

LUGHNAPALOOZA!! A Punk Rock Lughnasadh (Grove of the Other Gods, August 5, 2006)

From Ed (GOG grove scribe):

Many of our Druids have been creating ritual MP3 playlists-- lists of songs they like that reflect the order of Druid ritual. This helps them to learn the order of ADF ritual, and also to go through a ritual in their heads as they listen to the playlist. It was cool to do a full ritual with a song list, and (for me) a punk song list made it even better.

Annie was our organized and insanely capable Druid-in-Charge and ritual liturgist. A brief verse and the chorus of each song were played after each invocation. Invocations were spontaneous and were inspired by the flow of energy created by the songs and previous invocations. The result was a heady celebration of Lugh's pride, reverence, mirth, and passion.

We used the story of "Lugh at the Gates of Tara" -- except we translated it to "Lugh at the Gates of Club Tara."

35 GOGers and guests got their hands stamped at the door. Grove member Chuck drew down an amazing and fantastic Lugh who told us the true story of the Magh-Tuireadh Battle of the Bands (filling in for Patty, who broke her arm the week before).

From Annie (Liturgist and Druid in Charge):

Recently, I've been thinking about this concept of energy work by means of loud, fast music. I played around with what to call it: "punk gnosis," "punk rock apostasy"? I settled on "Punk Draoicht," which (and please correct me if I'm wrong) means "punk Druidry" and is pronounced "punk RY-ock." I even made a design of it (attached to this email) ready for jacket painting!

This ritual is nicknamed "Punk Rock Lughnassadh," but it refers to any kind of music that you identify with and are able to immerse yourself in. Punk rock is my own genre of choice, but in some ways it is also a parallel of Paganism. Punk is dead, some say, and others say "Punk's not dead, it just deserves to die." Yet it's undeniable that the appreciation for flipping the bird to the status quo lives on -- maybe not in any of the so-called "punk" of today, but in the hearts of those who lived or wished they lived in the late seventies and early eighties' revolution. Just like the Gods and the Paleopagan religions of old -- the words might not mean the same thing to us, the actions might be done differently, but the intent is still there and will always be for anyone willing to listen to the old songs.

Bouncers (willows) were Jenniforensic, Bob, and Matt. Kitchen witch was Norma.

For photos: <http://www.othergods.org/phto06lughnapalooza/aloona.html>
To see Annie's concert poster splash page: <http://www.othergods.org/indxsplalugh.jpg>

ANNIE'S RITUAL SCRIPT AND PLAYLIST

Procession: Lining up and getting hand-stamped at the door.

Opening Chimes: Two trash can lids, banged together three times.

Statement of Purpose: "We are here to honor the Gods. Old ones who give life to everything that is, lend us your presence." Brief discussion of ritual and holiday.

Earth Mother: Siouxsie Sioux & The Sex Pistols - *Steppin' Stone*
(Invocation: Tricia, "You crazy kids."
The Earth Mother also got to pee standing up as part of Her offering.)

Meditation: (Nej- reminiscing about the Melody Bar and punk.)

Horizontal Directions: Dead Kennedys - *This Could Be Anywhere*
(Invocation, Matthew: pointing to clubs and bands in different directions in the local area.)

Vertical Directions

Well: Sex Pistols - *Submission* (Invocation: Jeff)
Fire: The Clash - *London's Burning* (Invocation: Sue)
Tree: The Misfits - *In The Doorway* (Invocation: Maggie)
(A board with "Tree dammit" written on it.)

Gatekeeper (Manannán MacLir appearing as "Manny Overboard"): The Dictators - *Two Tub Man*
(Invocation and gate opening: Jenniforensics)

Gate Opening

Outsiders: The Misfits - *I Turned Into A Martian* (Invocation: Jeff, "Punk is dead")

Muse (Brigantia of the Brigands, those tattooed punk warriors):
The Ramones - *Sheena (Brigid) Is A Punk Rocker* (Invocation: Ed)

The Kindreds

Ancestors: S.O.D. - *The Ballad of Jimi Hendrix*
(Invocation: Marc, old clubs gone away, dead musicians)
Nature Spirits: 999 - *I'm Alive* (Invocation: Hillary, Punk is a spirit)
Gods & Goddesses: The Dead Pets - *We're Coming Back*
(Invocation: Daphne, how the deities hold us together)

Main Invocation (Lugh Samildanach):

Lugh at the door of Club Tara

(As at the gates of Tara, Lugh was asked by the bouncers at the door what he brought to the club. With each statement, the bouncers answered that the club already had a bass player, a lead guitar, a drummer, a roadie, a bartender, etc... Then Lugh announced that he could do all of that, and more):

Lugh: Chuck (drawing down Lugh)

Bouncer 1: Matthew

Bouncer 2: Bob

Guest List Checker: Jenniforensics ("Sorry, I don't see a Lugh on this list...")

Song: The Boomtown Rats - *Lookin' After Number One*

Lugh enters, tells story of the Magh-Tuireadh Battle of the Bands

Annie's praise

Open praise

Sex Pistols: *Greatest Rock and Roll Swindle*

Energy-raising popcorn throwing and slamdancing.

Effigy Chomp (Lugh bread man with cherry tomato balls and a stick of sweet corn)

Soundtrack for the consumption of the effigy (group praise):

They Might Be Giants - *Why Does The Sun Shine?* (Sung live)

Flogging Molly - *Drunken Lullabies*

Hüsker Dü - *Sunshine Superman*

Omen (Played on shuffle out of 500+ songs) (Readers: Tricia, Maggie, Monika):

We got as omens:

Flogging Molly - *Salty Dog* (Manannan?)

Skid - *Into the Valley*

Stiff Little Fingers - *Suspect Device*

Waters of Life:

"And of what does the Earth Mother give that we shall know of the continued renewal of life?

THE WATERS OF LIFE

and from whence do those waters come?

FROM THE BOSOM OF THE EARTH MOTHER, THE EVERCHANGING ALL MOTHER

and how do we honor this gift of life?

BY PARTAKING OF THE WATERS

and has she given forth of Her bounty?

YOU BETCHA "

Pourers and passers-out pour and pass out waters (*99 Waters of Lugh on the Wall...*)

Thanks & Gate Closing [and the theme song of the rit]: The Mekons - *Sound of the Suburbs*

This Rite is Ended.

JOURNAL OF THE ORIGIN OF LUGHNAPALOOZA

by Annie

"Lughnasadh at the Grove is generally a time of silliness and merriment. Though this is my first Lughnasadh shared with others, I have heard stories and read write-ups that place this Holy Day in the realm of the ridiculous, with a loving, sanctimonious manner. Lugh was always a special God to me because of His many special talents and abilities, which I share in number though not really quality. The first time I drew Lugh, sometime in high school, He had dark curly hair, a very cool fedora-like hat, and a wonderfully devious smirk. That image has stayed with me and though I have since drawn Him in more appropriate garb and facial features, the mental image of Lugh as this wickedly smart yet mischievous God has remained with me.

I started developing an interest for what I call "old school punk", stuff from the seventies and early eighties like Sex Pistols and Dead Kennedys, and found somehow that Lugh was there in the flippant lyrics and egotistical words. A bored doodle in my Calculus class blossomed into a sketch of Lugh as an old school punk rocker: leaning back against a graffitied wall, His ripped jeans and knee-high booted legs crossed, His beat up leather jacket over a dingy white t-shirt, a lit cigarette in His smirking mouth. Very cheeky, very edgy, very, well, Lugh.

This impression gained physical form in February with my best friend Patty there to confirm it. I was listening to my iPod on shuffle a week or two before a Flogging Molly (FM) concert when three FM songs came on in a row, a very rare occurrence. Certain bands correspond with certain Gods I work with, and FM is Lugh's favorite band. I closed my eyes, mentally asked Him what He wanted, and opened my eyes to see a beer advertisement. Well, I knew what that meant.

Since I was below the drinking age I asked Patty to help me with the libation and we poured out a beer for Lugh and His drinking buddy, Manannán. My original concert buddy dropped out at the last minute and before she knew what was happening, Patty and I were on our way to the show.

The trip to Starland was worthy of an epic in itself, but what was truly worthy of retelling was one of the opening acts, The Dead Pets. They were a British ska band. The lead singer looked just like Patty's and my mental image of Manannán, and their trumpet player was Lugh. It sent chills down our spines – the good kind of shivers, of course – and she and I are still talking about it today. The greatest part was when they sang certain lyrics that spoke directly to Patty's and my heart: "We're coming back, we're coming back, we're coming back to you, and we're never gonna go away again. Hold on a little longer, try a little harder, 'til we all get there together in the end. So remember! You have got someone,

you've got a friend - and you'll never walk alone again." I still get shivers from those simple words. Sometime after the show, which was the best I had ever been to, I started thinking about recreating that energy in a ritual setting. The Grove is notorious for having unusual themes for certain rituals, Lughnasadh included. Why not have a punk rock Lughnasadh? A Lughnapalooza?