

The AMERICAN DRUID
MONITOR®

Friday, 11/11/11
Vol. XXVI, #5

Price: **FREE**
Circulation: Around 3

The Poet King
Occupy Spring St.
Linnea
2005 YU-55



Michael D. Higgins

***No human sacrifices!**

Earth News

The Poet King

Éire – The voters of Ireland have elected a Gaelic-speaking poet to be the 9th President of the Republic. The Irish Labour Party's candidate is a liberal's liberal, his impressive record of humanitarian, peace, and equalitarian quests having earned him the first ever Seán McBride International Peace Prize.

Michael D. Higgins' accomplishments are really too many for a wee newspaper such as this one to elaborate, let alone embellish, as we are wont to do. His family was not élite, but proud of its Celtic *crógacht* during the struggle for independence. A brilliant scholar and gifted orator, he taught at universities both at home and in America before entering the public sphere. He has served on both the Galway City and County Councils, as Mayor of Galway, in both houses of the Irish *Oireachtas*, and in the Cabinet as Minister for Arts, Culture and the *Gaeltacht*. He has even been president of Galway United Football Club!

As with the High Kings of Éiru's propitious pagan past the President of Ireland has mostly symbolic, ceremonial, and moral authority. It is thus culturally, historically and aesthetically apposite that the "Land of Saints and Scholars" should have a scholar as its Head of State, and a published poet to boot!

Here is the tail of one of his poems:

When Will My Time Come

*What is this tyranny of head that stifles
The eyes, the senses,
All play on the strings of the heart.*

*And, if there is a healing,
It is in the dept of a silence,
Whose plumbed depths require
A journey through realms of pain
That must be faced alone.
The hero, setting out,
Will meet an ally at a crucial moment.
But the journey home
Is mostly alone.*

*When my time comes
I will have made my journey
And through all my senses will explode
The evidence of light
And air and water, fire and earth.*

I live for that moment.

Elizabeth Visits President Mary McAleese

Dublin – Queen Elizabeth II paid a state visit to Ireland, back in May, at the invitation of President Mary McAleese and the Government. As a symbolic token of peace on the island and mutual respect between two sovereign neighbors the historic visit was laudable.

She is the first monarch from that country across the Irish Sea to visit free Éire since the Republic was declared, and probably the least reviled since James II.



*No human sacrifices!

Occupy Spring Street

by Harold Chasen, freelancer

Los Angeles – Dame Marjorie Chardin, endearingly know to her friends as Maude, was mercilessly harassed by capitalist/establishment authorities at the on-going Occupy Los Angeles protests. Occupy L.A. is the local manifestation of the America-wide movement that started, appropriately enough, as Occupy Wall Street, and is really just a moral extension of the Arab Spring that in Tunisia, Egypt and Libya has toppled entrenched, repressive hegemonies.

Occupy L.A., and its kindred protests around Earth and across America, may be the sincerest expression of genuine democracy since the Viet Nam War.

These protests have been overwhelmingly supported by the local AR*ID druidic pagan tribes, both here and in the Bay Area. In Baja, however, the Occupy San Felipe movement went terribly awry when the 3 protesters who showed up were mistaken by American tourists for panhandlers, and used the money they were given to get drunk, obnoxious and pass out. At least they did so in door of a Banamex branch!

Asked "What are you fighting for?" legendary, ethereal protester Maud replied "Oh, the big issues. Liberty. Rights. Justice. Kings died, kingdoms fell. I don't regret the kingdoms – what sense in borders and nations and patriotism? But I miss the kings."

Maud, of course, died back in AD 1971, on her 80th birthday. But ghosts, faeries and other phantastic creatures are to be expected at events such as this one, so devotedly embraced as it is by ancient superstition-incrusted old druids. One can practically feel the wraithly presence of such inspiring American social agitators as Martin Luther King, Jr, Susan B. Anthony or Norman Thomas.

Some see it as strange that these protests have been so heartfully adopted by the AR*ID sect, given that the social structure of Iron/Bronze Age Ireland was an élite-client system.



Maud returned from the dead to join other enlightened, socially conscientious free spirits at Occupy L.A., along Spring Street.

Druid Tim, the Archdruid of Venice, was asked about this and he explained "In the centuries BCE the rich and powerful of Éire gathered wealth to throw grand feasts, great festivals and gianormous parties. Opulent displays of largess were the purpose of accumulating gold and treasure and stuff. That is all we are asking of the 1% – that they throw a big, boisterous, National party and give all their money away."

"Or" he added after a moment's sage-like reflection "at least pay some mother impregnating taxes!"

You can follow Occupy L.A. in cyberdom at www.Facebook.com/OccupyLA.

*No human sacrifices!

Sea News



***No human sacrifices!**

Sea News

Friday, 11/11/11

The AMERICAN DRUID MONITOR

Page 5

Gentle Go

*Across the glassy, roiling plain of Western Sea,
Under gaze brightly, gently, restly of Night's bedded Sun,
Goes godly, princely, manly Manannán,
Salted Son of edgeless, knowless, relentless Sea,
Astride foamy white, gleamy muscled, enchanted Embarr,
The storied, stead steed of Flowing Mane,
With honored, fonded, gentle-held companion,
The newly, staidly, blissly Dead,
To far, feared, fabled Tír na nÓg,
The Land of the never not Young,
Endless encampment of the in morta immortals,
Wherewith happy, handsome, hearty Fair Ones,
Laugh and dance and feast in always May.
Gentle go, do, to that long, good Day.*

Linnea

Our much loved companion Linnea departed this Realm at the very moment when ancient tradition marks the end of Summer's labor with the festival of Lughnasadh, as a rare and precious crop might be harvested at the moment of perfect ripeness by the Great Universal Spirit. Her Quest had begun 68 Springtimes earlier when those traditions honored the goddess of home and hearth, and also of brilliance. Linnea was all that that foretold, and more.

All who are fathered fade. More than how they passed it is how they lived that is right to cherishingly enfold in a warm heart's reflections. Linnea was always the tender of others feelings. She was comforting to accompany. She never seemed to be aware of how marvelously thoughtful, cheering and delightful she was to be around. It always seemed just to be her nature. Little wonder that so many adore, mourn and miss her.

Linnea had a gentle, engaging and tranquil passion for Peace. It would seem as if her soul choose the Age of Aquarius, the era of the flower child, the generation of the hippy in which to live because it was the right one for her. She did not preach love; she exemplified it. She had a special relationship with the beauteous ways of Nature that was unencumbered by the cannons of formal religion. She was happily on a first name basis with GUS, the Great Universal Spirit.

In a rare modern example of the ancient tradition of fosterage Linnea's first daughter, Julia, was lovingly raised by a family in Montana, and they did not see each other until Julia was grown; while Linnea fostered her best friend's daughter, Molly, who she warmly called her "bonus daughter." Linnea always smiled when she said that. And the Earth always seemed a kinder, nicer, more gracious place when she smiled. Her pride in her son, Eric, showed in the mythically heroic way she always beamingly spoke of him.

Linnea was a brilliant lady of noble mien and generous spirit, but seemingly unaffected by limiting intellectual handicaps that might have stifled her intuitively existential love of life.

An old and folksy tradition of Ireland holds that sometimes the Faery Folks, seeing an especially comely human baby, will leave one of their own fair race in its stead. Maybe Linnea was one of those Enchanted Ones. It was an honor and a pleasure and a grace to have live on an Earth with her in it.

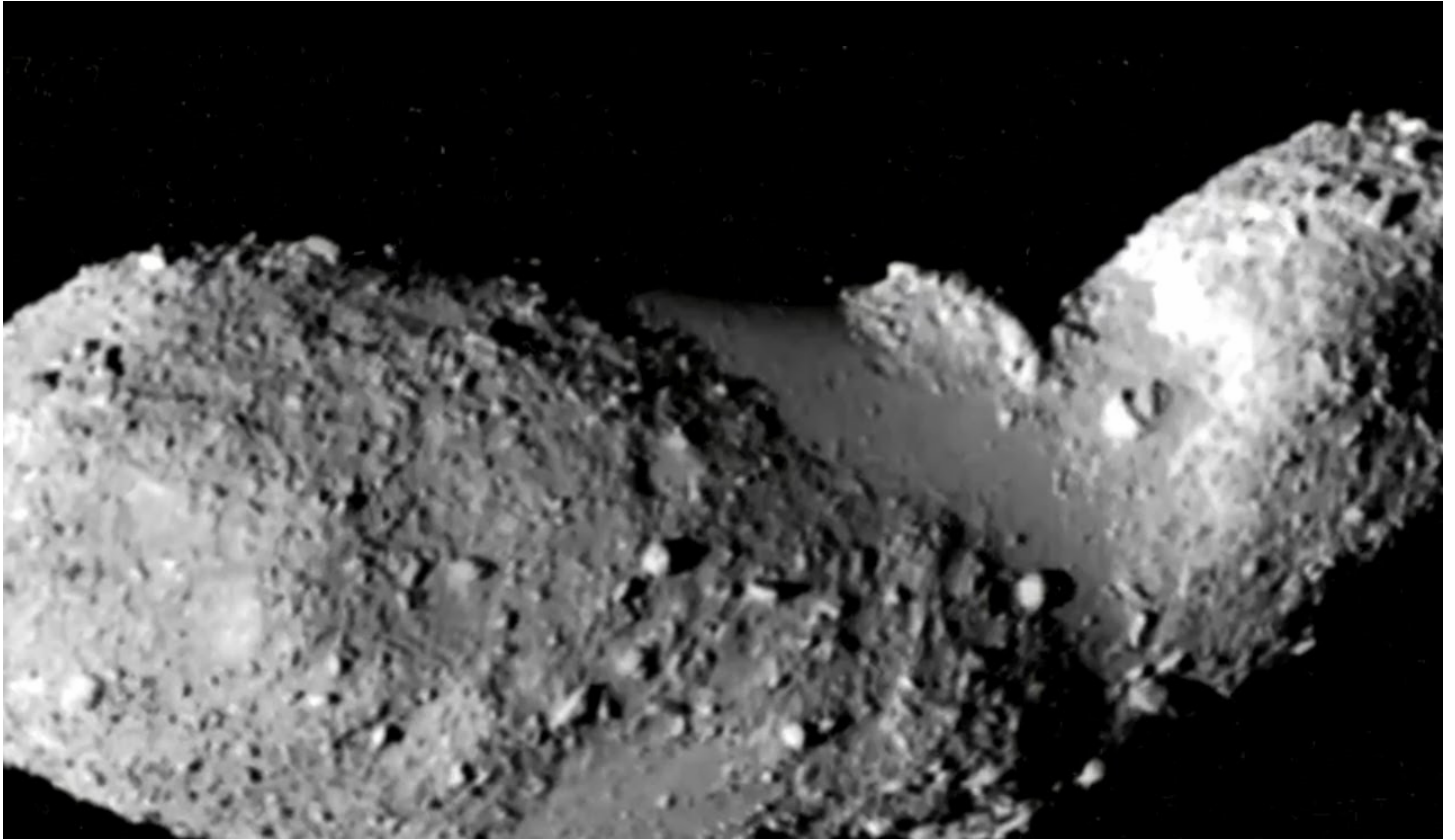
*No human sacrifices!

Sky News

Page 6

The AMERICAN DRUID MONITOR

Friday, 11/11/11



2005 YU-55

Last Tuesday an asteroid the length of 3 football pitches narrowly missed Earth. Had it hit it might have been *The End*.

Some folks think that Mayan mythology predicts *The End* next year. The Christian Book of Revelations predicted *The End* in the year AD 1000, which begs the question of why so many folks still take that religion's myths so literally! Hindu mythology safely places *The End* in the very distant future.

Extent Irish druidic mythology does not worry about The End. In fact it does not worry about The Beginning either. There is no analogy to the Bible's Book of Genesis in druidic pagan theology. It begins, instead, with wave after wave of invasions of Ireland, beginning with monsters, then the Tribe of Dannu – the Faery Folk – and finally the good looking Irish race.

It is just good to know that if you are an Irish pagan then you do not have to worry about these things.



Stick an acorn in your ear.

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

We cover the Earth, Sea and Sky, and when we run out of things to write we use big pictures.

Subscriptions are FREE for the good looking, poets and ghosts. Our office is in a canvas bag, our business hours are irregular, and most copies of our environmentally responsible newspaper are recycled around dead fish.

Upon the advice of a Public Defender, our editor's name is being withheld pending arraignment. You can find us in cyberdom at:

www.AmDruids.org/ADM.htm.

***No human sacrifices!**