

William Butler Yeats Special

Stick an acorn  in your ear.

THE AMERICAN DRUID MONITOR

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The Secret Rose Party

Venice Beach – Revelers had an eerie, epic and effusious time at last evening's beach party, at the end of Rose, celebrating William Butler Yeats' birthday. It was not a secret party. It is pretty hard to have a secret party on the beach. It was called "The Secret Rose Party" because this is the Centennial of Yeats' mystical, mythical and marvelous little tome *The SECRET Rose*.

It was a surprise party. Not for Mr. Yeats, of course, because he already knew it was his birthday, but because the folks who threw the party, the American Reformed* Irish Druids (AR*ID), did not start inviting members, their friends, and good-looking strangers until just before the party started.

There was everything you would expect at a good Irish party – music, dancing and poetry, plus a bonfire, a wee drop to drink, and a bit of a hassle from the local gendarmerie.

Live music was provided by the fresh, young, local garage band 'The Dropout Murphys,' none of whom graduated from Venice High. They play 'power metal,' and front man Mike Murphy says "We take our inspiration from the great ones: Metallica, Van Halen and Abba." They mostly play manic, frantic, driven versions of traditional folk music from Ireland, Scotland and old Allman Brothers Albums.

Nobody is sure how many people showed up. Paddy D'Ardaigh, the lad who was supposed to keep track of such things, says he cannot remember anything after about 10 pm, although several folks recall him prancing in from the surf, naked as a nighthawk, around 3 am, and bragging that he had just 'bagged' a lovely, green-haired, Faery lass called Merrow; an Irish mermaid.

William Butler Yeats, his self, is said by many to have shown up rather late, after everybody had already had a great deal to drink, smoke or drop. Although he has been dead



William Jefferson Clinton did not attend the party. We just needed a picture to take up some space.

for 58 years, it is not at all unusual for ghosts to show up at Irish druidic parties, especially after everybody has had a great deal to drink, smoke or drop.

Yeats apologized for being late, but pointed out that there were a number of birthday parties he had to attend in Ireland. He commented that the Dropout Murphys' 1½ minute version of 'Danny Boy' "made me cry." He did not say why.

The last of the partiers staggered away around Twilight, and the Nature-worshiping pagans left the beach so clean you would never know there had been a party.

***No human sacrifices!**

All Irish History in 1 Long Sentence

by Archdruid Mhúinteoir, Monitor Education Correspondent

Dublin, California – For the 1st time ever, the public has an unprecedented opportunity to learn the never before revealed complete history of Druids, Irish Faeries and Invasions. Did we mention that this is a unique, original and never before offered opportunity?

This 1-of-a-kind, exceptional and inimitable history is being offered through the Druidic Reformed* University in Dublin (DR*UiD), the ultra-secret school for Druids-in-training in this picturesque, little, Bay Area suburb, and whose mysterious, undisclosed and hidden location is in the shade around Old Saint Raymond's Catholic Church. We found out about it from a flier and map stuck under our windshield wiper.

It starts with the arrival of the Tribe of Dananna, the Immortal Faery Folk of Irish Mythology, the Good Neighbors, the *acs Sídhe*; their wars with the Fir Bolg and Fomorians; the coming of Mil and his tribe of Celts from Spain; their bargain with the Faery triple goddesses, Ériu, Banba, and Fódla, to be given Ireland if they always called her by the goddesses' names (Ériu = Éire); the Golden Age of the Fianna and the High Kings; the coming of Saint Patrick and his new religion, with his Holocaust that drove the Druids not out of Ireland, as he claimed, but still into hiding; the reemergence of open Druidry, as a Fraternal Order, in 1717; the spread of the ancient Faery Folk with the Irish Diaspora; their arrival in California in 1849 with the Irish '49ers; the Celtic Twilight, or Irish Renaissance, and those wondrous visionaries William Butler Yeats, Lady Augusta Gregory and T. Crofton Croker; the Reformation* in 1985; and last night's party on Venice Beach for Yeats, the Ceremonial Godfather of the wee AR*ID sect.

The classes start tomorrow morning at twilight in Dublin. Bring a notebook and 2 #2 pencils. As in any class, there is no chewing gum and if you are tardy you will be kept after class. You do not even want to know what was done to tardy students before the Reformation*!



William Butler Yeats and his *Celtic Twilight* re-popularized Druidry. He is the Ceremonial Godfather of the AR*ID sect.



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THE AMERICAN DRUID MONITOR is published irregularly by the Mothers of the wee pagan sect of American Reformed* Irish Druids (AR*ID) in Venice Beach. We take our inspiration from the great ones: **THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR**, **USA TODAY** and **MAD** magazine. We cover the Earth, Sea and Sky.

We meant to copyright this, but frankly we just do not know how. So if you are desperate enough to plagiarize us, then it is okay. Or at least legal.

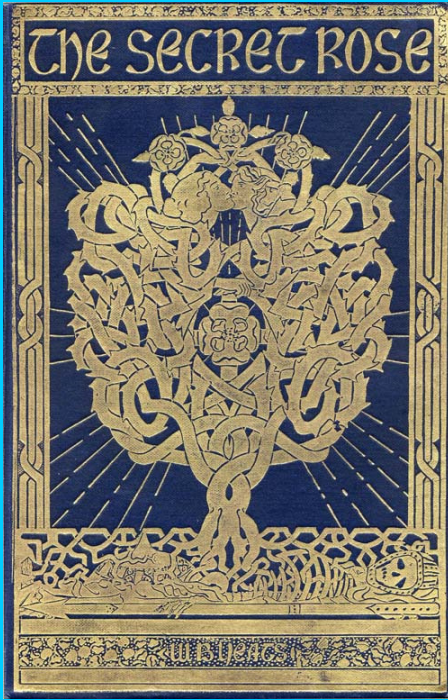
Subscriptions are FREE to our members, their friends, and good-looking strangers. Our editorial offices are in the back of an old truck, our printing plant is a Kiko's Xerox machine, and our business hours are variable, deliberately inconvenient, and usually brief.

Druid Tim is Editor-in-staff.

***No human sacrifices!**

The Secret Rose

William Butler Yeats, 1897



FAR-OFF, most secret, and inviolate Rose,
Enfold me in my hour of hours; where those
Who sought thee in the Holy Sepulchre,
Or in the wine-vat, dwell beyond the stir
And tumult of defeated dreams; and deep
Among pale eyelids, heavy with the sleep
Men have named beauty. Thy great leaves enfold
The ancient beards, the helms of ruby and gold
Of the crowned Magi; and the king whose eyes
Saw the pierced Hands and Rood of elder rise
In Druid vapour and make the torches dim;
Till vain frenzy awoke and he died; and him
Who met Fand walking among flaming dew
By a grey shore where the wind never blew,
And lost the world and Emer for a kiss;
And him who drove the gods out of their liss,
And till a hundred morns had flowered red
Feasted, and wept the barrows of his dead;
And the proud dreaming king who flung the crown
And sorrow away, and calling bard and clown
Dwelt among wine-stained wanderers in deep woods:
And him who sold tillage, and house, and goods,
And sought through lands and islands numberless years,
Until he found, with laughter and with tears,
A woman of so shining loveliness
That men threshed corn at midnight by a tress,
A little stolen tress. I, too, await
The hour of thy great wind of love and hate.
When shall the stars be blown about the sky,
Like the sparks blown out of a smithy, and die?
Surely thine hour has come, thy great wind blows,
Far-off, most secret, and inviolate Rose?

***No human sacrifices!**

Poetry Supplement

Under Ben Bulben

William Butler Yeats, 1939

I

Swear by what the sages spoke
Round the Mareotic Lake
That the Witch of Atlas knew,
Spoke and set the cocks a-crow.
Swear by those horsemen, by those women
Complexion and form prove superhuman,
That pale, long-visaged company
That air in immortality
Completeness of their passions won;
Now they ride the wintry dawn
Where Ben Bulben sets the scene.
Here's the gist of what they mean.

II

Many times man lives and dies
Between his two eternities,
That of race and that of soul,
And ancient Ireland knew it all.
Whether man die in his bed
Or the rifle knocks him dead,
A brief parting from those dear
Is the worst man has to fear.
Though grave-digger's toil is long,
Sharp their spades, their muscles strong,
They but thrust their buried men
Back in the human mind again.

III

You that Mitchell's prayer have heard,
"Send war in our time, O Lord!"
Know that when all words are said
And a man is fighting mad,
Something drops from eyes long blind,
He completes his partial mind,
For an instant stands at ease,
Laughs aloud, his heart at peace.
Even the wisest man grows tense
With some sort of violence
Before he can accomplish fate,
Know his work or choose his mate.

IV

Poet and sculptor, do the work,
Nor let the modish painter shirk
What his great forefathers did,
Bring the soul of man to God,
Make him fill the cradles right.
Measurement began our might:
Forms a stark Egyptian thought,
Forms that gentler Phidias wrought,
Michael Angelo left a proof
On the Sistine Chapel roof,
Where but half-awakened Adam

Can disturb globe-trotting Madam
Till her bowels are in heat,
Proof that there's a purpose set
Before the secret working mind:
Profane perfection of mankind.
Quattrocento put in print
On backgrounds for a God or Saint
Gardens where a soul's at ease;
Where everything that meets the eye,
Flowers and grass and cloudless sky,
Resemble forms that are or seem
When sleepers wake and yet still dream,
And when it's vanished still declare,
With only bed and bedstead there,
That heavens had opened.

Gyres run on;

When that greater dream had gone
Calvert and Wilson, Blake and Claude,
Prepared a rest for the people of God,
Palmer's phrase, but after that
Confusion fell upon our thought.

V

Irish poets, learn your trade,
Sing whatever is well made,
Scorn the sort now growing up
All out of shape from toe to top,
Their unremembering hearts and heads
Base-born products of base beds.
Sing the peasantry, and then
Hard-riding country gentlemen,
The holiness of monks, and after
Porter-drinkers' randy laughter;
Sing the lords and ladies gay
That were beaten into clay
Through seven heroic centuries;
Cast your mind on other days
That we in coming days may be
Still the indomitable Irishry.

VI

Under bare Ben Bulben's head
In Drumcliff churchyard Yeats is laid.
An ancestor was rector there
Long years ago, a church stands near,
By the road an ancient cross.
No marble, no conventional phrase;
On limestone quarried near the spot
By his command these words are cut:

*Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by!*

***No human sacrifices!**



Yeats Summer School in Sligo

by Ovate Maude, Monitor Travel Writer

Sligo Town, Éire – Lucky lovers of literature, drama and all things Irish and Yeats will converge here in about a month for the Yeats International Summer School. This annual event lasts 2 weeks and includes seminars, workshops and total immersion in W. B. Yeats' art, life and inspirations.

William Butler Yeats, Ireland's National Poet, was born in Dublin and raised and educated there and London, but he spent Summers, vacations and idylls with his grandparents in Sligo, and it resonated in his words, works and world for life.

Sligo is a wee whip of a town with only about 15 or so thousands of souls, the countryside included – considerably less than Venice Beach! Nestled between Sligo Harbour and Lough (Lake) Gill, it straddles the Garavogue (Rough) River. The horizon is punctuated by the elegant, postcard-rare, flat-topped peak Ben Bulbin, famed in the Fennian cycle of myths as the home of the Fianna, where the great Fionn mac Cumhail tricked the legendary warrior Diarmuid into fighting the boar that killed him.

Knocknarea is a giant cairn outside Sligo, over a thousand feet high, revered as the grave of Queen Maeve, the intriguing antagonist of the *Tám ó Cúailnge* (the Cattle Raid of Cooley). It is a passage tomb dating to the Stone Age, the second largest in Ireland after Newgrange, and older than the pyramids of Egypt. These mounds, that abound on Irish ground, are revered as the homes of the ancient Faery Cavalcade, the Mound People, the *Sídh*.

At the end of the 19th Century the West of Ireland was about the only place on Earth that Irish was still spoken. Yeats once called it "... a little bit paganish."

This is the Sligo where Yeats spent the most formative days of his boyhood, where his heart, soul and imagination lived all his life, and where he is buried under the last 3 lines of his own poem, *Under Ben Bulbin*.

Of course modern Sligo has world-class golf courses that straddle the Sea, 3 annual music festivals, a weekly newspaper, and of course a race track, in addition to its millennia old churches, and much older Druidic heritage.

Meanwhile, back in Venice, Mike, Pat and Sean of the 'Dropout Murphys' will be in Summer School at Venice High, working on their GEDs, as well as their under 1 minute version of *Amazing Grace*, in driving 4:6 time.



William Butler Yeats iconic statue, by Rowan Gillespie, is covered by his words. He stands before the Ulster Bank on Stephen Street in Sligo.

***No human sacrifices!**

Night and Early Morning Low Clouds

by Bard Scamallach, Monitor Meteorology and Theology Correspondent

Venice Beach – Drunks fell to brawling last night at the beach party for William Butler Yeats' birthday over disagreements vague, ephemeral and obscure. The brawlers are presumed to have been Irish because the *mêlée* rose rapidly from a loud disagreement, to the shouting of vicious invectives, to the actual throwing of punches, and then fell just as precipitously to everyone hugging, crying, and sobbing how much they loved each other.

The fight erupted over what must have seemed at the time a profound theological question about the place of the wind in the Druidic pagan mythocosm. A beautiful thing happens on the beach late at night. After the Sea Breeze dies for the day the Dead Calm is slowly replaced by the Land Breeze, with her aromatic bouquet of scents from inland. This morning Night-Blooming Jasmine mingled richly with the other land perfumes – and stench.

Ironically it is just as the Wind turned to the Sea that the 'night and early morning low clouds and fog,' that are as much a fixture in Southern California in June as palm trees, began to extinguish the scintillations of the Sky, from the Western horizon inland.

Interviews with various partiers created a cloudy, hazy and fogged account of the fray, as none seem to have been entirely sober by the time the fight broke out. Here is what most agree happened.

Fergus commented that the Land Breeze was the Faery Cavalcade returning to *Tír na nÓg* (the Land of Eternal Youth, across the Sea and far to the West) after their Night's adventures. Anne, a Druidess-in-training at DR*UiD, agreed and pointed out that the word "*Sídhe*," the Irish Faery Folk, was also a Gælic word for "wind," according to Yeats.

Arthur, Venice's own Bard, agreed. Somehow Conor took this as an insult to his mother and took a swing at The Arthur, but being blind drunk he missed and knocked down Abraham, who is a friend of a friend, and was only allowed at the party because he is such a good looking lad.

Now Abraham is a sophomore at UCLA with a double major in Quantum Physics and



Jewish Studies, and also a part-time Rabbinical student at Hebrew Union College. He is trying to start a sect of Ultra-Fundamentalist, Hyper-Orthodox Jews, who are practicing their ancient religion just the way it was in the 2nd Millennium BCE. He is especially interested in the AR*ID sect, which has a similar aspiration for authentic, ancient Druidry, because he sees a need for the same 1 Reform*. Young Abraham has a son that he *really* does not want to sacrifice.

While dodging fists, insults and empty whiskey bottles, Abraham when on to explain that "Yahweh was originally a God of wind, and the Genesis myth could as easily be translated to read that it was the 'breath of God' – the wind – that created the Universe."

"Only the Irish can have a fist fight and an academic discussion at the same time" Igor ironically intoned.

Jesus, the paradoxically named pagan from Ensenada, pointed out that Quetzalcoatl, the Aztec creator god, was also a wind deity. This profound insight was, quite sadly, ignored as if from a dim witted child.

Druid Tim, the Archdruid of Venice, was asked for guidance. Although quite drunk, he muttered "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." He did not say which of the 3 possible ways this could be taken that he meant.

With the coming of Twilight the Land Breeze stilled and the wind dispute blew over.

***No human sacrifices!**