by the fact that Danu is cognate with the name of the Danube river, it seems that She is (or was) originally a River Goddess,” he says, jumping to his own conclusion. In other words he does what he accuses the rest of us of doing: He makes it up out of his head. Exactly what are Mr. Cross’ credentials? Not many, I think. And while he is invoking academia and scholarship, why doesn’t he go back to some school and learn to write a grammatical English sentence?

Enclosed is a brief summary of evidence pertaining to the Mother Goddesses of the Celts by Prof. Green.

Sincerely,

Annie Rum
B.A. Comparative Literature
M.A. Folkloric Studies

(The summary she enclosed is too long to reprint here, and we would have to break copy write to print it, since it is from Green’s published work. Anyone who wants a copy, send us an envelope with three ounces worth of postage on it.

—Ed.

Advertisement

SAMHAIN MOOT—attention all. C. of D. (College of Druidism) members resident on mainland Britain we are planning a Major Druidical celebration of SAMHAIN in Roslyn Glen (10 miles from Edinburgh). Some of the three days Mon. 31st Oct., Tues. 1st & Wed. 2nd Nov. will be spent in instruction/preparation in Caer Eidynd, the rest will be spent camped-out in Roslyn Woods. If you would like to join the Edinburgh Group for this Holy Festival then please get in touch well in advance, so we can make arrangements about accommodation etc.

The Heathen on the Heath: Death

Samhain is change; Samhain is ever the same. Year after year we celebrate the Eternal Return, yet in many ways, every Samhain, we are made aware that you can never really go home.

Remember the dead, they whom—at least this time around—we will not see again. If ever we do meet again, it will be a different story, with everyone wearing different faces; the beloved ghosts who watch with us this night can only wait, and whimper, hoping that when Mannannen’s cloak is finally drawn between us, it is wisdom and not wounds that each shall bring away from that parting. Some changes are irrevocable.

I talk to my death. I ask his advice, and he always gives it. It never differs from the last advice he gave me, but the sound of his voice awakens the mind to flooding moonlight, clearer than the cluttered light of day, and all the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, and petty things become very small indeed. For my death says, “Whatever it is that you will do, remember that I am coming for you; I know when that is, but you don’t.”

We live in a real world, and we know that because, one by one, we die. This Samhain, as we stand in the moon-drenched grass, can we let wishful thinking drain from us, and be there for our Gods as they are? The wishful mind is a lover so busy

planning the wedding, or choreographing the seduction, or mentally buying a house, that the fiery satin of the beloved’s touch goes unnoticed. Imagination given to the present, and to the opening of the senses, is psychedelic; there is no book of instructions for the opening of an eye, and no script for a kiss.

Name the names of your dead, and let yourself cry. Look at the living and see them. Don’t miss anything, because the next Samhain, the next year, the next life, the next time you step on this same patch of ground, everything will be different.

Albion’s Thoughts

(Received Sept 28)

I don’t want this to be another face off with Tom Cross. There *is* a need for scholarship and research into the ways of our ancestors, there is a place for what Tom does, there is a need for what he does.

As I’ve said before, I’m not a Druid. Ritually, I practice some hereditary pagan ways (that came from the Midlands of England) mixed liberally with some modern paganism, (oriented towards the Celtic God/desses).

I also carry a “medicine bag,” I ritually sweat in a sweat lodge whenever I can, and sometimes I smoke the ceremonial pipe as well, I don’t “blend” all of these ways together (i.e. the Celtic and Native American ways), but practice them separately, but they are different paths to the *same source*, and in some ways, the Inner God/dess forms are very similar. And, both paths, most importantly, *work*.

I’ve gone into all of this to say that it’s o.k. to take whatever path(s) that you need to take to achieve you own personal Union with the Gods, no matter what anyone else says, follow your *own* path, for this is “the high road” to Spiritual Freedom.

There is one last thing that I’d like to address here.

“The Gods” like us have grown. We aren’t in 2nd century Ireland or Gaul, but reside in 1987 North America. Our approach to the Gods is going to change over time, and change with our evolution as a race and species. As we have changed and continued to grow, so too, have the Gods-although their space-time frame is not like ours, the Gods Also “grow” and change. The “Other-World” is different than 2,000 years ago just as our world is different. Don’t believe me, but take your own Shamanic journey to find out.

It is also o.k. to “update” our spiritual approach to the Gods, no matter what anyone else might say.

And I’m not saying that the Celtic “Old Ways” are no longer “valid” for our modern age, but perhaps our Faith is a new, and I feel *improved* form of the old faith. As I turn 36 years old on Samhain, I want to begin a new year of my life and this is the last that I wish to writ on this particular subject. There is a place for us all on these pages and no one should give up on helping others to learn but we all hopefully, have learned some important lessons about our selves. This is true growth and is a great spiritual lesson and a gift.

Blessings to all,

Albion

Postmarked 3 Nov 1987

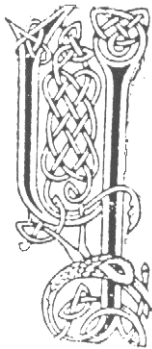
A Druid Missal-Any

Yule 1987

Volume 11 Number 8

Yule Essay: Mother Goddesses

By Emmon Bodfish



ule, Winter Solstice, was a minor High Day in the old Druid calendar. The festival's association with a Mother and newborn Son is very old through-out the Eurasian cultural area. It predates Indo-European occupation of Europe, and probably included the Proto-Indo Europeans in their steppes homeland. A Goddess and a Young Year God were worshiped in Balkan Europe before 3500 B.C. and in Summeria and the Caucis even earlier. In Rome, (much later) it was the Festival of the Three Mothers, probably cognates of the extremely popular Triple Mothers cult of the

Celts. Mass produced, molded pipe clay votive figures of the three are found throughout Britain and Gaul.*



Left. Pipe-clay mother-goddess and mould; Toulon-sur-Allier, France. Photograph: Miranda Green. Musée des Antiquités Nationales, St. Germain-en-Laye. Right. Pipe-clay mother-goddesses; London. Copyright: Museum of London.

As deVries's, Grenier's, Green's, Szabo's and Ross's work has shown, the mother-goddess cult, so popular in Gaul and Britain during the Pre-conquest period and extending into Romano-Celtic times, has its origin in Proto-Indo-European culture, and shares features with similar cults in some of the other Indo-European peoples. The parallel has been drawn many times with Tacitus' description of the Teutonic Earth-goddess Nerthus who rode in procession through cities. This imagery recalls and is corroborated by Strettweg processional wagon with its female figure and also, later Romano-Celtic Mother figures portrayed in chariots. Another parallel is suggested in Irish literary tradition in descriptions of Connaught's Queen Medb being driven in her chariot around her camp before battle. Medb is a problematic figure, somewhere between a goddess and a heroic archetype. But it must be remembered that the "Tain Bo Chualgne" was not written down in pagan times.

*Proving that mass-produced little religious goodies are not a modern tackiness.

News of the Groves

I am calling an end to the Cross vs. Guppy et. al. debate. It has become too acrimonious. We Druids are a tiny minority within a minority, the modern pagans, and need to support and understand each other, or at least extend tolerance to one another, being as we are surrounded by an intolerant world, much of which wishes we did not exist. Articles on the subjects are always welcome, but no more personal vilification.

The Celts did not have a single, monotheistic, all-powerful Mother Goddess. That was never what was being maintained. Neither did they have a single all-powerful Father God; they had multiplicity. For a Father, they had Dispater, from whom at least some of the Gauls claimed to descend. Then there was Tuates, a war and ancestor God of the tribes. Better delineated was Dagda, the father of many of the other Gods and Goddesses. And Sucellos, called the "All-Father," but his role beyond that designation is not clear. We know of Mider, a God of fertility and Albuis, the Sky God. What did they mean to the Ancient Celts? There is no all-ruling Zeus. Zeus in fact is thought to be cognate with Taranis, a Thunderbolt God who is not a particularly fatherly figure in Celtic mythology. Another God, Nuada, has been called "the Celtic Zeus." Multiplicity and specialization were the rule.

Where did it start? We don't have a Celtic creation myth. Undoubtedly they had one, but it has been lost in the intervening Roman and Christian darkness. Each of the "houses" clan groups, or "Branches," in Ireland traced their origins back to the tomb of a female ancestor, and attributed the same system of reckoning, descent to their Gods, calling them "People" of the Goddess Danu, the Tuath de Danann." It was a female progenitor who was honored at Tara and in Ulster. This is unusual. In most of the rest of the world tribes generally traced themselves back to a male ancestor, divine, semi-divine or semi-animal and divine.

There is no lack of Mother-goddesses among the Celts. Several dozen are known by name from inscriptions or mythologies, the exact count depends on whom you believe to be separate figures, and which you think are different names for the same Goddess in the Celtic mind. Green has studied hundreds of Mother-goddess statues, figurines, and votive inscriptions by way of hard evidence. To dismiss all female deities as "mere consorts of the Gods." is to impose nineteenth century attitudes and values on ancient Europe. The Triple-Mothers, for instance, had no consorts.

I have listed below some of the recent literature.

The Gods of the Celts	Miranda Green
Goddesses and Gods of Old Europe	M. Gimbutas
Celtic Mysteries	John Sharkey
Celtic Mythology	P. MacCana
The Pagan Celts	A. Ross
Story of the Irish Race	McManus
Celtic Religion in Roman Britain	Webster
Celtic Myth and Legend	Squire
Gods and Heroes of the Celts	Dillon
The Druids (now in paper)	W. Rutherford,
Indo-European and Indo-Europeans	Cardonal, et. al.
Academic Journals	Send SASE for a list.

Calendar

Winter Solstice will occur at 1:46 A.M. Pacific Standard time on December 22, 1987.

Hunting Thoughts

Sacrifice of two white bulls was traditional to this festival. Knowing that we lacked white bulls, the Deities have provided us in Orinda with a young Mule deer buck, who may have grazed at times on our hill. For this, and for the wild greens and the firewood to cook them, we offer up our thanks.

Mad Sweeney's morals: If you hunt, kill only to sustain your own lives, never for "pleasure." Take only what you can use. Send a SASE for instructions on how to tan a hide. Check the hunting laws in your state. And if *you* really want to get the experience, remember: Knives and guns are for ninnies.



Mad Sweeney's Hunting Knife

With only little encouragement I may write an article about how to make these stone tools.

The Heathen on the Heath: Making a Tradition

Time was when I tried to tie every column in with the theme of the seasons. But I've ridden at least one revolution of the year-wheel with this column, and it has finally occurred to me that Mad Sweeney handles the seasonal aspects of the Missal—Any quite well, without the aid of my scholly sloppishness. So I think I'll stop the year and get off.

What, I haven't succeeded? Why, so I haven't. For I have here a subject of rant and rave quite appropriate for winter's dark insistence. You see, it occurs to me that winters—especially country winters—are a fine time to get down to the grunt work of our religion. We have sung and feasted and sacrificed, and yelled at one another and praised our ancestors. But what do we do next? What is a pagan, or more specifically a Reformed Druid, life, in grubby day-to-day detail?

I must first admit that hard, clearheaded scholarship is something that I perceive as a duty, badly neglected on my part. I am currently poking my nose into the study of history, in bits and snippets, including more of the world than the U.S., or Celtic Britain and Ireland. The future springs from the loam of the past; if one wants to add a few nutrients for its proper growth, it helps to know what was thrown on the compost heap to begin with, and also to be reasonably aware of the nature of composting.

But what do we want to do with that future? Could I say that most of us would like to bring with us some of the values that we find in the visions of our Celtic forebears—the stubborn individualism that has led English-speaking peoples (and those

who still speak Gaelic) into political experimentation that has continued to this day? Do we want to continue the openhearted pride and hospitality of the Celt, and the bold curiosity that looks the very Gods squarely in the eye?

We can only start right now. And though we may debate the correctness of possibility of writing, or rather rewriting, our own religion, the need to rewrite our culture is hardly worth an argument. Culture gets rewritten, and one can either participate actively or be manipulated by those in power. We're living a script that was heavily re-written in the aftershock of two world wars: although the sanctity of the family per se is a very old concept, the sanctity of the *nuclear* family is no older than our own parents. Cut! We're gonna have to do that scene over again. The previous generation meant well. They probably hoped, by isolating the breeding unit, to achieve greater individual prestige, and in some cases, it worked.

No one could have explained to them, without first trying it, that isolating small groups of people with specialized roles under heavy economic pressure would provide all sorts of motivation for abuse. And the failure to deal with Grandma and Grandpa, though a grandiose glitch, is no bigger than some of the boners we'll pull, once we get the lead out and start doing things.

Who's that in the back row? You say "doing things" is a fine idea for flaky South Humboldt hippies, but what about you real folks with real jobs and real bosses and neighbors and such to deal with?

You win a few, you lose a few. Actually, country folks can be just as hardheaded in their expectations as city dwellers, and although rural neighbors are fewer, they have more influence on your day-to-day life. Which brings me to the next point; if we expect to have any influence on our surroundings, we must exercise it as neighbours do, a little at a time.

It would perhaps be more fun to establish, immediately, a clan-type family structure with a set of equal-opportunity social customs. This is always a favorite fantasy, probably because everybody wants to be The McGregor. But if you are the leader of your embryo clan, you have my heartfelt sympathy. Chances are that your contributions pass unremarked, except by loud complaints of stubbornness, meddling, egotism, and being late when you drive the neighbors' kids to school. The loudest grouching will come from your own immediate family, since time devoted to a larger group is time not lavished exclusively on them.

To be even responsible, much less acceptable or polite, we must start small. This means noticing small things.

To whom do we show respect, for what, and in what ways? What are our prejudices? (Careful—lying saps power.)

Is there any subject regarding which we would not want to pass our beliefs on to our children?

Are our religious ideals reflected in our etiquette? Do we give lip service to the Mother, but expect human mothers to stay home until their figures look normal and their kids don't cry unexpectedly? Do we fear and ridicule old age?

Do we revere Nature, but describe biological processes in the language of disgust? (Footnote: this correspondent is aware of the glory-in-grossness rhetoric of Crowley, or the Hell's Angels. She is also aware that the excuses for such rhetoric only fool men. *Please* don't refer to a pregnant acquaintance as "spawning," at least in my hearing...probably also in hers. We *do* know what you mean, and we don't like it.) Or do we use euphemisms to shove conversation away from a subject, rather than handling it in a calm and neutral tone? If a child asked you to describe sex, what words would you use? My "well, they fit together" may have been less than articulate, but it at least allowed my daughter to laugh, especially when I explained that when she was old enough, her instincts would cause her to enjoy it. "I always knew grownups were weird!" said she.

Do we deplore patriarchalism in the home, autocracy in business, and arbitrariness in law, but allow them to function unmolested? Do we “mind our own business” about socially acceptable cruelties, but pretend to the “normality” of the busy bodies in power?

Do we vote? Do we volunteer in the service of our beliefs?

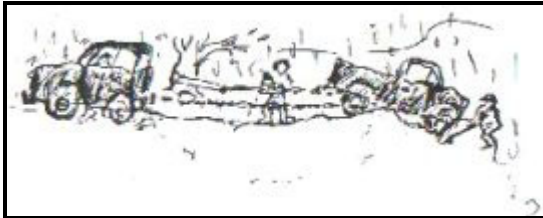
Do we have a relationship with our surroundings? With plants? With animals? How well do we know our climate, our soil, our geography?

See? This is the grunt work. This is the kind of thing a religion faces you with, once you’ve lasted through the honeymoon phase. And half the time, once you’ve decided what the Gods really want you to do, your first impulse will be to try to talk Them out of it. Like, there’s a quintillion bazillion gophers in my garden, and You Guys don’t want me to use *any* poisons? Not even one little pellet? And about that geas. Folks—you really mean to tell me that You expect people to have geasa in the Eighties? Next, You’ll be asking us whether we believe in magic.

But if you readers are members of the NRDNA or related organizations at this point in their development, you’re the diehards, the ones who have made it this far. You’ve lived through the political snits and social catastrophes that drove away the dilettantes and novelty-seekers. Your pagan eyes have seen births and marriages and divorces and deaths. You have, somewhere within you, a worldview not taught to you by either mainstream religious or secular authorities.

Now, obviously, there’s no law that says you can’t just bug out on the project at this point. Taking your feral spiritual priorities out for a spin can make you conspicuous, especially in the current sociopolitical climate of enlightened despair. Giving up always looks terribly sophisticated.

But you can’t bug out on winter.



Myself and some of my fellow Neo-Pagans in the Berkeley Inter-Faith Counsel’s Thanksgiving Pageant. Your editor is second from the left, in Druid regalia.

Postmarked 17 Dec 1987

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