

Stick an acorn  in your ear.

THE AMERICAN DRUID MONITOR

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Bel Beach Ball Busted

by Druid Tim, Staff, Writer

Venice Beach, CA -- Pagans and party goers built a brilliant bonfire last Night, here, for Beltran. This is a major Druidic holy holiday, a sort of counterpoint to Halloween, that marks the end of Winter and the beginning of Summer. The idea of reverse Trick-or-Treating, where kids give goodies to old folks dressed up as Otherworld denizens, has never quite caught on though.

"Nobody parties like the Irish" said one celebrant as the police lead him off.

In days of yore prehistoric Druids would have sacrificed juvenile delinquents, and delinquent archetypes, in the flames, but at this Reformed* festival mostly marshmallows and weenies were toasted. But Bard Bart, bebalanced by booze, burnt his buns bad bumbling backward into the blaze.

Beltran is the Festival for the Keltic god Bel, who annually turns the Old Hag who brings bad weather to stone until October 31st, All Hallo's Ween.

The party was planned for post-Dusk to pre-Dawn, when Police and tourists alike pack it up, and mostly leave Venice to gangs, derelicts, and pagans. Bonfires are illegal on the Beach, as is boozes. Pot is illegal in California for anybody who forgot to bring their prescription. We had tried to avoid any Imperial entanglements, if you know what I mean.

When the LAPD stormtroopers showed up the Arohdruid, who was



Lots of folks got stoned, but none more so that The Old Hag, Cailleach Beara, who has pretty much had a free run for the last 6 months, but who is now doomed stoned to stay until Halloween day.

dressed kind of like Obi-Wan Kenobi in **STAR WARS**, waved his hand and said "These aren't the ones you are looking for. They can be on their way."

To this Officer Waddo replied "What do you think you are, some kind of Jedi Knight?, waving your hands about like that." and proceeded to bust Ovate Kate, Bard Bart, and the fair, flaxen-haired lassie who plays a melancholy melody on her horn, and whose name I had been trying to get for years.

***No human sacrifices!**

Earth News

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THE AMERICAN DRUID MONITOR April 4th, AD 1999

Live Oak Unendangered

by Druid Tim, Oak Cartographer

Washington D.C. - The U.S. Department of the Interior is not considering putting the California Live Oak on the Endangered Species List, and nobody at the Sierra Club, or in the Green Party seems to care. This native species is doing just fine throughout most of its range.

The Live Oak is the patron tree of the American Reformed* Irish Druid (AR*ID) sect. Druids have always had a special relationship with their oak trees, and their ancient Earth religion is as inseparable from a place as trees are.

The gods of the pre-historic Kelts were also local. Different gods were worshiped in Ireland, Switzerland, Rumania, and India. Even in the Californias, the Irish folk worship different gods than they did on the Old Sod.

As the war-like, Iron Age Kelts swept into new places, their Peace-loving priests, the Druids, would tell the conquered local pagans: "Your gods are okay. Keep worshipping them."

The AR*ID sects has always done the same. Our first 13 members included Christians, Jews, athelsts, and 2 Presbyterians, that Scottish sect.

Our message then, and now, is that we make a fine 2nd religion for folks with 2 phone numbers, or 2 cars. It is good to be a Christian on Sunday mornings, but at parties be pagan.

Whether Christ, Krishna, or Luge is to your liking, and whether you insist on their reality or believe them to be of The Otherworld, is All fine with us.

The Hero With a Thousand Faces, by Joseph Campbell, is recommended reading for All seeking the 1 Great Secret of the Druids.



*No human sacrifices!

Poetry Supplement

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Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at the close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lighting they
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Good men, the last way by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

***No human sacrifices!**

Poetry Supplement

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Highway 61 Revisited

Oh God said to Abraham "kill me a son"
Abe said "man you must be puttin me on"
God said "no", Abe said "what"
God say "you can do what you want Abe but
the next time you see me comin' you better run"
Well Abe said "where d'you want this killin done"
God said "out on Highway 61."
Well Georgia Sam he had a bloody nose
welfare department wouldn't give him no clothes
They asked poor Howard where can I go
Howard said "there's only one place I know"
Sam said "tell me quick man I got to run"
Oh Howard just pointed with his gun
and said "that way down Highway 61."
Well Mack the finger said to Louie the king
"I got 40 red white and blue shoestrings
and a thousand telephone that don't ring.
Do you know where I can get rid of these things?"
and Louie the king said "let me think for a minute son"
Then he said "yes I think it can be easily done
Just take everything down to Highway 61."
Now the 5th daughter on the 12th night
Told the first father that things weren't right
"My complexion", she says, "is much too white"
He said "come here and step into the light"
He said "hmm you're right let me tell the 2nd mother this has been done"
But the 2nd mother was with the 7th son
and they were both out on Highway 61.
Now the roving gambler he was very bored
Trying to create a next world war
He found a promoter who nearly fell off the floor
He said "I never engaged in this kind of thing before
But yes, I think it can be very easily done
We'll just put some bleachers out in the sun
and have it on Highway 61"

Bob Dylan

***No human sacrifices!**

Sea News

May 1st, AD 1999

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3 Dylan Day

by Druid Tim, Marine Mythologist

Sunset Beach, CA -- The Bardic Troupe of the 1st American Reformed* Irish Druid (AR*ID) Congregation in Orange County will hold a 3 Dylan Day Festival on June 20th, AD 1999 here, and in Anaheim, to celebrate All things Celtic: the Sea, Poetry, and Music.

The festivities will begin at 9 with an Alcoholic Anonymous meeting, at 16th Street, on the Beach, to deal with the Irish problem.

All day there will be swimming, surfing, bike riding, Sun bathing, and body watching at the Beach, all in honor of the Celtic god Dylan, a sea creature, and yet another one of those darn kids born to a virgin.

Around Noon we will have a picnic lunch, followed by an enchanting dramatic reading by The Bardic Troupe of Under Milkwood, by Dylan Thomas, the Bard of Wales, who died of alcoholism at age 39. Even now The Troupe is rehearsing, which is kind of annoying since they are right outside the truck while I am trying to write this.

After a sunburning Day of Sea, Poetry, and good looking crowds in bathing suits, we will head off to The Pond, in Anaheim, for a Bob Dylan & Paul Simon concert. We will be getting our tickets in the parking lot, which is about the only way to assure a decent seat.

With skin burnt, muscles sore, and ears and eyes filled with Beauty, you can bet we do not go gentle into that good Night.



Dylan Thomas



Dylan



Bob Dylan

***No human sacrifices!**

Sky News

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THE AMERICAN DRUID MONITOR

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The Phantom Menace Gets ★★★★★

by Archdruid Timothy, ADM Movie Critic

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away -- George Lucas' new movie, **STAR WARS**, Episode I, will open in 2 weeks across America. It's great. This reviewer gives it 5 pentagrams. See it.

Lots of folks think that the **STAR WARS** flicks are rewrites of ancient Irish cyclic tales, and that the Evil Galactic Empire is the Formarians or the Romans, the Rebels are the Tribe of Danu, and the Jedi Knights are Druids.

Maybe. Lucas denies any intended metaphor, and I think we should take him at his word and just enjoy the movie. Still his tale has All the elements of any good Celtic myth.



Anakin Skywalker is another one of those darn kids born to a virgin. The future Darth Vader is probably not a metaphor for Jesus.



Obi-Wan Kenobi. Why does he dress like a Druid?

To the many readers who have lamented the lack of lost legends in this tiny tabloid we usually point out that Druids cannot put them in writing, but that the Celtic Renaissance of the last Century or so has produced a gob of research, of varying veracity.

The **STAR WARS** cycle, however is in the True spirit of Irish-Keltic mythology, and we can recommend it just as strongly as we do J.R.R.Tolkien's Lord of the Rings.

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*No human sacrifices!