

Annual Yeatsfest Issue

The AMERICAN DRUID
MONITOR®

Standing Woman
The Pagan Right
Tea Party Politics
Space Shuttle Endeavor

June 11th, AD 2011
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***No human sacrifices!**

Earth News

Yeatsfest Moves to UCLA

Westwood – The annual Yeatsfest has moved to UCLA this year. The Opening Ceremonies are in the Sculpture Garden at dawn tomorrow. The Sculpture Garden is on the East side of campus, North of Bunche Hall. You cannot miss Gaston Lachaise's monumental sculpture "Standing Woman" (shown on our cover), with her pair of big, firm, well developed lobes. She is the reason this site was chosen.

William Butler Yeats, whose birthday is Monday, is considered the greatest Irish poet of all time. This is the largest poetry festival devoted to Yeats anywhere on Earth, or at least West of Beverly Hills.

According to Yeatsfest spokeswoman Mrs. O'Fine "There is something for everyone – poetry, a play, and apples."

Yeatsfest is put on by the Professional Organization of English Teachers Reading Yeats (POETRY). In fact, Mrs. O'Ghurls is a retired jr. high English & PE teacher.

Asked why the opening ceremonies were at dawn, Mrs. O'Ghurls explained that "Yeats' seminal work was the *Celtic Twilight*, he belonged to a secret society called the *Golden Dawn*, and that 5 am on Sunday morning was the only time you can find free parking around UCLA."

She also added that "anyone who is late will have to pick up a tardy slip in the office and serve detention after the festival."

Yeatsfest is a celebration of Yeats' works, life, and fascination with Irish Faeries, Italian Tarot cards, and lasses with a pair of big, firm, well developed lobes in their craniums.

The troubles in the economy have meant big cuts in this year's Yeatsfest. For example, it has been cut from the usual 2 days to only ½ a day, free draft Guinness beer has been replaced with apples (very small apples), and local poets reciting their own works are asked to do only 5-line limericks.

Indeed, one of the highlights of the event has always been recitation by The Arthur of the epic poetic cycle *The Wanderings of Oisín*. It runs about 900 lines,



but due to POETRY cuts Venice's own Bard Arthur will recite less than 100 of them.

One of Yeats' plays is usually put on by the Venice Irish-Celtic Entertainers (VICE). Due to the troubles the number of folks "in the business" in Venice that are "between gigs" is way up, so VICE members have been filling their time with all kinds of dirty, salacious and sinful things. According to VICE Vice-President for Vice Diddley O'Day "We didn't have time to learn a new play, so we decided to just show an old production of Yeats' inspiring play *At The Hawk's Well*, from a few years back."

The 1st showing will be on the steps of the Freud Theater at 10 am. It was recorded on a cell phone and is being shown on an iPad, so seating is limited.

Even the bathing suit contest has suffered budget cuts. Instead of bikinis, this year the lasses are being asked to wear g-strings, nipple pasties and big, bright, Irish smiles.

We asked Mrs. O'Ghurls what a bathing suit contest, the "Standing Woman" statue, or a girls' motorcycle club had to do with Yeats or his poetry, and she just smiled and winked at her life-partner.

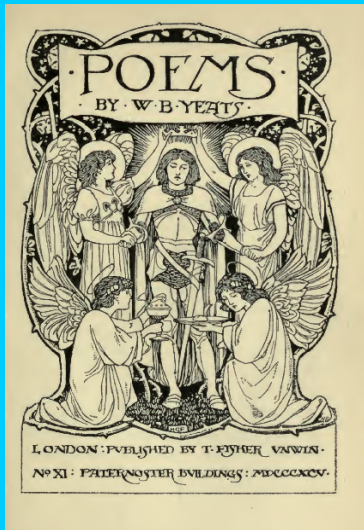
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The Wanderings of Oisín

(You can hear the entire poem read at

www.archive.org/details/wanderings_oisin_1001_librivox)

Book I

- S. PATRICK. You who are bent, and bald, and blind,
With a heavy heart and a wandering mind,
Have known three centuries, poets sing,
Of dalliance with a demon thing.
- Oisín. Sad to remember, sick with years, 5
The swift innumerable spears,
The horsemen with their floating hair,
And bowls of barley, honey, and wine,
Those merry couples dancing in tune,
And the white body that lay by mine; 10
But the tale, though words be lighter than air,
Must live to be old like the wandering moon.
- Caoitce, and Conan, and Finn were there,
When we followed a deer with our baying hounds.
With Bran, Scotán, and Lomair, 15
And passing the Firdolgs' burial-mounds,
Came to the cairn-heaped grassy hill
Where passionate Maeve is stony-still;
And found On the dove-grey edge of the sea
A pearl-pale, high-born lady, who rode 20
On a horse with bridle of findrinn;
And like a sunset were her lips,
A stormy sunset on doomed ships;
A citron colour gloomed in her hair,
But down to her feet white vesture flowed, 25
And with the glimmering crimson glowed
Of many a figured embroidery;
And it was bound with a pearl-pale shell
That wavered like the summer screams,
As her soft bosom rose and fell. 30
- S. PATRICK. You are still wrecked among heathen dreams.
- Oisín. 'Why do you mind no horn?' she said
'And every hero droop his head?
The hornless deer is not more sad
That many a peaceful moment had, 35
More sleek than any granary mouse,
In his own leafy forest house
Among the waving fields of fern:
The hunting of heroes should be glad.'
- 'O pleasant woman,' answered Finn, 40
'We think on Oscar's pencilled urn,
And on the heroes lying slain
On Gáothra's raven-covered plain;
But where are your noble kith and kin,
And from what country do you ride?' 45

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Poetry Supplement

'My father and my mother are
Aengus and Eóain, my own name
Niamh, and my country far
Beyond the tumbling of this tide.'

'What dream came with you that you came 50
Through bitter tide on foam-wet feet?
Did your companion wander away
From where the birds of Aengus wing?

Thereon did she look haughty and sweet:
I have not yet, war-weary king, 55
Been spoken of with any man;
Yet now I choose, for these four feet
Ran through the foam and ran to this
That I might have your son to kiss.'

'Were there no better than my son 60
That you through all that foam should run?'

I loved no man, though kings besought,
Until the Óanaán poets brought
Rhyme that rhymed upon Oisín's name,
And now I am dizzy with the thought 65
Of all that wisdom and the fame
Of battles broken by his hands,
Of stories builded by his words
That are like coloured Asian birds
At evening in their rainless lands.' 70

O Patrick, by your brazen bell,
There was no limb of mine but fell
Into a desperate gulph of love!
'You only will I wed,' I cried, 75
'And I will make a thousand songs,
And set your name all names above,
And captives bound with leathern thongs
Shall kneel and praise you, one by one,
At evening in my western dun.'

'O Oisín, mount by me and ride 80
To shores by the wash of the tremulous tide,
Where men have heaped no burial-mounds,
And the days pass by like a wayward tune,
Where broken faith has never been known
And the blushes of first love never have flown; 85
And there I will give you a hundred hounds;
No mightier creatures bay at the moon;
And a hundred robes of murmuring silk,
And a hundred calves and a hundred sheep
Whose long wool whiter than sea-froth flows, 90
And a hundred spears and a hundred bows,
And oil and wine and honey and milk,
And always never-anxious sleep;
While a hundred youths, mighty of limb,
But knowing nor tumult nor hate nor strife, 95
And a hundred ladies, merry as birds, ...

(You can read the entire poem at www.AmDruids.org/Oisín.pdf)

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The Pagan Right

Beverly Hills – Extreme right-wing pagans held a rump convention at the very posh, ritzy, and stylish Jack in the Box on Pico yesterday, here in up-scale B.H., harbinging a Sea-change in American politics. They are plotting to take over the Tea Party the way the Christian Right has taken over the Republican Party.

The \$6 a bag luncheon was attended by some of the biggest names in right-wing pagan politics. A war chest of over 13 million was collected from the fat cats in attendance, much of it from a group of very elderly German chaps living in Paraguay. The 13 million is in Paraguayan céntimos, so it amounts to only about \$30 American.

They believe that the way the so-called "Christian Right" took over the Republican Party is an excellent model for taking over the far more powerful Tea Party. It is based on what magicians call "misdirection." A magician will use a pretty assistant, for example, to distract the eye from the wires, trap doors, and such that make their illusions work.

Christian Right Republicans do much the same thing by pounding Bibles, quoting Scriptural injunctions against stem cell research, and whining about taxes to draw attention away from their real agenda of denying health care to the poor and the old, keeping Libya safe for Kaddaffi, shutting down the government, again, and building an America "...of the rich, by the rich, and for the rich." These are all policies that would have the real Jesus Christ rolling over in his grave, if he had stayed in it.

Believing that Sara Palin lacks the education, common sense or sanity to be the Tea Party's standard bearer, the Pagan Right is strongly behind the presidential aspirations of The Hatter, who was made famous in Lewis Carroll's biographies of Alice, because of his far older association with Tea Parties.

Just as there are real Christians who see through the Christian Right's propaganda, and instead stick by the values of



THE HATTER is the preferred presidential candidate of the Pagan Right. He is seen as better representing the mind-set of the Tea Party than Sara Palin, as well as being less mad.

the real Jesus, such as care for the poor, the elderly, the environment, and actually paying taxes, so too there are pagans who reject the madness of the Tea Party for the traditional pagan values of Nature.

The Archdruid of Venice, leader of the wee American Reformed* Irish Druid (AR*ID) sect, for example, said "Most of our members are registered Green, because it seems so Irish. But," he added "while some would like to see Obama re-elected, more hope to see Al Gore re-elected, since he got cheated out of his 1st term!"

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Sky News

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Endeavor Retires to L.A.

South L.A. – America's once glorious Space Age is drawing to a close. The Space Shuttle Endeavor ended her final adventure in Space last week. She is headed to the California Science Center, in Exposition Park, where she will be a bitter-sweet reminder of what America was once able to do.

America, for one bright, brief moment in human history, embraced Big Science, and made the Sky her next frontier. Alas, it is coming to an end. The rich who fundamentally own America are unwilling pay for medical care for the poor and the old, education for their servants' kids, or much else of social value including Big Science.

Au revoir Endeavor, and welcome to history in L.A.

Lunar Eclipse

Éire – On Wednesday there will be a total eclipse of the Moon. Although it will not be visible in California, it is going to be especially interesting in Ireland.

In William Butler Yeats' hometown of Sligo, and elsewhere about the Emerald Isle, the Moon will be rising at the same spot on the horizon as Sun on the Summer Solstice, a few days from now. We cannot tell you the metaphysical, supernatural or mystical meaning of this phenomenal astronomical occurrence because Druidism, like all pagan religions, is strictly local.

Our faery pantheon – the Good Neighbors, the Mound People – powerful though they may be, are not omnipresent, omnipotent, nor omni-anything else, like some other religions' deities. You would have to ask the local Druids in Ireland the meaning of this concurrence.

In Sligo the Moon will rise a little after 4 pm, the eclipse will begin at 5:22 and last an hour and 40 minutes. Although folks there may be able to follow it (if the Skys are clear, which is unlikely in Ireland) this will be a daytime event as the Sun sets after 10 there, this time of year.



Weather

Yeatsfest will have fine weather tomorrow. Twilight is a little before 5 am and the Sun peeks above the horizon at 5:41. Venus, Mars and Jupiter are all Morning Stars, while an especially bright Saturn, cruising through Virgo, has shared the Night Sky with a waxing, gibbous Moon.

This being June and Southern California the morning will be gloomy, but it will burn off later. We call this "poetry weather."



Stick an acorn in your ear.

The AMERICAN DRUID MONITOR is published weakly by the American Druid Publishing Society of the AR*ID Mothers in Venice Beach, founded on October 23rd, 4004 BCE, and reformed* May 4th, AD 1985.

Subscriptions are FREE to poets, thespians, and lasses with big lobes. Like *The CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR*, our name is an oxymoron.

Our offices are in a canvas bag, our working hours are in the dead of Night, and our business representative is doing 25 to life for a Ponzi scheme.

Druid Tim is Editor-in-Staff. You can reach us at: www.AmDruids.org/ADM.htm.

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