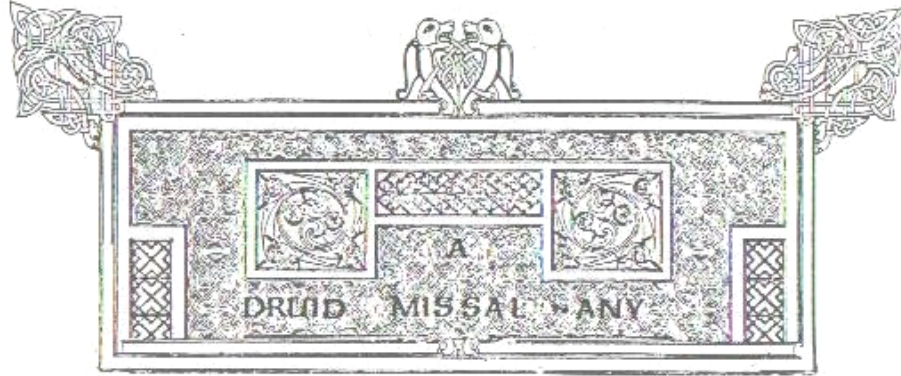


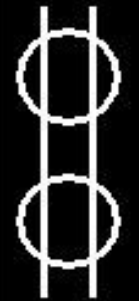
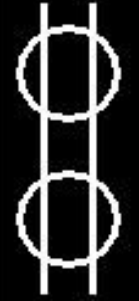
Part 11 of ARDA 2

SECTION TWO



A Druid Missal-Any
Volume Twelve
1988 c.e.

Drynemetum Press



A Druid Missal-Any Oimelc 1988 Volume 12 Number 1

Oimelc Essay: Bride

By Emmon Bodfish



Maiden who hangs Her cloak on the rays of the morning sun. The sun is feminine in Gaelic, and in Scot's folk tradition.

imelc. Now is the time of Breedes, Bridget, Goddess of the hearth, Ruler of fire, Lucinda, Vesta, candle light parades, Lady Day, the Thaw. Bride was one of the most popular of the pan-Celtic Deities, and in Pagan times a perpetual fire burned on Her altar in Kildare. She was attended by a female priesthood. She is also the Dawn

34. To the Sun

Greeting to you, sun of the seasons, as you travel the skies on high, with your strong steps on the wing of the heights; you are the happy mother of the stars.

You sink down in the perilous ocean without harm and without hurt; you rise up on the quiet wave like a young queen in flower.

Scottish Gaelic; traditional folk prayer,
from *A Celtic Miscellany*

From now until Equinox we worship Bride and give thanks for fire. When you light your fire or candle during these days, try, this old Scot's verse, which is, I think, in a direct oral tradition from old Paganism.

"Unto Bride, Ruler of Fire,
Give us this little comfort now."

Mad Sweeney's News

I have news for you; the stag bells, winter snows, summer has gone.

Wind high and cold, the sun low, short its course, the sea running high.

Deep red the bracken, its shape is lost; the wild goose has raised its accustomed cry.

Cold has seized the birds' wings; season of ice, this is my news.

Irish; author unknown; ninth century,
from *A Celtic Miscellany*

ARENA PRESS

A Lettershop Where People Respond

Dear Gentlefolk,

Recycled paper saves trees, saves energy, and reduces solid waste. It is also high-quality, available in a wide variety of colors and weights, and economically competitive with virgin papers.

Unfortunately, it is not easy to find. Major paper manufacturers don't promote it, most commercial print shops don't handle it, and most office supply stores have never even heard of it.

As environmentalists and Pagans, we at Arena Press found this situation frustrating. So we put our heads together, ran up a truly monumental phone bill, and are able to offer you the results of our work.

We now offer a full line of recycle papers for direct sale or for printing. We are a full service commercial print shop; with desktop publishing, computerized database services and a graphic arts/camera department that makes our work professional, economical, and now, environmentally sensitive.

We'd like a chance to work on your printing; whether you publish a Pagan periodical or sell New Age crystals or operate a Women's Collective, we'll give you the finest quality work for the best price and help promote the use of recycled paper as well. For once, neither high quality, economics, or our principles have to be sacrificed.

If you already produce printed materials, why not send us a copy of what you're currently doing? We'll be delighted to provide you with a bid on your next reprint. Otherwise, be sure and call us the next time you're working on a business card, catalog, paperback book, direct mail piece or other printing job; we'll thank you, your checkbook will thank you, and, most importantly, the trees will thank you.

Blessed Be,

Anne Newkirk
Account Executive
Arena Press
PO Box 468
Point Arena, CA 95468

P.S. We also offer a line of Pagan/feminist bumper stickers for sale. Write us for a free catalog of prices and designs.

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Photo by Kathy Sheffield

Trout Creek Update:

The Trout Creek Watershed is a unique and special area; the only significant virgin multi-storied grove of old-growth Douglas Fir on the entire 12-mile stretch of the Eel River from its source on Hull Mountain to Van Arsdale Dam. As such, it is **the last old-growth sanctuary** where native plants and animals can

remain undisturbed. Secondly, the area of the proposed logging would directly impact Trout Creek, impairing the water quality of the Creek, and ultimately the River itself. Furthermore, the area is easily accessible to the public, being directly above PG & E's own campground. In order to preserve a unique and endangered old-growth eco-system and to protect water quality, recreational and scenic values, which cannot be duplicated in half a millennium, we believe **Trout Creek should be maintained as a sanctuary**. The friends of Trout Creek are more than willing to work with PG & E in the care and maintenance of such a sanctuary.

—John Harnish
Spokesman for FTC

Trout Creek is a major tributary to the main fork of the Eel River. This river supplies both domestic and agricultural water for 300,000 people in Mendocino, Sonoma and Marin Counties. The Eel is a troubled river, overburdened with silt, largely from abusive logging practices. The river is struggling to support its own native steelhead and salmon populations. The silt in the river settles in Lake Pillsbury and Lake Mendocino, causing a diminished water storage capacity for its users in dry summer months.

On Dec. 23, 1986 PG & E filed a Timber Harvest Plan (THP) on 637 acres surrounding a two-mile section of Trout Creek. Through public support, both in donations and letter writing, Friends of Trout Creek and the Rural Institute have been able to temporarily halt the destruction of the last stand of old growth timber on the Upper Eel River. **Only through legal action** has it been possible to get PG & E to come to the negotiation table and talk about alternatives to their THP.

Over the last few months a negotiating team has met on a regular basis with PG & E's representatives. The tentative outcome of those negotiations was an amended THP that provided only a shallow visual screen along the county road and Trout Creek itself.

PG & E has refused to protect these small buffer zones from future timber harvest and claims that donation of the land is not feasible under current tax structures.

After reviewing the proposed agreement with the Rural Institute, Sierra Club officials and Earth First! activists, and in light of a recent Sonoma County court ruling to the effect that cumulative impacts must be addressed, FTC has agreed to continue with legal actions, and pursue further negotiations.

A Court date of January 29, 1988 has been set. Most of the groundwork has been laid, but additional funds must be raised to secure the necessary legal assistance.



Photo by Evan Johnson

YOU CAN HELP!

- **Attend a General Public Meeting:**
January 19th, 7:30 PM
Mendocino Environment Center
106 W. Standley, Ukiah
*Your input is needed;
Time is running out!*

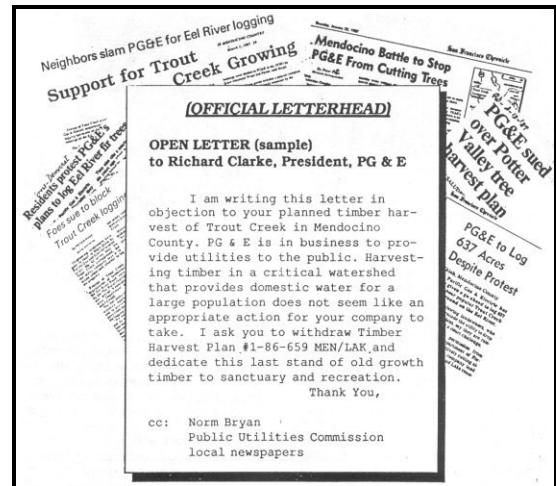
- **Write Open Letters** (see sample)
to:
Richard Clarke
Chief Executive Officer
PG & E
77 Beale St. 32nd Floor
San Francisco, CA 94106
*Send copies to the editors
of all you local papers.*

- **Contribute funds to help with the Court Case**
(see attached form)

Thank You!
The Friends of Trout Creek
PO Box 1172
Ukiah, CA 95482
(707) 463-1835

P.S. The original intent was to preserve this old growth Ecosystem as a wilder-ness sanctuary, and assure recreational opportunities and water conservation for future generations. This will continue to be the primary objective. Old-Growth Forests are not a renewable resource!

Your support with a contribution and/or volunteer time can make the difference!



(OFFICIAL LETTERHEAD)

Open Letter (sample) To Richard Clarke, President, PG & E

I am writing this letter in objection to your planned timber harvest of Trout Creek in Mendocino County. PG & E is in business to provide utilities to the public. Harvesting timber in a critical watershed that provides domestic water for a large population does not seem like an appropriate action for your company to take. I ask you to withdraw Timber Harvest Plan #1-86-659 MEN/LAK and dedicate this last stand of old growth timber to sanctuary and recreation.

Thank You,

cc: Norm Bryan
Public Utilities Commission
Local newspapers

Mail Letters To:

Richard Clarke
Chief Executive Officer, PG & E
77 Beale St., 32nd Floor
San Francisco, CA 94106

Norm Bryan, Vice President
Redwood Regional Office, PG & E
111 Stony Circle
Santa Rosa, CA 95401-9500

Public Utilities Commission
505 Van Ness Avenue—Rm. 5303
San Francisco, CA 94102

The Honorable Dan Hauser
Assemblyman
216 W. Perkins
Ukiah, CA 95482

The Honorable Barry Keene
Senator
632 Tennessee St.
Vallejo, CA 94590

The Honorable Doug Bosco
Representative
777 Sonoma Avenue #329
Santa Rosa, CA 95404

And to all your local newspapers (open letter to Richard Clarke
via Editor)

Calendar

Astronomical Oimelc, when the Sun is half way between Solstice and Equinox, will occur this year on February 4, at 9:24 AM, Pacific Standard Time. Some Groves celebrate when the Sun crosses 15 degrees of Aquarius. That will occur at 6:36 AM on the same day.

Postmarked Feb 2, 1988



Eisteddfod Genedlaethol Frenhinol Cymru
Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales

Contributed by Rod Hartwell

A Druid Missal-Any Spring Equinox 1988 Volume 12 Number 2

Spring Equinox Essay: Eggs, Bird Goddesses, and Hares

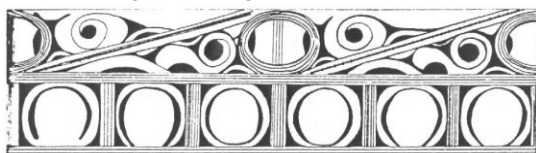
By Emmon Bodfish



quinox, a Minor Druid High Day, the emphasis is on balance. Some customs of the season which are hold overs from pre-Christian times include the colored and fanciful eggs and the "Easter Bunny" who brings them, though this was not the original sequence nor association.

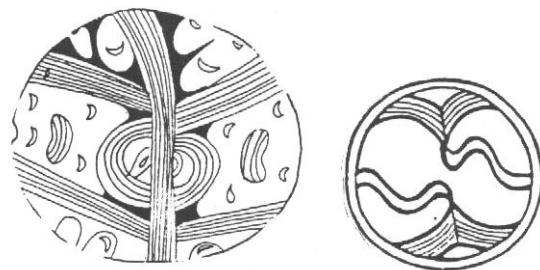
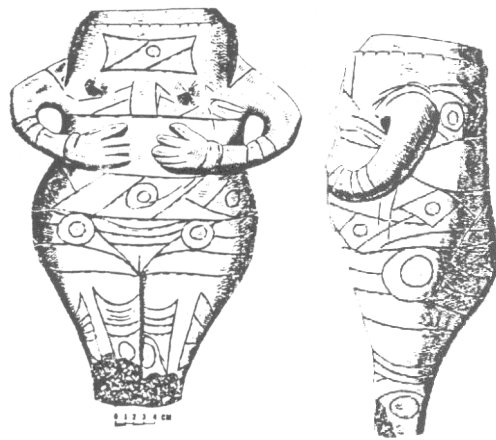
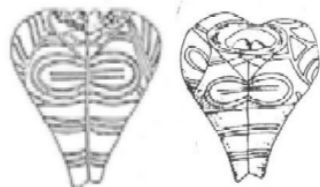
Nora Chadwick, a noted historian, describes the spring rite of the "offering of the cakes and eggs," recorded by classic authors in their descriptions of Druidic customs. Egg hunt, egg rolling games and rituals are still current in Ireland, Lithuania and Eastern Europe, and may have a Pre-Indo-European origin. Decorated eggs and painted clay models of eggs are a frequent theme of Aryan Balkan culture. They are part of the ensign of the Bird Goddess, whose worship seems to have been particular to spring and to the time of the spring rains, to judge from holdovers into Classic Greek times. Eggs are also part of the imagery of the Supreme Goddess of Old-European culture. In this connection they represent the Cosmic Egg, laid by the swan or Nile Goose, which was said to have begun the world. Small painted clay eggs were included inside statues of this Great Goddess, as in Marija Gimbutas drawings reproduced here.

A Cosmic Egg may also be associated with they mythical water bird of Creation. This myth is almost universal between Africa and the Artic; it was recorded in the scripts and hieroglyphs of the literate civilizations and sung in the oral traditions of hunting and fishing tribes.



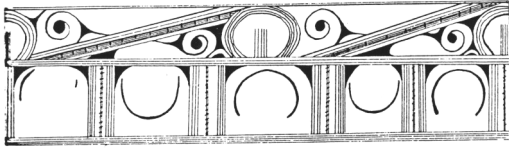
In an ancient Egyptian myth, the Cosmic Egg was laid by the Nile Goose which was worshipped as the "Great Chatterer," the creator of the world and of language. According to the Orphic story, uncreated Nyx (Night) existed first and was pictured as a great black-winged bird hovering over the vast darkness. Though unmated, she produced an egg out of which flew gold-winged Eros, while the two halves of the shell Ouranos and Gaia (Heaven and Earth) were created. The beginning of the myth must lie in the Paleolithic ear.¹

The Egg, plus chatter, that is words, began the world.

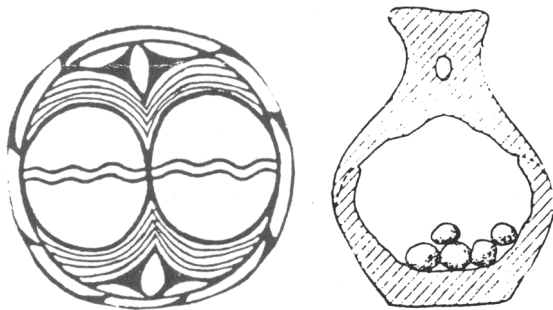


The Easter Bunny wasn't at all. It was a hare. The hare, not the rabbit, was the sacred animal of the Celts and Germans. Julius Caesar, in his war commentaries on Gaul, describes the Gauls and keeping "hares and certain other animals to amuse themselves, and which they do not eat" (nor hunt.) But the motive was more likely propitiation and divination than "amusement." The hare was seen as a messenger animal capable of travel between this and the Other World, and was associated with both prophecy and madness. The March Hare brought in the spring and gave the seeds their fertility, or withheld it. To run afoul of him caused madness. By the Middle Ages, the madness element predominated, and his came to be regarded as a demonic species. Many pagan ensigns and symbols suffered similar defamation and prophecy has always been associated with madness in Indo-European traditions, And, unlike the egg theme, the theme of the March Hare is solidly Indo-European. Its sacred and tabooed nature extends to most of the Western European languages groups and cultures. If language is the oldest witness to history, as Lockwood asserts,² then the Hare cult must go back to at least 3,500 B.C. and the second wave of the Indo European expansion before Celtic and Germanic and Italic diverged from one another. In these language groups the true word for hare, hara/haso, was tabooed and euphemisms were commonly invented for it in everyday speech.





Our American Ground Hog Day may be a dim and distant reflex of the March Hare theme with its element of prophecy of the early or a late spring. In the days of plowing and sowing magic, it was by the hare's behavior that people foretold the spring: weather and the prospects for the seeds about to be sown. By the shadows of posts and menhirs, not ground hogs, and by the points of the sun's risings, the priestly castes at the Great Henges determined the day of the Equinox kept the calendar of sowing and reaping in time with the Heavens.



(It bears saying again: The Druids did not build Stone Henge. Nor as far as we know did they make use of it as a calendar. This was the work and genius of the pre-Celtic peoples of the British Isles.)

¹Marija Gimbutas, *Goddesses and Gods of Old Europe*, U. of California Press, 1982.

²Lockwood, *Indo-European Philology*, Hutchins University Library Press, 1969.

109, 110 Double-eggs within the bellies of figurines which have double-egg motifs incised on front and back. Classical Cucuteni. Novy Ruseshty, Soviet Moldavia. End of fifth millennium B.C.



'Sonatas of becoming': sectioned and splitting eggs, crescents, full moons and snakes. Sipintsi, western Ukraine. Fourth millennium BC

The Heathen on the Heath: Fertility

The hills truly do flow with the milk of the ewe, and the birth of lambs in the frost. Some of them die. Lambkind, however, continues in its sheer numbers, milling back and forth past the bones of the lost ones in the field.

For the animals, the promise of fertility is enough. Each mother beast has her own soft wondering here-baby sound, of desire fulfilled and her work cut out for her. Once I, too, made such sounds.

For the ewe, the task is over when she dies, or when death looms so close that the body will no longer answer any other call. For a woman, time passes a little differently. My tall son and daughter are a source of pleasure and pride, but other work calls to me now, more clearly than that one work of my body. I shrink from the promise of fertility with something akin to revulsion. Would I risk my life again, not in action but in helplessness, while others direct me and attend my most intimate needs? Would I hang my heart once again on a newborn's uncertain commitment to survival?—for the door between worlds swings both ways at birth, and an infant may exit as well as enter. And no parent desires to outlive his or her offspring. And would plain practicality relegate my ambitions to a back corner, while I spent five years or more in a routine of baby care that left no time for anything else but servitude?—for nothing gainful can be done with hours doled out in increments of twenty minutes or less.

Not if I can help it: But then, it didn't look that way to me when I was doing it. In calm, this appears as a function of the passage of time. Once a mother, I was a maiden no more. And someday, even the intransigent body will take its slow, awkward steps from mother to crone. So why (to more women than just me) should fertility, having outlived its personal usefulness, fester like a wound that will not heal?

Some of this can be ascribed directly to the arrogance and cruelty of the powerful. What major corporation would rent part of a woman, when it can more conveniently buy all of a man? The executive woman performs many hidden duties: not only to do her work, but to be the knife-thin, aseptically tailored embodiment of a life with no other purpose. This is called Equal Rights, for now we, too, can owe our souls to the company store. And so birthing becomes either an expensive luxury, or the task of the unambitious. And the earth does not groan, for there are too many humans already.

This is our problem. Over the generations, we have brought it on ourselves, and now we bear it alone. Alone as a race, and often alone as individuals: over such issues as crying babies, housework, and the division of money not equally earned, we squabble rancorously among ourselves.

Very much has already been said, some of it by me, about the need as either political or religious whatever-we-ares to respect the decision of a mother to be a mother. But what is a mother?

Motherhood is a role, a set of tasks. But Motherhood—the embodiment of the many-named Mother we worship—is a form of power. And like any form of power, it can be abused.

We moderns shrink from the corniness of the imitator Dei, not only because of its grandiose indignity, but also through fear of failure. Which one of us is ready to be *the Lover*, *the Father*, or to brave face-on the death and rebirth inherent in the growth and independence of a Child? And who among us can live in our birthing and caring as Earth lives, both passive and productive? If I were Earth, could I whine and manipulate and demand that others care for me? Could I use the sacredness of my condition as an excuse for tyrannical illogic, or blackmail loved ones with my supposed fragility?

Admittedly, if I were Earth, mainstream society still probably wouldn't like me very much. If I were Earth, I would sweat blood and wallow in pleasure, all in one day. I would stride through the entire firmament with Babies on Board and no bumper sticker. I would smell of milk burps and diaper enhancers and the passion of begetting, and care little what any child of mine thought of it. I would lie quiescent under the mud pies and scheming of my young, but do nothing to keep my tsunamis and tornados and earthquakes from dusting the impossibilities off them. And the lambs would drop in the silvered chill of the grass, but spring would come when it came, and no sooner. And by human standards, I'd laugh too much.

And if I were Earth, I still wouldn't know where the money was coming from, but I would continue to Create, and not sweat the details. Without humility, I would take the gifts of heat, of light, of His love, and make life of them, simply because that is what I do.

Obviously, the courage of Earth far surpasses my own. But in all phases of life, there are opportunities to try. When the Gods inspire, shall I say, "but the floor is still dirty!" or "the boss wouldn't like it!" and whimper proudly of what might have been? Beware the boredom of the Gods! Energy is given to us, to flow productively through us; its unfulfilled dispersal can be dangerous. Man, if you are not a father of children, what do you father? Ideas? Music? Shapes and colors, toys and shelters, parades of number and order, or conflicts and their resolution? Or do you open another beer and shrug, saying that the Father is not you? And woman, if you are done with birthing, or do not birth, what else comes out of you: teaching, or healing, or things made with the hands? Vision? Hospitality? Or purposeless busywork and endless complaint, excused by your own insignificance?

Brigit rules the season, and my woodstove. Sometimes She also decides to rule me. I can reach for guitar or typewriter, and let Her have her sport, or I can sit and fuss and hope She doesn't decide to burn the house down.

Calendar

Spring Equinox, when the Sun crosses the celestial equator, also known as the First Point of Aries, will occur this year at 1:33 A.M. Pacific Standard Time on March 20, 1988.

Postmarked 16 Mar 1988

A Druid Missal-Any

Beltane 1988

Volume 12 Number 3

Beltane Essay: Bonfires

By Emmon Bodfish



eltaine, the most festive and best-known holiday in the Druid Calendar. The theme of rebirth and renewal, and the beginning of a season of light and growth. It is the day of the Sun God, Belenus, and some authorities think that the name “Beltaine” or Cetshamain derives from Bel Teine, Bel’s fire. Others think this the worst sort of “folk etymology.” (When I typed it* just now, the Goddess statue here on my desk fell over, so you can make what you want of that. She seems not to approve.)

In Scot’s Gàidhlig there is a specific term, “tein’ eigin,” for fire by friction, fire created by rubbing one wood against another. The literal translation would be “raised fire,” and the method of lighting the great bonfires of the High Days, always with fire by friction, was called “raising fire out of the wood.” Fire seems to have been thought of as inherent in certain woods, such as the oak, and was a matter of calling the spirit forth. Spending some time with bow and drill, learning how to this is a valid part of a Pagan education. It is a good skill has and a great fire meditation. It takes patience and stamina first, and concentration and the quickness, timing and delicacy to breathe life into the glowing embers. (Write to us for the back issue covering the how-to techniques for this.)

On Beltaine the cattle were driven between two lines of fires to purify them before they were moved to the summer pastures in the hills. This may not have been entirely symbolic. Smoke and the scorching effect drop off ex-to-parasites and the ability of fire to sterilize surgical instruments used in treating wounds was known throughout much of the ancient world. Similar ceremonies continued to be used in times of plague or contagious diseases among cattle well into Christian times, and, in the Highlands, into the late 19th century. Dwelly, recorder of Highland customs and author of the large *Standard Gaelic-English Dictionary* “the Scottish Webster,” printed this description of the practice in 1901:

Teinne

The tein’-éigin was considered an antidote against the plague and murrain and all infectious diseases among cattle. Dr. Martin says all the fires in the parish were extinguished and 81 married men, being deemed the proper number for effecting this purpose, took two planks of wood and nine of them were employed by turns, who by their repeated efforts, rubbed the planks against each other, till the heat thereof produced fire, and from this forced fire each family was supplied with a new fire. No sooner was the fire kindled than a pot filled with water was put thereon, which was afterwards sprinkled

on people who had the plague, or on cattle that had the murrain, and this process was said to be followed invariably by success.

A term applied to fire produced by friction—in olden times a means employed to check evils arising from being bewitched. If a household suffered loss such as indicated being under evil influence, all areas in fires district between two running streams were extinguished on a set day Then a spinning-wheel was put in motion, and kept going furiously until the spindle became heated. Tinder or tow was applied to the hot spindle, fire was thus procured and distributed to all households affected by evil influences. Within the memory of persons still living, fire was thus procured to check witchcraft in a township in Uist where some sickness, supposed to be evil eye, carried off some cows and sheep. It is odd that neither cow nor sheep (tied after, possibly the epidemic had exhausted itself.—DC.

Dwelly was trying to be a good “modern man” which in 1901 meant denying his Pagan heritage and the efficiency of these remedies. Beltaine, then, is a time to purge the cares and ills of winter, as well as to celebrate the return of light and life. Try passing things infected with bad memories through the smoke of the Beltaine fire, giving away things you no longer use, lightening your load, and putting your burdens aside for a dance.

*Teine, which I had misspelled.



Hi Emmon,

I thought you might find this useful.

Some Considerations in Reconstructing Ritual and Religious Practice

Dr. James J. Duran
Marymount College, Palos Verdes
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274

This paper is more an encouragement than a proof, more an exhortation than a demonstration. It deals both with the nature of evidence and with the perspectives one brings in looking at

evidence while trying to construct a working hypothesis on the nature of religious form and practice in societies of the past. It comes from one who, like many others, has tried to present information to the general public on an issue both cloudy and controversial—the nature of ritual and religious practice among the pre-Christian Celts.

For the purposes of this paper, terms such as “ritual,” “religious form,” or “religious practice” will be used in a very broad sense to mean “activities intended as interactions with supernatural forces,” with primary emphasis on general regularities of form and on the general meaning of such activities to participants in the culture.

To begin, those of us who seek information on religion among the Celtic peoples usually turn first to the archaeologists and the historians. From the archaeologists, we learn that surviving material evidence can give us only limited information on non-material culture, and that much of that information may be ambiguous. For example, excavated cult sites may yield material remains of buildings, with indications of their layout, construction and use; artifacts including figurines, paintings and ritual implements; sacrificial remains, both animal and human—yet direct information on religious practice may be meager.¹ In short, the dead tell no tales.

From the historians, we learn that written documentation on crucial aspects of non-material culture may be scant or non-existent. Where it exists, it may represent the observations of those outside the culture—as in the case of the contemporary descriptions of Celtic society written by classical writers—and thus be prone to misunderstanding or bias, or else it may come from within the culture—for example, a religious inscription—but remain obscure or ambiguous in its meaning. If we try to fill in the gaps, the historian warns us that we may quickly cross over the boundary from historical reconstruction to historical fiction. An example of the latter may be cited from the May 1977 issue of *National Geographic Magazine*, where naked, tattooed druidesses are depicted as taking part in the killing of a Celtic divine king whose term has evidently expired.

Fortunately the situation is not as bleak as we might fear. A whole range of disciplines ranging from anthropology, folklore, comparative religion, comparative mythology, to textual criticism and ethnomusicology have offered a good deal of evidence on the nature of the non-material culture of past societies. Our ability to use this unexpected wealth of information to increase our understanding of past religious practices, however, depends a great deal both on our general openness to such evidence, and on the assumptions which guide us as we examine such evidence.

In formal and informal discussions of Celtic religion, I have encountered three main types of attitudes. The first holds that we can know only what archaeology and history offer us. If it isn't written in stone or on parchment, it isn't there. This I might call the “scripture-based fundamentalist” perspective. The second viewpoint allows that we can get a general, hazy picture of religious practice, but cautions that we can never know the details, since human nature is subject to constant variation in time and space. This I might call the “non-denominational” perspective. Finally, the third viewpoint in fact maintains that not only general forms but also details of religious practice can remain constant over tremendous stretches of time and space, so that evidence of past religious practices can be garnered not only from archaeological and historical sources, but also from present-day societies. This last point of view I might call the “orthodox” perspective, with a strong belief in “apostolic succession.” Perhaps because of my religious upbringing, I lean strongly in the last direction. Seriously, though, this matter of assumptions is of crucial importance both in selecting the evidence and in interpreting the evidence.

The anthropologists Sahlins and Service² have stressed the importance of assumptions in discussions of the evolution of human society and culture. Only recently have proponents of cultural evolution been able to again continue the work of nineteenth-century evolutionists such as E.B. Tylor and Herbert Spencer. The hiatus in scholarly activity has been due not to scholarly discreditation of the work of the nineteenth-century cultural evolutionists but to apparent prejudice against the perspectives of such scholars and the substitution of competing perspectives—perhaps no better supported by evidence—which stressed the ubiquitousness and randomness of cultural change. Individual human societies and cultures were seen not as examples of stages of evolutionary development, but as unique products of adaptations to infinitely varied geographical situations and of the chance interventions of history. The evidence, however, has shown that the nineteenth-century cultural evolutionists were in the main correct, and that quite general laws may be discerned governing—and in fact strongly constraining—the development of human society and culture. The evidence also suggests that the forms assumed by material culture strongly shape the development of non-material culture. Furthermore, the evidence suggests that the forms assumed by material and non-material culture are often amazingly stable over time and space.

What does all this mean for reconstructions of religious practices? First, we may expect to find relatively “fossilized” societies and cultures—or individual religious practices or complexes of practices—which exist today and which may give us deep insights in interpreting Celtic religious prehistory. Second, the material culture as well as the non-material culture of such societies may guide us in reconstructing the non-material culture of the Celts in general, and of their religious practices in particular. Third, the general constraints which seem to operate on the realizations of religious form in human societies would strongly limit the number of hypotheses as to *what* was happening in religious practice—or even *why*. This matter of constraints is particularly interesting because it brings up not only societal constraints in religious practice, but also individual constraints in practicing religion.

Here the “psychic unity of mankind” school of anthropological thought comes immediately to mind. Many anthropologists in the course of field work and study have felt that there is such a thing as “human nature” operating consistently in the most diverse human societies—even if the existence of such a “human nature” cannot be easily demonstrated. The linguist Noam Chomsky's work³ has also demonstrated the existence of cognitive structures—revealed through language forms—that underlie the diversity of human language. The work of epistemologist Jean Piaget on the cognitive development of the child has led in a similar direction.⁴ Interestingly, both Chomsky and Piaget suggest the possibility of symbolic systems operating separately from language.⁵ According to Chomsky, on the social level, such representational systems may strongly affect the shape of human societal forms and institutions,⁶ and on the individual level, may constrain highly what it is humanly possible to conceive of as possible forms of human activity.⁷ In short, the deep conventionality of human behavior—long ago lamented by Machiavelli—may strongly affect individual as well as group religious practice. Hence the range of hypotheses that we need consider in reconstructing religious practice—and perhaps the beliefs connected with such practices—may be relatively narrow.

Turning now to Europe, we find a variety of disciplines arguing for the continuity and coherence of material and non-material culture over broad areas of Eurasia. Tread traps, for example, used for catching deer and other animals, turn up not only in prehistoric sites, but also in present-day societies of

Central and Eastern Europe. Archaeologists in the past, innocent of ethnographic information, had identified such tread traps variously as “musical instruments, a machine for making peat bricks, a model of a boat, and a device for catching pike.”⁹ Likewise, animal husbandry practices in Central and Northern Asia, due to geographical and cultural constraints, can be found fossilized at perhaps any of six possible stages of exploitation.¹⁰ In regard to non-material culture, Emsheimer has suggested that we look also for close analogues of Homeric epic song among the present-day Bardic singers of Central Asia, and Milman Parry and Albert Lord¹² have investigated the Bardic singers of Yugoslavia in order to throw light on Homeric poetry.

In the light of Alan Lomax’s revolutionary work on the close correlation of societal form and musical form, the structure of Iron-Age heroic society would lead us to expect just such similarity of musical and poetic expression among peoples widely separated in time and space,¹³ though the correlations between musical form and societal form may not extend quite as far as some Central European ethnomusicologists propose.¹⁴ Some of the most spectacular correlations between religious practice and social structure have been made by Bruce Lincoln between Indo-Iranian culture and the Iron-Age cattle cultures of East Africa,¹⁵ echoing earlier correlations by scholars between the cultures of the Interlacustrine Bantu and Old Irish society.¹⁶ If one adopts the perspective of many anthropologists and sees cultures as tight, integrated complexes of cultural traits and not as aggregates of cultural facts produced by chance, once again such strong resemblances between total cultural systems are not surprising.

Europe, despite the rapid cultural evolution of the past few centuries, retains many archaic elements, especially in peripheral areas. Linguists have long noted the great conservatism of languages such as Icelandic and Lithuanian. Marija Gimbutas¹⁷ and Donald Ward¹⁸ have pointed to the Balts as remarkably archaic in culture as well as language, a fact of great importance in the investigation of early Indo-European religion. The folklorist Carl Von Sydow has pointed to the apparent survival over millennia of certain elements of folklore,¹⁹ and the comparative religionist Mircea Eliade has argued for connections in the area of myth which link areas in Eastern Europe to archaic culture areas of North America.²⁰ Eliade, in fact, has stressed not only the world-wide conservatism of Shamanic beliefs and practices, but the survival of archaic religious cultural traits and complexes among rural populations in Eastern Europe despite centuries of Christianization.²¹ The anthropologist Weston La Barre²² has argued for the continuity of elements of Paleolithic religion in Europe—especially the deer cult—down to Celtic times. In regard to the Celtic areas, Kenneth Jackson has stressed both the archaic nature of international folk-tale motifs found in Celtic literature,²³ and also the value of early Irish tradition in revealing the psychological world of the continental Celts of a much earlier period.²⁴ Myles Dillon²⁵ has demonstrated the cultural conservatism of Ireland and India, and the fundamental unity of Indo-European non-material culture, down to details of belief and practice, as have Georges Dumézil and many others.

A Celticist might protest that we can never know precisely what took place in the sacred groves of Gaul or Britain, when in fact the well-documented sacrifices in the clearly demarcated sacred groves of agricultural communities in Central Russia down into the twentieth century²⁶ might shed a little light on the subject. The fact that Volga Finns were performing the sacrifices need not diminish their evidential value for Indo-Europeanists or Celticists. The cultures of the Finno-Ugric peoples—like the cultures of pre-Christian Ireland and India—might well be examples of the “conservatism of the periphery.” Recall that the proto-Indo-European word for “king” is preserved most faithfully

not in any present-day Indo-European language, but in modern Finnish.²⁷

Turning directly to the Gaelic areas of Ireland and Scotland, let us look at some practices, which may in fact give us a glimpse of sacrificial practices of the pre-Christian period. As is well known, sacrifice—animal or human—came under particularly strong interdiction from the Christian church, so that the details of sacrifice are unknown to us. Yet sacrifices appear to have been carried out when great need arose, especially in Gaelic Scotland. Some of the most striking examples of animal sacrifice occurred when attempts were made to avert cattle plague. Most Gaelic scholars would be familiar with the *tein eigin(n)*, or “need-fire,” which was kindled with great ceremony at an outbreak of cattle plague. What scholars may not be aware of is that animal sacrifice was sometimes connected to the ceremony. According to Thomas Davidson, in one district, “when a cow showed signs of madness they tied the legs of the mad creature and threw her into a pit dug at the door of the fold. After covering the hole with earth, a large fire was kindled upon it, and the rest of the cattle were driven out and forced to pass through the fire one by one.”²⁸ Other mentions of animal sacrifice are too brief to allow us to decide whether the need-fire ceremony was a part of the proceedings or not. In some cases of animal sacrifice, an ox or a cow was buried alive. In other cases, an animal was burned to death: in one case, a pig; in another case, a diseased cow; in yet another case, the farmer’s “best beast.” Whether these latter cases are in fact examples of “degenerate need-fire rituals,” as the chronology of the reported incidents suggests to Davidson, is perhaps debatable. What is interesting is the constant reference to disease, fire, and burial alive. If we turn to the essay by Donald Ward, “The Threefold Death: An Indo-European Tri-Functional Sacrifice?”²⁹ we can easily see the connection between averting disease and the burial alive of a sacrificial animal as a form of the third-function sacrifice (in the sense used by Dumézil).³⁰ The burning alive of animals is problematic, but then the burning of victims—for second-function sacrificial purposes—seems to distinguish Celtic sacrificial practices from Germanic ones.³¹ The immediate explanation of the burning of the animal itself may be practices such as the burning of the *caisean-uchd*, the dewlap of a cow, where “the skin is lit and the burning fumes are inhaled as a safeguard against evil influences during the year.”³² In the sacrifices connected with the *teine eigin(n)*, we may, then, have a glimpse of a principal form of sacrifice among the pre-Christian Gaels.

What of the performers of the sacrifice? In the case of the need-fire rituals, apparently all the householders who dwelt in the affected district—usually those who dwelt between two running streams—had to take part in the kindling of the fire. Alternatively, we hear of nine times nine first-begotten sons kindling the fire. As in the sacrifices of pre-Christian Gaul, those guilty of certain offenses against the community were excluded from participation. Interestingly enough, the offenses mentioned by Davidson—failure to pay rent or honest debts, theft, meanness, or “certain offenses against good morals”³³—may be regarded as third-function offenses.

Where are the druids, vates, and bards? So far we see only the male representatives of households insofar as anyone has a prescribed role. In Vedic terms, these would be householders performing a domestic sacrifice.³⁴ In view of the well-known compromise reached by the Christian clergy with representatives of the pre-Christian intelligentsia, the *aos dána*, one is not surprised by the absence—or at least lack of prominence—of the bardic fraternity (or sorority, giving due recognition to the women poets as well). Participation in such events was apparently a chasm too wide for a *file* to leap, even with the help of Mo Ling.

Where are the priestly performers of the sacrifice: in Vedic terms, the *hotr* and the *adhvaryu* who recite the formulas and perform the ritual acts, respectively; the *Sáman* singers, who sing the Vedic hymns; and the Brahman himself, who embodies the sacrifice, and who sits to one side, doing nothing but watching to see that no ritual mistakes are made?³⁵ It is in the innocuous secular context of an Irish poetic recitation that we must look in order to find a structure similar to that of a Vedic sacrificial ritual: a reciter or performer of the poem, a harper to provide musical accompaniment, and the poet himself, the composer of the poem and the occasion of the entire performance, sitting to one side, remaining silent and seeing only that no mistakes were made.³⁶

What of the liturgy itself? What of the equivalents of the Vedic hymns? If we look at the Irish Christian liturgical parallels to the Avestan hymns to Mithras, we find the apparent conservation of proto-Indo-European forms—over a tremendous range of time and space—both in Ireland and Iran, despite changes in religions in both countries.³⁷ If we accept this conservation of form as a distinct possibility, it may be that we need go no further than the prayers and charms preserved in Carmichael’s *Carmina Gadelica*, examined in the light of religious texts from the other parts of the Indo-European world, to get a good idea of just what kinds of prayers might be recited at sacrifices.

Speaking of the *Carmina Gadelica*, it is possible that an item from Carmichael’s collection might throw some light on the practice of *imbas forasnai*. Cormac in his glossary describes this rite as a way of gaining supernatural sight; “the diviner ‘chants over his palms’ and ‘puts his palms on his cheeks’ before going to sleep.”³⁸ O’Rahilly sees this as a “fanciful etymology,” based on a combination of the morphological elements *imb* and *bos/bas*, “palm.” In fact there is a rite with an accompanying prayer called the *Ora Ceartais* described by Carmichael in his *Carmina Gadelica* which seems to involve “chanting over palms.”³⁹ A litigant in a court case desiring a favorable outcome

...went at morning dawn to a place where three streams met. And as the rising sun gilded the mountain crests, the man placed his two palms edgewise together and filled them with water from the junction of the streams. Dipping his face into this improvised basin, he fervently repeated the prayer, after which he made his way to the court, feeling strong in the justice of his cause. On entering the court and on looking around the room, the applicant for justice mentally, sometimes in an undertone, said

Dhé, seun an teach
Bho stéigh gu fraigh;
M’ fheart os cinn
 gach neach,
Fearth gach neach
 fo m’ thraigh.

God sain the house
From site to summit
My word above
 every person
The word of every person
 below my foot.⁴⁰

That the litigant saw himself as something other than a devout Christian supplicant for divine aid and Justice is

suggested by the following lines from one of the versions of the prayer:

Falbhaidh mui
 an amine Dhé,
An riochd féidh,
 an riochd each,
An riochd nathrach,
 an riochd righ,
Is treasa liom
 fin na gach neach.

I will travel
 in the name of God,
In likeness of deer,
 in likeness of horse,
In likeness of serpent,
 in likeness of king,
Stronger will it be with me
 than with all persons.⁴¹

Could this reflect the prayer of a *breitheamh* on his way to a legal dispute—part of the spiritual weaponry carried by brehon lawyers all the way back to the powerful magistrates of Caesar’s Gaul? Do we hear echoes of Amairgen among the sons of Míl Espáne⁴² and of Dumézil’s cosmic Brahman, who in his person encompasses the universe?⁴³

Lest we leave the stream empty-handed, we may also note that “when Finn got the power of divination ‘on the Boyne,’ he at the same time acquired the power of healing anyone in sickness by giving him a drink of water from the palms of his hands.”⁴⁴

It might be objected that we have talked about religious practices and said little about their meaning. That is true, but here I am following the advice of the anthropologist Radcliffe Brown, who long ago stressed the autonomy of rites and beliefs.⁴⁵ Ritual forms—like traits of material culture—can be described even when they are not well understood, though it would be rash to say that they could be properly described without any reference to meaning. In fact, the participants in any ritual might give the most varied accounts of why, ultimately, they are doing what they are doing, depending on their differing backgrounds.

The description of the structure of the belief systems which provide the psychological context for ritual acts is of another order entirely. The cultural materialist position of the anthropologist Marvin Harris⁴⁶ may prove very useful in describing why religious taboos are introduced to forbid the eating of pork or beef in given societies at given historical periods; it may prove less useful in explaining why a king must sleep with his feet in the lap of a virgin.

Fortunately, Georges Dumézil, Mircea Eliade, and many others have contributed massively to the understanding of religious belief and social ideology, with primary emphasis on the meaning of the forms described. Folklorists dealing with the *märchen* have also explored a psychological world close to that of myth as embedded in religion. I have simply advocated exploring the world between the higher atmosphere of psychological abstraction and the dross of material culture—that world inhabited by the *sidhe* in Gaelic tradition and the ancestors in Vedic tradition.

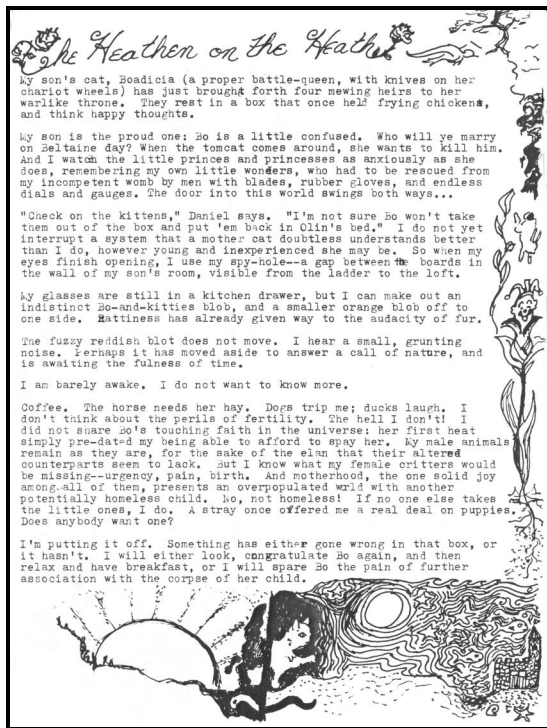
In summary, then, if we adopt a common-sense framework of general cultural evolution as a working hypothesis, and if we do not burden ourselves with unexamined assumptions, we may find that a lot of the evidence we need for the reconstruction of the past exists in abundance. Within this framework, emphasizing continuity in time and space, and the coherence of individual beliefs and practices within overall systems, it may be possible to sketch the main outlines of the structure of religious practice—

and even of the general beliefs motivating it. We may further find, once the main outlines have been delineated, that filling in the details may be easier than we had imagined.

Some might object to this “armchair ethnology.” In that regard, let me close with a little story.

When I was studying at Duquesne University, my African roommate returned shaken from class one day. I asked him what was wrong. He replied that in his anthropology class, the teacher, in discussing Van Gennep’s *Les Rites de Passage*, had, revealed much of the central content of the circumcision ceremonies in my roommate’s home country—all highly secret information. He laughed then—the anthropological field workers, in their efforts to obtain information on the ceremonies, had time and again been deliberately misled by native informants. Van Gennep, however, abstracting from the second-hand accounts of circumcisee ceremonies available to him, and constructing a hypothetical version of an idealized circumcision ceremony, had hit the mark.

Accordingly, to use a couple of Irish phrases, I have made this *spreagadh chun gnimh*, this “urging to action,” in the hope that you, like Van Gennep, will take a shot in the dark, and that your shots will not be an *urchar an daill chun na daibhche*—“the cast of a blind man at a vat.”



The Heathen on the Heath: Life and Death

My son’s cat, Boadicia (a proper battle-queen, with knives on her chariot wheels) has just brought forth four mewling heirs to her warlike throne. They rest in a box that once held frying chickens, and think happy thoughts.

My son is the proud one: Bo is a little confused. Who will ye marry on Beltaine day? When the tomcat comes around, she wants to kill him. And I watch the little princes and princesses as anxiously as she does, remembering my own little wonders, which had to be rescued from my incompetent womb by men with blades, rubber gloves, and endless dials and gauges. The door into this world swings both ways...

Check on the kittens,” Daniel says. “I’m not sure Bo won’t take them out of the box and put ‘em back in Olin’s bed.” I do not yet interrupt a system that a mother cat doubtless understands better than I do, however young and inexperienced she may be. So when my eyes finish opening, I use my spy-hole—a gap between the boards in the wall of my son’s room, visible from the ladder to the loft.

My glasses are still in a kitchen drawer, but I can make out an indistinct Bo-and-kitties blob, and a smaller orange blob off to one side. Rattiness has already given way to the audacity of fur.

The fuzzy reddish blot does not move. I hear a small, grunting noise. Perhaps it has moved aside to answer a call of nature, and is awaiting the fullness of time. I am barely awake. I do not want to know more.

Coffee. The horse needs her hay. Dogs trip me; ducks laugh. I don’t think about the perils of fertility. The hell I don’t! I did not snare Bo’s touching faith in the universe: her first heat simply pre-dated my being able to afford to spay her. My male animals remain as they are, for the sake of the élan that their altered counterparts seem to lack. But I know what my female critters would be missing—urgency, pain, birth. And motherhood, the one solid joy among all of them, presents an overpopulated world with another potentially homeless child. No, not homeless! If no one else takes the little ones, I do. A stray once offered me a real deal on puppies does anybody wants one?

I ‘m putting it off. Something has either gone wrong in that box, or it hasn’t. I will either look, congratulate Bo again, and then relax and have breakfast, or I will spare Bo the pain of further association with the corpse of her child.

I will look, but not too closely. My glasses remain in the drawer.

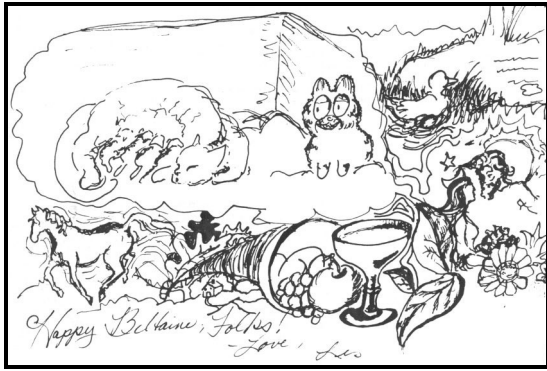
The orange one is still there, still motionless. May it nurse at the undying teats of Earth, How big it is, handsome and furry. It sits in an attitude of guardianship, watching over Bo’s unconcerned sleep...with *huge*...exactly round pale...plastic...eyes.

The devilishly grinning toy Garfield that Olin set in attendance on them is doing his job.

Once again I have been a human, empowered and therefore a klutz. That which has escaped my control is doing just fine, thank you, without respect for my megalomaniac and overprotected neuroses. Once again I have peered tremblingly into the face of the Mother, expecting to see death, and found instead the tentative whimsy of love. Sometimes worship is humility. Sometimes worship is as rich and private as a stolen kiss. And sometimes worship consists simply in letting go of responsibilities that don’t belong to you. My son already knew that. I have just been shown.

Even when life is fragile, it is not brittle: we invented brittleness. With what do we replace our innocence? What playful and unnecessary gift do we have for the May-bridal and summer-birth? For they will be celebrated in spite of us, even up to the day when life is no more. There is a time to do battle against the destructiveness of power, and a time to simply let go of power and join in the party.

For reasons beyond our ken, She did invite us.



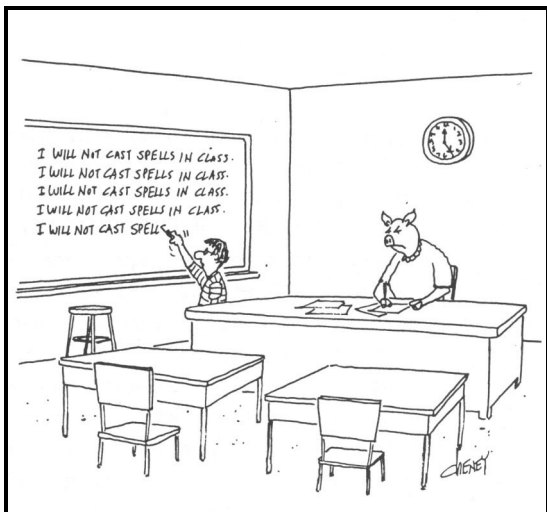
Happy Beltaine, Folks!
—Love,
Les”

Letter from the Editor

I take issue with your statements about your birth experience. Don't blame yourself! It's been shown the fear hospitals inspire and the drugs they administer can cause insufficient dilation and a host of other troubles. Sharon, a midwife, and a member, has done successful home deliveries for women who have been sectioned by the A.M.A. before on some such pretext. And SI certainly wouldn't call those boys "rescuers." It's anti-women and pro-A.M.A., a chauvinist bunch of liars if ever there was one. Don't be so hard on yourself; you did not have a real chance to show what you could do. And watch out about being talked into a hysterectomy by the same boys. It is the latest fad in American medicine, so much so that a European Medical Journal wrote a scathing article warning people about it. Lottie Straus, a renegade doctor I see occasionally, says that two thirds of these operations are unnecessary. They are nicknamed a "potboiler" for young ob-gyns in need of the money. The rationale being "It doesn't matter."

'nough said
Emmon

Women who have gotten talked into this can tell you it sure does matter. Makes a big difference in how you feel, how you function and how you live. Look out!



I will not cast spells in class.
I will not cast spells in class...



Discover a World of Variety at Traditional Arts Programs

By Holly Tannen

The inhabitants of the Bay Area reflect the rich cultural diversity of the world. Each Saturday in Wattis Hall a free Traditional Arts program offers museum visitors a chance to share the music, dance, handicrafts, or food of one of the world's many diverse and colorful ethnic groups. Traditional Arts programs are funded by a grant from the Paul L. and Phyllis Wattis Foundation. All programs begin at 1:00 pm.

May 7—To welcome in the month of May, Holly Tannen sings traditional Maying songs associated with English and Irish seasonal customs and festivals, accompanying herself on the Appalachian mountain dulcimer. The program ends with ballads of the "traveling people," or tinkers, of Scotland. Holly will teach the choruses— so come prepared to Sing!

May 14—No Program

May 21—Altamira is a talented trio from South America who perform the indigenous music and songs of the coastal and Andean regions of Colombia and Venezuela. Maria Marquez, Claudia Gomez, and Michael Spiro play a variety of percussion instruments including bells, drums, claves, maracas, rattles, and triangle as well as guitar.

May 28—Willy Clafin entertains us with a mixed-media program, entitled 'Mother Moose Tales'—a slightly off-beat version of updated Grimm's 'fairs' stories, nursery rhymes, and moose creation myths. Willy is joined by a few of his puppet friends, including Maynard Moose, Sir Douglass Doormoose, and Dr. Albert Alligator.

News of the Groves

As you've seen by the clear type and lack of skipped letters, we have a new electric typewriter, kindly loaned to us by Stacey Weinberger. Many thanks and much credit and good fortune in the future and in the Other World. If you're enjoying the lack of eyestrain, this is who to thank—send good energy.



One of our members in the "Ozark State" writes:

We are currently being harassed by people claiming to be from the Southern Baptists, as my roommate has a stone circle on her back property. They have come to the door frequently inquiring as to our beliefs, ("Inquiring minds want to know!") and wondering whether or not we believe in Hell, (hell, no!) the Devil, (Oh, Yes, you mean that senile Irishman named Reagan?) and such, including the jewel: "What would you say to God if

you were standing in front of his throne?" (What an assumption!) What's left to say? "Who's your metal smith?"

Yes, Virginia, there is an Inquisition!!

I found out that some people claiming to be from the Arkansas Baptist group have struck a deal with the Little Rock Public Library, the University of Arkansas, and other colleges here to take down, discard and destroy all books pertaining to witchcraft, Wicca and Neopaganism, including many, many anthropology books such as *The Problem of the Picts*, and *A History of Witchcraft in Scotland*. These two were saved from extinction by a friend.

Another group, also calling themselves members of the Southern Baptist Convention, is threatening to have the libraries' funding cut if they don't cooperate quietly.

Fascism lives on in Arkansas.



Morbid Technology Department

Day of the Living Dead Plants

**Plants, flowers and trees* that never need watering! Secret? They're preserved with non-toxic chemicals, absorbed by the plants' cells. And they look, feel and smell like the real thing.

How about no-feed-'em pets? And I don't want to be around when they get around to people.

If you really want to do something real and necessary, the offer of puppies in this article was not just for comic relief, although the puppies themselves are clowns par excellence. Vamp, Tammy Faye, and Spooky Boots are about four months old, housebroken, livestock-trained, and very loving, but would do better in one-dog houses. Anyone who wants one call 707-943-3411 any day except Wed. or Fri. and set up delivery. Breed: Panther Gap Piggy Bouncer, having a gait like a kid on a pogo stick and all vocalizations of both dog and pig.

And in two or three months, we're having a special on kittens.

Oh, and all of you do your dandiest to let folks know that the so-called "Hungry and Homeless Initiative," for all its excellent liberal credentials, would have the effect of virtually outlawing country life for any but the very wealthy. City building codes are almost impossible to meet out beyond the power lines, and that is what the standardized state code would be. Not to mention the fact that 'Californians Working Together,' if you read the non-celebrity and corporate names on the list, sounds an awful lot like Repo Realty, Inc. The notion originates in Los Angeles, and if you have any publicity contacts, or even loud mouthed friends, down there, that's the place to push hard. In the meanwhile, let's all write to the papers, in the hopes that one of our letters will get printed. If we want to 'vote' for the homeless, we can give a few dollars to our local shelters, and wait for them to send their legislation back through with the bugs worked out of it, instead of letting some L.A. realtors outlaw the family farm while they're at it.

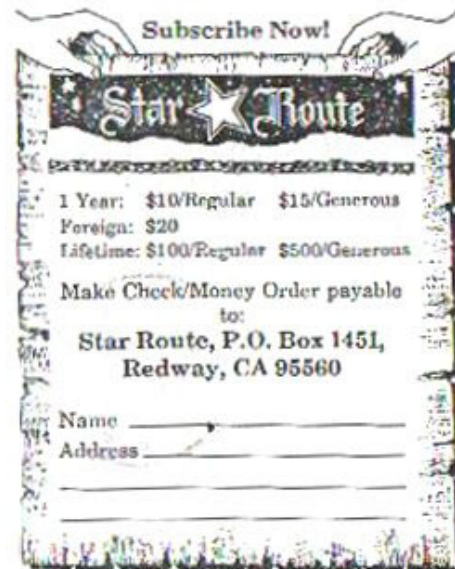
Enough gossip for now. Oh, and the # is my work #. If it takes me a while to get there, it's probably because of wet hands.

Love,
Les

Calendar

Astronomical Beltaine, when the Sun is midway between and Solstice, will occur this year on May 4 at 9:06 P.M. Pacific Daylight Time, and should be celebrated on the 5th if possible. Work schedules being what they are in this modern world, the following Sunday is acceptable.

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A Druid Missal-Any Summer Solstice 1988 Volume 12 Number 5

Summer Solstice Essay: Danu and Stonehenge

By Emmon Bodfish



idsummer Solstice, one of the four minor High Days of the Reformed Druid Calendar, is associated with the Celtic Goddess Danu, Mother of the Gods, the Tuath de Danann. She is particularly associated with rivers, and rivers from the Don in Russia to the Don in Scotland are named for Her. She is probably the same figure as the Irish Goddess, Anu, and the Bretons' 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 between Danu and Diana. These primary historical sources, written when the Celtic religion was still practiced in Gaul, corroborate the evidence from linguistic studies.

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. The luckiness of June weddings may be a distant memory of Her festivities. This may have been the month for Old Celtic weddings, too. Not by chance is Oimelc, the festival of the midwife, celebrated nine months later.

The mugwort is Danu's herb and symbol. This herb was also associated with Roman Diana. But Danu, and not Diana, is also associated with the sheaf of ripe grain, connecting Her with the other Mother and Grain Goddess of pagan Europe. On the Isle of Man it is customary to wear a sprig of mugwort to the Midsummer dance, and in England young women place a bundle of the herb under their pillows on Midsummer's Night to bring dreams of their future husbands.¹

Midsummer morning is the morning on which the first rays of 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 precession 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 Stukeley 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, Stukeley 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, long-headed, slender, fine-boned people who inhabited the Salisbury area from 2900-2500 BC coinciding with the most accurate modern date for the first cycle of building at Stonehenge. A larger boned harder 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 Sidhe 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 Sidh 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, an admirable hill."

"The Sidh 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 sing "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 still 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.

Letter to the Editor

Here is a letter from Prof. James Duran, whose paper, "Some Considerations in Reconstructing Ritual and Religious Practice," we discussed last time.

2 May 1988

Hi Emmon—

The shortest of notes—I'm glad you liked the paper—I have no plans to publish yet—at least not in the area of comparative religion for a while. I have a backlog of linguistic stuff to get out.

On applied comparative religion, I hope no one starts burying animals as offerings to a god of fertility—cruelty to

animals is entirely unnecessary. Among the East African tribes even a cucumber can be offered for sacrifice as “cattle”, substituting for the real thing. (Lincoln, p. 31) Models of clay, cheese, etc. could do the trick, also. Note how modern Hindus have handled the question of animal sacrifice.

My best to everyone!

Beannacht na Déithe oraibhe!

Jim Duran

Reviews of Books on Megaliths

Although the Druids did NOT build Stone Henge, there is now a book out about the people who did. It's titled *The Stone Henge People*, by Rodney Castleden, published by Rutledge and Kegan Paul, London. It is archeology, but chatty in style with drawings of how the barrows and some of the other structures may have looked when they were being used, 4700 - 2000 BC.

If you can't find it locally, write Shambala Books, 2482 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, Calif. 94704

Another book along the same lines but more technical is John Wood's *Sun, Moon and Standing Stones*, printed by Oxford University Press. This is professional archeology, and has some good photographs of the stone circles, but a rather dry point of view. Good data if you want to argue with someone.

The Stone Circles of the British Isles is the big glossy coffee table version of a megalith book. It's by Aubrey Burl and published by Yale University Press 1976, and replete with photographs and charts. Expensive, but good if you can pick it up used.

Megaliths and Masterminds is less costly, no photos, except on the dust jacket, but has a much more readable style than the University Press books. Author Peter Lancaster Brown takes an astronomical point of view, and expands his thesis to connect with the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Mayan Quetzalcoatl myth. It was published in 1979 by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

On the Irish side, Clare O'Kelly's paperback *Illustrated Guide to New Grange*, gives good photos and information, inexpensively. It includes many of the other Boyne monuments, and gives descriptions and measurements, but no theory. John English and Co. Ltd., Wexford, England, 1978.

From the more Neo-Pagan Perspective...

Nigel Pennick's *The Ancient Science Of Geomancy*, has a lot of good photos, and a world-wide perspective. It's good reading but remember that it is Mr. Pennick's theory. Thames and Hudson, 1979

Moving even farther out is Janet and Cohn Bord's book *Ancient Mysteries of Britain*. This couple have written a number of psychic books and guide or travel articles. The photos and the completeness of the coverage should interest even those not interested in Earth magic or the religions of the ancients. Many of the smaller stone monuments are included here that are not usually dealt with and so are little known and visited. Use it for a

non-touristy itinerary of ancient sites if you are going to the British Isles.

The Ancient Stones Speak is a paperback, well illustrated with photos, and definitely written from the psychic perspective. It catalogues David D. Zink's travels to stone monuments around the world, his theories, his reactions, the local myths, astronomical alignments, and quotes from archeological studies. Extreme in its opinions, you'll like or hate it. E.P. Dutton, New York, 1979

Farther out, theory-wise, and in a psychic style is Francis Hitching's book, *Earth Magic*. She comes out of the Ley Line school of thought, and the book is mainly her and other Psychics' personal experiences with the ancient stones. She has a quick, readable style. It's in paperback by Pocket Books, New York, 1976.

Gerald Hawkin's master work, *Stone Henge Decoded*, is both technical and controversial. It is an old stand-by in the field, and was the first break-through book in the new reassessment of the stone monuments of Britain and Europe. It's out in paperback, in many libraries, and you should at least skim through it if you are seriously interest in Megaliths. London, 1966.

In much the same vein is A. Thom's book *Megalithic Sites*. He is a professional astronomer, and the inventor of the term “the megalithic yard.” He has written numbers of articles in professional journals, and several other books about his theories about the builders of the stone circles. I'd put him midway between the scientists and the psychics, and very readable. Oxford Press, 1967

Ward Rutherford, author of *The Druids, Magicians of the West*, has published a new book *Shaman*, which, though not entirely about Druids, has some good material on Eurasian shamanism and its connections with Druidism, the Celts, and their Proto-Indo-European roots. I would take with a cautious grain of salt Mr. Rutherford's interpretations of the old myths—Celtic, Greek, and others—as they are very speculative and subjective. These ancient themes and religious myths are like Rorschach blots: archetypes in which you see what is pertinent to your mind and needs. Here, I think, we learn more about Ward Rutherford's character and the concerns currently obsessing our own times than about the ancient authors of the myths. The material on Euro-Siberian shamans and their practices is good, as are the parallels he traces in shamanic practices from other parts of the world.

Shamanic roots of Celtic Druidism plus insights into Ward's unconscious. \$12.95 Pyramid Books, 214 Derby St. (Box 48) Salem, MA 01970.

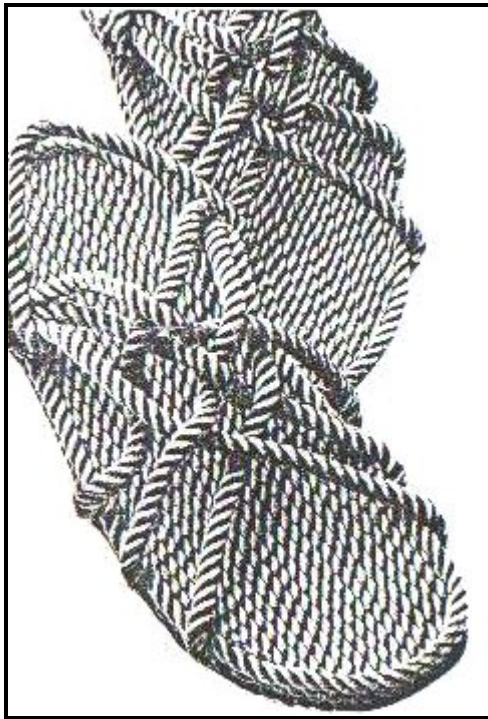


Practical Paganism

Caring for Your Own Dead Lisa Carlson, Upper Access Publishers, Hinesburg Vermont. This is a book you should look into if you want a Druid or Pagan funeral, or just want to avoid the bad atmosphere and poor taste of funeral parlors' pseudo-Christian kitsch.

When Lisa Carison's husband died, she was not only grief stricken but broke. So following the autopsy, she purchased a \$60

pine box, obtained a local transit permit, and carried his body to a Vermont crematory in a pickup truck.. The experience eventually led her to write a book to help people in similar circumstances. She writes: "By assuming some control, a family can personalize the death experience and make it meaningful." "If my husband's body had gotten into the hands of professionals, it would have been much harder to let him go." Your involvement will be severely limited if you go to the funeral industry, despite what they may say in selling you their package. We speak from personal experience. Although Carlson says her book has not met with hostility from the funeral directors (still too few people are actually doing personal funerals to bother them) she did have to deal with an incipient hassle from the state medical examiners office. Be ready with the correct placating procedures.



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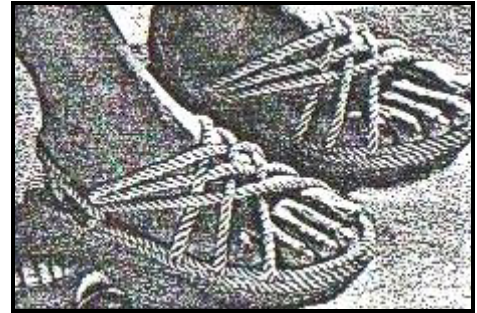
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A Druid Missal-Any Lughnasadh 1988 Volume 12 Number 5

Lughnasadh Essay: Summer Games

By Emmon Bodfish



Originally a celebration of the funeral games held by Lugh, Celtic god of light for his father the Sun, Lughnasadh marks the Sun's position half way between Solstice and Equinox. By now, usually August sixth or seventh, the day's length is noticeably shortened. The sun, re-born on December 22, is in decline, and the season of the harvest, Foghamhar, is coming. This

High Day marked the beginning of the harvest in pre-industrial times, and in Druidic times was known as the Festival of the First Fruits. Cutting of the new grain could begin, and "hungry July" was over. In the Celtic countries, this middle-of-the-summer festival is still marked by The Races in Ireland, the Revels in Wales, and the highland Games in Scotland. In a livestock-raising culture like that of the Iron Age Celts, this was the most likely time of market faires and regional gatherings. The calves of the spring were old enough to sell or trade. Likewise the sheep would have been sheared and the lambs were old enough to be bartered. This was a festival of the Tuath, the largest class in the Celtic society, comprised of the farmers, craftsmen and merchants. The other two classes were the Warriors and the Clergy, which last included Bards, Ovates, Filidhs and Druids, their students and retainers.

In the Neo-Pagan R.D.N.A. tradition, anyone who has a garden or grows anything, should save the first picked produce of the summer season and bring it, or a portion of it to the Lughnasadh celebration to be offered along with the Grove Sacrifice and hopes and prayers of prosperity to come.

The Coligny Keltic Calendar

All thanks to the Editor of CARN for this opportunity to attract the attention of its keltic minded readers to OUR wonderful and much overlooked Coligny Calendar. This unique bronze tablet provides us with our forefathers' astonishing astronomical knowledge but still more with their extremely original and highly synthetic philosophical system.

This unique bronze exemplar was unearthed at the turn of this century near Coligny, Jura, Free-County of Burgundy. It was broken into many fragments. Whatever was retrieved is kept in the Museum of Lyons. It was immediately noticed that its language was undoubtedly keltic—but consisted mostly of abbreviations which so far have resisted clear understanding. Its roman lettering shows it to have been engraved (in defiance of druidic teaching) at the beginning of the common era, when indeed Druidic teaching on the Continent must have been already much shaken.

The first and magnificent breakthrough in attempts to unveil its secrets was achieved by the late Eoin Mac Néill and published at the end of the thirties (in English) in the Irish review *Eriu*. He discovered the recurrent rules governing it, permutations and coherent intricacies, which "knit" the whole calendrical

Period into one piece, and was thus able to give a safe reconstruction of the whole. Yet the meanings of these coherent mechanisms have also so far resisted clear understanding. Further progress was achieved by the present writer and prematurely published (in French) in the German *Zeitschrift für keltische Philologie* in the year 1942. It established the correspondence with the modern common Calendar, fixing in modern terms the beginnings of Periods, years, months (and days), and showed their perfect agreement with the gist of the *druidic philosophy* as described by the well-informed Caesar in his "Gaulish War"—"The druids teach that night has precedence over day".

The Calendar's general constitution can be thus briefly stated:

- a) 30 days congregate to make a "complete" month (and 29 to make an "incomplete" one).
- b) 60 months (plus two built-up "complementary" ones) congregate to make the calendrical Period.
- c) the Period divides into five years.
- d) the year divides into twelve months. Hereafter from memory their names and rough correspondences:

SAMON—(30 days) October;

DVMANN—(20 days) November;

RVRO—(30 days) December;

ANAGANT—(29 days) January;

OGRON—(30 days) February;

CVTIOS—(30 days) March;

GIAMON—(29 days) April;

SEMIVISONN—(30 days) May;

EQVOS—(28-30 days) June;

ELEMBIV—(29 days) July;

AEDRIN—(30 days) August;

CANTLO—(29 days) September.

When the sixty-month Period was finished, another one was obviously introduced. Actually, this writer got it printed and roneotyped every year from VIII to XVII (1950-51) without finding it to depart one day from its Sun-and-Moon astronomical system. Due to lack of space there is no question of giving here even a brief comprehensive account of the Coligny Calendar. I shall only dwell on the six following points which I assume to be within the interests of the general CARN reader and I shall rest most pleased if I have awakened their wish to inform themselves better about it: The Coligny Calendar is highly scientific, eminently practical, linguistically keltic, philosophically druidic, knitting time into one synthetic unit, and requiring a very elaborate astronomical central observatory.

I. Highly Scientific:

Anyone who is an old jailbird has noticed on the whitewashed cell walls the frequency among graffiti of the groups of vertical small bars (generally in fours or in sixes) cut across by a long horizontal one. This was the spontaneous way for prisoners to keep account of the passage of time in their complete absence of information. I call it an unscientific system. Such is the seven-day week which bravely ploughs its way through all times, months, years and calendrical systems with no

reference to Astronomy. Yet although it is very simple (=giam) the seven-night week is, of course, very ancient among us, most stable, and native to us Kelts (and also to the Teutons) contrary to the current opinion.

The modern common calendar is only semi-scientific as it knows only solar time. The years are kept adjusted to the Astronomy of the sun. But though it mentions months, these are merely relics bravely ploughing their way without any reference to the Astronomy of the moon.

The keltic calendar is highly scientific: It keeps a joint account of both the solar and lunar astronomical times.

II. Eminently Practical:

The months begin with the last quarter of the moon. The new moon occurs on the seventh or eighth. The first quarter on the fifteenth (uniformly marked ATENOUX) and the full moon on the 22 or 23rd of every month. Therefore a quick glance at the shape of the moon allows one to say: "To-day is the 13th of the current month". As for this month, one would know it by noting at any time around noon where one's shadow extends on any bit of flat ground and measuring it with one's feet as children do: The number of feet would reveal to him what is the current month. His noon shadow is longest in December and shortest in June, to grow again to its December length. Actually, the decreasing April shadow would be about the same length as the growing August one; and so on. But a quick glance at the surrounding vegetation would differentiate April from August, March from September, etc., so that with a good degree of accuracy anyone with no other information could say: "To-day is the 13th of the month Giamon of the current year." I would challenge anyone using the common calendar with no watch, no sundial, no radio, no reading and no writing to achieve the same and to be able to announce: "To-day is April 23 in the current year."

III. Linguistically Keltic:

There are only slight differences between the Coligny dialect of Keltic and the contemporary insular Keltic. For example, the "second" is rendered "ALLOS", as on the La Graufesenque graffiti in Southern France, whereas all modern Keltic languages go back to a form of "ALIOS".

Its use of the letter Q for a K-sound has resulted in a lot of eminent learned stupidities about Gaelic, Sequana, prekeltic, etc., rivaling the Big Bang, the Expanding Universe, and the brilliant Einsteinian duds. In fact, I realized before 1945 that this Q had no more meaning than in the French names "République, Amérique, etc." beside the adjectives "républicain, Américain, etc." and was due to the already uncertain pronunciation of the classical Latin C. Latin had no K. Thus we find the month CVTIOS generally written, but occasionally QVTIOS. And the word Ki meaning "here, this here" appears once as CI [CI ALLOS B. = Here the second (half-Period?)] and once as QVI [IN QVI MON. = in this here (lunar month?)]. Space compels me to stop here, KI!

IV. Philosophically Druidic:

All time intervals: Period, years, months (and days by extension) are divided into two halves. To the first half (or at least its beginning) belongs obscurity and cold. To the second half belongs light and eventually warmth, according to Caesar's and Pliny's druidic dictum "The druids teach that the night (and winter = giam) has precedence over daylight (and summer = sam)."

The first half-period consists of 30 months, a "month of months," and is headed by one of the two complementary months. It begins with a SAMON month introducing winter. The second half-period, similarly a month of months and similarly headed by the second complementary month, begins with a GIAMON month introducing a summer.

The five years, clearly indicated by the fivefold repetition of the twelve monthly names, are bipartitioned by alternating SAMON (roughly October) and GIAMON (roughly April) with the winters coming first.

All months are similarly bipartitioned by the word ATENO VX (taken to mean "re-shaping", of the half-moon shape which began the month). Their first half, from the last quarter to the first quarter, consists of the obscure moonless nights of the new moon. Their second half consists of the full moon and all the long-moonlit nights.

The same rule of giam-sam allows us to conclude that the day length began towards sunset, with the night as first half, and the daylight as second half.

This precedence of giam over sam allows us also to understand why the Kelts (and also the Teutons) counted time and age by nights and winters, contrary to all Mediterranean usage. Cf. also such linguistic relics as the English word "fortnight" for two weeks, and the French "huitaine" and "quinzaine" (of days) for a seven-night week and two weeks.

V. Intricately Knitted into a Synthetic Unit:

Those coherent mechanisms of permutations and borrowing of days between months and years are too long to be developed here. Let the reader refer to their discoverer Eoin Mac Néill. Only one remark: The month SAMON which begins the winter half of the year borrows its name from the preceding Summer (SAM-) and similarly the month GIAMON borrows its name from the preceding winter (GIAM-).

VI. Requiring a Very Elaborate Astronomical Central Observatory:

All calendrical systems of astronomical nature need astronomical observation to prevent them from going astray. This is due to one main cause, plus a subsidiary one:

a) the real mean yearlength, monthlength, daylength are not in rational relations with one another. It is therefore impossible to express them as fractions or multiples of one another. Every calendrical astronomical system will thus necessarily introduce slight discrepancies which, in the long run, will put it out of gear.

b) Yearlength and other lengths are not exactly static. It is known that our present monthlength and daylength are very slowly increasing, whereas present yearlength is probably very slowly decreasing.

For these two reasons, every astronomical calendrical system required continuous astronomical observation to put it right from time to time. We are all familiar with the common solar calendar adding of a day to the year every four years; then there is the retrenchment of a day every century or so, and there is an endless (and changing) series of other corrections every millennium and so on.

Yet the common calendar takes account of the Sun only. When the calendar takes account of the Moon as well, as does the druidic calendar, the need for accurate and centralized astronomical observation gets compounded. Since it was in the charge of our druids, they must have used one *central* observatory necessarily of a monumental nature-and not inconsiderable fame. That it was Stonehenge in Wiltshire has

been established in great detail by the present writer and published (in Breton) in the review *Ar Bed Keltiek* (after 1966)

(An English version ready since 1966 still awaits a publisher.) This last assertion has two important sequels:

- a) Stonehenge has been in astronomical operation until the days of the Roman conquest of Southern Britain.
- b) the druidic Calendar—known from the unique bronze tablet engraved around year zero—had been in use for at least one to two millennia, since the central rings and horseshoes of stones in Stonehenge were built for its astronomical control.

Conclusion:

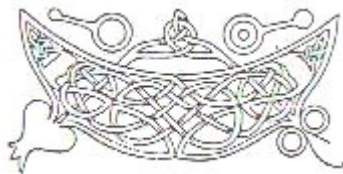
In view of its scientific nature, coherence, practicality, regular intricacies, exactitude, extreme originality and all superior characteristics, not too mention its age, I have no hesitation whatsoever in proclaiming this Calendar to be one of the main marvels of the human World—a marvel which ought to make us modern Kelts feel as proud as peacocks. Alas! Neven Henaff.

P.S. A Newly-Spotted Elaboration in the Coligny Calendar (June 1977, Coolock)

Apart from desinence -(i)OS, months 3, 6, 9, 12 have *one* syllable. Preceding months 2, 5, 11 (but not 8 SEMI-VISOON) have *two* syllables. Still preceding months 4, 10, (but not SAMON and GIAMON) have *three* syllables. This is too much to be just blind chance, SAMON and GIAMON having outstanding functions can well be admitted to get outstanding treatment. Only SEMIVISONN is not accountable. I take it to be a nickname (= Mid-Spring) which has displaced the original two-syllable name (possibly just VISONN = Spring). Compare similar treatment with modern “November”: Welsh “Tackwydd,” nicknamed the black month, Mys Du. Breton knows only the nickname Miz Du. Similarly with “December”. This shows the druids to have been particularly concerned with arithmetic.

—N.H.

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Calendar

Astronomical Lughnasadha will occur at 3:21 A.M. Pacific Daylight Time on August 7, 1988. Celebration at the Orinda Grove Site to be arranged.

Here is the well-known Celticist, Stuart Piggot's recent synopsis of the current archeological opinion about Ancient Celtic civilization. We include it here as part of our listing of Piggot's latest offering *Scotland Before History*, Edinburgh University Press, 1923. It is a good nutshell description of material culture of the Old Celts, a place to start reading, something for which we

are often asked here at the Missal-Any. Keep in mind that it is one man's opinion.—Editor

The Structure of Society

By Stuart Piggott

somewhere near the Antonine Wall, we do not yet know.

Let us now try to put together the various pieces of evidence, and see what description we can give of the land and people of prehistoric Scotland at the moment of entering the phase of written history when the Roman military forces arrived in AD 80. What manner of men and what conditions did Agricola encounter? To answer this question we can use not only the evidence of archaeology, but that of the classical writers, of the Irish oral tradition committed to writing in early mediaeval times, of the survival of Celtic institutions down to the same period, and inferences from comparative philology.

Though, over the space of three thousand years, an appreciable amount of natural woodland would have been cleared by agriculture or grazing, great tracts of the landscape must still have been heavily wooded, in areas where now there stretches bog or moorland, as well as in what is today arable and settled land. The chariot warfare, which we know the Celts to have practiced in Scotland as elsewhere, implies the existence of areas of at least relatively open parkland to allow for such chariot maneuvers to have taken place, even if some of the forest clearance was caused by grazing rather than by cultivation.

When considering the population we must remember that, although at least a ruling class of Celtic-speaking peoples was established in many regions of Scotland by the first century AD, this did not mean the extermination of the previous inhabitants, whose ancestry went back to the days of Cairnpapple and Skara Brae, and to the fishers and boatmen of Oronsay or the Forth shore. Linguistically, for instance, the Gallo-Brittonic dialects could have existed side by side with other tongues now wholly unknown and perhaps numerous and varied—the Australian aborigines, some 200,000 strong when first discovered, were speaking more than 500 languages and dialects. Out of the 38 native names recorded in Scotland in the second century AD by the geographer Ptolemy, only 42 per cent are certainly or probably Celtic. As usual, it is the names of natural features which survive the longest—only 35 percent of these are Celtic, as against the 53 percent among the names of tribes and settlement centres. It must of course be borne in mind in this context that we are only concerned with that branch of the Celtic language of which the main descendant is Welsh, for there is no evidence that the other branch, represented by Scottish Gaelic, existed here until its introduction by the Scotti from Ulster in the fifth century AD.

Of the organization and structure of society in the non-Celtic areas we have no knowledge, but within the areas under Celtic rule—and that may well have been most of habitable Scotland in the first century AD—we can see something of the likely social pattern. There existed some fifteen or so major tribes—Smertae, Damnonii, Votadini and the rest—each governed by a ruler with the status of a tribal chieftain or a *basileus* of Hesiod's Dark Age Greece. Such tribal leaders in southern Britain were on occasions of special relationships described by the Romans as *rex*, and they seem to have held office by reason of their membership of the ruling house. They could indeed be men or women, as Cartimandua of the Brigantes and Boudica of the Iceni give witness.

Within the tribe a socially stratified society linked the classes one to another by obligation and land tenure. Settlement seems to have been based largely on the individual stading, but

these may have been grouped into what in recent times became called the 'township' or baile, the same grouping of households with collectively tilled common fields and communally owned pasture and grazing. The free men of the settlement (on historical analogies) could have owned shares in the common land, and it seems likely, again on comparative historical evidence, that the skilled craftsmen, whether bards or blacksmiths, would also have their rights there. But between the chieftain and the commoners there came a class of nobles or barons or thanes, a warrior aristocracy, the *equites* of Caesar, who in Ireland at least, and most likely elsewhere in the British Isles, specifically counted their wealth in cattle and whose individual allotment of arable or grazing was a separate portion not included in the common lands of the settlement. These were the men who fought from the chariot, rather than on foot like the lower classes of freemen; these, too, with the chieftain were probably the main owners of slaves who had not the rights of the freemen of the society. Chieftain and nobles formed a general assembly denoted in the Indo-European languages by various names indicating 'the whole' (in Irish, the word for 'tribe'); and although the ruler came from a royal family, it seems that his succession had at least to be formally ratified by the assembly.

We know that the priestly caste, the druids, were of great importance in the Celtic world, but their precise status in the social hierarchy, as far as land tenure is concerned, is obscure. It seems likely that bards and magicians, as a privileged class would be entitled to separate allocations of land, and in later times in Ireland this was certainly the case.

The pattern of the Celtic tribes was therefore that of agreed areas under individual rule (though doubtless the boundaries were often in dispute). Below the chieftain came the nobility, the 'Cow Lords' and charioteers, with their individual allocations of land; below them again the free men of the settlement with their common land. All classes were bound by obligations and allegiance, and the General Assembly of the king and his nobles determined political and military action. Inter-tribal warfare, and petty skirmishes between factious nobles and their followers, seem to have been constant. Some at least of the Celtic warriors fought naked, doubtless in consonance with some religious sanction, and many tribes and regions had the custom of painting or tattooing their bodies. Head-hunting played an important part in such activities, the heads of the victims being carried home in triumph on the chariot and preserved in the house or impaled over the gate of the hill-fort; cattle raiding was an honourable and accepted occupation for a gentleman.

It is against such a background then that we must set Calgacus, the Swordsman as his name tells us, the first man in Scotland whose name we know. He and his nobles, like their Gaulish cousins described so vividly by Diodorus Siculus, no doubt shaved their faces but 'let their moustaches grow so long that their mouths are covered up and so when they eat, these get entangled in the food, while their drink is taken in, as it were, through a strainer.' They too would wear the Celtic dress that so astonished the classical world—'amazing clothes, shirts with flowing patterns and dyed all kinds of colours and trousers called *brakai*;' perhaps, too, as Diodorus noted, in speech they may have been 'sparing of words and enigmatical,' though 'boastful, threatening and braggarts by nature.' Ceremonial feasting would take place in the big circular thatched house, with the guests graded according to status as they sat round the central hearth with the bubbling cauldron of boiled pork; behind each warrior would stand his armour-bearer, and to the bravest warrior went the choicest joint, the Champion's Portion. Beer or mead would be brought to the guests by a servant moving sun-wise, just as the port decanter circulates today.

It is a barbarous society that we reconstruct, not far from that of Dark Age Greece reflected in Homer, nearer perhaps to

that of Beowulf, preserving the texture and idiom of the earlier Indo-European institutions in the same sense that the Celtic languages retain the features that relate them to earlier dialects. For the Romans who had absorbed the Oriental and Mediterranean civilities, an incomprehensible order of things: on the frontiers of their Empire they were separated from their opponents not only by a physical, but by a moral and psychological barrier across which understanding could not reach. The Celtic peoples could not achieve the concept of unity even among themselves, let alone conceive of a world containing both Celts and Romans. 'Seldom is it,' wrote Tacitus of the Britons, 'that two or three states meet together to ward off common danger. Thus, while they fight singly, all are conquered.' And as a modern historian discussing this very problem has said, 'the conduct of the barbarians was rendered worse by the incalculable changes of their moods; they were not guided by logical and reasoned thinking but rather by sudden emotion.' On the other hand, the ancient antithesis of civilized and barbarian, the Tribes Without the Law, was as ineradicably fixed in the Roman mind as in that of Rudyard Kipling. Neither philosophically nor juridically did Roman thought admit the possibility of 'good barbarians,' unless they were firmly under the contractual obligations of a client kingdom or incorporated within the Empire. It was a spiritual and moral as well as a political impasse, and in Scotland, on the outer rim even of Celtic culture, perhaps more impossible of solution than elsewhere in western Europe.

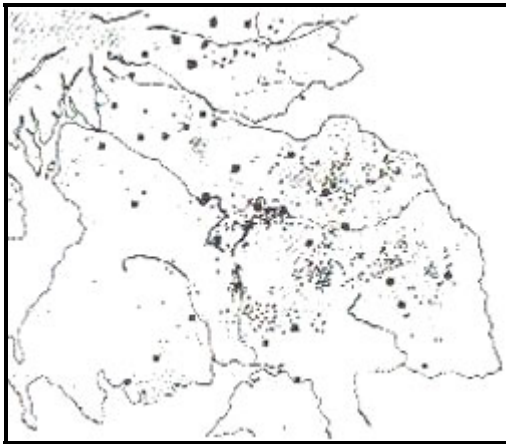
The Roman occupation of Scotland was, like that of the rest of the Highland Zone of Britain, a military garrison established among people of alien traditions, at a lower stage of technological capacity, and with at best a rudimentary and often savage code of law and government. In the face of such an occupying force, determined to preserve peace in the regions it controlled and to put an end to the eternal quarrels and raids between rival families, clans and tribes, that were the breath of life to the Celtic warrior, three main courses of action were open to the barbarians. In the first place, it was possible for a native tribe to accept Roman rule, even to welcome it; such an arrangement could be advantageous to both sides and could either be an informal state of non-aggression, or could be ratified by appropriate legal machinery. In the south of Scotland it looks as though the tribes of the Damnonii and the Votadini took such a course at an early stage of the occupation.

A second (and perhaps the most usual) relationship between native and Roman was that of keeping the peace to the minimal degree consonant with reprisals, at least in the immediate neighbourhood of the garrisons or the ambit of their scouting parties. The more remote from the Roman military zone, the more lawless could the tribe be—what happened north of the Great Glen was nobody's business. But the third, and perhaps more personal solution of the problem of co-existence of incompatible cultures, was for the ruler and his retainers to move out of reach of the military forces, and if possible to put sea or mountain between himself and them.

It is instructive, however, to look first at the situation in the heavily garrisoned area between Hadrian's and the Antonine Walls, especially that part of it in which, as we saw earlier, the builders of hill-forts had established themselves. This was the region in part within the tribal areas of the Votadini and the Damnonii who, as we have said, seem to have come to terms with the occupying forces, and in part within that of the Selgovae, whose submission was probably compelled. The evidence from the hill-forts of the Border counties is eloquent enough as to what was achieved by forcible or persuasive Roman action. Time and time again we can trace the growth, within the defended areas, of congeries of circular stone-walled huts or small houses which, on excavation, prove belong to the period of the Roman occupation, though some are indeed also earlier, and which not only fill the

fort by sprawl over once-defensive walls and ramparts by then out of commission and half ruined. The *pax romana* was no empty phrase, whether achieved by force or by the consent of at least the tribal leaders, and the clan warfare and cattle-raids of which the forts are the archaeological expression could not be tolerated in Romanised territory. Once rallying places of the war-bands, the forts could still have remained the high places of tribal prestige and tradition, but as civil settlements. The nucleation of settlement they presuppose may have been accompanied by, and be in part the outcome of, improved agricultural techniques introduced by the Romans in an attempt to increase local corn production: certainly Romano-Celtic tools of southern English types appear at this time in the Scottish Lowlands.

The Roman Occupation



Hill forts and Roman forts in south Scotland

It was a Celtic custom to have periodic tribal or religious assemblies at fixed places, not necessarily at any permanent settlement, where ceremonies could take place, laws be promulgated, and a fair or market held. Such meetings may have been recognized, within the Roman provinces, as lawful and permissible. We have seen too how there were sanctuaries such as Medionemeton somewhere near the Antonine Wall, while the votive offerings made in lakes must not be forgotten.

A place named in a Roman source as that of Maponus lay within the tribe of the Novantae, whose territory seems to have stretched from the River Nith into Galloway: Maponus was a Celtic god of youth, music and markets, and Lochmaben may preserve his name. It was against the Novantae and the Selgovae that Agricola directed his attack at an early stage of his campaign in AD 82. During the next two years he was engaged in the combined operations in eastern Scotland which culminated in the engagement at Mons Graupius. These campaigns, or the impending threat of such events, would have forced upon the Celtic tribes the alternative courses of action we have mentioned—submission, real or superficial, or withdrawal to regions out of reach of the Roman army.

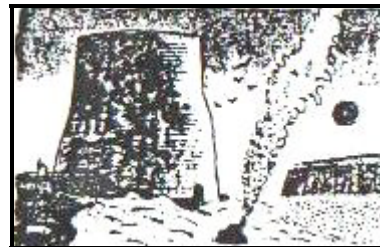
In such a context it is interesting to consider the Western Isles within the first couple of centuries AD. In the third millennium BC, they had supported a population of stone-using agriculturalists whose enduring memorial is their chambered collective tombs. After this episode there is virtually no evidence of anything but the most scanty and sparse settlement, often of none at all, until there appear the abundant remains of the stone-built houses, byres and farmsteads of iron-using farmers, and the circular defensive tower-houses known as brochs. Once

established, such structures were built and lived in for several centuries, into the post-Roman Dark Ages

The material equipment of the settlers would be perfectly in accord with their having origins on the mainland. The circular stone houses are no more than local versions of the timber built farmsteads, which we have already noticed, adapted to conditions of scanty wood and an inclement climate; bone weaving tools and other objects imply sheep farmers making woollen cloth according to traditional techniques widespread in immediately pre-Roman Britain and well represented from West Yorkshire to Galloway.

The structure called a wheel-house, from its plan with radial stone piers representing the wooden posts of the prototype, is clearly the Hebridean equivalent of the farmhouse unit or single steading which we have seen to have been typical of the immediately pre-Roman agrarian economy over most of the British mainland. The animal bones from such houses, and tools such as the weaving-combs mentioned above, show that the builders were farmers grazing sheep for wool—their stock, and any seed corn they may have possessed, must have been taken to the islands during the immigration. The same economy lies behind the brochs, but these remarkable structures show a peculiarly Scottish development whereby the circular stone-walled house was turned into a defensive tower (*see* Index of Sites). Much is still obscure about the precise manner in which these tower-houses, some at least built to a height of 6 m or more, were roofed or floored internally, and there is likely to have been considerable individual variation; but one thing is clear. We are dealing with a development exactly analogous to the evolution of the mediaeval peel or tower house in North Britain, and presumably the result of similar circumstances—insecurity, clan or tribal warfare, cattle thieving and family feuds. It is possible that the broch builders felt the need to defend themselves against an enemy more dreaded than their own kinsfolk, the power of the Roman military forces, which, as Agricola's circumnavigation of Scotland showed, could strike by sea as well as by land. Was this act indeed a demonstration directed *in terrorem* to show that even those in the Islands were not necessarily out of reach?

In the event, there is no evidence that punitive measures were ever taken against these settlements. In fact, it looks as though some peaceable trading took place between the Roman world and the Hebridean crofters, and that the woollen industry of the north, as elsewhere in the Roman Province, was encouraged as a deliberate piece of economic policy. The Celtic north and west was moving towards the place it was to occupy in the earliest Middle Ages, when the movements of peoples in the immemorial manner of prehistory were to begin again, for the Roman grip on northern Europe had become relaxed and ineffective. With the arrival of the Scotti from Ulster in the fifth century AD and the later Anglian settlement in the south-east, historical Scotland with its amalgam of prehistoric traditions of language and culture, mingled with those of Irish and Germanic origins, began to take shape.



A Call for Articles

A Druid Missal-Any would like to invite interested persons to submit articles pertaining to Druid history, language, culture and lore, Paleo- and Neo-druidism, and related topics for publication. The article should be typewritten, double-spaced, and no longer than eight double-spaced (no elite) pages. The editors of the Missal-Any reserve the right to edit articles. Author credit will be announced in A Druid Missal-Any.

From the Psycho-Techno Interface

Light bulbs by Lumi-ram Corporation, of Finland, sold as "color enhancement" bulbs, greatly enhance the ease and effect of crystal gazing. This is quite helpful when trying to learn this skill. They are sold in catalogues and some decorator lighting stores.

Drought-Stricken Car Washing

Save old bath water and wash the car in it. This is made easier with some 3/8" aquarium tubing for a siphon. Do NOT use old noodle or pasta water; it has a wheat gluten in it that you will never get off of your paint. Use old five Gallon bottles or ten gallon plastic bulk food containers for water storage. Some health food stores or restaurants give them away. Only the first and final rinses need be with the hose.

Postmarked August 1st, 1988

A Druid Missal-Any Fall Equinox 1988 Volume 12 Number 6

Fall Equinox Essay: Harvest and Cernunnos

By Emmon Bodfish



all Equinox, a minor High Day in the Reform Druid calendar. The season of Foghar begins. The harvest advances in earnest. All produce of the fields and wild woods must be gathered in before Samhain Eve. Any fruit left in the fields after that night must be left abandoned to the birds and the wild creatures, "to feed the flocks of Cernunnos." At Fall Equinox the work of harvesting is in full swing and we can appreciate a minor holiday from our work.

There is very little to gather here at the Orinda Grove Site. After the drought and the oak moth plague of this year and last, the oaks have not ripened any acorns to speak of, and the Blue Flag bulbs and wild onions are scarce. We'll leave what there are to the animals. The deer are hungry and the squirrels have grown bold. They come into the yard or sniff around the garage. However we have a bumper crop of fire wood with all the dead saplings and fallen oak limbs. Never cut a living tree for fuel. There is plenty of the dead stuff around.

From now until Winter Solstice is the time of Cernunnos, Master of the Animals, the woodland God, the antlered shaman. He is the teacher and "brother" of mystics, and of the solitary woods hermits of the Celtic pagan tradition. Professor James Duran believes He is a cognate to Hindu Shiva. He is the magician or shaman figure, cultivating his "yoke to God" in solitude. One theory of the torque symbolism in Celtic religion is that it represents a bond to the wearer's patron deity. There is archeological evidence, shrines in caves in Spain and France with continuous offerings left over the centuries, that His identity may go back to the antlered and costumed shamans of the Paleolithic. He is a patron of hunters, and is probably cognate with the Anglo-Saxon figure of Hern the Hunter.

The emphasis of this season is balance: old and new, gains and losses. Now we can take stock of the past, of the year's activities and harvest our gains or cut our losses. Harvest is a time of endings. We are busy storing, preserving and celebrating crops and insights. Balance it with rest, and talking over future plans, beside a hearth fire if possible.

Calendar

Autumn Equinox will occur at 19 hours 23 minutes Greenwich Time on September 22, 1988, which is 12:23 P.M. Pacific Daylight Time. Celebration here will be Thursday evening, circa 6:30 P.M.

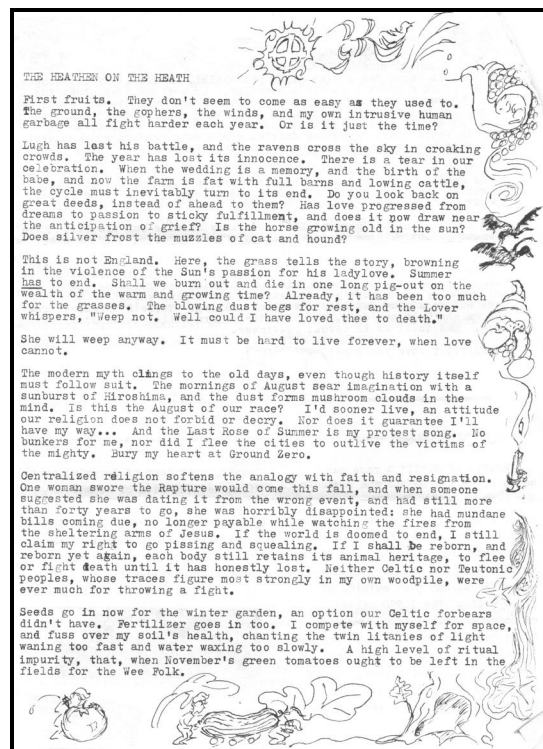


Letter to the Editor: Albion's Request

Would like to correspond with anyone interested in the possible Pre-Celtic origins of the four Fire Festivals: Samhain, Imbolc, Bealtinne, and Lughnasadh.

Please write to:

Albion
P.O. Box 1453
Conway, Arkansas 72032



The Heathen on the Heath: First Fruits

First fruits. They don't seem to come as easy as they used to. The ground, the gophers, the winds, and my own intrusive human garbage, all fight harder each year. Or is it just the time?

Lugh has lost his battle, and the ravens cross the sky in croaking crowds. The year has lost its innocence, There is a tear in our celebration. When the wedding is a memory, and the birth of the babe, and now the farm is fat with full barns and lowing cattle, the cycle must inevitably turn to its end. Do you look back on great deeds, instead of ahead to them? Has love progressed from dreams, to passion, to sticky fulfillment, and does it now draw near the anticipation of grief? Is the horse growing old in the sun? Does silver frost the muzzles of cat and hound?

This is not England. Here, the grass tells the story, browning in the violence of the Sun's passion for his ladylove. Summer *has* to end. Shall we burn-out and die in one long pig-out on the wealth of the warm and growing time? Already, it has been too much for the grasses. The blowing dust begs for rest, and the Lover whispers, "Weep not. Well could I have loved thee to death."

She will weep anyway. It must be hard to live forever, when love cannot.

The modern myth clings to the old days, even though history itself must follow suit. The mornings of August sear imagination with a sunburst of Hiroshima, and the dust forms

mushroom clouds in the mind. Is this the August of our race? I'd sooner live, an attitude our religion does not forbid or decry. Nor does it guarantee I'll have my way...And the Last Rose of Summer is my protest song. No bunkers for me, nor did I flee the cities to outlive the victims of the mighty. Bury my heart at Ground Zero.

Centralized religion softens the analogy with faith and resignation. One woman swore the Rapture would come this fall, and when someone suggested she was dating it from the wrong event, and had still more than forty years to go, she was horribly disappointed; she had mundane bills coming due, no longer payable while watching the fires from the sheltering arms of Jesus. If the world is doomed to end, I still claim my right to go pissing and squealing. If I shall be reborn, and reborn yet again, each body still retains its animal heritage, to flee or fight death until it has honestly lost. Neither Celtic nor Teutonic peoples, whose traces figure most strongly in my own woodpile, were ever much for throwing a fight.

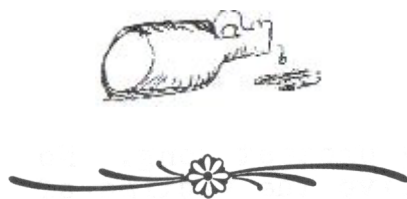
Seeds go in now for the winter garden, an option our Celtic forbears didn't have. Fertilizer goes in too. I compete and fuss over my soil's health, chanting the twin litanies of light waning too much, and water waxing too slowly. A high level of ritual impurity, that, when November's green tomatoes ought to be left in the fields for the Wee Folk.

Hell, I'll leave 'em a dish of my pickalilli, instead. My clumsiness alone could support a faerie convention. Or perhaps they plant their own garden, late squash in the compost heap and spilt tomato seeds among the potatoes and lettuces. And having finally decided not to die, my garden will cause me to curse the name of zucchini, as it has in years past. Even the fairies don't want that; next year their discards will spring anew, in places where I never would have planted them.

I'll feed the little bastards generously, on zucchini burgers and zucchini bread and zucchini soufflé and quiche. Who needs ritual purity when you have runaway squashes?

The Lady mourns her passing Lord, but lady animals run him off, Papa Tomcat is not welcome, and my duchesses have appropriated the shed: Maternity Ward, Drakes Keep Out! Alas, alas John Barleycorn, He was a rascal anyway. So pass the keg again. Weeping and foolery are kin, tears for the rain and guffaws for thunder. This is important business! As you go about your day, earning and arguing and building the things of humanity, make sure you're laughing and crying enough to bring on the autumn storms and keep the Wheel rolling. There's precious few of us who know our duty, so raise the Waters while you've still got 'em, and toast us in devout rowdiness.

(Sniff!) I love you guys!



Spirit of Biel: Racing Car

"Spirit of Biel," a race car named after the Celtic Sun God was entered in the first all-solar powered endurance race ever, which was held this year in Australia. This ecological vehicle might have finished third had it not collided with a conventional car just outside of Alice Wells. The 1,950 miles of roadway between Darwin and Adelaide could not be closed to conventional traffic for the four days of the race. The fuel's free,

and it can hold a speed of 45 mph on a sunny day. Before the race, Mac Cready, president of Aerovironment, dismissed the idea of commercial production on the grounds of cost, but afterwards he commented "I think we all realize that we may have started something that we did not originally envisage."



Spirit of Biel with tilted solar panel.

Q: "What's the oldest living language in Europe?"

A: Welsh.

The Heathen on the Heath: The End of Summer

In the time of balance, I think of hairpulls, and of the doubts as old as religion that we may either decry or embrace. Myself, I have learned to be fond of them; otherwise I suffer a lot.

Rationalism is a cold place. It also makes the sensations of one's isolated consciousness a little uncomfortable. Why should I be peering out these two wet windows, instead of someone else? And whatever I may think of it, does it matter very much?

I'm not really the believing kind. Yet I walk in a world of many gods and goddesses, all part of the divine universe, and all workers of great magicks. I speak, "Lord," "Lady," and solemnly declare that a living world hears me.

I also walk among others of my nonfaith who call upon methods of divination, by cards and stars and crystals. And I have various odd means of justifying my refusal to reject such things outright: archetypal imagery, channels of intuition. Phooey. I cast cards on a table and read the pictures in them as a way of grasping at straws in confusion. I count the images in star patterns and permutate and combine them in the sky of this or that moment in time, because the star-pictures are a handle on the mystery of personality, not because they name aught that I can truly know.

And I collect the lessons of each, ancient and well-laden with the thoughts and dreams of my forebears. Help me, Old Ones! What did you know that I don't?

When does this—or the channeling of my energy through arbitrary places in my body, or the repetition of mantra or Wiccan doggerel—pass over the line between seeking and superstition?

When I walk among the people, I remember a card sent by Mad Sweeney: "Nature is not dirty, but it provides the raw materials from which we manufacture dirt." And I tell myself that people are not foolish or shallow, but they have the materials in them from which foolery and crassness are made. So I am still responsible for the times when I get used or jerked around, but for individual errors in present judgment, rather than for outreach to strangers at all.

People need not be mine to be benevolent, nor need they have been of my time to be wise. Can we translate the speech of poets? And can our materialistically-trained minds then put to use what we hear? Or is it lost to us forever, our efforts warped to fallacy by the indoctrination of an utterly alien culture?

And can we give our Mother any protection but our own extinction? By loving Her, have we become the enemies of our own kind? Many of the so-called scientific community think so.

Yet in rejecting all that they know, we continue in ignorance to wound that which we love.

We need more than balance: Synthesis. Turn in your compost, and think of that.

An Experiment in Iron Age Living

By Albion

In the year 1977, a producer for BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) television named John Percival conceived an experiment to see what the Iron Age was like, in modern times. Percival, an archaeology buff, wanted to see, and show BBC viewers how the ancient Celts might have lived. He conceived his plan for trying the Iron Age after visiting a reconstructed Iron Age village in Lejre, Denmark.

Percival ran discreet newspaper advertisements around Britain. From the one thousand replies, Percival chose six couples and three children to spend a year living like their Celtic ancestors might have, in a careful reconstruction of an Iron Age settlement. Twice a week Percival and his BBC television crew would visit and film what was going on for a twelve part BBC television series. After Percival rented approximately 35 acres of woods and approximately 15 acres of fields from an obliging private land owner, one cold March day in 1977, these modern "ancient Celts" moved to their new village.

This modern tribe consisted of three school teachers, a hairdresser, a nurse, a doctor, a social worker, a builder, a mathematician, a National Farmers Union official, two students, and three children aged seven, five, and three.

Little had been done for these new settlers by the BBC aside from clearing a site in the woods, bulldozing a boundary wall of earth, and piping water into a "well" (as the water table was approximately 197 feet down). They were also given a few metal tools, as well as tents to live in till they got their communal roundhouse constructed, which took 14 weeks to build. Using ancient tools, the group chopped 72 wooden rafters and built a conical thatched roof with the walls made out of wattle (interwoven branches) and daub (mud and animal hair). Their house was approximately 30 feet high and 49 feet wide.

Inside their roundhouse, wattle screens and straw blinds divided their Iron Age house into 13 "rooms." These modern ancient Celts slept between animal skins on low wooden beds. Their Celtic house weathered one of Britain's worse winters (of those years) in fine style and never became too cold. Although because the group never allowed the central hearth fire to go out, it consumed a ton of fire wood every five days. Yet even in snowy weather, these modern Celts stayed warm in their ancient house.

Percival also had this modern tribe of Iron Agers trained in Celtic culture and crafts. In addition, they were trained in survival skills and gathering wild foods. They had two dogs for company. For food, they had three cows, four pigs, nine goats, twenty-five sheep, and forty chickens. In addition, some bees were provided for the production of honey. The pigs were a part wild boar species and the chickens were also an old English variety. Their supply of domestic animal meat was also supplemented by rabbit, squirrel, and an occasional deer or rat. However, our hardy volunteers said that rat had so little meat that it "was scarcely worth the trouble" of cooking. In their fields, these modern Celts grew wheat, barley, oats, peas, and tickbeans.

In some ways the 20th century kept intruding on these modern Iron Agers. The British Educational Authorities ruled that the children had to have access to school books. Also, the volunteer Iron Agers were allowed to use Tampax and contraceptives, and four times during emergencies, a doctor was

sent in to attend to their needs. British laws also demanded that a butcher be sent in to stun and slaughter their pigs, and that modern fire codes be satisfied in the form of four exits in their Celtic roundhouse in case of fire. However, aside from these few allowances, these modern Celts tried to live as did their ancestors. In fact, their "catchwords" for doing things became "proper Iron Age."

As these volunteer Celts settled in, their focal point of community became the central hearth fire. Usually on long winter evenings, they would tell their life stories; pick out a tune on a six stringed lyre or the pipe and drums; sing; or play Nine Men's Morris, an ancient board game. They also made elderberry wine, beer, and mead. (They made 23 gallons of mead, which they described as being "very strong").

Bathing was also done around the central hearth fire. Water was heated by dropping pieces of heated iron into a large tub of water. After awhile, a good deal of casual nudity became commonplace, as might be expected. Soap became a problem, as experiments at making soap from animal fat failed. These modern Celts started using clay to shampoo with, as clay removed the grease from their hair.

These Iron Agers' experiments with animal husbandry were also only partially successful. Their part wild pig species would not breed but "made excellent bacon." Their efforts with chickens were also not totally successful, as their hens only laid eggs in the spring. On the other hand, their 9 goats produced 16 kids, their sheep had 13 lambs, and their cows had 4 calves.

These modern Celts also tried to pray to the Celtic Gods and Goddesses but at least one of them found it hard to leave this century and return to yesteryear. However, the group as a whole became more superstitious in their year's time spent in "the Iron Age."

They did celebrate Lughnasadh as a harvest ceremony decked out in body paint made from ash and herbs with a rowdy dance and with one member (a man) representing "the Spirit of Goodness" burying an ear of corn in the earth.

Their harvest was so successful that the efforts to reap it all became a real chore, as members had to stop cutting their crops every two or three minutes to sharpen the soft iron blades of their cutting implements. Yet, within four weeks, they had gathered in their harvest, enough to feed themselves and their animals through the winter.

These modern Celts also made their own clothes from the wool of their sheep. However, they estimated that at least 60 sheep would have been needed to fully clothe a community of their size in Iron Age time instead of the 25 that they had. The wool was coarse and slightly greasy but was warm and resisted the rain.

The one real problem encountered by these trial Iron Agers was with foot wear. Attempts at moccasin making all failed until one member finally designed a "clog" that would hold up in the rainy weather by using two strips of wood, between which was attached a strip of calf leather with leather uppers added. These lasted well and elevated feet out of mud puddles.

Much was done in the group by trial and error and metal making was no exception. They learned quickly to shape and weld iron. Making pottery proved harder, because not only did they have to build their own kiln, but they had to learn to use the right amount of "grog" or ground up stone to make the clay bind correctly. Their first experiments with pots crumbled to dust.

Bartering with BBC producer Percival was also essential to their survival. Goat kids, a calf, pots, and baskets were swapped for salt, eggs, cheese, and honey. Yet despite the need to purchase or swap, they ended the year as creditors to Percival and his crew.

All in all, the year was a highly successful venture for the volunteers with all of them learning many things that they had never known before. But most of all, they spoke of the tribal or community feeling that they had shared and come to love. All expressed sorrow at leaving their friends after the year's experiment was over.

There was much debate within British archaeological circles as to how authentic the experiment was, but Percival's group of volunteers was trying to live out some *guesses* about Iron Age people and their daily existence. For British television viewers the series was successful, too. As one commentator on the series said, "what they were really enacting was our own myth: a dream of simple communal living."

**For readers who are interested in another similar experiment. In Iron Age living in Britain, you can look into "the Butser Ancient Farm Project." See the book *The Iron Age in Britain* edited by J. Collins, pages 32-40.

Postmarked 22 Sept 1988

A Druid Missal-Any Samhain 1988 Volume 12 Number 7

Samhain Essay: Assemblies

By Emmon Bodfish



Samhain, a major High Day in the Druid calendar, is the day between the years. The Druid year starts with Samhain in the autumn just as the Celtic day begins at sundown. The Classic writers of antiquity held that it was a Druid teaching that cold and darkness and difficulty precede warmth and light and benefit.

In old Druid times, Samhain was the occasion of great gatherings in Ireland and Gaul, and probably in Scotland and Britain as well, though there are no records of them survived.

The Druids, Bards, and Ovates (Ollafhs) and the political leaders from all parts of Ireland assembled at Tara. In Gaul similar gatherings were held, which sent and received emissaries to and from Scotland and Alba (England). Representatives of the Tuatha, the husbandmen, from the four provinces of Ireland assembled at Tara Hall well before Samhain. There, after ritual purifications, such as running or leaping the bonfires, and the offering of sacrifices, the chieftains and Druids retired indoors, into the Great Hall. They remained "under roof" all Samhain. Day, the belief being that on this day the forces of Propriety and Order were gathered indoors, and the forces of Chaos were afoot outside. Inside participants took up their traditional stations around the High King: Those of Ulster, representing the warrior caste, to his left; those of Munster, representing Bards, Prophets, and artists to his right; those of Connaught, representing the Druidic (clerical) caste at his back; and facing him, Leinster, representing the Tuatha, "the people," crafts and husbandmen. In this order the Great Counsel of the year was held.*

Elections are held in R.D.N.A. Groves, and a night vigil is held mark the new year. In the morning, the Third Order Druids exchange their red ceremonial ribbons for white, and offer a second sacrifice to the Dawn.

*For the High King, it was "face the people day." No wonder the holiday became associated with dread. From Professor James Duran's seminar, "The Druids," Berkeley, 1985.



"Some of them seem to have forgotten that their forefathers—the Picts, Danes and Romans—all entered the country illegally!"

From "Punch," December 7, 1977

The Danes and the Romans, yes. The Picts, perhaps not, if we take the Picts to be the long-headed, fine boned people of north eastern Scotland,* they may be the descendants of the original stone age hunters, among the first Sapiens into the British Isles, which were not isles, but were still attached to continental Europe at the time.

The Stonehenge People, Rodney Castleden, Routledge & Kegan Paul, Inc. London, 1987.

The Old Stone Age, Bordes, World University Library, McGraw Hill, NY, 1968.

To All Branches of the R.D.N.A. Samhain Liturgical Changes

As a Third Order Druid active in the Reformed Druid Movement, I would like to add the following lines into the Samhain Chant, they being in line with what is stated in the "Epistle to the Myopians" in the Book of the Apocrypha, in the Druid Chronicles. They would be read after the second sacrifice, before the Archdruid's request to the Earth-mother "O Earth-mother, guide our paths..."

The new version of the chant would appear as follows. (neatly typeset when I can get that done. E.B.)

This will be, is being, sent to all Third Order Druids who can be located, and so it will become part of the Apocrypha.

Chant

- D:** Ea, Lord, Ea, Mother, Thou with uncounted names and faces, Thou of the many faceted Nature in and above all, to Thee we sing our chants of praise.
- E:** Go Thou not from us.
- D:** Dalon Ap Landu, Lord of this and all Groves, mover by night and by day, descend not beneath the earth, turn not Thy pleasing face from us.
- E:** Go Thou not from us.
- D:** The leaves wither, the trees and fields are barren, on what can we depend? Where is Thy order, where Thy strength?
- E:** Depart not from our midst, sleep not, O most high.
- D:** The Sun, the bright fire of day, withdraws His chariot; His face is veiled with clouds, and the breath of the North Wind walks the land.
- E:** Return to us His warmth.

Second Sacrifice

- D:** Our praise has mounted up to Thee on the wings of eagles; our voices have been carried up to Thee on the shoulders of the winds. Hear now, we pray Thee, our Mother, as we offer up this sacrifice of life. Accept it, we pray Thee, and cleanse our hearts, granting us Thy peace and life.
- D:** Hast thou accepted our sacrifice, O our Mother? I call upon the Spirit of the North to give answer... of the South...of the East...of the West.

Second Reply

The sacrifice is not accepted.

D: The four winds are silent; the Earth-Mother sleeps.

The Archdruid/ess and all other members of the Third Order present now remove their red ribbons and replace them with their white ribbons. The following is the Mourning and Declaration of Faith.

D: Lo, we are as wraiths, our fire is turned to ashes and darkness walks the land.

E: Preserve us, o spirit of day. Keep us in Thy mind, O spirit of power.

D: Lo, the Season of Sleep has come, and darkness prevails. Let us then lie down, in the good and covering dark, and rest, and contemplate, and renew ourselves with this gift of sleep.

P: Rest and heal us, O our Mother.

D: O Earth-mother, guide our paths. If Thou wilt leave us, save us through the time of Silence, keep bright within our hearts 'til Spring.

E: So let it be, O our Mother, for we are faithful, and would keep thy ways.

The R.D.N.A. Samhain Chants as They Now Stand

Chant

D: Ea, Lord, Ea, Mother, Thou with uncounted names and faces, Thou of the many-faceted Nature in and above all, to Thee we sing our chants of praise.

E: Go Thou not from us.

D: Dalon Ap Landu, Lord of this and all Groves, mover by night and by day, descend not beneath the earth, turn not Thy pleasing face from us.

E: Go Thou not from us.

D: The leaves wither, the trees and fields are barren, on what can we depend? Where is Thy order, where Thy strength?

E: Depart not from our midst, sleep not, O most high.

D: The Sun, the bright fire of day, withdraws His chariot; His face is veiled with clouds, and the breath of the North Wind walks the land.

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D: O Earth-mother, guide our paths. If Thou wilt leave us, save us through the time of Silence, keep bright within our hearts 'til Spring.

Chorus: So let it be, O our Mother, for we are faithful, and would keep thy ways.

Why Another Article on Scrying?

By Emmon Bodfish

Despite the existence of numerous books on crystal gazing, and my pointing of inquirers toward them, this does not seem to be working as a feint. They keep asking. They say they want something “quick,” “short”, the “ready-Mart” of scrying. “What works.” Here goes.

First, I have had better results with a straight sided solid piece of natural crystal than with a polished ball. This was especially true in the beginning. And secondly, as with so many psychic skills, practice does it.

Set up a room where you will not be disturbed. You must be able to be absolutely unselfconscious. A gentle light, coming from one small source, a candle or a low watt bulb, is best. Sit lightly, comfortably, with your back fairly straight, in a position in which you can forget your body. Breathe easily and deeply; “ground down.” Put aside your worries and plans; tell them you will hold court for them later. Later, of course, you must do so and give these thoughts a short audience. This way they will learn to leave you alone while you are practicing your magic.

Eyes open and relaxed, take in the scene around you. Compose your emotions about the neutral point, alert and calm. Listen to the sound of your breathing and slowly stop the sentences running through your head. Become mentally silent, alert, and unbiased; anticipate. Feel the pause at the top of the in-breath. The practice of mental silence, being able to stop the verbal stream of thoughts running through your mind, is essential to the success of any meditative or psychic endeavor. It is the first rung of the ladder. This has been independently discovered by numerous religious and magical traditions and by individuals who have found their own way. It is one of the essentials for progressing in either meditative or thaumaturgical work.

Here are two methods of scrying I have used to get good results. One involves putting the light in front of you. In the other, the light is behind your right shoulder.

In the first, hold the piece of crystal in your right hand between yourself and the light source at the distance at which it is easy for you to focus your eyes on a fleck or a spot in the center of the crystal. At first it will be easier to scry while holding the stone in your hand rather than by gazing at it while it rests on a stand in front of you.

Pick a bright spot, a different looking spot, a flaw or a sparkle in the crystal and watch it. Don't anticipate or try to push for an image. Or, in another way of putting it, “Just watch it like it was television.” Turn the rock slowly. Find an interesting angle.

What will come first are eidetic images. These are like the “faces” you see in clouds or the little scenes you can see in the embers. Your eye is seeing pure shapes, unnamed images, and

Stock Market Crash

your brain is saying, “oh, that looks like...” Don’t scoff at this or try to stop it. It is one gateway to visions and one of the closest. And, some people would add, one of the safest. Relax your eyes the way you did when you were day dreaming as a kid and just watch. If you can prevent yourself from dismissing it with the “Oh, that’s only...” response, the eidetic image will become a scene. Small, very distant figures of people moving about at some unknown task, or geometric mask-like faces that appear, change and disappear are common first sightings. Keep your mind calm and silent and watch. The scene may draw nearer and begin to mean something; a mask may become a face or a person. Two negative skills are needed here; not scoffing and not pushing for something better. Watch, remember, get the feel of it. Sometimes the scene will fade back into being flaws in the crystal; sometimes it will just disappear and you will realize how tired your eyes and mind are. You have come to the end of your concentration energy. With meditation practice, you can increase the length of time that you can hold these contemplative states of mind. Look away. Now you can analyze what meaning you what you saw may have for you. As with all psychic skills it gets easier and more refined with practice. Again, remember the metaphor of learning to play a musical instrument.

When you succeed, try to remember to remember how you were focusing your eyes, and the “feel” of your state of mind. These are helpful guideposts in learning to get back to that state.

Scrying with the light behind you, coming over your right shoulder, is similar as to method, the same eye focus, the same relaxed attention, but here reflections are more important and the scenes are more likely to be in multiple colors. Sunlight can be used, but it is difficult. It is important to have the light coming over your shoulder from the right. This is the positive direction in Celtic lore and does make a difference in mood and mental state. This I know from empirical observation and testing as well. (Yes, we test things here at the Missal-Any. Question everything. It’s an old R.D.N.A. tradition not to write or teach about a psychic phenomenon unless you have personal experience of it.) The “light from the right” rule is also corroborated in many other traditions as well. Does it stimulate the left hemisphere? I don’t know. Energy, messages, and even thought sentences that seem to originate from the left are often untrustworthy and unconstructive and sometimes even harmful. This is not a prejudice; it comes of long observation. But this does not mean that anything from the right hand side is “TRUTH.” I’d like to invoke here a former Archdruid’s safety tip for psychic experimenters: “Be as cautious about accepting or trusting any entity or “message” which you may encounter in the course of your psychic workings as you would about trusting a person whom you had just met at a party.” Common sense, repeated practice, and long acquaintance are good guides. Check your gut feeling. But this moves into the related problem of ethics, judgment, and veracity testing on the non-material planes, another and vaster subject than simple scrying, which was the subject that I was asked to boil down and put in this nutshell.*

—Emmon Bodfish

*And thanks be to the Gods for that!
Holy wars have been waged and volumes written on these matters, and I can refer the interested reader thither.

Calendar

Astronomical Samhain, when the Sun is at 16 degrees 18 minutes South, will occur on November 6, 1988, at 5:40 P.M. Pacific Standard Time.

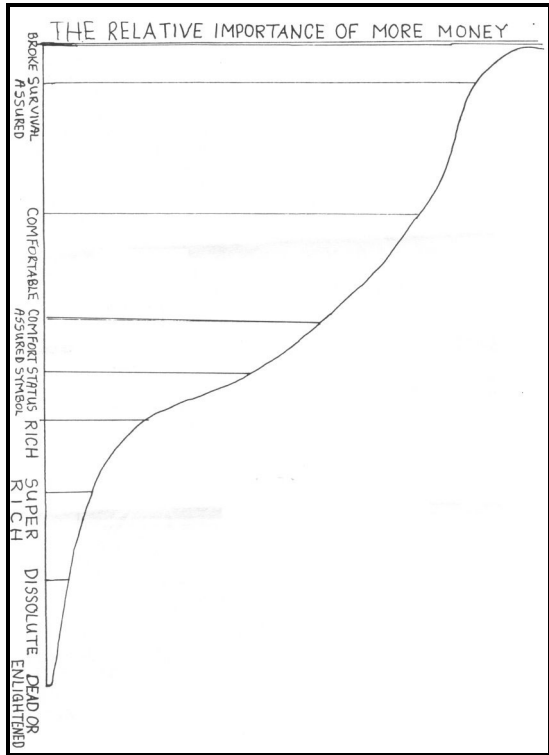
In the old legends
fairie gold turned back to withered leaves
the next day. It shone and lured
only in Elfland.
And by enchantment.
Money is like that.
On the stock market the climbing numbers
increase and multiply and now
nothing but paper,
fit only to write a poem on the back.
Elfland. Wall Street.
Wherever we believe and then
no longer believe.
All over the country the experts are saying
it’s a matter of faith:
clap your hands
and Tinkerbell will get well,
and the economy will get well,
and well, we’ll see.
Money has always been strange.
It’s only real when you don’t have it.
Even the sparechanger with a handful of coins
is never sure.
They might refuse to serve him.
They have before.
The Dow Jones
is just another jones to feed.
Everyone needs money to eat
but no one can eat paper.
Where did all this paper come from?
 Withered leaves,
 fit only for burning.

by
Julia Vinograd

From her latest book, *Graffiti*, Zeigeist Press.
Write: 2500 Durant, Suite 409, Berkeley, 94704



Relative Importance of More Money



Postmarked 29 October, 1988

A Druid Missal-Any

Yule 1988

Volume 12 Number 8

Yule Essay: Alignments and New Years

By Emmon Bodfish



Yule, a Minor High Day in the Druid calendar, marks the Winter Solstice. This was a more important day it appears from the archeological evidence in the preceding Megalith Culture. Not only is the rising point of the sun marked in the stones of Stonehenge, but many of the Megalithic tombs are so constructed that only on Midwinter's Day does the sun shine into the interior, usually through a round window cut in the portal stone, or along the funnel-shaped corridor of stone pillars leading up to it. The link between death, the Sun, Midwinter and an afterlife or a re-birth is a very old one, predating the Druids and even the arrival of the Indo-Europeans in Europe. In the cultures of Eastern Europe and the Mediterranean, about whom we have more information than has survived about either the Megalith culture or the Druids, the celebration of the Solstice is linked with the birth of the new, young Year-God, Corn-God or Vegetation-God. (Yes, the Christians co-opted this motif. According to the tax roles the historical Jesus was probably born around May.)

As we know that the Druid year began on Samhain, we know that they did not consider this the birth of the new season, as did many other Neolithic cultures. But the traditions of Bardic revels and of feasting on the wild boar, the vigil of the Yule log, and the decorating of Yule trees very probably do come from the Druid past. So also may be the tradition of going from house to house, singing a ritual song particular to the holiday, i.e. caroling. But in Druid times this would have been something like the "Hogmany Carols" and the related rituals of circling or dancing around the house, beating on drums and bull hides. This tradition was preserved in the remote Highlands until the nineteenth century. The ritual use of the bull hide, also used with other Druid rites, links it to Druidic, especially the Druidic Filidh tradition, and not to the preceding Megalithic or pre-Indo-European ones.

Here is one such carol. Try marching around your house and singing it this Solstice, with or without bull hide.

(Sun-wise, of course!)



Cairoll Callaig

Nis tha mis air tighinn dh' ur duthaich
A dh' urachadh dhuibh na Callaig;
Cha leig ml leas a dhol ga innse,
Bha i ann ri linn ar seanar.

Dirim ris an ardorus,
Teurnam ris an starsach,
Mo dhuan a ghabhail doigheil,
Modhail, moineil, maineil.

Caisean Callaig 'na mo phoca,
Is mor an ceo thig as an ealachd.

* * * *

Gheibh fear an taighe 'na dhorn e,
Cuiridh e shron anns an teallach;
Theid e deiseil air na paisdean,
Seachd ar air bean an taighe.

Bean an taighe is i is fhiach e,
Lamh a riarach orinn na Callaig,
Sochair bheag a bhlatn an t-samhraidh,
Tha mi 'n geall air leis an arain.

Hogmanay Carol

I am now come to your country,
To renew to you the Hogmanay,
I need not tell you of it,
It was in the time of our forefathers.

I ascend by the door lintel,
I descend by the doorstep,
I will sing my song becomingly,
Mannerly, slowly, mindfully.

The Hogmanay skin is in my pocket,
Great will be the smoke from it presently.

* * * *

The house-man will get it in his hand,
He will place its nose in the fire;
He will go sunwards round the babes,
And for seven verities round the housewife.

The housewife it is she who deserves it,
The hand to dispense to us the Hogmanay,
A small gift of the bloom of summer,
Much I wish it with the bread.

Calluinn A Bhuilg [63]

Calluinnen Ho! This rune is still repeated in the Isles. Rarely, however, do two persons recite it alike. This renders it difficult to decide the right form of the words.

The walls of the old homes in the West are very thick—from five to eight feet. There are no gables, the walls being of uniform height throughout. The roof of the house being raised from the inner edge of the wall a broad terrace is left on the outside. Two or three stones project from the wall at the door, forming steps. On these the inmates ascend for purposes of thatching and securing the roof in time of storm.

Calluinn a bhuilg,
Calluinn a bhuilg,
 Buail am boicionn
 Buail am bicionn.
Calluinn a bhuilg,
Calluinn a bhuilg,
 Buail an craicionn,
 Buail an craicionn.
Calluinn a bhuilg,
Calluinn a bhuilg,
 Sios e! suas e!
 Buail an craicionn.
Calluinn a bhuilg,
Calluinn a bhuilg,
 Sios e! suas e!
 Buail an craicionn.
Calluinn a bhuilg,
Calluinn a bhuilg.

Hogmanay of the Sack

The ‘gilleán Callaig’ carolers or Hogmanay lads perambulate the town land at night. One man is enveloped in the hard hide of a bull with the horns and hoofs still attached. When the men come to a house they ascend the wall and run around sunwise, the man in the hide shaking the horns and hoofs, and the other in striking the hard hide with sticks. The appearance of the man in the hide is gruesome, while the din made is terrific. Having descended and recited their runes at the door, the Hogmanay men are admitted and treated to the best in the house.

The performance seems to be symbolic, but of what it is not even to say, unless of laying an evil spirit. That the rite is heathen and ancient is evident.

Hogmanay of the sack,
Hogmanay of the sack,
 Strike the hide,
 Strike the hide.
Hogmanay of the sack,
Hogmanay of the sack,
 Beat the skin,
 Beat the skin.
Hogmanay of the sack,
Hogmanay of the sack,
 Down with it! up with it!
 Strike the hide.
Hogmanay of the sack,
Hogmanay of the sack,
 Down with it! up with it!
 Beat the skin.
Hogmanay of the sack,
Hogmanay of the sack.

Hail Braciaca!

Recent excavation of a Bronze Age burial site may have turned up some of the oldest mead yet discovered. The grave was in the town of Ashgrove, in south eastern Scotland and was examined by Professor R.J. Adam and his assistants. Among them was C.A. Lambert, whose attention was caught by the large amount of pollen of the lime tree, *Tilia cordata*, that she found in the plant debris during the routine pollen analysis of the material covering one of the corpses. This material was mostly leaf fragments, twigs, sphagnum moss, birch bark, and rushes. No lime tree leaves nor bark were identified. The lime, genus *Tilia*, is not common in Scotland, nor was it common there when the burial was made 3,000 years ago. The possibility of transportation of the small petaled lime flowers, flowering boughs, several hundred miles from the South, seems unlikely even given that it was the custom to place flowers in Bronze Age graves. Pollen of the meadow sweet, *Filipendula*, was also found in abundance, and also some crusty black material. Although lime flowers couldn't be carried long distances before they wilted and fell, honey made from lime nectar and pollen or mead made from the honey could be carried. Both of these were precious commodities in ancient times and could be traded long distances. The presence of this meadow sweet pollen, also not natively abundant, could be explained in this was, too, as the herb was long used to flavor mead. This is mentioned in several medieval herbals and in traditional recipes. Lambert hypothesizes that a wooden or bark container, such as have been found in other Bronze Age graves was filled with mead, the sacred drink, and placed in the grave. It tipped over and spilled its exotic lime pollen and meadow sweet brew onto the moss and birch boughs covering the corpse.

Celtic mead may also have been flavored with meadow sweet, as was Bronze Age mead, and as was still the style in the middle ages. The Druidic Celts, lived between these two eras, probably knew the practice and used it, too.

If you buy some commercial mead for Yule, try to buy or gather some meadow sweet and steep some of the dried leaves or a few flowers in the liquor before serving it.

Antiquity, a journal of archaeology. Volume 52, Blouster, U.K. p. 100.

Braciaca: God of Malt and Intoxicating Drink, such as the Irish “cuirm” and “braccat” [not to mention “na h-uisci beatha”—the waters-of-life! Braciaca may also be a God of Altered States of Consciousness and may be related to the Smith Gods.]



One artist's interpretation of Braciaca, God of Brewing.

The Oak King and the Holly King

By Albion

I've always wondered about the Oak King and Holly King Mythology. I used to write to a lady from an (supposedly) Hereditary Pagan group from the Welsh border area of Britain and she illuminated this rather difficult to understand story for me.

In the British Isles, holly, the plant we know here in the United States, didn't grow as a native plant and, in fact, didn't grow there at all until around the 16th century when it was imported from much further south—from somewhere in southern Europe along the Mediterranean Ocean. But a species of oak that stayed green all winter, the holly oak, did grow in Britain (and still does).

Now the holly oak, also called the kerm oak, gets these little red parasites (red bugs) called "kerms," and these bugs do, in fact, resemble true holly berries very much. Its leaves, as the name implies also resemble holly very much. They are shaped the same, have thorns like holly and are green all winter (a sort of "live oak," it is).

Now this tree was/is symbolic of the "Holly King." An Oak King doesn't spar off with a "Holly King," but, in fact, two *Oak Kings* challenge one another for the rule of their respective seasons—summer for the deciduous oak tree and winter, for the holly or "holy" oak, whose life force shows all winter from his evergreen leaves.

This is an ancient mythology I feel, and though not exactly Celtic per se, it is a native British mythology that is very, very old. And now you have a key to its true understanding. I felt that this might be particularly interesting to the folks who live and celebrate at "Live Oak Grove."

A Druid Staff

By Albion

Druids have always been connected with trees, through practicing their rites in groves of trees, to at least one of their Gods (Esus) having to do with trees. Let me share some tree magic with the readers of "A Druid Missal-Any"—a look at the making and using of a magical staff. We don't know how the historical Druids made their staffs, but here is one modern method for making your own Druid staff.

I would like to say that this article will be influenced by my own beliefs (of course) and by some personal correspondence that I did several years ago with a Welsh craftsman, Bel Bucca, as well as an article by Edward J. Fian in a Canadian newsletter called "Standing Stone."

The southeastern part of the United States where I grew up is heavily forested and in spring and summer, is very green. When I was about 19 or 20 years old, I first read about the "Green Man" or Lord of the Forest. I prefer to think of him as a counterpart to Cernunnos, whose time is fall and winter. The "Green Man" rules spring and summer, or so, in my personal mythology, it is.

There are two personal "rules" that I try to observe when taking a piece of wood from the forest. The first is to ask the collective Spirit of the Forest (as I see it, the "Green Man") for permission and for harmony of spirit (in culling, or cutting of this wood). The second is to slow way down, as trees seem to live at a much slower pace than we humans do. Approach the tree slowly. Quiet the mental chatter of your mind and gently let your aura and the tree's aura merge. Then "talk" to the tree's spirit. (Some call tree spirits "Dryads," a Greek word). As you feel your spirit

and the tree's spirit align themselves, gently reach out, touch the tree, and feel it respond. Ask the tree if it wishes to be used for a magical staff, to become a partner with you in your magical workings. *Listen* for the answer. It will be either a very definite "yes" or a very definite "no," nothing in between. Again the thing to do is to go into a meditative state, quiet the mind down and *listen*. Trees talk "differently" than humans do, and hence, one must listen "differently." If the tree in question says "no," simply move on to another area and try again. Never try to force a tree to cooperate that doesn't wish to be used. There can be spiritual enemies as well as spiritual allies.

In the old days when culling "live wood" (or wood where the tree's spirit still resides within), blood was spilled as a gift or offering to the tree. However, a piece of red cloth given as an offering (from your spirit to the spirit of the tree) is an effective modern version of this ancient rite.*

I have also heard some long detailed instructions on where or how to get trees, but some simple instructions will suffice I think. If a tree is cut during the waning of the moon, it "feels" the actual cutting less. If the cutting is done when the tree is *not* being touched by the sun's direct rays, say at dawn or dusk, it also will be more effective magically. Also, always say "thank you," as you would to a human who helped you.

The spot from where you take your wood may also be important to you. Remember, trees take in their reality and history (and even "outlook") from *one place*. They are born and have a life and die in a single place. Their view is from that single vantage point. Some feel that trees from a mountainside or a high place are also more magically potent for that very reason.

But also think of what our friends the trees have to offer us who live in what has become a terribly mobile society—stability, knowing the reality of one place, being rooted, and being grounded. These are tremendously important elements of living. As you work with tree spirits, they show a sort of love.

As the Dryads give their gifts to you, you give them an ability that they never had—the ability of movement, of being mobile and of having many views of the world instead of just one—and here lies the true magical partnership and real wizardry.

Some of the more magically potent woods are oak, ash or yew. There are more of course, and in the United States, there are many, many kinds of trees that could be used. There are also "female" kinds of trees—rowan, (mountain ash) or willow, for example, and "male" kinds of trees—oak or ash, for example. I know someone who has a wonderful staff made out of black cherry. It all depends on your needs and the sorts of woods available, of course.

The uses of a magical staff are also varied. In Reformed Druidism I know that there is a beautiful meditation done using a staff on the "Four Pillars of the Day." In some of the older family or hereditary groups, the staff is considered to be a direct link with the Energy of the forest, and is used to form a "ring" (in modern language, a circle) to keep out unwanted or harmful spirits or influences. It could also be used to "charge" (with power) a ring, or circle. It could also be used to banish negative influences from the four quarters of the ring or circle. Of course, an inventive mind could find more magical uses for a staff.

I would say that those with a Druidic inclination could put their name in Ogam letters on their staff, and this too would personalize the staff more. Since we don't know how the historical Druids used their staffs, we can only experiment and perhaps learn anew some ancient techniques. Good luck in your experiments!

*We at Orinda Grove Site use blood meal, a fertilizer which can be purchased at any nursery."

Footnote:

As an afterthought for newcomers to all of this, magic requires common sense. As I write this, it is the end of November. Trees prepare for winter, just as we do. Spring and summer are the times for “tree talking.” In winter, as we all know, trees withdraw their life force to deep within themselves. But when spring rolls around again, make a new friend, and meet an excellent magical ally. “Talk” to a tree.

Calendar

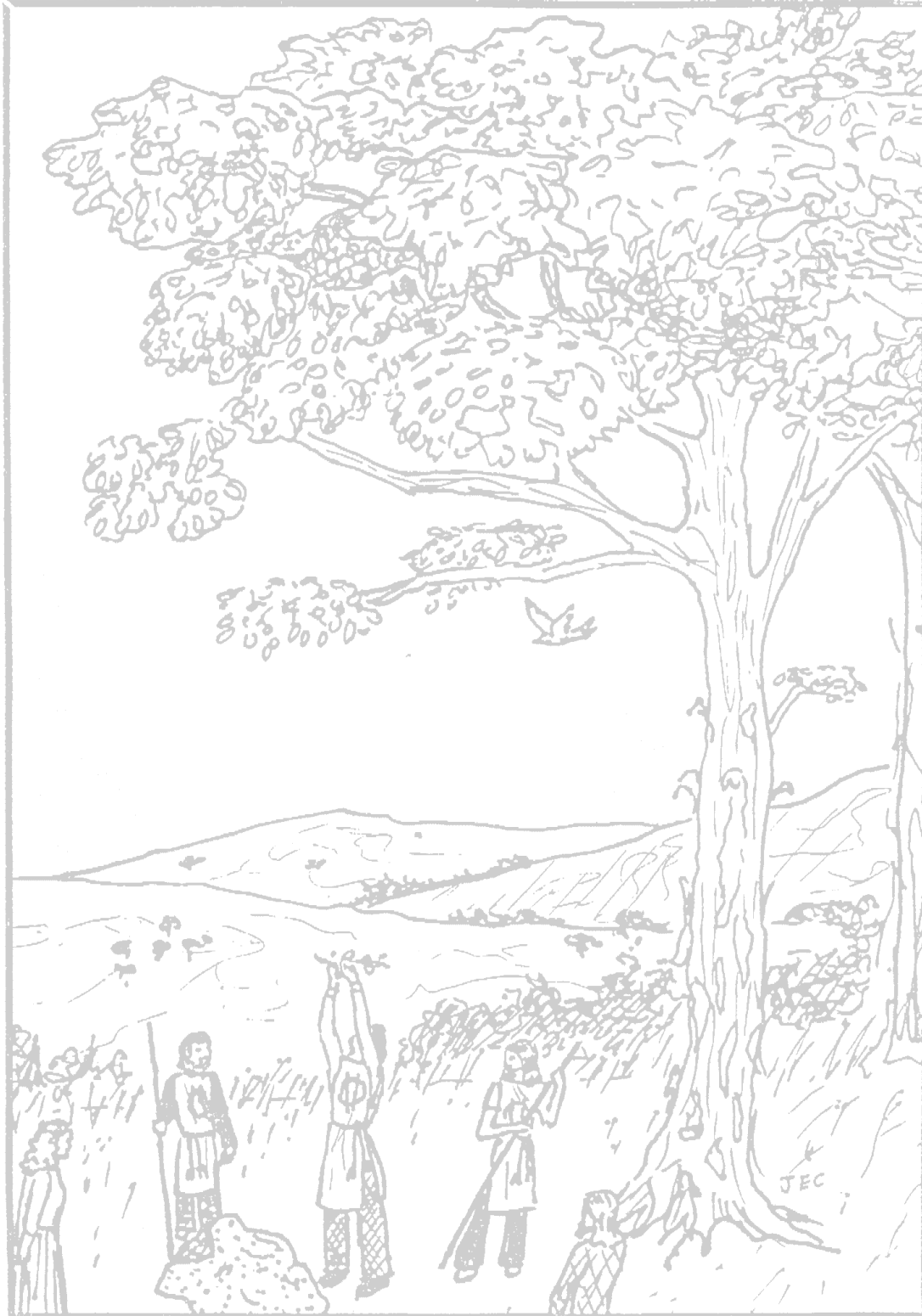
Yule, Winter Solstice, will occur at 7:21 P.M. Pacific Standard time on December 21, 1988, “All hail the returning of ‘the light!’”

Write an article which we publish and get one year’s subscription to the Druid Missal—Any free! Regular subscriptions are \$4.50 a year, U.S.A., \$5.50 Canada, \$8.50 overseas, via surface mail.

Irish Dance

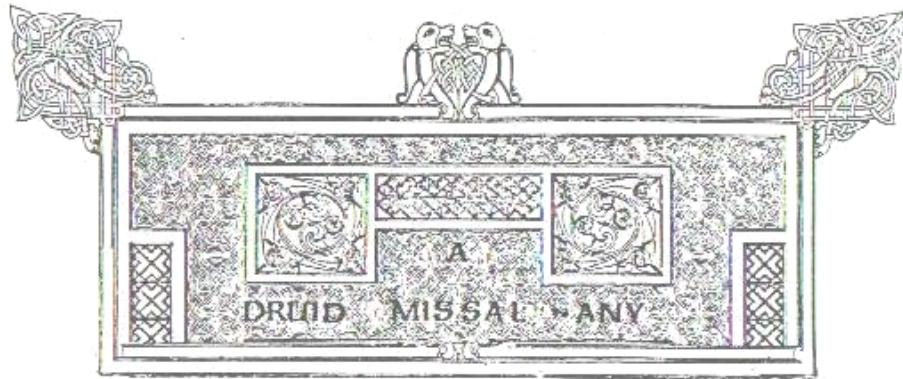
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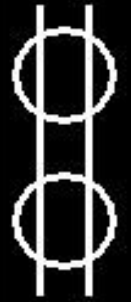
Part 11 of ARDA 2

SECTION TWO



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Volume 13 Number 1

Oimeic Essay: Brigid's Sanctuary

By Emmon Bodfish



imeic, festival of Bride, Bridgit, Bredes, the daughter of Dagda, and Celtic goddess of fire and the hearth. She is patroness of Bards and craftsmen. She sends poetic inspiration which the Gaels regarded as an immaterial and suprasensual form of fire. Always one of the most prominent and popular deities, it is thought to be She who the Romans called the "Minerva of the Gauls." The early Christianizers of Ireland were unable to eradicate Her worship and instead adopted, or co-opted Her into their own pantheon as "Saint" Bridget. According to Charles Squire in *Celtic Myth and Legend*, She is still the most popular of all Irish saints with the country folk, and is still easily "recognized as the daughter of Dagda. Her Christian attributes, almost all connected with fire attest her pagan origin. She was born at sunrise; a house in which she dwelt blazed into a flame which reached to heaven; a pillar of fire rose from her head when she took the veil; and her breath gave new life to the dead." This last attribute of the "saint" may be one of the powers of the Goddess which is recorded nowhere else. Knowledge of it was lost when the Druidic teachings were destroyed by the Roman Church and its soldiers. It is preserved only in folk memory and here in the co-opters' own writings.

She may be related to the British Goddess Sul, worshipped at Bath, and of whom the first century Latin writer Solinus says "She ruled over the boiling spring and at her altar there blazed a perpetual fire which never whitened into ashes, but hardened into a stony mass."* A perpetual fire burned on the altar of the Druidic sanctuary of Bride at Kildare we learn from both Christian and Pre-Christian sources. Even after the sanctuary was stormed and taken over by Christians, the fire was kept burning, and some of the Goddess' traditions such as that having all and only women clerics in attendance, were continued until the thirteenth century. By then the Roman Church had enough power to impose its monopoly by force and the persecutions were beginning on the Continent. A British bishop declared the sacred fire "pagan" and ordered it extinguished in 1220 A.D.

*a small knowledge of chemistry would make this easy to arrange.

News of the Groves

On December 16 we held an early Yule Service for the benefit of those who could not come on December 21st. At it we performed a chant to Taranis, Druidic God of thunder, lightning and rain. We welcomed Him and asked Him to end the drought. "Withhold not Thy bounty from us." It rained a light rain the next evening, and the day after that it started to rain in earnest. This year around the 27th and 28th it snowed in Orinda. A chant, it seems, can be the worst sort of doggerel, poetically speaking, and if it focuses the right energy, it may be heard.

We also held the regular Yule celebration on the 21st, and another evening ritual on the 22nd for these who couldn't get back to the Bay Area on the Solstice Day itself.

On January 6, 1989 at the Orinda Grove Site it began to rain at the beginning of the regular New Moon service at twilight, and Emmon petitioned Taranis "Please Taranis, just let us have this and then we'll go." The rain lightened in a bit, and in about two minutes, it stopped. We did the rest of the service dry. In the five or six minutes that it did rain, we noted that it did not put out nor dim the sacrificial fire.

"It stopped raining! I am amazed! (and a bit frightened.) Why are the Deities so good? I don't know. It has been this way a lot here. I just hope I'm not building up a big debt somewhere in the Other World."

E.B.

"Praise Taranis! We thank you!"

The Orinda Grove Site is developing a good contact with Taranis, it seems "my faith is not based on faith. It is standing on solid results."

Calendar

Oimeic, when the Sun is midway between Solstice and Equinox, will occur at 3:27 P.M. Pacific Standard Time on February 3, 1989. The celebration will be held at Orinda Site at Noon, Sunday.

The Four Salutations of the Day

Many readers who have been doing the Proto-Grove ritual on their own for awhile write to us asking "What is the next step?" and "Is there a Druid training program?" There is no Druid Training program yet for those not involved in active Groves. We are working on it. But meanwhile a fruitful place to start your training is with the Four Salutations to the Day. If you have been at one of the regular bi-monthly Summer Services of an R.D.N.A. Grove, you have heard the invocation of the "three ways of day and one of night." In this contemplative exercise you will be marking these four turning points of the day with a short, specific ritual, an active meditation in which you will be learning several basic essentials of all psychic or meditative work. It will keep you mindful of your intention to train and of your specifically Druidic vocation and heritage.

These four times, "trathan" in the old Gáidhlig, are noted in Welsh and Irish folklore as magical times when the "other world" is especially close to ours and communication or passage between the two is easiest. The old epic and Bardic poems speak of these times as power-times when spell working was done and an adept person might receive a vision or message from an ancestor or a patron Deity, a moment when a bard, inspired, might speak a prophecy. These are DAWN, NOON, SUNSET, and STARS. STARS is usually interpreted to be midnight.

One of our former Archdruids recounts that when an acquaintance of his was traveling through rural Ireland recently he found that the cottagers stayed indoors or stayed quiet around the noon point of the day. When he rose to go out, or to move on about some mundane business, they would say, "Oh, sit a while. Have another cup of tea." When asked, they would say something vague to the effect that it is a tricky time, unlucky to be bustling about. He did not ascertain whether they did not know why this was so, or if they were just cautious in talking about such matters to a stranger. Most, he felt, did not know why, and this taboo on activity is the last little remainder in folk memory of the old custom of observing the trathan.

The first purpose of the four Salutations is to put you in tune with the natural, celestial rhythms of the day and the changing seasons. The second purpose of the Salutations is a meditative practice, to practice entering an altered state of consciousness at will. The third purpose is to remind you of your Druidic commitment and to organize your day around the four natural turning points of Earth's time clock, providing stop-points in which you take stock of your day, of the passage of time, of nature and your own existence in it.

You will begin by learning to achieve mental silence, to stop thought, and to hold your mind silent for the time it takes the Sun to rise or set. In the temperate latitudes this is about two and a half to four minutes counted from the Sun disk's first contact with the horizon to its last contact, assuming a flat horizon for averaging's sake.



The first skill to be mastered in the Salutations is the ability to hold the mind silent. You must learn to stop thought. By thought I mean the sentences that are normally running through your mind all day and in your dreams at night. I do not mean becoming unconscious, hypnotized, nor losing awareness of yourself or your surroundings. In the Silence you will in fact become more aware than usual of your immediate surroundings. Some Eastern sects consider this the only "true" form of meditation. This is "outward directed" mediation, as contrasted with inner contemplation, "astral travel," or hypnotic trance. It is harder than it sounds, at first, though most people can do it for a few seconds right off. That's enough to start you. Here are some techniques to help you get further into that state and to help you learn to use it. In this wordless state, your consciousness may be turned by your will either inward or outward. In the Salutations it is turned outward. It surprises many people to find that they can perceive, and in acute detail, without any thoughts or words going through their minds. You will progress through this silent space to other states of consciousness. As you are able to hold the Silence longer you will learn from it and be able to explore with it.

1. Repeat a simple phrase, silently in your mind until all other thoughts cease, then let the phrase grow fainter and fainter and fade out. For the solar Salutations, "Hail Belenos!" This is a crutch; drop it as soon as you can.
2. Enter the Silence. Listen to your breath. Listen as though it were the most important instructions you were ever to hear, and which you must memorize. This will stop your mental sentences.
3. Listen to all the ambient sounds as if they were music.
4. Think to yourself down in to the heels of your feet and the heels of your hands. Feel yourself exist.

In doing the Salutations four times a day, you are learning to enter a different state of consciousness at will, regularly and often. These three: will, consistency, and practice are the keys to meditative and psychic progress. The goal is to be able to enter, at will, the state of consciousness that you will need in order to do a particular psychic or spiritual work. Small amounts of frequent practice achieve more than an occasional long session.

Do the four Salutations by the celestial clock, at Dawn, Noon, Sunset and Stars whether you are "in the mood" or not. This way you will become capable of entering this clear, silent

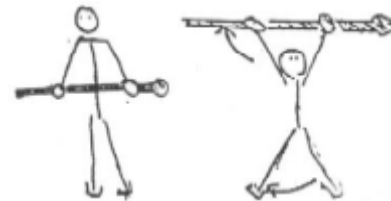
state at any time, regardless of moods and circumstances, "to find a refuge outside the passions" of the moment, as an old book says. This practice builds and furnishes that refuge, a base-of-operations, for your further work. When you can hold silence for twelve to thirty seconds at a time, alert, eyes open, taking in perceptions as far around toward the corners of your peripheral field as you can, you will notice that things look different from the way that they do in your normal, "mundane" state of consciousness. I won't list the changes because I do not want to bias your perceptions, the self-fulfilling prophecy trap. Not everyone gets all the different changes, but you will discover yours. (Write to the Missal-Any when you do, we like feedback, and we can answer questions individually.) These changes will be your signal that you are in a meditative state, at the Silent Place, rung one of the metaphorical ladder of meditative training. When you have completed the Salutation, then, in line with the third purpose, take some time to consider from this higher perspective what you have been occupied with since the last Salutation. It is a step in getting control of your time, your habits and your life.

The Four Salutations of the Day

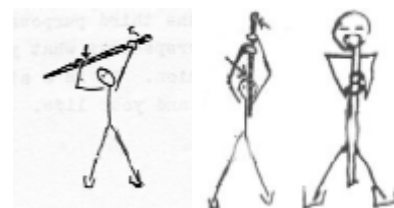
Stand, waiting for the first bit of the sun's disk to appear over the horizon. Hold your staff in front of you, your hands in front of your breast bone. Your left hand is above your right hand and the staff is not touching the ground.



When the first bit of the sun's disk clears the horizon, turn your staff horizontal and raise it over your head in one motion. Breathe in a full breath as you raise the staff, and at the same time step to the right with your right foot. Hold the breath; silence your mind. Your arms and your legs now form two triangles and you are looking at the first sun through a "trilithion" formed by your arms and staff.



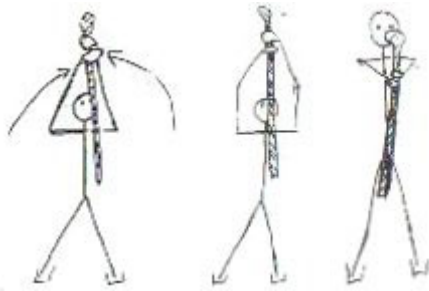
Holding the breath, turn your staff back vertical, and, holding it at arm's length, exhale slowly as you lower the staff between your gaze and the morning sun, momentarily blocking it out, until it seems to rise again over the top of the staff.



Let go your left hand from the staff and holding it in your right, sweep both of your arms up and outward, breathing in until you reach full extension. Your head, arms, and legs form a pentagram, your lungs are filled with the new air and you are fully open to the morning light. This is true even when there is rain falling in your face in the winter. Then you are open to that truth, that dawn and that aspect of Nature. You hold mental silence here in the open position until the sun's disk clears the horizon.



When it is free of the last horizon* sweep your hands up and together over your right hand, as you inhale. Hold the breath for an instant, then begin slowly exhaling as you turn the staff back to vertical again and lower it again with your line of sight and the risen sun.

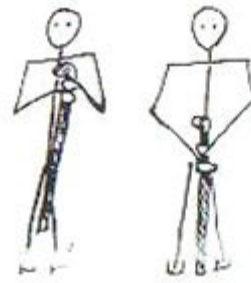


*horizon: trees, buildings, mountains, freeway "on" ramps, whatever is between you and the setting or rising sun.

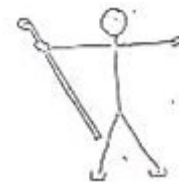
Continue on down, touching your staff to the ground, arms fully extended and your head bowed between them. Concentrate on the ground and your staff and feel the earth energy move up the staff, through your arms and to your lungs as you inhale another full breath. Raise your head and pull your staff in toward your heart as you straighten up and inhale fully.



Your hands on your staff, touch your breastbone. Hold silence. Perceive the dawning light all around you. Take several (three to nine) calm breaths. Then as you exhale, lower your staff and step right bringing your feet together and the staff to rest on the ground between your two big toes. Press it down. "Ground down" mentally; return to the mundane mental level and worldly functioning. The day has begun.



At NOON you face due South. At solar noon, as opposed to clock noon, the sun will be at the highest point in the sky that it will reach that day, and it will also be directly South. The movements and the breathing for the NOON Salutation are the same as for the DAWN, however do not look directly at the noon sun. Look at the southern horizon directly below it. Feel the rays and the warmth. Hold silence in the open position for twenty four breaths. Finish the Salutations as at DAWN.



Open Position

At evening, when the sun is about to set over whatever is your local western horizon, take your stance facing it. When the sun's disk touches tangent to the first bit of the horizon, inhale and raise your staff over your head in the first movement of the Salutation. Holding silence, draw it down between yourself and the setting sun until the sun reappears over the top of the staff. Breathe out as you do this. Move to the open position as before and hold it out as you do this. Move to the open position as before and hold it in silence until the last bit of the solar disk is about to sink below the horizon. At that moment, inhaling, bring your arms up and together with the staff between you and the sun. Then as in the other Salutations, exhale as you bring the staff down to ground at arm's length in front of you, bowing forward as the last gleam disappears under the horizon. Feel yourself "bowing down the sun" in synchronization with it. When you feel the ground energy move up along the staff, through your arms, and body, inhale, mind silent, eyes totally perceiving. Hold your staff and hands at heart level as before. See the night begin around you. One day is over; a new day has begun. Press your staff down to the ground again at your feet. "Ground down" mentally. Come back to the mundane world, refreshed. Recall what has happened since NOON.

At celestial midnight, STARS, the sun is on the other side of the world directly below your feet. At this midnight or just before you go to sleep, do the Salutation to the STARS. Face the North Star. Calm your mind. Recall what you have been doing since the last Salutation. When you have achieved mental silence once more, then raise your staff over your head and inhale. View the North Star then raise your staff over your head and inhale. View the North Star through the "trilithion" of your arms and staff. The rest of the Salutation proceeds like the NOON Salutation. Here you will draw your staff down until the North Star seems to rise over the tip of it. You hold silence in the open position for twenty four breaths, then complete the movements as at NOON. Ground down. Retire. Sleep.



A Druid Missal-Any Spring Equinox 1989 Volume 13 Number 2

Spring Equinox Essay: The Birch

By Stacey Weinberger



quinox, one of the four minor High Days in the Druid tradition, signifying the beginning of spring, dawn and the time of renewal. Day and night are of equal length now, and although it is the High Day Oimeic that marks the first stirrings of life, it is at the equinox that this becomes apparent. The Orinda Grove site is blossoming in all its splendor. We have never seen it so green (and without the help of seeding or modern technology!) The hills are a carpet of green, the live oak seems to have recovered from the attack by the oak moths and the ground around the altar has sprouted grass, clover and wintercress, with its peppery tasting flowers and subtle leaves.

As the cycle of the year continues, we move to the next in the circle of the trees at the Grove, the Birch. Passed down through Celtic oral tradition, the Birch is known as "Bride's Tree."

According to Paul Friedrich, author of *Proto-Indo-European Trees*, (University of Chicago Press, 1970) the birch has been a female-virgin symbol for many of the speakers of the Indo-European languages for over five thousand years. This would fit with one of the aspects of Bride as a Triple Goddess figure.

The Proto-Indo-Europeans, including (the ancestors of) the Celts probably associated the birch with the spring, comparing the brightness of the returning sun, the greening of the earth with something tangible, that represented the changing nature of the surroundings.

The birch's association with spring and the return of light is probably not coincidental. P.I.E. forms of the word (for birch) lead back to "bright, shining, to be white," and seem to be based on the physical appearance of the birch

(explanatory parentheses by E.B., editor)

Eolas an Deididh Tooth Ache Charm From *Carmina Gadelica*, Alexander Carmichael [126]

The teeth of ancient human skeletons found in stone coffins and other enclosures, and without enclosures, are usually good and complete. This is in marked contrast to the teeth of modern human remains, which are generally much impaired if not wholly absent. But there must have been toothache and even artificial teeth in ancient times, as indicated by the mummies in Egypt and the toothache charms and toothache wells in the highlands. One toothache charm and one toothache well must suffice to illustrate this. The toothache well is in the island of North Uist. It is situated 195 feet above the sea, at the foot of a hill 757 feet high and nearly three miles in the moorland from the nearest townland.

The place is called 'Cuidh-airidh,' shieling fold, while the well is variously known as 'Tobar Chuidh-airidh,' well of the shieling fold, 'Tobar an deididh,' well of the toothache, 'Tobar na cnoidh,' well of the worm, and 'Tobar cnuimh fhiacail' well of the tooth worm, from a belief that toothache is caused by a worm in the tooth.

The general name of the well is 'Tobar Chuidh-airidh,' well of the shieling fold, to distinguish it from other healing wells throughout the Isles. The pilgrim suffering from toothache must not speak, nor eat, nor drink after pilgrimage till after three draughts of the well of Cuidh-airidh are drunk in name of God, and in name of Christ, and in name of Sprit. *

Some persons profess to derive no relief, some profess to derive partial relief, and some profess to derive complete relief from toothache after drinking the water of the well on Cuidh-airidh.



b a chuir Bride bhoidheach

Romh ordag Mather De,
Air mhir, air lion, air chorcraich,
Air chnoidh, air ghoimh, air dheaud.

A chnoidh a rinn domh deistinn,
Air deudach mo chinn,
Ifrinn teann da m'dheud,
Deud ifrinn da mo theinn.

* * *

Deud ifrinn da mo theann;
Am fad 's is maireann mi-fein
Gu mair mo dheud am cheann.

Doighean Eile—

Air mhir, air chir, air chnodaich.
Air mhuir, air chuan, air chorsa.
Air li, air lionn, air liogradh.

The incantation put by lovely Bride
Before the thumb of the Mother of God,
On lint, on wort, on hemp,
For worm, for venom, for teeth.

The worm that tortured me,
In the teeth of my head,
Hell hard by my teeth,
The teeth of hell distressing me.

* * *

The teeth of hell close to me;
As long as I myself shall last
May my teeth last in my head.

Variants—

On lint, on comb, on agony.
On sea, on ocean, on coast.
On water, on lakes, on marshes.

*This sacred well, and this rune pre-date Christianity by millennia.

News of the Groves

February 19, regular service thanks to Taranis! We are almost up to normal rainfall. After struggling for years to grow a lawn around the altar, and then stopping our efforts for the last two years in order to save water during the drought this year, the Deities have done it and the circle within the ring of sacred trees is green with wild plants, many of them Wintercress. When edible food plants spring up spontaneously around your altar, the portent cannot be anything but good.

Oimele

Oimele! This was the coldest Oimele we have experienced at this grovesite. Snow on the Orinda hills, not just Mt. Diablo. Water which I spilled going out before dawn to do the Salutation to the Sun had frozen solid before I returned, ten or fifteen minutes later. I know that is nothing to you easterners and midwesterners, but we here are not set up for this. Our houses are not built for this.* It was about 38° at the grovesite during the Service. One member, who was acting as Preceptor for the ceremony had brought some sheep's wool to sacrifice as an offering since this is the festival of the Ewe. She commented that holding her hand in a pocket full of sheep's wool "sure felt good." It is one theory that you will find the meaning of the religion in the experience of it. And on a day that cold, when your hand holding onto a bundle of sheep wool is the only warm thing about you, you know why the Old Celts were grateful for these animals at this time of year. Not by coincidence do we worship the Goddess of Fire now at the low point of the year! Or that She is Guardian of the Hearth and Shepheress of the flocks.

"A Bhride! Ruler of Fire! Give us this little comfort now!"

*a salutation of admiration to our hardy Carleton founders.



Feed back: On the Four Salutations of the Day

Most readers liked it, one had a hard time following it, some are trying it and one said she'd like to see more of the little stick-man. There's one of those in every group. I used to be like that. Watch out, lady, you end up in the clergy!

Celtic Studies

On January 30, 1989 the office of the President informed the Office of the Chancellor that the proposal for a new undergraduate major in Celtic Studies in the College of Letters and Science has been approved. This is the reward of many years of petitioning and planning. The new undergraduate group major will accept students into the program beginning fall semester 1989, and will offer a full range of courses leading to a B.A. with major in Celtic Studies.

Scrounge!

The wild greens are out and edible and blooming, not just around the altar. "But that would take you all day to fill your bowl!" as one member protested. So for the first time in my thirty or so years as an amateur hunter-gatherer I timed myself. I did a

time and motion study. It took thirty eight minutes to gather eight ounces of wild greens for my salad, to fill my bowl, and ten minutes to wash and trim them. I walked about a quarter of a mile. (Four to six city blocks) All organic, these kind of mixed greens sell for \$2.98 a pound in our local health food store. That's \$3.60 per hour, or thereabouts, so I'm over minimum wage. Well what do you know! I'm coming up in the world. The hours are good and the working conditions are excellent.

Making candles for the flame meditation (see Druid training article #2, the Druid Missal-Any, Samhain, 1983 in common years, will take up my afternoon. I got several pounds of half burned candles from a yard sale for around \$3.50, a life time's supply of wax. I make wicks by untwisting old, white cotton grocery string which you find thrown out behind markets and then braiding it. The braiding somehow makes it draw wax up and burn longer.* I pour the hot wax into half walnut shells, insert a wick suspended from a twig laid across the shell and let it harden. Where do I get the walnut shells? The squirrels bring them to me. They drop them under the oaks below the grovesite. Where do squirrels get walnuts around here? I don't know. But once I got some special string. A red balloon caught in the Baccaris bushes up near the top of the hill, here. I found it when I went to do Sunset Salutation meditation.

Tied on to the balloon was a postcard with questions asking where I found it, my name and address, and the name of my favorite book. It was a child's school project. It was stamped and addressed to a teacher at our local grammar school, in a child's handwriting, of I'd guess around fourth grade vintage. And the string was white, cotton, and about three feet long. Sealbhach! A whole winter's candle wicks! I filled out the postcard and sent it back. Another time a whole bunch of balloons that looked as though they had escaped from a super market opening, came and caught in one of the grove site's trees, bringing with them yards and yards of string. We must be on a windpath. Oh, well, as Maud always says, "Trust in the Goddess, She will provide."

I don't know how it happens, but it always happens. This religion is so secret, even we don't know what's going on.

—Mad Sweeney

*"Fail il éileadh hao o éileadh
Coisich agus faigh dhomh céile
Fail il éiladh ho ro i

Ring, of Plenty, Folding
Ho! Folding, plaiting...
Come and get me a husband.
Wreath, Plenty, Folding, Braiding.
Ho! of the braiding.

An old Gaelic Lughnasadha chant.
See the Scot's Bardic section of the Druid Chronicles.

We Always Knew it Department

Trees Scream When They Get the Ax.

An Oregon physicist claims high-tech gear proves trees communicate with one another. If you chop into one, he says, adjacent trees send out measurable electrical impulses. W-waves, he calls them. His readings, he says, indicate the axed trees scream.

* * *

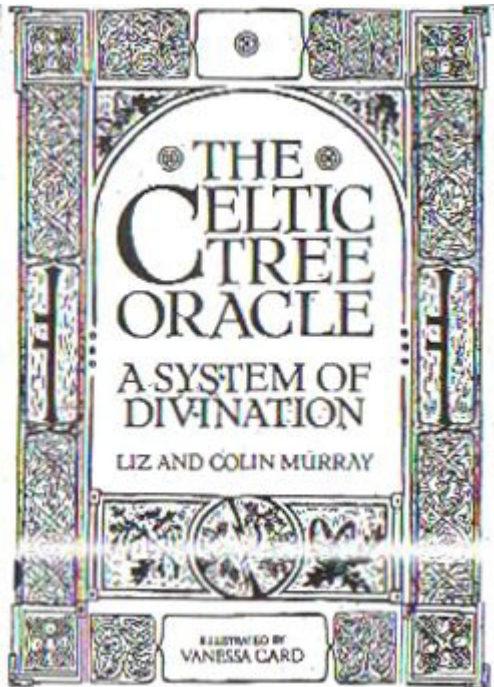
There began to be trouble with the Indians. The Indians of Alameda and Contra Costa Counties caused more trouble to the Spaniards than the Indians in any other part of California.

Apparently the Berkeley traditions of resistance and rebellion are very old indeed! Is it something in the soil or the climate?

This is from a grammar school textbook *The Story of Contra Costa County* by Wima Cheatharn, Harr Wagner Publishing, San Francisco, 1942.

Calendar

Spring Equinox of 1989 will occur at 1:28 P.M. on March 20, 1989. Celebration at the Orinda Grovesite will be held that NOON, and that moment, and also on the following Sunday, at NOON.



Review: The Celtic Tree Oracle

There is available from St. Martin's Press, (175 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10010) a beautifully put together set of Celtic Divination Cards from England. It comes packed in a quality wooden box and includes a form for writing up each reading you give, and a record book in which to record it. Though I would quibble with their assignation of the trees to the months,* as it follows no system or tradition I have seen nor read, it is still a quality presentation of cards, and could be a useful tool in skilled hands. Our source it is Aardvark Books, 327 Church St. San Francisco, 94114. Phone (415) 552-6733.

*I have always seen Druidic or Celtic Christianized tradition associate the Birch with March and Spring Equinox and the Rowan or Ash with Fall, but they assign the Birch to the month of November and the Ash to March. They are, however, talking months, not High Days.

—E.B.

Postmarked 20 Mar 1989

A Druid Missal-Any

Beltane 1989

Volume 13 Number 3

Beltane Essay: Old Cronos

By Emmon Bodfish



elataine, May Day, begins the Season of life. Hurrah! It marks the end of the Season of Sleep, the rule of "The Leprous White Lady," the "Old Woman of the Mill Dust," the Crone. In several Indo-European legends the wandering hero, in Greece Hercules and in the Celtic, Finn, arrives at the palace of the Gods and after passing numerous tests is enraged by their mocking attitude toward him. He challenges any one of them to a duel. The young and vigorous Deities of both genders disdain his challenge and will not fight with a mere mortal. Finally, however, the paternal figure of the pantheon says "Oh, but my aged mother will wrestle with you."

The hero is insulted but he accepts. The Ancient of Days pins him. She laughs toothlessly in his face and lets him go. "Do not feel discouraged, hero," says the pater-deitus, "that old Crone wrestles down every man comes far enough to meet Her. Her name is Old Age." Her name is not given, nor was the hero's in the German version of this myth, which I heard, (it's still a word-of-mouth culture,) from Dr. James Duran, Ph.D. If any out there know, please write us. In the Celtic world She was Cailleach, the Old Woman. She was credited in Scottish myth to appear at sea, in the form of a sea horse or sea-hag, and lead enemy ships to their doom, by challenging the captains to ride or catch her. She is a trickster figure, one who brings down the proud, and tricks the vain and the blasphemous. (As a death figure I wonder if She is cognate with Kali in India.) She is a Goddess of transition and transmogrification, not all like the "Underworld" or Death figures such as Nixus or the Eastern European "Mother of the Dead," who greets the newly dead and nurse and instruct them in their new life in the Other World. She is the harbinger and transmogrifier, and She Herself can change from old to young and back again at will or with the seasons. Hers may be one of the stream of myth that fed the later Ban-shee tales and legends. All the seemingly contradictory characteristics of the Deity, enduring seasonal, warlike, alternately young and old, using allure and trickery symbolize Her station at the point of death and rebirth or rejuvenation. She is not a war Goddess per se, like Morrighu or Badh, inciting men to heroism, but a nature deity of the seasons and the elements, and the natural cycles of creation and decay, rest and strife. As Proinsias MacCana writes, more of Her traditions survived than those of the Goddess Morrighu, and being inexterminable, more were co-opted into Christian hegemony. Even the old bardic odes to Her were taken and rewritten to make Her a figure in the new foreign religion. In the eighth or ninth century one of the monastic collectors recorded and "Christianized" this old pagan "dan" written in Ireland. It is composed in that uniquely Pagan style in which the Deity speaks through the mouth of the bard and mourns with him the plight of Her people.

"The monkish chronicler, availing himself of the semantic ambiguity in the word "cailleach," invented the fiction that She had taken the nun's veil, caille, in the end of Her days."

He then went on from this to compose around this story of the "nun" of Berre. Cailleach Bherre, the Old Woman of Berre, was a popular epithet for Cailleach in that part of Ireland. Unfortunately Professor MacCana does not give the Gaelic/Goidelic original of the poem in his edition of *Celtic Mythology*, but we can easily guess that the holy Roman changed in recording this lament of a "nun" who had once been the advisor and consort of kings. The real subject of this work is the plight of Druidism and the Bardic Orders in decline, driven out to the heath and wild places among the poor and illiterate by the foreign religion of Rome. Many similar laments for the stability, culture and richness of the old courts of Chieftains, bards and Druids, echo down through the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries as the Dark Ages grew darker and Christianity spread.

Swift chariots
and horse that carried off the prize,
once I had plenty of them;
a blessing on the King who granted them.

My body seeks to make its way
to the house of judgment;
when the Son of God thinks it time
let him come to claim his loan.

My arms when they are seen
are bony and thin;
dear was the craft they practiced,
they would be around glorious
kings...

I envy nothing that is old
except the Plain of Femhen;
though I have donned the thatch of
age,
Femhen's crown is still yellow.

The Stone of the Kings in Femhen,
Rónán's Fort in Brehon,
it is long since storms first reached
them,
But their cheeks are not old and
withered...

I have had my day with kings,
drinking mead and wine;
today I drink whey and water
among shrivelled old hags...

The flood-wave,
and the swift ebb;
what the flood brings you
the ebb carries from your hand...

Happy is the island of the great sea,
for the flood comes to it after the
ebb;
as for me, I do not expect
flood after ebb to come to me.

From Dwelly's Scots Gaelic Dictionary (get out the magnifying glass!) here is a description of a dance enacted in the Highlands up into the nineteenth century. We may be seeing here a descendent of a Druidic ritual or religious drama. There is also, apparently a bird named the black-headed Cailleach bird, but whether it has anything to do with the old Celtic Goddess is unclear.



95. Cailleachag-cheann-dubh.

cailleach an dùdan (cont.)—

"It is danced by a man and a woman. The man has a rod in his right hand, variously called *slachdan druidheachd*, (druidic wand), *slachdan geasachd*, (magic wand). The man and the woman gesticulate and attitudinize before one another, dancing round and round, in and out, crossing and recrossing, changing and exchanging places. The man flourishes the wand over his own head and over the head of the woman, whom he touches with the wand, and who falls down, as if dead, at his feet. He bemoans his dead "carlin," dancing and gesticulating round her body. He then lifts up her left hand, and looking into the palm, breathes upon it, and touches it with the wand. Immediately the limp hand becomes alive and moves from side to side and up and down. He rejoices, and dances round the figure on the floor. And having done the same to the right hand, and to the left and right foot in succession, they are also become alive and move. But although the limbs are living, the body is still inert. The man kneels over the woman and breathes into her mouth and touches her heart with the wand. The woman comes to life, and springs up, confronting the man. Then the two dance vigorously and joyously as in the first part. The tune varies with the varying phases of the dance. It is played by a piper or a fiddler, so sung as a "port-a-beul," (mouth-tune) by a looker-on, or by the performers themselves. The air is quaint and irregular," and the words are curious and archaic commence as follows:—

"Cailleach an dùdain, dùdain, dùdain,
Cailleach an dùdain, cum do dheireadh rium."



The Druids did not Build Stonehenge

In Answer to Many Inquiries

"If the Druids didn't build Stonehenge, and weren't even in Great Britain at the time, when and from where did they come?" Most likely in several waves and from several sources, from Gaul and from Belgium, of course, but also from Ireland. The Celtic evidence in Ireland seems to predate that from the Sussex Stonehenge area by a number of centuries. So when did they arrive in Ireland? And from where had they come?

Peter Harbison in our day, like Heinrich Schlieemann, the self-made nineteenth century business man and amateur

antiquarian who, after hearing much debate about the whereabouts of Troy, and if, in fact, there has ever been a real city of Troy, took a shovel and a copy of the Iliad and found Troy right where Homer said it was, has advanced the theory for the origin of the Irish Celts right where legend and *Leobor Gabala* said they come from: Spain. Not all of them, Celtic speaking people came to Ireland over a number of centuries. But there is evidence that a Q-Celtic speaking people came to the south and west of Ireland around 500 B.C. from the northern coast of Spain. They may have come first in "raid and trade" forays, then as small groups of warrior-aristocrats, younger sons, and their retinues. There is no evidence in the archeological record for any one, large scale invasion. Later whole clans may have been expelled from the Celto-Ligurian areas of Spain by the Roman conquests there from 133 B.C. onwards. The *Book of the Invasions*, *Leobor Gabala*, may be the story of one of these. The followers of King Mil were not even by their own claim the first Celts in Ireland. They fought against a distinctly Celtic native foe in a distinctly Celtic style heroic battle. One group of Celts displaced another, and there is the echo in the old poem of those other groups having displaced still older, Bronze Age, perhaps non-Indo-European populations. This theory, which coincides with legend, and which Professor Hawks, calls his "gradual Celticization theory" of Irish pre-history, fits David Greene's, the noted philologist's, evidence that a Celtic language ancestral to modern Gaelic was being spoken in Ireland by 500 B.C.. This gradual Celticization of the Neolithic and Bronze Age cultures of the island may have followed the model of the Anglization of Britain by the Angles, Saxons and Jutes in historic times. Coming first as raiders, then as mercenaries hired during some of the endless intertribal conflicts, they remained and eventually made war on and conquered their former hosts. This is speculation of course. But it is backed by the (non-conclusive) evidence of the gradual appearance of more and more Celtic types of artifacts, especially military ones, and objects of aristocratic ornament. The farming tools such as stone hoes continue in the native style. In the South and West there aristocratic items are of a non-La Tene style. This may tie them to the Spanish Celts rather than to the La Tene Celts north of the Pyrenees. The possibility is strengthened by the "chevaux-de-frise" style of fortifications on the Aran Isles in County Galway. Similar examples appear in Spain and none in Britain or Gaul. However, some archeologists would see a wooden version of this scatter-stone style of architecture in some early Belgian forts, hence the name. No chariot burials have ever been found in either Ireland, Britain, or Spain, though these figure prominently in the other Celtic areas. Burial rites are usually conservative, slow to change, and generally faithfully preserved by immigrants in their new homelands. This is true even when they adopt the better adapted technologies of the native farmers and craftsmen!

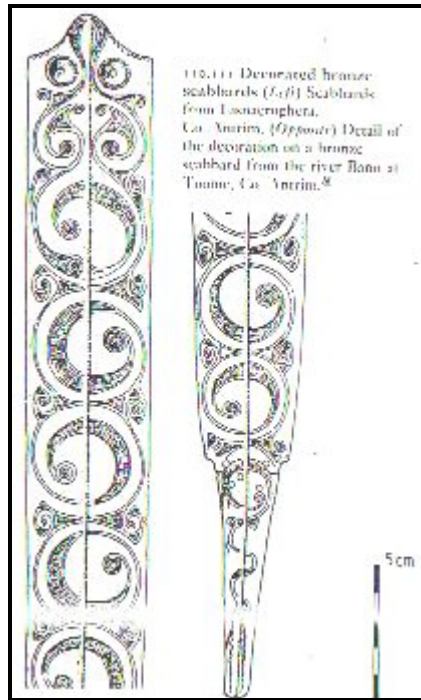
The North of Ireland has always shown more influence from Britain and by way of Britain from the Continent, and this goes back at least as far as the late Hallstatt Period. Iron Halstatt style swords appear in both Britain and North Ireland.

Later, scabbards of elaborate and uniquely British design appear in Antrim. But the influence was not all in one direction. The Celts of Ireland first raided and then settled in Wales, bringing Irish Druidic culture and the artifacts mentioned by Myles Dillon in his article "The Irish Settlements in Wales," in the academic journal "Celtica" #12. The first evidence of Celtic cultures in Britain are not so early as those in Ireland and are of clearly Gaulish or Belgian origin. Again the pattern seems to be one of gradual Celticization with wave after wave arriving from the Continent all the way up to the arrival of the Belgae, who just precede Roman conquerors in the fourth century B.C. Thus the Heroic society of the Celtic epic warring chieftains, bards, and Druids may go back no farther than the La Tene Period in

England approximately 400 B.C. to 100 B.C. Its roots in Ireland and Wales seem to be a good deal older.

—E. Bodfish

Illustrations by James Adam of Revere, Massachusetts



110, 111. Decorated bronze scabbards (Left) Scabbards from Lisnacrogghera, Co. Antrim. (Opposite) Detail of the decoration on a bronze scabbard from the river Bann at Toome, Co. Antrim.*

*From Pre-Christian Ireland, Peter Harbison, Thams and Hudson, London, 1988.



A New Theory about Stonehenge

By Robin McKie
London Observer Service
In the San Francisco Chronicle
Monday, June 6, 1988

LONDON— A recently discovered stone slab, apparently intended for use at Stonehenge, could be crucial in proving a remarkable new theory about the monument's origin.

The stone may show the Stonehenge's ring of distinctive "blue stones" were actually part of another stone circle that was completely dismantled, transported across Britain and incorporated in the great monolith.

This theory suggests that construction of one of the world's most extraordinary edifices was less a matter of religious self-

sacrifice by Stone Age Britons, as has been supposed, and more a matter of colonial exploitation of other tribes.

Everyone assumes the blue stones were moved from a Welsh quarry in a rough form before being carefully shaped and incorporated at Stonehenge," said archaeologist Julian Richards, who has just completed a major survey of Stone Age settlements near the monument. "But it is equally possible the stone were transported in completed form, from a ring that had already been built."

Wales' connection with Stonehenge was discovered in 1923 when geologist Dr. H. Thomas discovered that the blue-spotted dolomite stones at the circle were the same as those found at Carn Meini on the Preseli Hills 135 miles away.

The discovery of a stone slab—believed to be a blue stone—in the Dagleddau River is very important because it may provide the information needed to prove or disprove the blue-stone theory.

"If the stone is found to be dressed and carefully shaped when it is eventually taken out of the river, that will suggest it had already been part of another stone ring," added Richards, "of course, if it is relatively rough and only crudely cut, then that would tend to disprove the theory."

The idea that the blue stones, which form two of the Stonehenge's four main rings, were taken from another monument helps explain one of archaeology's major puzzles: Why go to the extraordinary trouble of moving stones, some weighing more than 50 tons, from a site so far distant?

Taking already dressed stones would have meant far less work for its builders. In addition, it is now known there existed a great deal of trade between the regions.

"Nor do you have to suppose that Stonehenge's builders simply invaded that part of Wales, subjugated the locals and forced them to take their stones to Wiltshire," added Richards. "It is quite conceivable that Stonehenge was considered to be such an important religious project that the original blue stone owners gladly gave them away and helped in its construction."

What's Alive? What Counts?

During rush hour on the San Francisco Bridge there is a special free lane for cars with three or more riders per car. Some acquaintances of ours were stopped recently and pulled out of this lane by a CHP who insisted, "You have only two riders." "No, there's the two of us and the child here." "No, that doesn't matter, that's irrelevant." "But he's a passenger." "No, we can't see him. (from the toll booth)" etc. etc. Finally deciding that more than ten minutes of argument was not worth the price of the toll, our friends paid the dollar and departed.

Some religions say life begins at conception, some say at birth, some at naming, but according to the Bay Bridge Authorities and the Dept. of Highways, it's not until you can see over the dashboard.

News of the Groves

In response to last issue's article, "Scrounge!" I have been informed that Miner's Lettuce sells for \$10.99/lb. in San Francisco's health food grocery stores. Here I've been, eating it for free and feeling like a scrounge.

And if you're near a Gary Larson Far Side "Off the Wall" desk calendar for 1989, you might check out Wednesday, September 20.

A Druid Riddle

On the table are eighteen odds and ends. You sweep seventeen of them off. Quickly now, what's left on the table, an odd or an end?

Pagan Parents and Kids—Can You Help?

My son, age 9, has declared himself: he is a pagan, and he especially loves “The Lord of the Beasts and the Woods.” The only other pagans he knows are adults, or at least too big to remember very much about being 9 years old. Our neighborhood is sort of remote, and I don't know whether he'll ever meet many of Mother's younger children out here. How about a pen pal network for kids in the same boat? If anyone else out there has declared him or herself at an early age, and would like to write, please let me know. I would also be willing to keep a list of addresses, and match penpals as to age-mates or disciplines, if enough people are interested.

—Olin Stoltz (age 9) and Leslie Craig (age 37)
Box 215, Myers Flat, CA 95554

The Heathen on the Heath:

The Heathen on the Heath Babbles on about Patronage

I recently had a very dear brother tell me that my life in the woods had a romantic mystique of being more genuine than a pagan life in the town. May I say, hogwash? The only thing the Heath has managed to impress upon the Heathen and make it stick, so far, is how *un*-genuine a life she usually leads, next to her other brethren of water, beast, and tree. Oh, close-up adoration of the gods is a very moving experience. But there's more to a god or goddess than loving him or her, and it's all much too big for us, and I suspect that the energy of our natural comedy is a better feast for the immortals' table than any amount of praise and sacrifice.

One thing that I'm sure inspires a veritable salvo of godly giggling is how we deal with our patrons and teachers, both in the other world and in this one. Most of you probably know your patrons, and have at least some idea of who your totem beasts are. Some of you may know a departed or disincorporate spirit who teaches you, or uses you to speak to others. Some of this stuff is very recognizable; other times, you may shake your head, check whatever resources you use to identify the “real” archetypes, and decide that you're simply crazy.

Totemism, for instance. I'm not going to get into whether our forebears practiced any precise or organized form of totemism, although Cuchullain's relationship with the hound (killing one, then having to fulfill its function, and thereafter being forbidden to harm the hound or eat of its flesh) sounds a lot like totemism to me. But we Neopagans are balanced between two influences: What is born into us from our ancestors? And then, what do the gods and the beasts do to us in the here-and-now?

For instance, I sit at the feet of the entire canine tribe. Wolf, dog, coyote, fox—all bitches and vixens are my sisters. *Elder* sisters. A totem is a teacher, a giver of omens, a bridge between human anomie and the solidarity of nature. I don't know anyone else whose attachments are so general. I do not know that for me to ignore the call of any pack-running nightsinger means disaster. It puts me in quite a dilemma, because a country homestead, with its deliciously helpless ducks and chickens and its panicky

newborn grazers, is an even worse place to interact with large number of canines than a house in town. So in a very undignified, non-ritual way, my totem is constantly teaching me the difference between genuine love and respect and the phony human construct of charity. *We* are not the gods. An ordinary housedog knows the gods better than I do.

It can be a pretty harrowing relationship. There's you, and there's your teaching-beast, and there's the rest of the world. Are you brother or sister to a beast that the neighbors regard as property, or a menace, or a running larder? I listen to the song of the Grey Brethren on the ridges with an entirely different emotion than do the sheep-ranchers a little further down the valley, though we meet on the common ground of wishing dysentery and poison oak on the morons who dump unwanted dogs “out in the wilds” to seek out their niche as incompetent pack members and stock killers.

Sometimes an animal relative will come to you for its *death*. Fub that one, and you're in big trouble. I know.

Then there are the creatures other than your totem who show up here and there with messages or lessons, or just to make your day. There was the king stag of our hill, laughing at me. There was the squirrel crossing the road, to show me the consequences of letting faster drivers (or anything else which is simply more aggressive or socially acceptable than I am) push me around. There are the white cranes that feed in the pastures north of here, whose mere presence lights up my heart for no reason that I can name, and the river otters who join me for a dip: “Screw it; this is playtime!”

You can't put your life in a pattern, or make a pretty pattern with the wild things in all their rightful places: not and know anything about yourselves. Nonhuman logic is not going to make sense to you. A brave man can find himself chosen by a grazer; a timid woman might have a totem that hunts to survive. There is more to any animal or spirit than one human can know.

To the sparrow, the sparrow was himself; to the raven, he was dinner. Definitions can be a real bitch sometimes.

Plants will choose you, too. What kind of wood is your staff made of? I don't have one. I kept waiting for a branch of madrone to wave yoo-hoo at me. Meanwhile, the bay tree at the head of my garden, that I had talked to and cried on and rested under for the last dozen years, dropped a branch in this winter's snow. It's about ten feet long, and as thick as my leg and finally today it occurred to me that my staff is smack in the middle of it, waiting for me to get my lazy butt in gear and whittle it out. “Hey, is anybody awake here?”

I suspect that the gods sort of meet us in the middle, choosing us when we most need them. Perhaps we look harder for our gods, because religion makes such a blatant difference between us and the rest of the world, and the gods are such an obvious feature of it. We meet with blessings, opportunities, and quest. Eventually, we find the gods who are our patrons. When I was younger, I always thought that my patroness would be the goddess who ruled over my purpose in life, or my identity. Now I know better: my patroness is the goddess that don't cut me no slack.

Paganism is not a TV set, and the teachings of gods and beasts are not a spectator sport: our patrons and our totems will all want something from us. Our laughing disclaimer at the beginning of services may remind us to respect reason, but the praise and sacrifice that follows is just as necessary, to keep our end of the bargain up until we find something better to offer. Wherewith, I offer this praise:

Who loves you?

Whose laughter caresses your departing back?

Beneath whose cloak of midnight do your eyes adjust to the dark,

And whose hand sets the gears before you
Like a wall of stone?
To this, I give my heart.

Beltaine Fire Invocation

Bhríde

Firedancer

in the many-hued arms of flame
daggers of light contained in the chalice of the sky,
overflowing with stars
bright with the song of a thousand souls.

Dance with us, our lives wound in glistening threads
about the spokes of the universe,
braided into the umbilical cord of the navel of the Earth.

Teach us to kindle our inner fire,
And dance our lives in the weavings of flame,
The fire that enkindles the heart into spiralling song.

Bhríde

Firesinger

voice leaping with the strength of many deer
into the gates of starlight
where the ancient flames soar.

Sing with us, our lives as the weavings of song
on the loom of the many stringed sky
reflected in the inner sky of the spirit.

Teach us to light our inward flame,
and sing our lives into rising smoke
the fire that burns behind the eyes of all souls
and laughs in the cosmic dance of the universe's music.

May 1989, Blue Moon Eagle

Rome Discovers It May be Older Than it Thought

Archaeologists find wall that could add credibility to legend

By Carol Cirulli, Associated Press Writer
San Francisco Chronicle, Thursday, June 30, 1988 D/11

ROME—Archaeologists have dug up a wall in the heart of the Roman Forum that could help them discover the secrets of the founding of Rome. The city could be older than it thinks it is.

The archaeologists say the discovery also could find some truth in the legend of Romulus and Remus.

According to the legend, Romulus established Rome by building a defense wall around the Palatine Hill, the site where he and his twin brother, Remus, were suckled by a she-wolf and reared by a shepherd. Romulus then founded Rome in 753 B.C., as the legend goes.

While the archaeologists don't believe they'll find any proof of Romulus, Remus, the she-wolf and the shepherd, they do think they might find some truth in the legend about the way Rome was founded and when.

Andrea Carandini, a University of Pisa professor who is leading the dig, said archaeologists in May uncovered a stone wall on a slope of the hill just at the spot described by the ancient Roman historian Tacitus as the site of the wall that first defined and protected Rome.

Experts have dated the find to the 7th century B.C., but Carandini said in an interview he suspects underneath it is an earlier version of a defensive wall that could have been built a century earlier.

Archaeologists say reaching the wall could be the first tangible piece of evidence to back up the story of Rome's legendary founding in 753 B.C.

But secrets of the earliest days of Roman civilization may stay locked in the ground if the government fund that has financed the dig for the last three years is not replenished. Carandini says the team needs the equivalent of about \$400,000 to continue.

For now Carandini keeps digging.

"We will never discover the wall of Romulus, because Romulus is a legend, of course," he said. "But I think the nucleus of the legend is right, and in a way, we already proved this because nobody believed that there really was a fortification of the Palatine Hill.

The base of the hill eventually developed into the Forum, ancient Rome's market and meeting place, now a major tourist attraction.

Experts who have observed the excavations say the discoveries, if fully documented, will provide significant insight into the little known period between the 8th and 6th centuries B.C.

"It is interesting that the physical objects that (Carandini) is discovering not only seem to be dated very early in the history of the city, but are related to the historical texts that talk about the foundation of the city," said Richard Brilliant, professor of art history and archaeology at Columbia University in New York, who visited the site in May.

"Whether or not conclusions can be drawn about the wall in the development of the city is something much more research is needed to demonstrate."

Alessandro Guidi, an official with the regional archaeology office, said the find indicates that Rome may have evolved much earlier than was once believed from a primitive village inhabited mainly by shepherds into a more advanced society.

"This could be very important because it may be proof that before the Etruscans conquered Rome, Rome already was a very big center," Guidi said.

The defensive wall, discovered about 10 feet below a grassy surface, probably surrounded a "pomoerium," or holy place, in the city that had been founded with the gods' blessings, Carandini said.

Above the excavated wall, archaeologists found remnants of houses they believe date back to the end of the 6th century B.C. and belonged to aristocrats of Etruscan origins.

The houses probably were built after the defensive wall was expanded to surround the seven hills of Rome, Carandini said.

But it is what lies below the wall that may give real insight into the founding of one of the world's most ancient civilizations.

[Again, Pagan myth and legend is found to have a core of truth.]

To the Missal-Any:

It warms me to hear from you again. "Something" is about right. The seasonal diary format of "Heathen on the Heath" so far requires me to be a lot more together than I am. I'll keep the by-line 'cause I like it, but when I do show up, it may be as poet or general essayist and big mouth, or fictionalizer of small experiences or writer of love letters to the gods, with no more whys or wherefores. My ritual consciousness, as of now, is shot to shit.

As I become more a part of my community, other pagans begin to emerge one by one from the woodwork—a cohort in my school music schemes, a Star Route Journal reader or two, other

school connections, other hill people. We're circumspect up here, and not real available to folks we don't know.

Folks come up to me. They talk. They leave. I turn to the person next to me and embarrassedly whisper, "Who was that?"

Music grows more important. I practice a lot. I sing my heart out.

What is a pagan life? I ask myself a thousand times a day, at least. I find that alone, I am driven by a sense of urgency: to be more outspoken, to be a support to my own kind and less fearful of offending or hurting those who do not accept me. If they do not accept me, are their opinions worth wimping out on my own people for? In personal doings, I say what I must immediately, lest fear or habit drag me back into my old hiding-places, out of reach of my spiritual kinfolks. "Let there be no authority between us!" I say. "I'm an anarchist." Swiftly, while pride still lives! Then I am committed, and can't back away from my own will as I have in the past. There may be trouble in this, but as Rhiannon is my witness, I mean no ill-will.

Your scholarly work grows more interesting each issue. I am turning friends on to it—pagans who know who they are, but are barely aware that there is anyone like them in the world, and who know even less than I do of the teachings of our forbears. And in the department, you say it better than I could.

Love,

Les



Calendar

Astronomical Beltaine, at which point the sun is half way between Equinox and Solstice, will occur at 6:31 A.M. on May 5, 1989. Celebration at the Orinda Grovesite to be planned; bring a 15' ribbon.

Postmarked 26 Apr 1989

A Druid Missal-Any Summer Solstice 1989 Volume 13 Number 4

Summer Solstice Essay: Danu and Summer Fun

By Emmon Bodfish



Midsummer, the Summer Solstice, the longest day, the shortest night, this is one of the four astronomical High-Days of the Druid year. It is associated with Danu, Mother of the Celtic family of deities the Tuatha de Danann. She is cognate with the Irish Anu and Breton Ana. She may be cognate with classic Roman Diana, though Her character and role are more like those of Juno. Like Her, Danu is the patroness of marriage and sanctifier of the home. The particular luckiness of June weddings may be a folk memory of the time when this time of the year was sacred to the Goddess of marriage. She is associated with fertility of grain as well as of women, and She is linked to rivers and river valleys which bear Her name or cognates of it stretch all across Europe from the Danube to the Don and the De in Scotland. Rivers, valleys, grain, home, fertility and prosperity formed a thematic group in the Celtic mind. Her festival was on Midsummer day and all night bonfires, dances, and games of courtship and revel continued to be celebrated on the day and the preceding night well into this century. Again we see the Druid custom of counting the night which precedes the high-day as the one sacred to that day. There are many, many references to this night of revels in medieval and Renaissance folksong, as well as in Shakespeare and his Contemporaries.

The tension between the folk customs and the Christian church is succinctly in the traditional verse:

“Mierry do not tell the priest,
For I fear he would call it a sin,
But we have been in the woods this night,
A’ conjuring the summer in.”

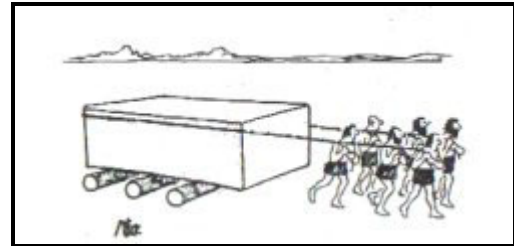
This fragment of a ballad was quoted to us by a folksinger whom we talked with at the Live Oak Park Faire, who had collected it in England. In this case the folk tradition probably goes back to Druid times.

This would be a propitious night for a vigil, or just to try sleeping out of doors if possible. Following another folk tradition whose roots are probably Druidic, single women might try sleeping with a pillow stuffed with mugwort, an herb sacred to Roman Diana, and probably to Danu or Ana, under their heads. This will bring dreams of their future husbands, and was a practice carried on into this century in Celtic countries. The only similar divination practice I have ever heard of for young men involved looking quickly into a particular sacred well, in which he might catch a glimpse of his future mate. But this had nothing to do with Danu or Midsummers.



Editor’s Note:

As you can tell by now, our proofreader is absent this issue, attending other festivities in Southern California. This Trath’s issue should leave her with no doubts about being needed.



What exactly is a ‘henge,’ anyway?
From “The Pick of the Punch”

What is a Henge?

But he wouldn’t have called it that!

The word “henge” came in to the English language in the late middle ages. According to Unicorn Productions, by way of Channel 4, later written down by Catherine Hills and relayed to us, the term “henge” originally referred to the stones of Stone Henge, specifically the trilithons, the huge uprights and the horizontal stone crossbars which they support. These looked like gallows to medieval scholars, and “henge” meant gallows at that time. Stone Henge was “the hanging stones,” or “gallows of stone.” This fit with the grizzly fantasies that medieval Christians imagined about their religions and cultures but which, sadly, better reflected practices of the Inquisition and their own day.*

“Recently,” reports Hills, “some French archeologists organized an experiment in which two hundred persons dragged a (similarly) large stone some yards along a field. Enormous stones can be moved without recourse to Merlin, UFO’s...or modern heavy equipment. (Poor Merlin, out of a job again!)

This is not conjecture. I have found this out by talking to a number of these types while wrapt in my weekday cloak of invisibility: a three-piece suit.

I and other modern Druids are often condemned and called to account for the fact that Roman writers recorded that the Gaulish Druids practiced human sacrifice. Forget that the sane Classical writers also mentioned that the victims were usually prisoners or criminals. The Celts, like other Iron Age pastoralists, could not afford to run jails. Some of the others sacrificed were, according to Ward Russell, Celtic scholar and author of *The Druids*, quoting from another ancient source, individuals who became frenzied during the ceremonies and demanded to be sent, along with the “gift” of war captives, to the Other World. And, yes, a portion may have been chosen “victims.”

Human sacrifice is found in the histories of many cultures. It represents a stage in cultural evolution which we, today, have long since passed. It has no more bearing on the modern, Neo-Pagan Druids than does the story of Abraham sacrificing his son, Isaac, to *his* God bear out the behavior or inclinations of modern Judeo-Christians. I know of very few Christians who long to sacrifice their first born sons to Yewah, even if they could be

certain they wouldn't get caught. Yet it was a stage through which their spiritual predecessors passed. (Abraham clearly came from a society that accepted human sacrifice, as did most, if not all, other human groups at a similar stage in their development.) But that is far back in our mutual pasts, and PERSONALLY, I'M TIRED OF TAKING THE RAP FOR IT!

*This primitive thinking is unfortunately still in evidence among fanatical splinter groups of "Christians." It goes something like this: "We Are Christians. We are good. If we do things like _____ (running inquisitions, burning heretics, fire-bombing clinics, (list the latest outrage,) then those other groups must be doing things that are even worse! ('Cause they're just BAD.)" Or: "If I weren't inhibited by all these darned Christians ethics, what would I like to get away with? Well, that's what they must be doing, and we got to stop them."

To Whom It May Concern:

Two disturbing trends that have been growing in the United States—1) that there has been a rise in violent criminal activity with Satanic ritualistic overtones, and 2) that some fundamentalist Christian groups have been spreading false and malicious statements about Witchcraft and Paganism to media and law enforcement personnel attributing such crimes to Witches and Pagans—have made it necessary for the Pagan and Wiccan community to delineate our position to local, state and Federal levels of government. This Resolution was first conceived, written and presented at the Ancient Ways gathering in Northern California on May 22, 1988, and has been successively modified to incorporate input from the Pagan community. This final version now continues to be reprinted and circulated to help clarify the tact that Witches and Pagans are not Satanists and do not engage in abusive or criminal activities. Please share this information with law enforcement officials, educators and media. If your group wishes to be added as a signatory to this Resolution, send a letter of affirmation to GREEN EGG magazine, PO Box 1542, Ukiah, CA 95482.

The Pagan Anti-Abuse Resolution

We, the undersigned, as adherents of Pagan and Neo-Pagan religions, including Wicca (also known as Witchcraft) practice a positive, life-affirming faith that is dedicated to healing, both of ourselves and of the Earth. As such, we do not advocate any acts that victimize others, including those proscribed by law. As our most widely accepted precept is the Wiccan Rede's injunctions "harm none," we absolutely condemn the practices of child abuse, sexual abuse, and other forms of abuse that does harm to the bodies, minds or spirits of individuals. We offer prayers, therapy and support for the healing of the victims of such abuses. We recognize and revere the divinity of Nature in our Mother the Earth, and we conduct our rites of worship legally, and in a manner that is ethical and compassionate. We neither acknowledge nor worship the Christian devil, "Satan," who is not in the Pagan pantheon. We will not tolerate slander or libel against our churches, clergy or congregations, and we are prepared to defend our civil rights with such legal action as we deem necessary and appropriate.

The Heathen on the Heath:

War on the Plants

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-engendered 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 noblesse 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

Astronomical Summer Solstice will occur this year at 2:47 A.M. PDT June 21, 1989. The earth will have reached that point in its orbit at which its north pole is farthest inclined toward Belenos' shining countenance. Celebrations will be held at the Orinda Grovesite that afternoon, after, alas, secular "work," circa 5:30 P.M., and on into the evening.

In Answer to Inquiries:

Where does RDNA Druidism stand on abortion? That it is a woman's choice. It is mentioned in the *Druid Chronicles*, which are the foundation of RDNA style Druidism:

The reasoning goes that since Nature and the Deities have seen fit to give this power of gestation and birth only to women, they alone make the decisions regarding it, and matters of pregnancy, birth, and milk giving are no man's business. These are private matters; the woman, not some organization of philosophers and theologians, nor the medical profession, nor society in general, knows and can decide how many children she can safely create and care for. Druidism is a religion of individual responsibility. You make the decisions, you take the consequences, good or bad or puzzling. There is no devil in Druidism to use as a cop out who "made you do it." If in some hypothetical century we were truly running out of people, I would propose that all an RDNA-based society could do would be to try to bribe women into making more copies of themselves, as societies bribe people with the cookie of money and status for undertaking other difficult but important jobs.

I also propose that it would be true, though it is not stated in the *Druid Chronicles*, that neither should women or society in general make laws on matters affecting only males: laws about circumcision, vasectomies, baldness, or whether men should or should not grow their beards. These are individual decisions.



We received this in response to our recent article "Scrounge!"



Postmarked on June 20, 1989

A Druid Missal-Any

Lughnasadh 1989

Volume 13 Number 5

Lughnasadh Essay: Lugh the Protester

By Emmon Bodfish



Lughnasadh is the celebration of the funeral games given by the God Lugh for his father, Cian, who was slain by the sons of Turenn. Cian was a shape-shifter and magician, i.e. one of the Druid or clergy-caste. Rhys considers Him a minor solar deity, but in mythology He acts more the part of shaman and ambassador. The games show Lugh's filial piety, as Lugh represents all that the ancient Celts thought good in a young man. He is the multi-competent god, defender against oppression, patron and teacher of craftspeople and artisans, God of commerce and its wealth, protector of travelers, and Lord of the Harvest.

The figure of the young boy-God, son of one of the old Pantheon, who saves the people from an unjust ruler, in the myth of Lugh, King Breas the Fomor, is a very old and widespread theme in sacred literature. Many cultures have myths dating back probably to the Neolithic, of a young agricultural and solar deity born on the Winter Solstice, who defends the people, exemplifies morality, teaches the arts of civilization, and is associated with the harvest: Lugh, Balder, the Balkan New Year God, Prometheus, Zeus in His battle with the Titans, Mithra, and some aspects of the Moses and Jesus myths. (The early Judeo-Christian writers grafted these age-old aspects of the Young God into the founders of their faith, just as they did with numerous sayings, rituals and ideas borrowed from the older cultures surrounding them. These things were not new.)

Lugh in His defender role was also a tax protestor. When the Celts had fallen under the sway of Breas, a half-Fomor from "under the sea," Lugh, son of the old God, Cian, appeared. Breas, in one of his acts of mis-rule had levied an oppressive tax on the Tuatha de Danann by means of a deception. Breas is portrayed as a smart man (or demi-god) and clever with words. When he first joined the de Danann pantheon, before the first battle of Moy Tura, he was the one chosen and sent out to parley with Streng of the FirBolgs. But later as king, he perverts his intelligence into trickery. Like Loci in the German myths, Breas has a legalistic, literalistic, conniving turn of mind. And like Loci he is an outsider, possibly an adopted God from the pantheon of the Pre-Indo-European inhabitants of the region. He has ancestral ties to the long term enemies of the Pantheon he now serves, Breas represents the negative aspects of intelligence, as Lugh represents the positive ones. The Battles of the Gods, as one school of theology holds, are the battles of the archetypes and choices within the human conscience. "Mythology is not about how things are; it's about how they feel," Joan Carruth, circa 1983. Breas had the Tuatha de Danann agree to surrender to him the milk of every cow, in Ireland that was brown and hairless. They agreed. He then caused every cow in Ireland to be passed through a fire which made them all brown, scorched and hairless. A more moderate version of this fire ceremony was part of the annual Beltaine purification rites. This may have made his proposition seem at first hearing acceptable to the Tuatha. Then after perverting the sacred purification rite into a destructive one, he

claimed the milk of every cow in Erin. Crops also failed to prosper under Breas' rule. The people were starving. Lugh came and won acceptance into the Pantheon with his multitude of skills, high character and regal bearing. He vanquished Breas, restored Erin to the Tuatha de Danann and their king, Nuada. Under Nuada's rule the land prospered and harvests were bountiful. This, in the Celtic theory of sovereignty, was the mark of a true and rightful king.

Celebrate Lughnasadh by offering up to Lugh the first fruits and produce of your gardens, any plants you've grown or windfall profits received. (no animals!) Dance, sing, be grateful for the harvest!

News of the Groves

One interesting bit which a reader brought to our attention on the subject of the Goddess Danu, A.K.A. Anu, Ana, is this brief passage in Boswell's 1773 manuscript: A Tour to the Hebrides:

The first thing we came to was an earthen mound or dike extending from one precipice to the other. A little farther on was a strong stone wall, not high but very thick, extending in the same manner. On the outside of it were the ruins of two houses, one on each side of the entry or gate to it. The wall at the entry is four lengths and a half of my cane.⁴ The wall is built all along of dry stone; but of stones of so large a size as to make a very firm and durable rampart. It has been built all about the consecrated ground except where the precipice is steep enough to form an enclosure of itself. The sacred spot will be more than two acres. There are within it the ruins of many houses (none of them large), a cairn, many graves marked by stones thus: but what Mr. Macqueen insists on is that the remains of a small building standing east and west was actually temple of the Goddess Anaitis, where her statue was kept, from whence processions were made to wash it in one of the brooks.⁵ There is a hollow road really visible for a good mile from the entrance. But Mr. Macqueen walked with great action along what he saw to be a continuation of it, for a little way, till there is an easy descent to the brook on the _____.* As I have often observed that looked like visible road in moors, that is to say continued pieces of ground greener than the rest, and perhaps a little lower, I could not be sure that he was right here. All the houses, temple as well as the rest, have not more than a foot or a foot-and-a-half in height remaining of their walls. The temple is in length, within the walls, five lengths of my cane and six hands; in breadth, two lengths and a few hands, I think six too, so that it has been but a poor building. The waters on each side join at the north⁶ end of the sacred ground, which is like a theatre elevated above the neighbouring ground, and then the water or river formed by them runs away due north⁷ towards the sea. Whatever this place has been it has been a most striking solemn scene. The sight lost in some places on a wild moor around; the hills in some other places

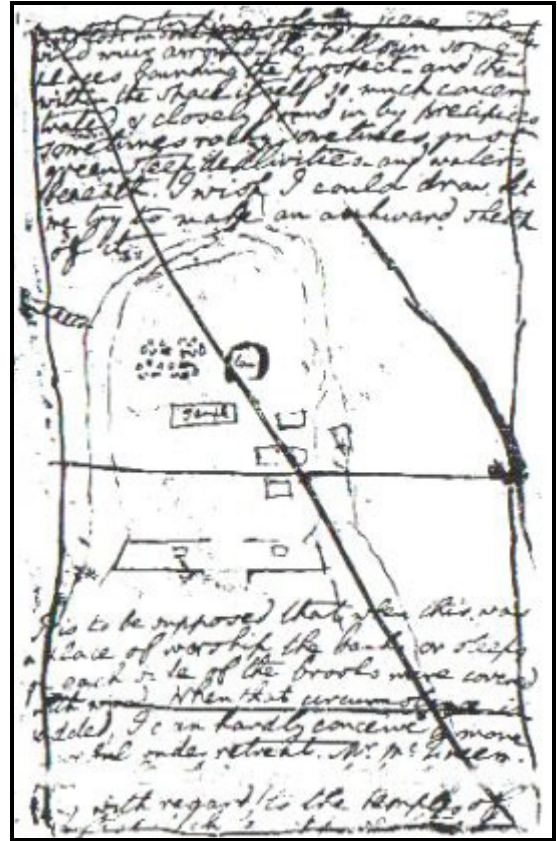
bounding the prospect; and then, within, the space itself, so much concentrated and closely bound in by precipices, sometimes rocky, sometimes just green steep declivities—and waters beneath. I wish I could draw. Let me try to make an awkward sketch of it.⁸ It is to be supposed that when this was a place of worship, the banks or steeps on each side of the brooks were covered with wood. When that circumstance is added, I can hardly conceive a more awful rude retreat. Mr. Macqueen has collected a great deal of learning with regard to the temples of Anaitis, of which he supposes this to have been one. My sketch of it may convey some idea. But there is no exactness in it. I may truly be said to

Write about it, Goddess, and about it.⁹

When we got home, and were enjoying ourselves over admirable roasted venison, we first talked of portraits. Mr. John-

*These blanks appear in Boswell's journal where he did not know a direction, East, West, etc.

She [the submitter of the article] asks: "Could this be a folk memory of a Druidic ritual of the washing of a statue of Ana?" Anaista Gaelic "Anaeache," or Anaiad in the Gaelic manner of deriving an adjective from a noun. In this way "blichd" meaning milk becomes "blichdaiche" meaning milky or giving milk. It is also to be remembered that "Anaistis" is Boswell's guess at the spelling of a word pronounced by an illiterate Gael, a local guide. Boswell spoke no Gaelic. He likes to show off his Latin and Greek classical education, and falls back on it when he is puzzled. A few pages later on in his journal he notes that a goddess "Anaistis" was worshipped by Celts living in Asia Minor. He must have read this in some one of his classical sources, but does not give a reference. We know from several different sources, some classical, some later, that the Pagan Germans had an annual ritual in which a statue of Nerthus, their Goddess of Earth, grain, and crop fertility was taken to a sacred lake and washed as part of a ceremony after being transported through the countryside in procession in a special, elaborately decorated wagon. This ritual marked the end of the spring festivities. Nerthus seems similar in function to Druidic Danu, if not cognate in name. "Nerthus" may have been originally a euphemism for the Goddess, meaning "of the Earth." As often happens, Her name may have become to sacred to be pronounced and so a substitute, a description, was used instead until name was lost, and the descriptive euphemism became Her name. Mr.s Pottle and Bennett, editors of the edition which our reader used, *A Tour of the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, Literary Guild, Inc., New York, 1936, include a footnote in which they, like many Victorian scholars, to explain away the Pagan possibilities by saying that Anaitcha, or Anaiad, may be connected with some ecclesiastical term used in early Christian monastic architecture. But this does not explain the ritual of the washing of the statue. All this is speculation, true, but it is suggestive. The Christian faith did not really gain supremacy in the outer reaches of Scotland until much later than elsewhere in the British Isles. Would anyone like to fund an archeological expedition to the site of Boswell's Temple of Anaista" and settle the question?



Boswell's Plan of the Annait

⁴ Boswell's cane is shown, by the dimensions which he gives for "The Temple of Anaitis," to have been thirty-nine inches long.

⁵ "The oldest ecclesiastic term existing in the Islands is *Annait* (*Annaid*), which is peculiar to the Celtic Church, and probably indicates in Scotland, as in Ireland, the mother-church or monastic community of the earliest Christian settlement in the district. It is now structurally represented only by example in Skye." (*Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland, Ninth Report. The Outer Hebrides and Skye*. 1928. p. xiv. See the full description, *ibid.*, p.p. 149-50)

⁶ Supplied by the editors to fill a blank in the MS.

⁷ Supplied by the editors to fill a blank in the MS.

⁸ See the facsimile.

⁹ "For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it."

Pope, *Dunciad*, IV. 249-52.

Letter to the Editor:

A Druid Missal-Any
Live Oak Grove
616 Miner Road
Orinda, CA 94563

June 26, 1989

Dear Druid Missal-any (and Hello, Emmon Bodfish!):

Regarding your article on the Summer Solstice:

Oh, please!! You quoted, on page 2, a “traditional verse quoted to you by a folksinger...at the Live Oak Park Faire”.

That particular verse is far from *traditional* and does NOT, most certainly, date back to Druid times, although the sentiment may well have! It comes from a poem, which later became a song, written by Rudyard Kipling, and which comes from *Puck of Pook's Hill*, entitled *Oak and Ash and Thorn*. The poem later found its way into the Craft literature via (most likely) Gerald B. Gardner. Of course, where Kipling's inspiration came from is speculation. Do you like Kipling? Assuming that you've ever Kippled, that is.

Also, on your fourth page (although it isn't numbered—yes, indeed, you need your proofreader back!) you cite “Ward Russell” in the section on Druids practicing human sacrifice. I believe you properly mean *Ward Rutherford*, author of *The Druids: Magicians of the West*.

I'd like to know more about RDNA and where I can obtain copies of the *Druid Chronicles*. I've been receiving *Druid Missal-Any* since I was the editor of “News from the Mother Grove,” one of the publications of Ar nDraiocht Fein: A Druid Fellowship. Although I'm not the editor anymore and no longer serve on the Board of Trustees, you've kept me on your mailing list, most generously. So, I'd like to know more about your organization and your spiritual path. I know from ADF Druidism, but I don't know much about other Neopagan Druid groups and organizations. I am naturally (or preternaturally) curious.

Let me know what your subscription rates, etc. are, so that I can give you something toward your publishing costs.

Walk with Wisdom,

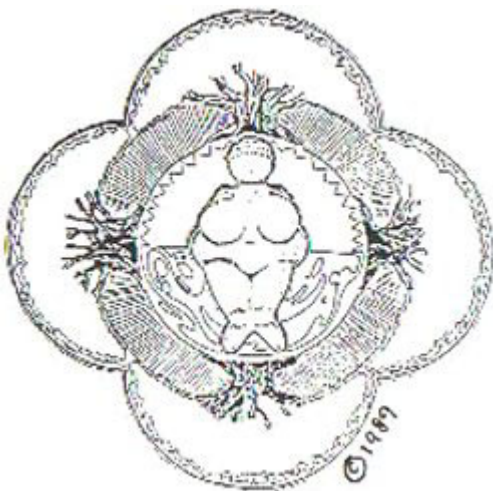
Susan

Dear Susan,

I certainly never meant that the verse itself dated back to Druidic times. If anyone took it to mean that, I apologize. I meant that the custom of going out into the woods or moors and conjuring the summer in, etc., on Solstice Eve night is a custom that dates back to Druidic times, and maybe a lot farther. I did not know that it was a Kipling quote. Yes, I have a copy of Ward Rutherford's book, *The Druids: Magicians of the West*, and that is the one to which I was referring.

Our subscription rates are \$5.00/year/8 issues. Write to us at the Druid Missal-Any, Box 142, Orinda, California 94563

—Emmon Bodfish, Editor



Drawing by Rob Lansley

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A Druid Missal-Any

Fall Equinox 1989

Volume 13 Number 6

Fall Equinox Essay: Cernunnos and Dances

By Emmon Bodfish



quinox approaches! This is the time sacred to Cernunnos, the Hunter God. The cult of the horned god, the shaman-god dressed in the horns and hide of a hoofed prey-animal, is one of the most ancient themes running through Indo-European-Siberian group of cultures. Cave paintings in France and Spain dating from the Paleolithic show these figures, and he is seen again on the Gundestrup cauldron, crafted by the Eastern European Celts under Druid auspicious and direction, he wears the antlers of the stag. It would be rash to think of all the horned Eurasian gods as Cernunnos, each tribe probably had their own name for him, but the theme seems universal among those cultures which lived through the last Ice Age in Europe and Eurasia north of the Caucasus. In the Pre-Indo-European Balkans he is associated with the goat, in Siberia with the reindeer, in England with the Red Deer, and in the Mediterranean and Ireland with the bull, (Here is another element linking Erin to Spain and the Mediterranean world as opposed to the rest of the British Isles or Gaul.) Everywhere Cernunnos is associated with a horned and hoofed, food producing species. He may be the Being commemorated in the "horn-dances" carried out in a number of English villages up through the nineteenth century, and now exclusively in Abbots Bromley. Whether this is a local survival from Druidic or even Pre-Celtic times, or is a rite brought with them by the Anglo-Saxon invaders in the service of their cognate deity, Hern the Hunter, is not known.



Masked Dancer
Paleolithic Engraving from the Fourneau du Diable,
Dordogne

Originally Cernunnos seems to have been a hunter's god, and later to have become associated with flocks and herds as "Master of the Animals." Still later he is appealed to for prosperity and fertility in general. This was the stage of the tradition seen in the Grecian Pan cult, and in that of European "Robin Goodfellow," later distorted and debased by Christian missionaries into their "devil" cults and images. There is no devil in the Celtic Pantheon. A cosmic "bad guy" is a theological invention of a set of Middle Eastern religions including Zoroastrianism, Persian, Sumerian and Semitic as well as Christianity. Devil inventing and worshipping as we see it now is a Christian spin-off, and usually a rebellion against that same faith. It has nothing to do with the older, indigenous religions and God-figures of Europe. Cernunnos was an extremely popular figure among the farming peoples of Celtic Europe, and the Romans, newly Christianized themselves, seeing that they could not co-opt his worship, or euphemize him into a "saint," as they did a number of the other Druidic deities, debased him into a demon, i.e. the god of a rival, competing theocracy. Margaret Murray first enunciated this theory in the 1920s. Her work then fell into disrepute in the '40s and '50s, but has since been revived and vindicated. Her book, *The God of the Witches*, Oxford University Press, 1970, is worth reading if you can find it. G. Rachel Levy also sheds some light on the Mediterranean versions of his worship in her book *The Gate of Horn*, Farber and Farber, 1948. (This book is now published as *Religious Conceptions of the Stone Age and Their Influence Upon European Thought*, New York: Harper, 1963.)

The Gaelic word "Faighe" that come to be translated "prophet," originally meant "seer" and was the name of one class of Druids, solitary forest-dwelling mystics, who may have originally been connected with the worship of Cernunnos in his role as the shaman-god. "Fiagh," the Gaelic root word for "deer," is suggestive in this regard. The old "seer" whom Finn encountered beside the sacred pool was probably one such. They are associated with the Hazel, as Cernunnos may have been as Bride is associated with the Birch and Lugh with the Apple tree.

The Horned-god had a second sacred time beginning around the Winter Solstice with the tradition of the Flying Shaman, Mystic and inter-world journeyer, he descends Into the Land of the Ancestors, (the sun, sinking to its nadir?) to bring back new souls, of game animals and kine and humans, that new animals and Infants may be born and increase and prosperity be assured. This journey, "dedicated to the continual flow and renewal of life,"* was still being undertaken by Finn-Ugric and Siberian tribal shamans into this century. It is well documented and the beliefs behind it recorded by A. A. Popov, the Russian anthropologist in his numerous books and articles.

Cernunnos' rituals and, from the evidence of offerings left secretly at cave shrines, his worship, continued long after nominal Christianization of Europe. The Highland Calluinn (Hazel-tree) Ritual is an example of one such rite, still in practice in the nineteen century. The Protestant cleric who recorded it seems to have had no inkling of its meaning, but he writes that the people of the west Highlands, in the middle of the seventeenth century, were "little more than heathens, having been neglected by the Roman Church." According to Dwelly, of *Dwelly's Gaelic-English Dictionary* fame, it is an old west Highland belief that old Calluinn night, when the winds blow from the West, is the night of the fecundation of the trees. The West is the direction of the Celtic Other World, and of the dead. One wonders if this post-Solstice celebration marks the successful return of the shaman, (as well as the sun) from the Land of the Dead with his sack of new souls and spiritual gifts from the Ancestors. (See the Yule Druid Missal-Any for 1986 for the "Santa" Claus-Cernunnos-Flying shaman connection.)

Hazel

By Emmon Bodfish

One of the basic myths of Druidism is the story of Finn, a young renegade of the warrior caste and his encounter with the Druidic Salmon of Knowledge and the awakening of his psychic and spiritual self. This is in a psychological sense his ascent to the Druid caste and Awareness. The myth was popularized by a nineteenth century author under the name of "Ossian," who added a good deal of "Celtic twilight" of his own, but the myth is very old.

"Around a sacred well, in the heart of Erin, grew nine Hazel trees which bore crimson fruit." (This is most likely a cognate of the well and the World Tree in Germanic mythology, and part of the basic Indo-European World Tree cosmology.) "It was the property of these Hazelnuts that whoever ate them immediately came into the possession of knowledge of everything that ever existed in the world. One class of creatures alone had the privilege of feeding on them: the magical species of immortal Salmon who lived in the well." The human who ate one of the Salmon would attain instant Awareness of everything. However, only a person selected by destiny, or probably originally by a deity, could secure the sacred flesh; from all others it would be taken away before they could taste of it.

Finn, having mastered all the skills of the warrior while he was still a youth, did not go into the service of any chieftain, but, perhaps dissatisfied with that life, wandered alone over the plains of Ireland. At length he came to the banks of the River Boyne, which sprang from the sacred well of the Salmon of Knowledge. There he found a Druid, a woods hermit called Finn the Seer. (He was probably one of a class of Druidic hermit-mystics who were a feature of Pagan Celtic society and probably cognate with the solitary forest Yogis of Brahmanism.) He had been living beside the pool for seven years, hoping to secure one of the salmon and total Awareness, it having been prophesized that one called Finn would attain the Ultimate Knowledge at this well. Finn the Seer approves of the young man and agrees to take Finn MacCumhal as one of his servants, not knowing the youth's real name. (In place of servant, we should probably read student, apprentice, disciple, as that is how one learned mystic skills in most ancient cultures, by ingratiating oneself to an accomplished shaman or mystic and serving him or her as a master.)

Soon after Finn MacCumhal's arrival at the well, the old Seer catches one of the salmon. He hands it to the young man to cook, warning him to eat no portion of it. When Finn brings his master the cooked fish, the Seer immediately perceives the change in his young servant. He has attained All-Knowledge. "Have you eaten of the Salmon?" he demands. "No indeed!" replies the youth. "But while cooking it, a blister arose on the skin of it and I put my thumb on that to push it down. It burnt my thumb, and in pain I put my thumb under one of my teeth to cool it." The old man was perplexed. "You told me that your name was 'Deimne'. Have you another name?" "Yes," answered the youth, "in my warrior trials I was known as 'Finn.'" "That is enough," said the old man. "It is for you that the Salmon was intended. Eat." Finn MacCumhal ate the rest of the Salmon of Knowledge, and in the rest of his life he had only to place his thumb under his tooth (a valid concentration, meditation technique) to receive foreknowledge and divine counsel.

This and other early exploits of Finn MacCumhal are contained in a little tract written on a fragment of a ninth century Psalter of Cashel. I have used the Ossianic Society's translation, from Charles Squire.

The Hazel is one of the sacred trees of Druidism. Its seeds symbolize wisdom.

This fall, when I came across some organically grown Hazel nuts in a local market I decided to try this experiment. I have been on a salt-free, vegetarian diet for a dozen or so years, now, and sense the effects of different foods fairly rapidly. After fasting for half a day, I ate just enough hazel nuts to satisfy the hunger. I was surprised at how few this required. They produced a clear, calm, and satisfied state of mind, contemplative and appropriate for taking a wide and long perspective on things. And they kept me from feeling hungry again for a long time. I could see that these effects would be helpful in scholarly pursuits or in a contemplative lifestyle. We cannot know, of course, whether this effect was any part of the reason that the Ancient Celts had the Hazel tree standing beside the pool of knowledge in their mythology, where the Teutons had the Ash.

There Yggdrasil stand over the three Wellsprings of the World." I think Celtic Hazel pool is a cognate of Mimir's well in the German system. Both point back to some Proto-Indo-European myth of a World Tree and sacred springs.

A fellow Druid pointed out in Professor Fredrick's reference in his book, *Proto-Indo-European Trees*, University of Chicago Press, 1970, to evidence that the Hazel may have been one of the first native European plants to have been deliberately cultivated by the inhabitants of central Europe before the arrival of grain from the Fertile Crescent.



Hazel *Corylus avellana*

Local names for nuts: COBNUT, FILBERT; FILBEARD, Glos, Oxf, Northants; HALE, HALES, Corn, Dev, Som; HASKETTS, Dor; WOODNUT, Yorks.

Abundant throughout the British Isles, except in very damp areas. Grows in woods, hedgerows and scrubland. A shrub, 4 to 12 feet high, with roundish, downy, toothed leaves. Best known for the yellow male catkins, called 'lamb's tails,' which appear in the winter. Nuts from late August to October, ½" to 1" long, ovoid and encased in a thick green lobed husk.

The problem with hazelnuts is that if you hold back from picking them until they are fully ripe, the squirrels and jays will get there first. If you pick whilst the nuts are still abundant on the tree, you will not have the same flavor.

Food for Free: Nuts

...the trees in late August, they are soft and tasteless and apt to wither in their shells within a day. There is a curiosity about these times, for St Philibert's Day—from which the nut received one of its names in an attempt to exorcise its pagan associations—is on August 22. At this time some of the bigger green nuts will give you a crunchy mouthful if you eat them immediately, but they lack the dry, almost fishy flavour of the ripe brown cobs.

Late September is probably the best compromise. Searching for hazelnuts at this early autumn time is a pleasurable test of eye and reflexes. You must beat along the hedgerows like a hawk, trying to distinguish the nuts from the crinkly, parchment

yellow of the changing leaves. If you see some, in bunches of two or three, go for them very carefully, for when they are ripe they will fall from the husks at the slightest vibration of the bush. If the ground cover under the bush is not, as it usually is, an impenetrable tangle of nettle and dead leaves, but relatively clear ground or grass, then it is worthwhile giving the bush a shake. Even the invisible ripe ones should find their way on to the ground after this. In fact it is always worth searching the ground underneath a hazel. If there are nuts there which are dark or grey-brown in colour then the kernels will have turned to dust. But there is a chance that there will be some fresh windfalls that have not yet been picked on by the birds.

In spite of their apparent hardiness and ability to thrive in the British climate, hazels are not always successful at producing fruit. There are any number of pressures which can prevent the formation of nuts, as happened in 1969 when there were very few to be found. For a start, the bushes must be at least seven years old. They must be allowed to branch and produce catkins and flowers—which contemporary hedge-cutting techniques inhibits. The pollen from the catkins must succeed in reaching the delicate crimson stigmas of the female flowers, which appear in January. If the winds are too strong, or there are heavy frosts, both catkins and flowers can be destroyed.

Once you have gathered your nuts, keep them in a dry, warm place—but in their shells, so that the kernels don't dry out as well. You can use the nuts chopped or grated in salads, or with apple and raisins on raw oatmeal (muesli). Ground up in a blender, mixed with milk and chilled, they make a passable imitation of the Spanish drink *horchata*. But hazelnuts are such a rich food that it seems a little wasteful not to use them occasionally as a protein substitute. Weight for weight, in fact, they contain fifty per cent more protein, seven times more fat and five times more carbohydrate than hens' eggs. What better way of cashing in on such a meaty hoard than the unjustly infamous nut cutlet?

Melt two ozs of fat in a saucepan, and stir in the same weight of flour. Add a pint of stock and seasoning and stew for ten minutes, stirring all the time. Add three ozs of bread crumbs and two ozs of grated hazelnuts. Cool the mixture and shape into cutlets. Dip the cutlets into an egg and milk mixture, coat with breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat until brown.

If you gather your nuts early, and have an interest in the more bizarre branches of cookery, you might like to pick some hazel leaves as well and try this fifteenth century recipe for a 'noteye'. It contains all the classic characteristics of the medieval style of cooking: extensive use of spices, the fine cutting and blending of all ingredients, and the gruel-like consistency of the final product.

'Take a great procoun of Haselle leuys, and grynd in a mortar as small as you may whyl that they ben younge; take pan, and draw uppe a thrift of Mylke of Almaundys, y-blaunchyd and temper it with Freysshe brothe; wryng out clene the ius of the leuys; take Flysshe of Porke or of Capoun, and grynd it small, and temper it uppe with the mylke, and caste it in a potte, and the ius there-to; do it ouer the fyre and late it boyle; take Flour of Rys, and a-lye it; take and caste sugar y-now there-to and Vynegre a quantyte, and pounder Gyngere, and Saffroun it wel, and Sall; take small notys, and breke hem; take the kyrnells, and make hem white and fye hem uppe in grece; plante there with the meat and serve forth.'

Slightly adapted from *Two Fifteenth Century Cookbooks*

Food for Free, Mabey, Richard, Collins Press, St. James' Place, London, 1972.



Legal Matters

It is to be remembered that the Ancient Druids were the lawyers and magistrates of their day. So on a practical note, we are reprinting here some information on the standing of living wills. This is an important document to have enacted if you want to avoid a medicalized death and embark consciously and naturally on your transitional journey. You should check with a local lawyer about the status of this new four page document of Will in your state. In the S.F. Bay area, write to us for references to lawyers who have helped us, or write to Circle, P.O. Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI, 53572. They may know of lawyers who have been helpful to the Pagan community.

As the Associated Press reports, and as was noted in the *Journal of the American Medical Assoc.*, living wills are rarely enforced because they are "too vague" and the courts find it hard to hold hospitals to account for permitting, insisting upon, or refusing to cooperate with specific requests of patient and family. The authors of the press report felt that doctors are resistant about living-wills because they believe that a living-will represents a rejection of medical care, rather than a choice of treatment under specific circumstances. Linda Emanuel recommends getting around this balking on the part of medical persons by being very specific. She proposes a four page document which the research staff calls a "medical directive." It lets the signer indicate ahead of time which treatments s/he would find acceptable and which s/he specifically forbids. For each scenario the "directive" lists twelve possible treatments, and the person enacting the directive ranks whether s/he wants or does not want a treatment, or is undecided. Still, after you have enacted one of these, it is best to discuss it and reach an agreement about it with your doctor, if you have one, or any health care professionals you could reach in an emergency. Have standing arrangements with those people the law defines as you next of kin. It is too bad to have to have to prepare for battle, but that is the state of medicine in America. The fight for freedom never ends.

Calendar

Astronomical Equinox will occur on September 22, 1989, at 7:14 Pacific Standard Time, 8:14 Daylite Time. Autumn begins!

Oct. 14: ISC Harp Concert with Laurie Riley and Michael MacBean. Call Mary O'Drain at 234-8412 for more information.



The Roman Chariot, unique in the Universe, built in 1972. Walnut and velvet. Power by BMW R905. Comfortable for long trip. Museum item. Has a beautiful story, sale: \$25,000 with trailer. 794-885-2232, NC.

We have a biological need to immerse ourselves in living green at all seasons of the year.

To clear up some misconceptions that have been 'round and about in the community: This newsletter, "A Druid Missal-Any," is a product of the Reformed Druids of North America of Orinda Grovesite. It was founded by Chris Sherback, Joan Carruth and myself, Emmon Bodfish, in the Berkeley Grove, in 1983. I am not a penname for anyone else, but am a real, physical body; I live here, take care of the Grovesite and edit the Missal-Any. We have NO connection with any other Druid groups or persons: Ar nDraicht Fein, Ancient Order of Druids, B.O.D., Rex Benson, Isaac Bonewits, M.E. Barrs, Robert Brooke, Nora Chadwick, or the Primrose Hill Group. The Reformed Druids of North America was founded by David Fisher at Carleton College in 1963. It is made up of independent Groves scattered around the country.

Subscriptions to the Missal-Any are now \$5.50/year in the U.S. and \$6.50/year in Canada. For European or Pacific Rim subscribers we have worked out the individually, depending on postage and transit time. Write us at P.O. Box 142, Orinda, California, 94563

Ice Phoenix

P.O. Box 247
Fields Landing
CA 95537

Elven Glen

Wild Magic Bulletin

ECOLOGY—EARTH RELIGION—TAO official publication of E.L.F. P.O. Box 1082, Bloomington, IN 47402—\$8/4 issues—includes 25 word or less listing of any product/services you may offer CONTAX, PROJEX, EVENTS, & more PSI-LINKS, CLASSES, FESTIVALS!



Left. 'Cernunnos' as 'lord of the animals' upon one of the inner plate of the Gundestrup cauldron. The deity sits in cross-legged position, is crowned by a splendid pair of antlers and wears a torc about his neck. In his left hand he holds a ram-headed serpent, in his right another torc. Nationalmuseet, Copenhagen.

Postmarked September 19, 1989

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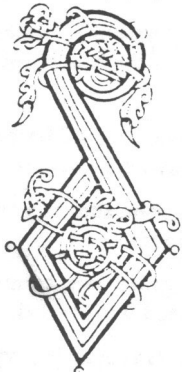
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A Druid Missal-Any Samhain 1989 Volume 13 Number 7

Samhain Essay: Paying Respects

By Emmon Bodfish



amhain, Celtic New Years, the Day Between the Worlds, the Druid year starts on Samhain, The sun is half way between Autumn Equinox and Winter Solstice. Samhain marks the end of the harvest season. All fruit and grain not gathered in by Samhain Eve must be left in the fields to feed the birds and wild animals, the flocks of Cernnunos, and its vegetable life essence, its "spirit" becomes the property of "The Little People," the Sidhi, and feeds them. (Is our word, "fairy," derived from "fear an sidhi," meaning in proto-Gaelic "a person of the Sidhi," one of the little people?) Sidhi is pronounced in Gaelic as English "shee." A Banshee, the spirit that gives prophecies and mourns for the dead, means literally "a woman of the Sidhi." Another folk tradition, probably from old Druid times, holds that "Pukas," mischievous spirits, will come out on Samhain night and steal the nourishing essence of any food crops left in the fields, or, if it is not to their liking, will despoil it. Their mythic descendents swarm out in the form of hordes of trick-or-treaters and disguised, costumed revelers.

This is the night when the Other World, the world of the dead, the future souls, and of the ancestors, comes the closest to our world and "dimension hopping" is the easiest. It is time to honor dead ancestors, and remember old friends. This was "the day of the dead" long before the Christian era. The dead were thought by the ancient Celts to have a wider and truer perspective on things than we mortals do, and to be able to advise their descendents and friends. They know all history, are aware of all forces and causes, and can intuit the future better than we. Pay your respects at graves or memorials, ask questions of departed friends, ancestors, or mentors. Leave out food offerings for them at your Samhain Eve celebrations and vigils. Get out old photographs. Review the past, this pre-Samhain week, and pay old debts, spiritual or emotional. Find lost belongings; make amends. Then celebrate.

News of the Groves

The "Mad Sweeney" Tradition Lives!

A correspondent in Florida sends this picture of their local "forest hermit" who, on an impulse, like his name sake, forsook civilization and went "to run with the deer." He seems to have done pretty well for himself and, as H.D. Thoreau once said, to "have liked it tolerably well."



23. Suibhne the Wild Man in the Forest

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

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

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

Alder, you are not spiteful, lovely is your colour 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 one, 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 shelterer, door against the wind; ash-tree, baneful, weapon in the hand of a warrior.

1. The legendary miraculous, builder.

—From *A Celtic Miscellany*



Obituary

On October 20, 1989, Avatar the cat belonging to Rapheal and Stacey, affiliates of the Orinda Grovesite, died. He had contracted feline leukemia. We held an R.D.N.A. style service for him in one of the local parks.



Further Suggestions for a Druid Funeral

By Emmon Bodfish

The basic outline of the ceremony is as follows. It can be added to, to fit the needs of the people for whom the service is being done.

The grave is prepared and a means of replacing the soil is ready at hand.

The ceremony begins with the processions up to the grave.

The pall bearers carrying the body of the deceased proceed first.

They are followed by the Third Order Druid¹ who will be conducting the ceremony. S/He will recite the funeral chant as they approach the grave. People carrying the grave goods follow immediately behind the Druid, the one carrying the food offering walking first, just in back of the Druid.

When they arrive at the grave, the Druid continues the chant while the body is lowered, and the participants form a circle around the grave, with the person carrying the food offering stopping first, just at the Druid's left, and the person walking behind him, stopping at his left, and so on.

The food offering, traditionally a joint of meat and a glass of mead, but in modern practice, the deceased's favorite food and drink, is then placed in the grave to the right of the body.

Next all those carrying grave goods come forward in order, deasel, (Sun-wise) around the circle, and place their goods in the grave.

A hymn or some favorite music of the deceased's may be played at this point.

Then in the central and most important part of the ceremony, the Druid steps forward and puts the handful of "releasing earth" onto the body and says, "With this soil I do release thy earthly bonds."²

The grave is then refilled with the earth removed from it. When this is done, the Druid consecrates a chalice full of the Waters of Life, using the "Charging of the Waters" from the regular R.D.N.A. Service, for Summer half of the year. S/He drinks a sip of them, makes the Druid Sigil and says "The Waters

of Life," if S/He confirms them to be such. The chalice is then passed sunwise around the circle with each member making the sign of the Druid Sigil and stating "The Waters of Life," as s/he passes the chalice to the next person. When the chalice returns, it should *not* be totally empty. The Druid tastes of it again, and if s/he again confirms that it is the Waters of Life, s/he again makes the sign of the Sigil and then pours the remainder over the grave, saying "For thee, (name of the deceased,) we return this portion of the Earth-Mother's bounty, even as we must return with thee."

Lastly, a pine spring or bough, as the pine is the gateway to the otherworld, is placed on the grave.

Then the participants file sunwise around the grave, back to the path on which they processed toward it, and then each backs away nine steps, as it is traditionally very bad to turn one's back on a new made grave.

Footnotes:

¹Third Order Druid is one who is ordained in the R.D.N.A. or N.R.D.N.A. systems, need not be the Arch Druid of a Grove. If an ordained Third Order is not available, the funeral ceremony can be done without the section of the charging of the Waters of Life, as only a Third Order can consecrate the Waters of Life.

²The putting on of the releasing of earth, is the core and necessary part of the Druid ceremony. It can be done by anyone and is quick and unobtrusive enough to be done most anywhere. If you know that your fellow Druid wants this to being her/his journey to the Other World, it can be done with a pinch or handful of any earth, in a home or hospital where a person has just died, and it should be done before the casket is closed in a modern closed casket funeral, even if it is to be done again at the Druid ceremony itself at the grave as described above. Every Neo-Druid and friends of Druids should know to do this and memorize the one, brief line: "With this soil I do release thy earthly bonds."



Copies of this are being sent to all R.D.N.A. and N.R.D.N.A. Third Order (Ordained) Druids, and it therefore becomes part of the official R.D.N.A. Apocrypha. Reactions, additions, and objections should be sent to the Druid Missal-Any, P.O. Box 142, Orinda, California, 94563

[2003 Note by Stacey: Without this as a guide, I was able to put a small bag of food in Emmon's coffin: oats, quinoa, barley, and a "spooky fruit." He especially loved spooky fruits, which were the oddest most alien looking fruit he could find. For this little bag it was a lychee nut in the shell. His executor was the one who put the earth in the casket before it was closed.]



Emmon the Filidh

With Apologies to Elizabeth Barrett's Husband

Go crazy along with me!
The best is yet to see.
The outer reaches of the mind,
For which the mundane brain was made
To work and keep us fed.
Who saith: "A whole I planned."
A Sea of Holes, to other realms
Sanity is but a closet.
Trust in your Gods: see all,
Nor be afraid.



Today, driving down University Avenue Berkeley, I found myself behind a license plate frame proclaiming :

INDEPENDENCE FOR WALES
ANNIBYNIAETH ! *

That's Welsh for "Erin, go bra!"
The Cymric independence movement lives.



A letter received by one of our correspondents.

ILLINOIS~ INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Lewis College of Sciences and Letters
Department of Social Sciences

14 June 1989

Dear Ms. _____,

It was extremely kind of you to think of me, as the senior author of *STONEHENGE: THE INDO-EUROPEAN HERITAGE*, in sending your package of research material: which I am hereby returning.

The either/or debate between diffusion and independent invention is not worth bothering about, because things are never that simple: one way or the other. Human culture is always a complex interplay between both factors.

As for the people who built Stonehenge, we know who they are, for they are buried all around it. Remember, as pointed out in my book, the stones of Stonehenge are situated in the midst of an immense cemetery.

The people and goods buried in this great cemetery belong to a Heroic Society of the Bronze Age, not unlike that celebrated by Homer in his poetic memories of pre-Classical Greece. (I mean those buried in the "round barrows," postdating the "long barrows" of the Neolithic Age; for the monument we know as Stonehenge was very long in the making, from c. 2900 to 2000 B.C., and with minor adjustments into the Iron Age.)

It is true that the center of Stonehenge was "messed up" by early archaeologists.

"Heel Stone" is the proper name (from the legend of the Devil's heel-print on it) and not "Hele Stone." The latter is a misreading of the former by the legend makers of sun worship. Actually, this is one of a pair of stones that once stood there. The axis running between them to the center of Stonehenge was more or less aligned with the midwinter sun in 2000 B.C., when the main stones of the monument were erected in the Bronze Age. I say "more or less," because the alignment was not astronomical but cosmological. We may thus conclude that people gathered, there on or about 1 November, New Year's day of the later Celts, a holiday Christianized as Halloween in Charlemagne's Europe in c. A.D. 813.

My book was written in a rebuttal to the astronomical theory proposed by Gerald Hawkins in *STONEHENGE DECODED*. That I converted at least one of his archaeo-astronomical (or astro-archaeological) followers is indicated in the enclosed review.

Sincerely,

Leon Stover, Ph. D., Litt.D.
Professor of Anthropology
IIT Center, Chicago, Illinois 60676 (312) 567-5128

Letter from the Editor:

As editor of the *Druid Missal-Any* for the last five years I am calling for anyone who would like to share the organizational side of the work for a while. Other health and meditative matters will have to occupy me for a while, and if we are not able to find an editor-pro-tempore we will reduce publication frequency or declare a "time-out" while we re-organize. For those who have contributed articles which have not yet been printed, we can either pass your material on to other interested Neo-Pagan magazines or return it you should contact us at P.O. Box 142, Orinda, Calif. 94563,

"Give me a hidden rill
A house free of noise and distraction
Birds help me to sing
Overhead white clouds for neighbors
Nobody asking the fate of this or that noble family
Just this Hazel tree, now-a-days
Starting up from beside its spring
For how many years?"

—Circa Tenth Century



On a list of the world's shortest books, a travel guide: *La Dolce Vita in Scotland*.

Calendar

Astronomical will occur at 11:39 P.M. on November 6, 1989. It will be celebrated at the Orinda Grove Site on the evening of the 6th, and an all night vigil provided for those who are up for it. (Yes, pun intended.) Other celebrations and a service may also be held at a later time for those unable to attend. Contact the Missal-Any, (415) 254-1387

A Druid Missal-Any Yule 1989 Volume 13 Number 8

Yule Essay: Mistletoe and Sickles

By Emmon Bodfish



ule, Winter Solstice, mistletoe and white bulls, this is one of the four minor Druid High Days on the Coligny Calendar. Pliny the Elder, in his *Natural History*, gives us our first look at the use of mistletoe at this season of the year. "The time of the rite was the sixth day of the new moon, and preparations were made for a feast and the sacrifice of two white bulls. A Druid in a white robe climbed the tree and cut the branch of mistletoe with a golden sickle, the herb being caught as it fell on a white cloak spread below.

The bulls were then sacrificed, and all present ate of them." The gold of the sickle has been prolifically debated by scholars ever since. (The Gods find harmless for idle hands?) Real gold is too soft to hold a cutting edge and slice through the tough, woody stem of the mistletoe. Polished bronze is a more likely candidate, but the bronze may also have been gilded. Elsewhere Pliny writes of the necessity of gathering the mistletoe left-handed after first fasting (and purifying oneself.) He also writes of the Celts plucking Selago without use of iron knives or tools, barefoot and with the right hand through the left sleeve of a white tunic, but these were private rites, not public ceremonies. The golden nature of the sickle may simply have referred to the taboo on the use of iron implements in gathering the sacred plant.

Whatever the metal was then R.D.N.A. Druids now use bronze sickles, cast for us years ago by a member who at that time had access to metal casting equipment as well as the necessary skill. Does anyone out there know how to cast bronze? Have the set up? For, alas, we have no more sickles for new Third Order (Ordained) Druids.

This feast should be celebrated with feasting among friends and relatives, all night bonfires to welcome back the Sun, and much singing and merriment. The exact time of the turning of the Sun God will be, according to my almanac, 1:15 P.M. on December 21, 1989. That's a Thursday, a work day for most of us. If you can't do anything else to celebrate it, surreptitiously light a match. Or, rank and job security permitting, you could jump up and shout "Saoul" (shaou-el), that ought to wake the office up.

Food

One of our readers recommends this brand of Hazelnut Paté which includes little bits of Pagan religious education on its label. It is even Organic! Use it as an alternative to "Greasey-Death" Brand peanut butter with phosphates and TSP (shelf life 1 million years.) It can be ordered from Real Food Company, 2140 Polk Street San Francisco, Calif. 94109. Or, if they don't respond to you with any joy, you can order through us, but then you'll have to pay for the postage and insurance. (The words under the wrinkle on the label are "wisdom to.")



I eat it on unleavened, whole wheat bread with a jelly made from local berries by one of my neighbors: One can now have a thoroughly Druidic nutbutter and jelly sandwich. Mad Sweeney's High Day treats.



A Wicca friend of mine has opined that I should share with a larger audience some of my dear little old Pagan Mama's* successful childcare techniques.

Leftover food on the child's plate:

Instead of stuffing oneself in honor of "starving children in Europe," and initiating future fat, she told me to take it outside and give it to "the birds and wild animals; they lead very hard lives out there." This teaches sharing, good character, and ecology. It helps to live in the country, but there stray cats, dogs and sparrows who frequent city parks and vacant lots. "But," objects one member, "the food may not be good for wild animals!" True, uncooked rice or wheat can harm birds, but I'm talking about leftovers. And if you're feeding kids food you wouldn't give to a stray dog, shame on you.

*She dropped out of the Unitarian Church in her teens, declaring herself a pantheist and free spirit. It took a lot of courage to do that in those days.



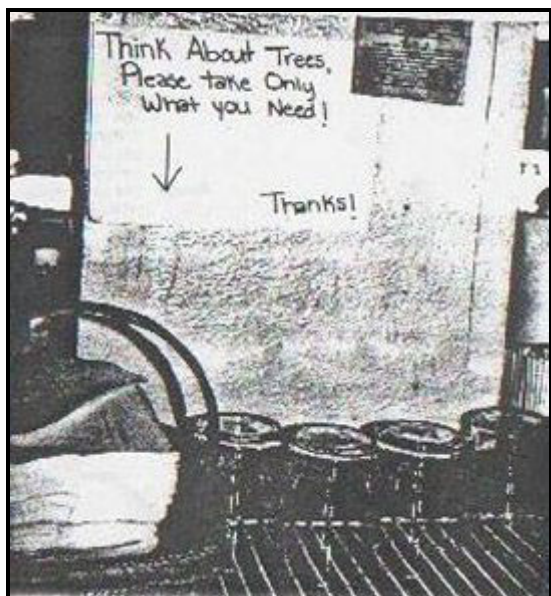
Business Management and Group Dynamics Dept.



By Wess Roberts, Ph.D., Warner Books, New York, 1987, \$16.95.

Druid Guilt Department

(and this restaurant wasn't even Druidic!)



Mistletoe

This is from a very good medicinal Herbal, (Manual of herbs,) titled *The Spotter's Guide to Healing Plants*, by Dr. Jaroslav Kresanek, originally from the Slovart Publishers, Bratislava, Czechoslovakia. It is available from Moe's Books, 2476 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94704.



MISTLETOE
(+) *Viscum album*
Loranthaceae
(+) Herba Visci albi—herbage

20-50cm (8-20cm)—++
Flowers: March-April
Caution

Botanical Description

Woody evergreen, semi-parasitic on the branches of trees. Round stems; coriaceous leaves, elongatedly, ovate, obtuse. Inconspicuous flowers forming terminal heads in the leaf axils.

Habitat

Parasitic plant growing on both deciduous and coniferous trees throughout Europe. American mistletoe is a different plant, *Phoradendron flavescens*.

Collection

The young tops of the leafy branches can be collected the whole year round.

Drying

Dry by artificial heat (the only possible method in winter—maximum 40° C; 104°F).

Cultivation

Practically impossible. The seeds are scattered by birds.

Active Constituents

Mainly peptides, which also represent the toxic principle of Mistletoe, viscotoxin (from which amino acids are obtained by hydrolysis). Others are choline acetylcholine, triterpenoids, saponins, flavones, sugars pigments and mucilage (sometimes called viscin).

Efficacy

Metabolicum, hypotensivum, antirhythmic, antiscleroticum.



Use

Water and alcohol extracts from Mistletoe have a mainly metabolizing effect; they lower the blood pressure, are beneficial for arteriosclerosis and regulate the beating of the heart. They can be used as an adjuvant for bleeding and excessive menstrual flow. The drug inhibits malignant growths but as it is very toxic, its therapeutic use is limited. The therapeutic dose is very near to the toxic dose.

Dosage

The usual dosage for an infusion is ½-1 teaspoonful to 1-1 ½ glasses of water (macerate 10 minutes). Drink ¼ glass, 2-3 times a day. Mistletoe is often an ingredient in antisclerotic and cardiac herbal teas.

Warning

Do not confuse Mistletoe with the similar deciduous species, *Loranthus europaeus* or *Phoradenciron flavescens*.

Editor's Note:

Caution! Mistletoe, like all strong medicines, can be quite toxic in excessive dose! We are not recommending it. We merely review here the work of Dr. Kesanek in a popular European herbal manual to show that the "Golden bough" herb is still in use in popular medicine on its native continent.





Scientific Proof at Last!

Offensive Opinions Department

(Some people like it, some people hate it. It grew out of a discussion of Cernunnos, and last Fall's Missal-Any...)

T: "Well, I'll concede on the matter of Cernunnos.(being Celtic) but I still think He is connected with Val Camonica and paleolithic hunting magic."

E: "I agree; I'm not fighting you on that. In fact I think that Jim Duran DOES connect Him, as Cernunnos, with the pre-Bronze Age horned gods like at Val Camonica, and before that with the hunter's rock paintings from the Stone Age, and with the Siberian Reindeer Shamans, too."

T: "They were still going in the 1920s and '30s. In Mircae Elaide's book *Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy* he goes into that."

E: "Have you got Jim's tape of his seminar "The Horned God of Europe?"

T: "Yeh, I've got that one. It's on there."

E: "He sees all of Northern Europe and Western Siberia as one Paleolithic cultural area: similar myths, concepts, and graphic motifs, similar mental pictures. They've all got the Reindeer Shaman Themes: the shaman who leaves his body and travels to the Reindeer Mother, the Mother of Herds, the Earth-prosperity Dispensing Deity, and brings back the souls of reindeer or some other prey animals, and scatters them in the forest to increase the deer, whom the hunters can then go out and harvest. That's the general idea of the myth, anyway. And it's found all across Central Siberia and Northern Europe to Cornwall and Ireland. He's one of the most persistent archetypes, the Flying Shaman who brings back food and prosperity, "if we keep the taboos and are good." Connected to Pluto, maybe, the Underworld deity who also sends prosperity."

T: "I think fauns, Pan, Satyrs, Zandharva types are also related to Cernunnos, and the reindeer deities. I think the original Indo-Europeans, the Kurgan people, for example, were slightly more agricultural than the Finn-Ugric, Ural Altaic Siberian types. They were slightly less nomadic, as they moved into more fertile lands where they settled down."

E: "But He's still food and fertility oriented."

T: "Indo-European third function obedience, resourcefulness, wealth, fertility, fecundity, loyalty."

E: "And according to Kieswetter, the Flying Shaman is still with us, under the pseudonym of an obscure Cornish saint, who probably never existed. We call him 'Santa Claus,' he'll get a lot of press for the next few weeks."

T: "The saint you mean is probably St. Cornely, who I've read in lot of places has something to do with Cernunnos."

E: "Have you seen the 19th century painting of him in Murray's book, the one where he still has little horns on his forehead?"

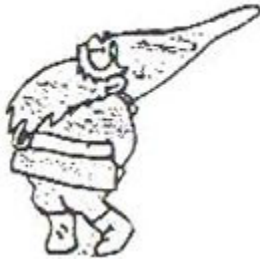
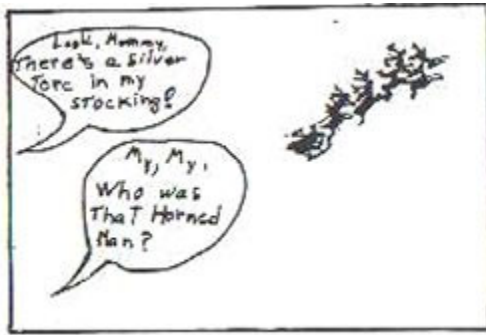
T: "That's funny, Santa having a Reindeer-Cult connection."

E: "Count 'em: He lives at the North Pole and has flying reindeer; the Shamans in Siberia fly 'through the Pole Star' on their ecstatic journey. Santa Claus brings us presents from there, a 'right merry old elf;' the Shaman brings back reindeer souls, hence food and feasting. Santa has elves, i.e. familiar spirits, that work for him; so do Shamans. The special red coat and pointy cap Santa wears, his having a special outfit, riding a flying deer or a flying horse, it all sounds right out of Eliade. Does this mean that all those department store Santa Clauses are doing a 'god-assumption' ritual?"

T: "Could be. But Christmas trees are Nordic-Druidic, the Indo-European strata."

E: "But I agree with you that Cernunnos, or really the Horned God, Cernunnos is just one instance of Him, is pre-Indo-European, or maybe Proto-Indo-European, too. The Indo-Europeans may have brought Him with them from their Caucasus homeland. So this year let's get ourselves red suits and participate in this 10,000 year old religious ritual: eat 'til you drop."





And in the spring, the public schools will hold a "May Pole dance." Encourage 'em, Lords, they know not what they do!

Bay Area Report: The Antler Dance.

Marishia Malone(left) and Tamara Dickson, both 4, danced to a Christmas jingle and wore foam reindeer antlers while watching the ninth annual Santa parade in Oakland yesterday. Thousands of spectators lined Broadway from 11th Street to Jack London Square to watch the hour-long parade of marching bands, floats, horses and Santa riding a stagecoach.

Calendar

Astronomical Solstice will occur at 1:15 P.M. Pacific Standard time, on Dec 21, 1989. Time and place of Services for the Orinda Grovesite group will be arranged.

Pumpkin & Xmas Tree Farm for sale, 40 acres, Coastal Peninsula loc. \$375,000. \$75,000 dwn, owner will fin. 941-3960.

"To Display Our Own Magic"

Druidical druthers, they cave be so clean
 Your wizard works hard to not ever be seen
 Moving the novels to remove their dust
 And wiping the shelves more free of their lust
 We cudgel our brain
 Till his answers lie bare
 In the drolleries chapter
 That describes why we care.

"Dearest Vivian"

Lady of the Lake she walks before me
 Controlling each image I happen to see
 Vibrant her wish that the magic may spin
 Our minds further out and deep within
 Her veil and her dress both flow to command
 That the book that she holds
 All must understand
 Pages with spells and others with prayers
 Or so they're defined
 By our mind's many layers.

Good spells,

Fletch Dewly



Sheila Na Gig Advertisement

Sheila na Gig still has some of these albums from their second pressing. They are \$10.95 plus postage. Contact us or write direct to Caltech Records, 85 Calle de Quein Sabe, Carmel Valley California 93926. They are all out of the cassette tapes. (So, buy the record and put it on tape.)

Here is a sample of the contents:

(2) Fenian Chant, Charm Song against Hail, Rowing Song

This fragment of a Fenian chant was spliced together by Jim from two sources. The text is from the (Duanairé Finn) the Poem Book of Finn, and the tune (Duan nan Ceardaich) an Ossianic chant sung by Mrs. Archie MacDonald (Song and Pipes of the Hebrides) Folkways Records Fe 4430. The fact that an old literary source can be reunited with a modern oral one speaks well for the strength of the tradition. The antiquity of this type of sung epic poetry is so well known that discussion is virtually unnecessary, but suffice it to say, this is the most archaic piece that we perform. Clach Mhin Mheallain (Charm Song against Hail) is a spell for good weather, of a type once common in Celtic society. As sung by Colum Johnston of Barra, on (Scotland) Columbia records FE 4946.

