

ARMY
STORIES

PERFOR
-MANCE
SCRIPT

a
novel

A PEACE REVOLUTION
CHAPLAIN'S BOOK

BY STONE RILEY
CADET MAJOR ACTING
CORPORAL SPECIALIST
FOUR AWARDED GOOD
CONDUCT
MEDAL

A Peace Revolution Chaplain's Book

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FINAL Pre-Publication Edition

WARNING - DISCLAIMER

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In fact, if you see my book for sale at any slavery operation anywhere, any slavery operation of any type at all, you are authorized to steal it and fart on your way out the door. In case you're not familiar with that, it was an early-internet euphemism for sabotage.

You see, I was actually shocked, certainly not surprised of course, yet somehow actually shocked, some time ago, to see a brown photocopy of an old small town newspaper item about the introduction of pecan tree growing to South Georgia. There were some of these old news paragraphs there about my great-great-grandfather who had “a successful pecan slave operation before the War.”

Pecan slaves? How is that especially shocking?? Because I enjoy pecans? Why does it seem absurd?? It was reality. Anyway, please don't buy my books at Am-I-Zon? or etc. Thanks. ==

Folks I met at Marriott Nashua Dec 15 !!! Poem I promised you is added !!! See 'We remain on duty'

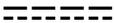
This is my current draft of an anti-war experimental novel that's currently pouring itself onto electro-pages. I reserve all copyrights that I can possibly invoke, and my copyright notice is imprinted on every page psychically, including this one. Later. 02/19/2019-a



!! HI FOLKS !!

The Circle Of Death =====

Army Stories Performance Script
A Peace Revolution Chaplain's Book – A Novel
(< An Official "Spirit Hill Studio" Publication >)
(< FINAL Pre-Publiation Edition >)
On The Web... www.stoneriley.com/armystories



SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE FIRST PERSON WHO
READS THIS MANUSCRIPT

THANK YOU.

“Well, My Friend, I See You've Got A Knack For
Choosing The Best. Well Done.” – John Hunter

HERE'S ABOUT THE AUTHOR MAYBE

(depends on who's asking)

>>Stone Riley is a Pagan multi-disciplinary artist,
a member of the ADF Druid fellowship,
enthusiast of the Seth Material,

far follower of Malcolm X,

fan of Rebecca Solnit,

living in New England U.S.A.,

>>And keeps a huge website with work of many years
available to the public, mostly free of charge.

>>He is a pro-Earth pro-democracy anti-violence
anarchist, loving justice, beauty and much else.

>>We can build real democracy.

We can build the Good New Age
somewhere.

>>The author's website: www.StoneRiley.com

=====

AN APPRECIATIVE REVIEW BY A FRIEND OF
MINE

Maybe an appreciative review by my friend the literature teacher in New Hampshire, at whose High School's assembled lit classes I have promised to do (again this year) a spoken word performance re maybe Homer, or some other classic they are then preferring, this coming term.

(Maybe.)

.....

To Professor Danielle Allen, Respected Lady...

This is FAIR NOTICE Professor Allen, your book on the Declaration is praised on page 220 and I quote one of the principles from your book in my logical argument, there on page 220, a fresh clear example for one of the main points I'm trying to make here. I'm using that principle from your book as one of the three main ideas I'm offering to the reader. And I praise your book very highly there on page 220. But perhaps you'd better have a look at it. I think I'm misunderstanding your principle entirely. Please let me know.

This is called a Paradox. Trying to understand it, trying to resolve its implications, and its time pointers, and so forth, is called Riddling. And if you add a question somewhere inside the paradox, it then becomes a Riddle.

.....

AN APPRECIATIVE REVIEW BY A FRIEND OF
MINE continues this page.

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Incidentally, please feel free to see this book as an argument in philosophical logic, toward some philosophical conclusion, that I am not willing to tell you about in any other way. Then maybe you should give yourself a prize, if you guess the logical conclusion correctly. And don't believe if people say you can't guess the logical conclusion correctly.

That kind of thing is called a Riddle, and the Druids are famous for asking Riddles, so much so in fact, that the Ancient Druids, in olden times, used to gather in big stone castle halls, where they had Riddle Contests that lasted weeks, where the biggest prizes were fancy gold jewelry and a free apartment.

A Riddle One Person Should Read Loudly In Character
Voices...

What, you think I went to college?

That's a ridiculous and stupid idea.

But I am sorry for being rude.

Question...

How many people are saying those three sentences?

.....

MAYBE AN APPRECIATIVE REVIEW BY A FRIEND
OF MINE continues this page also.

.....

Feel free to insert something here.

.....

If you want to skip ahead, find the chapter “This Novel Explained”. This whole book is all diagrammed out and explained for you there. Your score will be reduced by fifty million points for doing this.

.....

Another Riddle

This is the definition to a word... When the field of human events somewhere is utterly over-run by huge devouring machines made of congealed money.

Question... What is that word?

Answer... Fascism.

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PRAYER, INVOCATION, PLEA FOR DIVINE INTERVENTION, OR PRAISE OF YOUR MOST BELOVED BEAUTY, SHOULD BE PSYCHICALLY POSITIONED HERE. Okay, ready for takeoff ????

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:♥:♥:♥:♥:Chap 1

Hi folks.

I'm a professional artist, multi-function artist, and one thing I do is stand-up storytelling. So it turns out this is NOT a professional performance get your money back!

Well, this year I have decided I am telling army stories. Telling MY army stories. My U.S. Army ANTI-WAR stories. Okay?

I did six years and thirty days, Viet Nam era U.S. Army grunt, but other-echelon grunt, not the then-war-zone. GRRR...UNT!!! *{in the familiar style of a U.S. Army Maori cheer}*

See, when I enlisted FIRST TIME, that was just a few months before America first invaded there big, just before the first big build-up, with U.S. Army Viet Nam still just a small-scale bullshit failed theoretical experiment, inspired by John Wayne, in Rio Honcho, U.S. Army Viet Nam a plaything, not even noticed much in the literary porno mags, an experiment in so-called "AIR CAVALRY" for fik's sake.

Azzles. Bleeding azzles.

That experiment still wrapping up a few months more, so because of that, they chose Korea for me instead of Nam. A very beautiful place, I grew to love Korea with an open trembling heart, a year there instead of Nam.

Then later, about three and a half years in, I was flown to the scenic old stalemate line in Germany.

But in between Korea and Germany, I did a very shameful duty, which eventually led to those extra thirty days I mentioned. Did six years and thirty days, remember. Led me into that thirty days eventually, near the very end of my second and last enlistment, nearly at my final discharge. That climactic month was in Mannheim Jail.

A very shameful duty, in South Carolina. For probably a year and a couple months, I was a corporal at a BASIC TRAINING camp, helping push the human flesh supply toward Nam.

So there, doing that, the boot camp, I saw the horrid error of my ways and just couldn't stop myself. Couldn't resist fate. I developed A NEW ART FORM. I did. A new PERFORMANCE art form, which I came to call my WAR RESISTANCE HIJINX.

At one of those special-rush-for-Viet-Nam boot camps.

RESISTANCE HIJINX, what are those? Well, I later became an unpaid art professional, so eventually I developed a general definition, later on, while studying the history of human resistance.

{clear your throat} RESISTANCE HIJINK, a general definition... *{clear your throat}* A practical joke kind of thing, but done openly and deliberately in your master's face, usually without a purpose. And remember, that's from several years of doing it.

But let me get back to South Carolina later, not now, shameful, but efficient, what I did, boot camp duty. But invented a new art form.

Let's fast forward some, a period right past my first discharge, so-called honorable, a puzzling vivid time, scrabbling for some life in Houston. Scribbling science fiction stories on a portable typewriter, NOT actually scribbling on the typewriter case with a marker pen, you understand. Work sometimes in a life-threatening petro-chemical factory, a strange place. Couldn't get a fik, even with a nursing student girl friend. I must have been too morose. But interesting.

Seeing Dr. King die, as I did Oswald, on the Tee Vee screen, tiny grayscale. This time me dashing out to seize Malcolm X from a drug store rack of paperbacks, plunking down some coins on the store's glass counter, and begins to eat Malcolm X whole, in big gulping chunks of vision, right out there on the drug store sidewalk, as soon as the first page turns.

Let's fast-forward past that.

Right now, fast forward FURTHER with me please, on to GERMANY, a toy tank infantry battalion.

So-called “armored” infantry, having unarmed but so-called “armored” aluminum boxes on fragile little toy tank treads, diesel pickup-truck engine, to follow the real tanks in. Then supposed to drop a door, and leap out into a tank battle on foot. No body armor even. Semi-automatic rifles. Us an infantry battalion from the Old West given toy tank shit duty – up guarding the Fulda Gap in some steep hills.

And plus, now there's wide-radar aircraft. As old saying has it, any tank, even good ones, trouble is it's like a moving foxhole, attracts the enemy's eye.

Well actually, to be fair, to be fair to the U.S. Department of Defense. Those big aluminum boxes, on their fragile little treads, did become quite convenient for a different military function later, hidden where they were parked, in a side lot of our motor pool. Wonderful for smoking parties!

Me one time, walking up to mine, did a whole fiking transmission fluid change, then climbs up, and then I drops like a rock right down the driver's hatch. A John Wayne move.

And THEN discover it's stuffed full with a very hushed party of Brothers, who had earlier invited themselves in, invited themselves into the AMBULANCE toy tank, of course, a public shelter which was mine.

Who then quite politely introduce around, including an enlisted child, a very small U.S. child soldier looking back at me, who they have seated cozy down in one corner of the dark box, in a child-size U.S. Army uniform, whom, seeming to trust my honor implicitly, the Brothers explain to me, an enlisted child they are hiding in their dear protection.

So it's my house, I had already shoved my buttocks into the near end of a bench and sat down. So then I asked vas-is-loase, that's gee-eye German, and they, quite politely, the courteous gentlemen, educated me how to smoke the convenient new weed product that was arriving in that area.

That was later on, when a very compact cannabis hemp wax extract began to be sold in Germany. When

little tin foils of a dry-booger-like material began appearing in our pockets.

Let's go there, but a little earlier, for a brilliant example of a WAR RESISTANCE HIJINK.

Brilliant example... And you understand, these things are supposed to seize the moment. When an opportunity for one of these things is presented, you recognize it, and you shove it out there.

A new top kick of our battalion, new battalion sergeant major, recently arrived at our infantry battalion barracks, and soon time rolls round for a close-order marching drill, out on our athletic field. And really, in those hills, in a stubborn defense, we really might march to battle, or even INTO battle, so we better keep fresh with close-order drill.

And I guess, apparently, our brand new sergeant major had examined soldier records, as he ought to do, and noted my record as a boot camp corporal. And my reenlistment for the war. And maybe the HIJINX were not there in my record yet.

So sunny day, our new Average Lifer Dude shiny pressed fatigues, with big stripe patches on his arms to hold all the stripes. Us battalion, only just the grunts you understand, us formed up in all our proper ranks, on one edge of the athletic field, along the athletic running track you see, us all facing him on the field grass, and he shouts my name.

Specialist Riley, medical platoon, STEP OUT. What the fik now??? He will give me command of the battalion.

I steps out my snappiest attention on approach, and fing snap salute, and Starched Lifer Dude tells me, take command of the battalion, and I don't believe it. What the fik.

But he courteously repeats himself and adds, “and move them out”. We're entirely the grunts, you understand, except him, and I can, in fact, actually fing march a fing battalion. I was a MAJOR in HIGH SCHOOL ROTC for fik's sake.

And I can surely lead them through some simple tricks.

So it hits me... HIJINK TIME. So I fing take military command of my comrades.

So I'm right in front of Lifer Dude, very smart salute, about-face like a ballet dancer, and I BELLOW at them.

And you see, now I am obscuring their view of him. And I bellow at them perfectly, with perfect U.S. Army bellowing inflection, BATTALION, ATTEN-CHUN, and I sees that some certain ones have already started grinning.

To make this short, I right-faced the guys and I marched them, me calling cadence, striding at their left flank head, directly off the athletic track, onto our little street, that leads directly to, the BURGER AND HOT DOG SHACK, beside the entrance to our motor pool. That's where we're heading. Quickly.

And ROUT STEP I commands so now even suddenly we're simply walking. White, Black, Native, Latino, citizens of who knows where, taking a stroll to

the burger shack. Our whole mass, so close together your strutting elbows bump, looking around and grinning our asses off.

Lifer Dude, however, laughing with astonishment himself, runs to catch up, walking up right behind me, a quixotic grin that I could feel behind me, and took command again, which they let him do.

So that's a fine, sudden, brief, example of opportunistic street theater WITH NO PURPOSE. Except, of course, just because it has no purpose, it was therefore a PROOF of AMBIENT power. Political power floating in the air.

Okay, I'm going to tell you one or two or three more hijinx if I may, other chapters. But first one more thing about this, about that parade-field action. I must inform you of that action's deadly serious aspects, if I am to proceed any further along this line.

For one thing, perhaps our new sergeant major is even glad to see our mutual good will among us. He's probably dreaming the mythical so-called "unit cohesion". This is not that because none of us gives one shit, and never will again, about the army or about our army so-called duties.

But obviously, of course, the sergeant major, who appears to me like, maybe, a good professional soldier, he surely knows that we're in very bad morale. Very bad morale in this battalion. That's obvious. Knows it just from a countless infinity of obvious aspects of our demeanor and appearance.

So likely hopes our mutual good will, that now he has seen among us, might, and I felt like I saw this scheme dawning on his open friendly face, that he could devote much more of his earnest and insightful and experienced military training efforts, in coming weeks, so that the morale, from being so poor, might really rise into a military asset. Fik that. It won't.

In fact, we will continue to deteriorate in his bewildered professional military eyes.

So the UNDERLYING FACT. We were in grief.

One of our previous comrades wasn't there that sunny day, my previous friend and colleague, my previous fellow field medic there in Germany, a friend who had been transferred from there to Nam, to become a field medic in the combat zone, among the wretched awful helicopter-cavalry assaults, all of that explosively described in his first letter to us, instead of our toy tanks, and promptly died.

Very promptly died. Our medical platoon had got our second letter to our departed colleague right back stamped DECEASED. Our second letter to him, so my friend, a guy who just reminded me of me, survived in Nam maybe two months tops.

And a field medic is an army unit's bleeding heart, even if, in peace, you only lance the blisters on their feet, and make your little ambulance a refuge for them in the icy frozen nights.

And so their field medic's death, in letters from a distant field, has spread a fearful grief through our battalion, by that time, by that sunny day when we

made our joyful little march. Our stroll out to the hot
dog shack.

=====

////////////////////////Chap 2

Look at the world today, especially if you are a thoughtful person of conscience. Any thoughtful person of conscience in any age has faced monumentally confusing perplexities, but ours now are unique.

I need not belabor the point with you, I'm sure, dear reader, suffice it merely to say that our whole world actually is collapsing. For the first time ever that we know of. And apparently – and this is coming from all I know about ourselves and planetary thermochemistry – apparently everything will not stop collapsing. There is some physics limit to the heat the planet's surface will attain, but it clearly seems the heat will grow far past any point where such as us will care.

Me, I am subscribing to an opinion about all this. I am holding to the opinion that WE SHOULD DO SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL. Do something beautiful NOW. So let me just sum up this philosophical portion of our little chat with that shining dictum. Because that's what I want to talk with you about. We should do something beautiful now.

Perhaps we'll get back to my logical reasoning behind my dictum somewhere else.

Now I'd like to turn to the THEATER portion of my subject matter ...

Have you given any consideration to the use of COMEDY RELIEF by SHAKESPEARE???

Beauty encloses and encompasses all sorts of nastiness in Shakespeare. And the specific theatric

trick called Comedy Relief, the way the Bard used it, it gives a clear sensation of his whole thing about BEAUTY ENCLOSING AND ENCOMPASSING NASTINESS.

I mean it's not all subsumed into beauty by that particular technique. Like Othello. Have you heard of the Bard's play Othello? Wicked wicked wicked awful. And there sure aint no comedy relief in Othello. But it's subsumed into beauty by another of the Bard's great techniques, the use of Tragedy.

Well, I am writing a novel, dear reader, and I want it to be beautiful for you, and that is a fact, and that fact thus activating my dictum DO SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL NOW.

And well, I'm not doing Tragedy in this novel, not much at least, but I am doing COMEDY RELIEF.

And well, I'm sorry but the next story is nasty.

=====

Me, I'd hardly heard of Modern Music yet at all, at that time. But I certainly had heard Z's music somewhere, at some time, must have been somebody's phonograph collection, probably with excellent musicians, and had been totally blown away with it, and started sub-consciously looking for it, and now here it was. I think that's what hit me.

So when Doctor Commissioned Officer Snob A surprised me with the invitation, me and him shuffling some papers in our barracks' little medical station office at the time, clinic open hours in the barracks, when he mentioned Z's name it reminded me how blown away I'd been. So I jumped at the invitation.

But they were bored. Fing officers. They were both U.S. Army Captain Medical Doctors. Medical doctors think they're gods, but they're cretins, mostly.

They were bored.

I didn't even know. I didn't know they were bored. Fik them.

Me, I was flying in stars the whole time. I was so blown away by the music. From the first note, heard every note. Saw every pimple on the two old guy's noses. If they'd have farted, I would have wiped my ass. Really. Just actually mesmerized by this music. Universes turning in my head. Fingers tingling.

A lot of great concert tours hit Frankfurt in those years, and, although I did not know it, true but stupid, this particular concert series, this particular tour with the two old guys playing Z, that tour was already LEGENDARY in its own time. And like, Frankfurt is only half way through your typical tour.

And like, I'm like the ONLY FAN IN FRANKFURT who didn't know it was ALREADY LEGENDARY. So this is why the word FAR-OUT was invented.

Well, we've been in the car for maybe a half hour after, by now, coming back, on our way back to Ashingbrew, as I said. And suddenly something beckons my mental focus, and suddenly I'm like I realize that the reality I'm fading into is the inside of the car. Something has summoned my attention.

So what am I looking at?? Well, I'm looking toward the front, and there are Messers Azzle in the front seat, so then you ought to check what are they doing?

And just that moment I see the two azzles in the front seat are looking back-forth back-forth like windshield wipers at each other, and you can see, they decide to poke the bear by breaking silence.

Thank gods a human mind comes well equipped with psychic powers!!! Woke up just in time.

I see them two share a glance in the mirror at me, the car's rear-view mirror, looking at the hallucinating hippie in the back seat, and I see they are deciding to break the silence.

And it's like they sham take a vote of the front seat, for the love of fik, like acting like they reach a unanimous decision by a show of hands, seen before my very eyes, in the mirror.

Look just like Monty Python azzles.

And so Doctor Commissioned Officer Snob A, who is my immediate coworker back at work, you'll recall, he announces the music was boring.

Well you can imagine easily, naturally, to me, metaphorically, it's like he cut a big one. Inside the car where I was now conscious. A big one. A noisy announcement too, one of those that sounds preposterous.

And, well, I've had enough already, so I lets loose too. Verbally of course.

With the two gentlemen I take an entirely educational tack, explaining several things that have simply become evident to me that evening. That from the rhythm of the dead-silent beats, which the root-rhythm is cast among, if you can truly catch the root-rhythm that is, for it's similar to Monk in that and many other ways.

And so then, taking an entirely informative tone, I sum up. I helpfully explain in some meaningfully vivid, and compelling, detail like might be useful even in their subsequent or prior lives, explaining to the two gentlemen fully, that they are flaming azzles.

You know, in your dreams there are things you wish you didn't do, just too nasty, no decent person in public would, but you did them. And you're glad? Well I did it.

Me there sitting in the backseat of someone else's car, and me with the dignity of Hippiedom to fulfill even, but I did the good old JUICY RASPBERRY cheer anyway. Leaned forward for it.

Flaming azzles are never happy.

Even turned out no handkerchief anymore, I had lost it someplace. So turned out, I had to wipe off my face all over the front of my best civilian shirt.

Must have dragged up the stairs looking drunk, I guess.

Okay though.

=====

|||||Chap 4

Shakespeare's great tragedies hold deep interest for a serious military thinker. For one thing, the Bard was a world-class human-life thinker. And besides that, military or quasi-military violence features prominently in these great tragic plays.

Othello is a hard example. Othello's murder of his dearly loved wife, hacking her up on their honeymoon bed with a sword, that event, which we must admit is possible in everyday news, that takes place while he's commanding general of a victorious expedition and she is visiting him, her beloved new husband, there in his captured headquarters city.

And Othello kills her because a criminal maniac among his officers was whispering horrid lies about her into his ear, whispering during catatonic seizures that he has. That certainly sounds like a metaphor for the mind-worms of military madness.

The best book on Shakespeare that I know is a volume of lectures by A.C. Bradley, an old Scottish Oxford don, published first in 1904. In these lectures he teaches Shakespeare's greatest tragedies: Othello, Hamlet, King Lear and Macbeth.

Not only for the old professor's lively speech do I love him well – you can see personae rise up from the printed page and act like beings now alive – but also for the Great Bard's vision, that the old professor squeezes out of terrifying wrenching tragedies, and stands before our eyes. Here's what he tells us Shakespeare saw:

Through some lapse or defect in our character we find ourselves in train with evil; once we have confirmed or acquiesced in such a progress there is no other end for us but destruction. Perchance by some goodness in ourselves we may soften that destruction though to make it less cruel and more gentle.

Perchance then in this way there lies not oblivion but our freedom.

Now today the Earth is warming. Quite like some Aztec warrior deity, the Sun flies through a melting sky. And we, as though we stood drawing intersecting arcs through all the land and sky, we are today scientifically observing and charting all the countless overlapping spheres of ecosystems, economic systems, politics and realms of personal experience wherein the beings of this planet dwell, for all these realms are now changing simultaneously.

What is our proper hope? Don't know, but I can tell you what my best hope is...

Through some previously unknown detail of planetary thermo-chemistry, the global heating stops early, with our living world in tatters but alive. And human children are living there, and the human children finally are seeing sanity.

And so my hope is this: Tell the story truly. To let the children of a future day know how and why we did this thing, and as well an understanding of some better wisdom which might have led us on a better course.

This so human children may do better. So that, beyond the cataclysmic tragedy, perchance there lies a different age of peace and reconciliation.

Toward that day our finest duty is to learn and teach.

=====

No cigarettes allowed around the doors, big school crowded on a limited lot, situated on that large city's inner old east side, being at that time a large swath of poor housing.

Housing Mexican people mostly. Including a girl with a Mexican Native face of breathtaking magnificence, whom I courted briefly, holding hands but once. She sighing to my whispers. I looked, but found none other shining in my eyes. Ambassador Austin, courting in Mexico City, found a princess sighing to his whispers.

There was, on purple velvet, inside a very ornate gilded glass antique case, close inside of Milby High's front doors, a large antique display case, golden in appearance, in the school's entry hall, and that's a place of hollow echoes. A large glass-encased prop with which we often took our photographs.

It was a magnificently taxidermied wildlife head, a thing of moist horn, and summer's fur, and life, gleaming eye, done quite beautifully. Reflecting its own honor on the purple velvet. The taxidermied head of the last buffalo ever hunted down out westward from there, in Central Texas, further on toward Mexico, once a country of vaqueros.

We called ourselves the Buffalos. Our colors were the colors of that gold and purple cabinet.

And it was the golden age of PAPERBACK BOOKS, a fact to which I owe my education.

I would read Thucydides and Mad Dickinson, and the completely wretched Rise And Fall Of The

Confederate Government, that is an actual book, the Rise And Fall Of The Confederate Government, and I would read lots and lots more far far more more interesting than that, all of it from paperback racks of a drugstore near my bus stop. My money got in cash each Sunday, working at a neighbor's grocery store.

One Houston teevee station had a show of Hollywood movie classics, for which the stylish blond-color wooden teevee box of our living room was MINE for a lengthy hour after school. I always occupied a very small area of floor, for my cinema studies, in that long-hour voyage to Classic Hollywood, every school day afternoon.

VERY NEAR the teevee pictures, I occupied a tiny islet of the floor. I noticed Wizard Hitchcock, and The Sovereign Spider Empress Bacall, and fell in love with Shakespeare movies.

Loved especially young Rooney as Puck in that famous film of Midsummer Night, the instant Rooney's Puck is leering out from under the shrubs, right? It's God Pan, the only one, leering right out of the bushes, leering right out of the teevee box, leering straight out at me in my living room, close up the teevee screen. Wham. So you see, I am a Shakespeare fan.

Our tiny cadet training battalion, for such we were at Milby High, about sixty of us, on average, during my six half-year semesters. Sixty is a small number rather something kind of like U.S. Army Old West often was. Ours was a very limited but serious business. We took it seriously.

We raised the flags at the start of school hours every morning. A slightly onerous little detail of two or three, with someone of our cadet sergeants or lieutenants leading, whatever flags it was. This was only staffed with volunteers, you understand.

At the end you whisper to your mates, Attention and Hand Salute, Order Arms, At Ease. Our single flag pole stood centered in a little yard of grass and compact trees, just right outside the Buffalo's doors, on a major bus route of the large city's bus utility.

I have a fond memory relating to this, that I am hesitating to tell you, quite surprisingly, because I don't want to share it with anybody! This memory is so beautiful to me. But it is this...

I'm guessing this was in my second week of High School ROTC, but it may have been my third, but not the fourth.

The clothes I'm wearing, it's a little sketch of a soldier uniform in KHAKI but, yes, it is an actual soldier uniform for the likes of me.

These clothes I'm wearing could have been the stiffly wrinkled khaki work clothes of a greasy car mechanic, legendary individuals who were called grease-monkeys from the way their clothes looked.

Yes, without a good conservator to look over these two sets of khaki shirts and trousers, with two little cloth patches and two metal pins for each shirt, and a cloth cap with its pin, and my own shoes, and only my hand-drawn notes from a brief lecture on how to assemble the ensemble. Without someone hand-

caring for these clothing items correctly, well then, that morning behind the school, I would have been just a kid wearing a grease-monkey suit, with a significant weapon on my shoulder. In Houston.

By the way, this story concerns me, third-week-of-high-school me, helping a nice old lady walk along her way unmolested, on a long city block in a slum. It's a nice story. I'm telling you right now, that is what this story is about. Just so we don't lose track.

Well, my dad was a grease-monkey sometimes, but he had been a soldier too, and still kept a few of his best old uniforms.

And he kept an enemy flag that he had captured out of an enemy storage closet, and an old antique Eighteenth Century parade sword that he had looted from a shattered museum, in a shattered enemy city, having entered the museum through a broken door in a burning street.

By my estimation, this prize has you mobile afoot, thus geared very light for travel, so aiming for a port on the coast somewhere close-by, so your armament is light in extreme, so you've got probably, like, a standard bayonet, M-1 carbine, a few bullet cans left full, and your INSIGNIA OF PETTY RANK prominently displayed on your helmet to deflect all visual attention, and your helmet of course.

But you are one of the recent huge attack's first-shock surprise-assault troops returning to their base, and YOU ARE STILL ALIVE.

So the main thing certainly is, you're walking downhill toward the coast, and you're looking for some lunch. And there is a burning city, there's a BURNING CITY, RIGHT THERE, and there's a BURNING MUSEUM, a BURNING MUSEUM, and the door's broken open, so of course you go in and see what's waiting for you.

He was a soldier of air and foot at that time, a First Lieutenant.

We had no ammunition at Milby High, but a sufficient armory of M-1 World War Two Garand rifles, the ones with a flat single-piece roughened butt plate and an eight-bullet clip. And the bayonet mounting stud just rear of the muzzle, if I recall correctly.

Be that detail as it may, the M-1 Garand has multiple hard-steel things of thin width protruding at the front end and it has a sledgehammer's face on the butt. And it rests pretty easy on your shoulder, and gives a firm grip. Rather too heavy than they should be, but definitely a handy club. And there were optional shooting lessons in the summer.

We had a few of the smaller M-1 CARBINES too, supposedly meant for our unit's officers on parade, but very much out of style for that, and never used for that. I admired it.

The sturdy, compact, imminently portable, M-1 carbine, which my father also chose, but him for carrying earnestly, as a soldier of air and foot in World War Two Europe. Him an AIRCRAFT LANDING

PILOT in their largely suicidal air-to-ground assault arrangements at that time.

CRASH THE THING, and if you live, scream the soldiers to debark, then grab your useful little automatic-action gun and straggle home to your airfield across the Channel. Preposterous. Straggle home through scenes of carnage, in which you do take part. And struggle through the horrid dreams. The army duty of my father.

At Milby High, out back the school, our sturdy little wooden headquarters, a kind of simple lumber cabin, seemed to carry on the U.S. Army Old West theme.

And it was in there our armory was hidden, behind a locked door reinforced with iron bars. A storage room of Army firearms at a tough high school. Eventually I had a key to get a key to open it.

That is to say that trust was key. The actual keepers of our keys, our attending adults, would eventually loan keys to me on request, trusting in competence and honor.

I learned there first about rifle rifling, from our Panamanian U.S. Army four-stripe sergeant. A quiet man who took things quite intelligently, our deputy commandant.

Me still first semester there, me seeing rifle rifling first time. Me peering up an M-1 barrel, in the yellowish light bulb light of that small hidden armory room.

Some came for our military drumming squad, who practiced earnestly far above my drumming skills. Others simply for the sense of voluntary discipline, our neat dressing and polite comportment.

I tried to set a good example.

Some, such as me, came premierly for the optional field summer training. A thickly forested Army base, at the far end of a long evening bus ride, the summer squad-maneuver, survival, and shooting practice there. And the occasional brief command role for me, for a vivid three weeks.

We were, in fact and law, U.S. Army Cadets. We were child soldiers from a Houston slum.

And the incident I want to mention to you, I am explaining it here.

My nice old lady, the slum, the long slum block where I kept her peacefully unharmed while she walked, remember that. I mentioned to you earlier, so you wouldn't get lost. But I think you did get lost.

And I have been left there on guard duty, left there by one of our Cadet Lieutenants who trotted briskly out there with me that morning, to the back street behind the athletic fields. Left me to walk the long way forth and back, on the school's side of that street of course, just inside a little fence, walking slowly in a formal manner like I had been recently instructed the day or so before.

Me showing myself there on guard duty on this long slum block, with my good Army club and a

personal pocket knife, to stay for the balance of that early school hour.

You understand, that semester I had chosen ROTC in the first period every morning. So it is now maybe twenty minutes after school opened that day.

And so it's all the school's whole athletic fields out there out back.

And that time of the morning it's all empty of people. The whole school place back there is all just gates and fences and markings on the ground.

And over there on the public side of the street, like where my nice lady surely lived, at that hour, the streets over there looked empty of people too.

Me third week high school kid, with an industrially designed club, which looks exactly like a heavy rifle, the club resting pretty easy on my shoulder, and of course me dressed in my hand-tended, actually legal, junior, junior, junior, junior-soldier uniform.

It worked out beautifully that morning. She and I, all went well. Nearly choreography it seemed. Side by side, the low fence between us, a fence easily vaulted if emergency required, me slowing my steps to hers immediately when she appeared.

So then, me ambling along at an alert attention beside her, me beside her just past the low fence, and I was watching all around about us in the quiet city, me silently step for step. Me with a very good club and a pocket knife.

And yet, of course, I'm watching her from the corner of my eye. I sees the moment when she is surprised and happy, suddenly realizing I've taken her protection as my duty.

Then on parting she smiled a smile, on parting, at the far end of that block. She smiled up at me a smile that is the shining final grace note of my memory. Then she and I went on our ways.

I think likely was a Mexican Native Toltec lady, guessing from her lovely face.

Well that's it, simple. Nothing else to tell. No incident of note occurred.

Eventually I had a SILVER DIAMOND ON MY COLLAR. One shiny metal pip big as the end of your finger.

Yes, they had promoted me far enough for it to be even actual commissioned-officer work, with extremely limited scope for taking on responsibilities, of course, and no more extempore knife demonstrations certainly, but me actually an officer with these trainee child soldiers as my actual soldiers, and my main mission them.

I think I did it well.

Along that line, there was a time, on a summer range, we were preparing to shoot very old World War One pattern machine guns, called euphemistically Browning automatic rifles.

I, with my silver diamond on my collar, during the several quiet minutes of range preparation, rose up

from my place as ammunition feeder, me prone beside one of the heavy automatic rifles. Me prone beside my partner, who is lying with the rear end of our heavy weapon resting in his careful hands, his young hands becoming used to it.

I rose seeking reassurance on an urgent safety matter that had come to mind.

These firearms were extremely sturdy in appearance, but antiques, designed for World War ONE.

The bulky steel moving parts, enclosing the explosion chamber, or impelled by hot gases from it, were visibly worn round along some edges. But they did not appear loose, may the gods all help us, or cracked. This machine gun where I lay, and the next gun beside me, looking carefully, looked okay, I estimated.

But how about our ANTIQUE AMMUNITION??? That turned out quickly all was well.

During those quiet moments of range preparation, with my silver diamond on my collar, I had risen, hurried left then right along the quiet firing line, kneeling at each of the stations. Kneeling among our people lying there. Inspecting our antique ammunition and its antique packaging.

No chemical deterioration seen or smelt, no impact damage or moisture visible to brief inspection. I had carefully estimated all was well, thence returning promptly to my place as trainee ammunition feeder, with my face beside the waiting gun machine, which

was being held, very carefully and very still, in my young partner's hands, although, obviously, not yet loaded.

I seemed to be a natural at this line of work, seemed so to myself. The thinking it required seemed perfectly visible and open and cogent to me. That felt almost like a pleasure, almost. And anyway, there was the national military conscription patiently awaiting on whatever day I turned eighteen.

So why not go with this? Why not become a commissioned officer? Why not??? My father was.

But I saw hidden things. It seemed to me the world is full of ambient revelations commonly ignored. And a bit of PACKAGING MATERIAL I'd found, and I am now holding this FLAT PIECE OF PACKAGING MATERIAL in my hand, a bit of printed cardboard, it came pretty close to focusing suspicion.

Douglas MacArthur. The famous Useless General of Bataan who called himself a hero. Never tired of that, called himself a hero every lying fascist breath, and ran for President of course. Ran on the Lying Fascist ticket. Douglas MacArthur. And, like me, MacArthur was a product of U.S. Army Old West.

Long ago, these antique cartridges we had, these big bastard cartridges, thin but nearly as long as your hand, these old cartridges we had, were packaged to be shipped to him. Shipped across the ocean to him where he was U.S. Army Dictator of the Native Republic of the Philippine Islands.

According to the printed date on the printed card I'd found in every ammunition box that I found open, according to this antique printed card, which I was now holding in my hand, closely examining, the mother-fiker wished us Browning automatic rifle users well, shortly before the Empire of Japan invaded.

He wished us know that all was well, and safe, there in the Philippine Islands, and happy, where we were, presumably, if we had received these particular ammunition boxes, with Dictator-General MacArthur's reassuring greeting card inside.

Us opening the boxes shortly before, or maybe it is during, the Japanese invasion of the Philippines.

The cruel insouciance of the man astonished. A commissioned officer.

Now, I had seen the card in mine at first, but had ignored it. Now reached in my ammunition box again and found it. And I felt struck with pride to be here, to be here with these here on virtue's side, in this revealing matter.

In old British terms, in the old language of his Scottish heritage, MacArthur's name Mac-Arthur even proclaims him KING ARTHUR'S SON!!!

Me become an officer? The power to will loss, and direct loss, and pain, and grief, and sorrow, that command power does corrupt a human being.

I held up my printed greeting card, and through it sent my greeting back through time, the grand salute of flying finger.

And the moral injury? I mentioned moral injury back at the start, if you recall.

My moral injury was this... I turned against my father in some hard but subtle way that has not been unraveled yet.

But I've always had my memory of that lady.

=====

eyes sometimes. And fingers. Or don't. Sometimes you don't even see the body!!!!

But you must admit they feel responsibility. They feel their responsibilities, they do! Just the other day, my Dawn brings in an antelope, and it's a good antelope but Dawn's just beaming, so I asks Why ya happy?

And my little beautiful child says to me, I Fought Somebody For This Antelope. And I heard, in the calm proud voice, that the person is dead. My child had been in a fight for it where somebody died.

And I was like O No Sweet-thing, Dont Do That!

And my little child just smiles some more, and says Grandmother, Enjoy The Antelope.

And Ma, it's only sports leagues.

So you grab whatever gear's real quick, without robbing anybody, hopefully, and you head for the hills, basically.

So now, first, you got to figure out pretty damn quick who else is out here hiding in these fing hills, and in which hills. Ideally, you would prefer to figure that out before tomorrow breakfast. That's why you have leagues, all your sports leagues.

And understand, this was paleolithic times, a long long time ago, like with the Early Indians, and the Cave Men.

So you got some pork and biscuits in a bag, and a hat and coat and a walking stick, and snowshoes, but you've already walked across FIVE hills, the moon just

went down into TOTAL DARK, and you're in a panic, groping through your pockets, looking for a KNIFE. But no...

YOU'RE OUT HERE WITHOUT A KNIFE.

And that's why everybody's got to have your sports league whistles!!! You've got to stick your fingers in your mouth and make it sound like some particular bird or weasel, or something. To call for help, or call time-out if possible.

Then you hear an owl hoot.

=====

~~XX~~Chap 8

Corporal Kid And Veronica huddled dark,

:: huddled dark in the front port corner of a lurching Roman wagon, in a wagon which, last night, suddenly bolted off the Romans' road,

:: into Native country,

:: huddled dark in a forward left point of a whole wagon train of these sturdy large proper Roman wagons, now hurtling in a fantastic race, on an old Native road,

:: the whole wagon train racing against an unseen enemy,

:: a famous enemy's picked cavalry, hidden hidden in the land,

:: a whole wagon train of large proper Roman wagons, a convoy very properly designed, last month, to properly transport the fmg division commander's fmg headquarters, in fmg proper style, with a fmg chariot, the fik, and the fmg magistrate's fmg court, and the fmg rat's court's whole fmg library of law books, in fmg barrels,

:: what's left of those wagons, careening over hill and dale,

:: in a full moon,

:: target of an overwhelming enemy, prowling in the lunar shadows;

And clever smart cunning Veronica, the perfect Roman Army whore, the perfect one,

:: they so in love, before this war,

:: who now, in that tiny corner of the lurching wagon, Veronica is now force-feeding her infant from her breasts,

:: Corporal Kid's child, her only child.

:: and listening for her call to action in her duty as back-up driver of their lurching wagon.

:: and this dark wagon penetrated by an icy wind.

And so Veronica and Corporal Kid are plotting schemes.

He is suggesting treason.

He is the only remaining Corporal of this convoy's Guard, and this dark corner, this dark corner where his family dwells, this far back perilous corner, of the escape march of a whole Roman army of occupation, this corner in this wagon, this is the convoy's only headquarters that he actually knows to currently exist.

He, Corporal Kid, he has lost signals with the fleeing army, he is straining toward the last destination that was ordered, and he manages signals with his drivers, and the other few remaining soldiers of the train, by means only of shrill whistles in the dark.

And the famous enemy would really love to have that trophy chariot.

So Kid is suggesting treason.

Blend into the country. Go wild.

He reassures Veronica first, shouting in the dark, that his few remaining soldiers really are his, not the worthless general's, not the feckless emperor's. For

they all know him well, and owe him and trust his judgment, and he's their only corporal.

Only then, he is shouting the suggestion of treason, for he has thought out a clear means to save them at the inevitable, hazardous, point of contact, a clever treason in a clever way to let her and their child escape, alive, unhurt, to a life of struggling on a farm somewhere, from this wild cascade of madness.

But, the fink azzle's sodding chariot, Kid suddenly asks himself, which wagon was the sodding general's parade chariot packed in? Or was it, almost certainly, already lost?

If assuming, if they halt, the idiotic conveyance could be found, you ring the wagons on some easily defended hill, and signal parlay. But, a desperate scheme in any case. But, he reassures himself, his wife is the clever one.

The little baby's tiny little teeth are chewing at her sorely distended tits constantly now, feeling like they're drawing blood, but the baby will not suck another drop, even if she can find another drop of milk in them, not even to possibly save itself from starving later. She'd give it blood to suck, if that would help.

What was the fickle bastard of a husband shouting?

Just then just feet away, behind her back, beyond a violently trembling canvas flap, in the moonlit shadows out there, their present driver, a burly woman who is a camp butcher, she was shouting too. But the driver quickly subsides.

So, what was the fng worthless, fickle, Corporal of the fng Guard shouting at her, this useless officer, the head guard of this lurching pit of some ferocious Roman hell? Sodding Romans. She's a Gaul.

And right now, she finds she cannot recall something, how one handles a spear properly while driving. Nor just exactly how to bind the baby to your breast.

But then clarity finds a moment with her. She interprets bits she's heard of what he has proposed, in this rattling tumult, and she does guess correct. Corporal Kid, finally, is thinking thoughts she already thought the day before yesterday, and the fiker would not listen then.

Go wild. Blend into the country. But anyway, she's already thought it better.

They were going to lose this bet, you could bet on that, but their die was already cast.

Their die was cast the afternoon, to save her mother's life, she had entered army prostitution.

Required to make herself naked for the men who gathered at the little fort's whorehouse cabin that afternoon, so many of them that the sergeant-major considered moving it all outdoors, everyone of the soldiers here at this little outpost fortress on a hill, the men who would pay her wages through the coming winter, and employ her mother too at standard rate, and who swore these two female employees would have always always constant right of refusing service, and the two women would have defense and control of this

small snug neat cabin, and fuel, and money too, the men who had fed her and her mother today, fed them generously, and carried in the luggage, and the ones what offered beer and stories while waiting idly in a tent for some officer to be found, to explain the employment, everyone of them.

For them, this entering to the whorehouse corps was looked forward to very much, by all the men, as a very sentimental virginal event.

These men voted to hang in at the whorehouse cabin windows, instead of moving the virginal event outside, because the breeze might be too cool for the ladies' comfort.

The men who had fed her surviving family today, fed them well, for them she was immediately naked, then was coached by them exactly how to posture the most obscenely, exposing parts of her body that were unfamiliar to her, so they would cheer, and pound each other with their fists, and one of them would trill a flute.

But then, when repetitions of that peculiar exercise grew stale, she was then required by them to find some pretty way to move her limbs in graceful sweet poetic dance.

And the men were eager, silent, smiling and gesturing their encouragement. And their flute player began shrilly twiddling something from a folk tune that she herself could hum and whistle ten times better.

Back home, down the road a couple valleys over, this year's spring floods had completely wrecked their

farm, her mother's husband dead from something cruel the year before, and no brothers anywhere in sight. Their livestock all run off. And recent years before no better either.

These here men were paying wages for this show. For something of it, surely, pretty often. Torture-madness. And plus the unbelievable exhausting rest. She had no idea how to provide sexual satisfaction for more than one man at a time, or that it can be done. They were barbarous. She would die at this.

She would die.

She would die at this.

Then, that next moment, the desperate innocent young soldier Kid and she had glanced into each other's desperate eyes, and fallen desperately in love.

In love, in love, in love.

Time was announced for the first big prize a half hour later, and she first stared hard at him, and finding that a clear steady look was returning to her, then it was him she beckoned enter in, beyond the curtained doorway and thin boards of the boudoir wall, and there become her First Soldier.

And the flutist played for them. Yes, people show beauty everywhere.

NO, she now shouts at him, NO, our die is cast.

I'd like to be a Darkie, yes, she shouts at him, hopeless of being quite understood in this shattering and unceasing din, but gesturing vigorously NO, and hoping for the best, and opening her heart.

The child somehow asleep. To be a Darkie child!
But no.

And still more our dear Veronica bespoke
Corporal Kid, and still she shouting,

But the Romans ordered death on capture.

We be Darkies, raise our child a Darkie farm
hand child, really would, and joy for it too. Great Joy!
Great Joy!

You and I to love again! ...

BUT EVERYONE IS DOING DEATH ON
CAPTURE!!!

=====

Ps.

And here's something odd ...

An utterly important detail of foot-soldier
training for the ill-fated shock-and-awe invasion, just a
few years before I'm writing this,

:: an ill-fated late-empire Fubar in which U.S.
eviscerated itself by a slow torture of Iraq,

:: which is the only known modern full shock-
and-awe invasion attempted yet, with so much modern
awesomeness,

:: an important detail of U.S. foot-soldier training
for ...

:: that ridiculous attempt at world conquest by
stupid people,

:: an important detail of U.S. foot-soldiers' training ...

And this is an under-reported fact ...

U.S. Army and U.S. Marine foot soldiers, trained, in ELABORATELY ARMORED VEHICLES, for the very ill-fated shock-and-awe invasion to overwhelm Iraq, they were not trained in anything to do, except instant DEATH ON CAPTURE except if specially ordered otherwise.

For situations where bodies might be dead but maybe not, like you see a pile of bodies and you think it might be moving a little here and there, so our foot soldier was not trained to walk over and kick something, but to walk over and shoot whatever's moving in the head.

All civilized law, instead, requires a civilized soldier to stop and give MEDICAL AID to any wounded WHEN THAT IS POSSIBLE of course. Whereas CONSISTENTLY SHOOTING IN THE HEAD was a U.S. special shock-and-awe EXPERIMENT to help our forces hurry on along their glorious road to triumph, before our nation's next exciting national election cycle trundled around, with all its merriment.

Fik countries man, it's disgusting.

I was here. I saw this.

And the U.S. Army and Marine trainers gave it a friendly name. They called it BODY CHECKING, a term adopted from the fast-moving sport of ice hockey.

Fik sergeants man.

And then the infamous U.S. Army torture laboratory, at Abu Ghraib, opened for business immediately after, in a fleeting fik of fickle victory.

Fik victory man.

And then our unrelenting enemies were said to be darkie savages.

It was NOT a winning strategy.

=====

Our guys stop and deploy and – while they're still maneuvering outside of the enemy's effective range – they pop all the enemy tanks with one round each. They all explode and burn. That's good shooting. And pretty quick our guys are on their way again.

Now here's the thing. They go as far forward as they're supposed to go and turn around so now they're rolling back. They reach the ambush site again. Now here's one single enemy soldier left alive, all alone on foot, and he starts shooting at their armored vehicles with an ordinary AK47 rifle.

They pop him with a cannon round.

That's what we're calling “shock and awe”.

=====

And yet Fidel, Che and me are plunked all in one big
stewing pot,
:: because we all three all share a single goal,
:: a single hope to set the food and dishes on the table,
The goal of JUSTICE.

Yet all of that of me and F and C, that stuff,
:: that whole paragraph, the whole fact I am a soldier of
the Left,
:: is only there to add a second reason why
:: your thank-me-for-my-service is disgusting and
humiliating to me
:: which fact is ...

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'VE DONE,
:: nor why I've done it.
You've no more notion of those questions,
:: than I of them myself,
:: to put the thing in flat plain truth,
:: so that I hear the gagging words from your
:: squirming mouth,
:: and once again I'm called to wonder what
:: I've done, and why,
:: and no more answers for it than I've ever had.
And so a certain flavor of disgust,
:: sometimes rises toward my heart,
disgust for my heart and you.

So I, a soldier with some kind of moral theory,
:: in faith, I must suspect perhaps
:: I just refuse to see the truth,
that actually
:: I'm only stuffed
:: with lies and graveyard dust,
:: instead of love and honor.
Do you understand this humiliation
:: of not knowing which?
:: when so much has been done.

AND FURTHERMORE,
:: you seem to be assuming that I am a
:: GOD DAMN FASCIST.
So please don't thank me for my service.

====

One more example: First chapter, first page, tells U.S. Army's idiotic, murderous, "Air Cavalry" debacle in Viet Nam, enormous murder inspired by faux-heroic western movies, in which we learn the author's friend, an actual person, the author's actual colleague medical corpsman, died amid the helicopter-cavalry.

Plus, the author speaks up in person often, telling how the flocks of metaphors and memoirs tell his story, and impart lessons he has learned of dear sweet love and terrible disaster, about following your conscience and being your soul.

So what of Global Warming?? Well, from Chapter Two on through the book, even finally with a fictional Socrates dialog, where Solnit is anomalously dragged in, the author states his faith and hope clearly, his only faith and hope re Global Warming.

The Author shows and explains patiently that his only faith and hope re Global Warming, lie in the Divine Creative Beauty that all Human Beings are heir to, and in our Mutual Aid.

=====

BBBChap 14

If Interested In Saint Barbara Notice...

both members of our sacred order...

and those possibly members...

curious members of the public too...

and any police agent with a spare moment while
examining this...

Greetings!

ps. If you are a police agent examining this, you may
find this file is quite useful for color background.

ps. And this has content special for Police Agents to
think about, which is a rare treat, if you are one.

Well...

WE ARE OFFERING HERE a kind of press
release about The Fair Order Of Saint Barbara, an
informative press release relating to the ARTILLERY
Branch of the world's armies, including Fascinating
Technicolor background info about Our Sacred Order,
and its Roots in the Ancient Middle East. It's a press
release that was issued by a Druid In New England,
who's got historical interests and publishes himself.

There is no charge for this press release.

So Here It is...

Barbara, our Beloved Martyr, officially a saint of
Moslem, Episcopal, Catholic and Orthodox, and
accepted by all reasonable people as a saint, whom all
honest ARTILLERYMEN acknowledge as the JUDGE
of all our INFAMIES, ...

Now a saint, but then SHE AN ORDINARY GIRL on an ordinary city block, in a walled city near Turkey. In the very early days of GUNPOWDER in the West. And a night early in a now-forgotten SIEGE.

The Legend of the Fair Order Of Saint Barbara, our Order's best Legend, has it...

SHE was asleep in her VIRGINAL-age bed, after a young FOND LOVER with a gift of gab, had PEEPED in her window, whispered continuous champion poetry verses, while tickling the THIGH SHE EXPOSED with a LONG COCK'S tail feather, and eventually left her VERY SATISFIED INDEED, and fled. And in her sleep now, perhaps twenty minutes later, this ORDINARY GIRL'S soul had risen very near DIVINE STATE.

This Holy Girl became the first civilian killed (legendarily) by cannon fire, by the first gun of the first battery first erected at that first gunpowder city siege, the first gunpowder city siege in the world.

She must be acknowledged, by all artillerymen, when we tell Her Sacred Legend, as the truest and final arbiter of INFAMY for us.

But why do we say, Killed Legendarily?? Is that a dodge we use to tell a lie??

Nay, it is to open the erotics for discussion.

For if you hear it in one tone of mind, an outward puerile tone of mind, if you hear it as such, Our Sacred Legend says the boy effed her and left her by deceit, and no doubt rifled through her purse on the side table

too, stole her watch and trolley money from the drawer, and the fatal cannon shell is thus an explosion of semen, thus a pregnancy for which She will now be damned by society, shoved out the city gate, and meet death by enemy infantry guys, or some such nursery-room drek, cannon shown as strong phalluses, and so a Holy Martyr thus. Naught to do with us cannon shooters killing civilians as our regular day's work.

No honest soldier wants to hear it told like that.

In fact, of course...

The Boy has come direct from God Eros' throne into her dream, dreamt while She is trembling on the tongue of a glib poetic lad, She there balanced trembling on his tongue, a poetic strong sweet Human Boy who stroked Her with a feather to begin, lips and fingertips, with a thing we do not say, and certainly at last the MOCK-COITUS Of Travelers has been done correctly by the well-taught lad, who's been taught EXACTLY WHERE TO PRESS IT, all with perfect cleanliness, a variety of thrilling verses heard, and The Boy, excited with discoveries, leaves her lying there in her STILL-VIRGIN bed where he had found her.

At the garden window, She had cut his pleadings short, genteel Good Night My Sweet, turned her face from his, retreated to the pallet and arranged her limbs for sleep, but then beckoned Enter Window. Now in every law She is STILL NOT-VIOLATED, and very comfortable indeed, She lying there fading in toward perfect RAPTURE, a human girl perfected.

And the first cannon shot DESTROYS HER.

Dear Reader, please notice your sensations and ideas at this climax point of Our Sacred Legend, perhaps to learn a little more about yourself from this extreme aesthetic challenge.

And if you complete that aesthetic challenge, an honest godlike inventory and examination of your own soul and your own deeds in the face of hearing this awful true Holy Martyr story, well then, on taking stock of yourself like that...

Then you have passed that test, and automatically attained the rank of Pilgrim in our Fair Order Of Saint Barbara. Which you'll be free to have printed on your shirt or stationery. And this offer open to anyone who has or has not participated in such as artillery, kill on capture, aerial bombardment, torture, or etc.

And Reader, do you see that our invocation of God Eros, even as just a brief mention, how that raised our discussion of Evil Death? For by divinely invoking Eros we have summoned Beauty and swore ourselves to serve Beauty.

Now, assuming that you felt it work, pulling all of that gorgeous ingeniously creative SANCTIFIED SEX PASSION into our Legend, making a sacred magic of Sex Passion, and by firmly declaring it is True and Real in the service of Truth and Beauty, that poet's act is not a false dodge.

Assuming that you felt it work, the legend's beauty, its erotic free transcendence, whetted your appetite to be conscious. God Eros woke your yearning to be aware, to know thought and feeling fully.

It roused yearning in you to even dare perceive a taste of the loathsome bitter utter utter horror, every innocent civilian's suffering in every war. So you did not turn your face away from that this time, with whatever personal memory you may have of it.

And we artillerymen, you know we do this sort of death unhesitatingly when ordered. And we know we do that sin.

So this fell brew is a draught we artillerymen ought to taste often. And so that's how we tell Our Sacred Legend. The way I'm telling that story is the way it's beneficent and true for us.

In The Blessed Martyr's Name, amen.

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=>Ps For Those Interested...

In cultures that practice it, the MOCK-COITUS OF TRAVELERS is studied very earnestly indeed by every True Gentleman. That's because it is demanded absolutely by Smart Girls Of Maiden Age, sternly enforced by Ladies Met In Passing On A Train, enjoyed often by Spinsters and Widows, and beloved dearly by Wives With Too Many Children.

THE MOCK-COITUS OF TRAVELERS is a very old technique, old as the human race, but has been villainously erased from common culture in some places.

PLEASE AVERT YOUR EYES from the following paragraphs if do not wish to read a colorfully detailed instruction sheet for how to do it.

First, you ought to know that your highest satisfaction is only likely if both parties are skilled in the technique. Or, if one party is happy to teach everything they enjoy of it, and if the other party is eager for an introductory lesson.

For good results, the learning partner must be eager to learn, actually glad to have their sexual posture pushed and pulled by their better-educated lover, glad to have their parts taken well in hand and carefully adjusted, willing, at every step of the lesson, to follow lurid instructions titillatingly demonstrated and huskily spoken, and if, in return, they're willing to show their instructor what they're feeling.

Or else, the learning partner just pretends to be asleep.

For their part, the teaching partner must be willing to play a practice dummy sometimes. Or else they just get on with it and see what happens.

There are versions lying down, sitting or standing or bending over with or without trapeze, or snow shoes or canoe, with female or male on top, or

front or back or bottom. For a skilled person, this is indeed a versatile and convenient style of intercourse.

In the Legend I told you above, we may well guess what posture is being used. The young lady, having her first time at this, has selected a young gentleman her friends say she can trust as well-trained, and with appendage longer than the average.

So now in the final portion of their sport she is still pretending to be asleep, lying face down, face turned aside on folded hands, hips raised on a folded blanket as the lad has coaxed her. He has gently closed her legs and begins very carefully inserting himself at the top of her thighs, carefully reaching with the penile head for her wet engorged clitoris.

As you may have guessed, the main thing with the Mock-Coitus Of Travelers is that Apollo never quite arrives inside the Cave Of Venus.

Instead, he finds himself warmly entertained in the cozy fragrant Garden yard outside the door. And when the fellow starts to Shiver, there's a soft warm cloth at hand, which the lad has brought along, to quickly firmly wrap Apollo where he stands.

But also, as you would suppose, before that final portion of their entertainment can begin, obviously there must be copious Waters in the garden.

And therefore, very often, her musky sweet delicious little Apple, in the garden there, receives an ample worship of praise, of lilting music from his well-schooled fluent wise poetic tongue.

And of course he wishes to be welcome there again another time. So if he's a wise Apollo, he will take care to delicately pause and visit at the Apple, press it with his crimson cap, pausing while he's hastening rather madly back and forth the Garden.

And so a wise Apollo, taking time for that, will also learn the language of a lover's cries, and gasps, and sighs, and whispers.

And obviously her hands must learn their way around a phallus, especially if she is a virgin and wants to stay one. Her hands must find a good nimbleness, a friendly vigorous familiarity around a phallus, at latest by their second tryst.

Otherwise Apollo may grow numb and careless. And that could be disastrous, for then it will be her hands alone trying to keep him outside the Cave, in the Garden, and visiting the Apple.

Here we see a very elaborate social custom intensively supported by a culture.

A custom that obviously exists to PREVENT VIOLENCE.

But there is something else.

Because on the other hand, ironically, this wonderful social custom does seem to have an extreme corner, or an aspect of it, an aspect that most of us would look at in some alarm, as being certainly an extreme corner of a custom.

After all, in our Legend, didn't you wonder... WHO TRAINED our WELL-TRAINED LAD???

By the way, do you mind me taking an IRONIC attitude here for a moment??

Pablo Picasso, yes Pablo Picasso, yes that Pablo Picasso, PABLO PICASSO, whom we all imagine must have been a passionate eager ardent lad, when he was a lad, IN SPAIN, actually we have this in a letter written many decades later to a friend...

He was initiated and trained in this high-skill ancient worldwide classic TRADITIONAL human anti-violence high-skill SEX CULTURE, where, with extensive pleasure, no lower-body orifice is ever quite penetrated...

Which we are here calling the Mock-Coitus Of Travelers...

Pablo Picasso was initiated and trained in that high-skill anti-violence traditional sexual culture by...

AN OLDER AUNT...

An aunt whom he later saw and overheard laughing merrily, over coffee among her friends, about how much fun she'd had doing him...

And Picasso didn't like it much.

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☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐Chap 15

poem: Picture Story

It was Boston long ago, back when that was a home front of the war in Viet Nam. I was a young ex-soldier, poor, doing some political action work, not yet doing art.

One day I chanced to see a photograph exhibit, all one artist, all black and white but quite an opposite to Mathew Bradey, small exquisite stuff, in a very sunny space at the Boston Public Library, and one of those pictures really struck me.

I called her up. Why not? Her phone number was put out there for the public to see, which included me, and it was local. Her female housemate or friend or lover answered and I politely asked for her. That picture clearly showed, at least to me, one of the ideals of beauty I was clinging to.

She came on and I politely asked if it was possible to buy a print of that specific one. She hesitated but then – quite reluctantly and largely out of curiosity, to judge her voice – gave the address and said to come over. It was a subway ride across the river.

The apartment was about like mine, as you might imagine. Old sofa, old chairs in a dingy old Victorian

parlor. And it was an awkward conversation. How to ask me who on Earth I was? She soon got to it though, explained her situation briefly, politely let me understand that she ordinarily sold professionally to publications.

I responded quite sincerely with the simple truth: I'd seen the show and that one had struck me and the reason why it had. And besides, I was putting up some pictures (in my old dingy apartment with old furniture and with my friend or housemate or lover) and that one was a picture I would like my home to have.

She thought about it. She tried to think of something more to say or ask. She finally nodded, still rather dubious, doubtlessly for several nonspecific reasons, and disappeared into the cellar stairway door. Her friend or lover or housemate poured some tea but not some conversation.

She came back up, switching off the stairway light bulb by its string, waving the new print in the air to finish drying it, slipped it in an inexpensive paper mat and charged me less than the cost of materials.

And that was my admission to the art world.

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#####Chap 17

poem: Do The Hard Work

Shouldn't there be snow? It's February in the outlying reaches of the Alps in southern Germany. We are out on the porch of a tavern that clings to a steep valley's green grassy wall, nursing mugs of beer in the rising twilight.

We are the tavern's only customers. We scarcely speak and scarcely make a sound for we are keeping secrets, each their own.

I go lean on a rail to watch the darkness move. It's coming toward me, rising from the valley's shadows far below. The air is still and clear and it's not even really cold.

We are five men. Our little truck is parked up by the road. It's 1971 and we are U.S. Army soldiers, stationed in this country on a Cold War stalemate line instead of being sent to fight in Viet Nam.

The old sergeant, commander of our little journey for this evening, he who kindly halted here and even bought the beer, comes to lean against the railing beside me. The young corporal who is driving also comes and sits down on a bench beside and slowly takes a sip.

The old sergeant, this professional soldier, to show he's talking to me, looks out there where I am looking. And he breaks the silence: "I admire what you're doing."

I've just done thirty days in army jail for doing war resistance work. He and his corporal are transporting me and two other malefactors also just released back to our regular duties. He has now given me military information about morale.

He has spoken very softly.

Surprised, I look into his face then look away. I whisper thanks.

Often later I have thought, Where were you sitting, Sergeant, when my passion marched?

But then I wondered what this meant that I should do. What should I do?

And then, down there below, laboring to rise out of the rising night, low to the grassy ground and laboring up this hillside, ...

I see a crow at wing.

Do the hard work.

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☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺Chap 16

poem: Awakening In A Dream

A poem with a painting, during 2001, at age 55.

There are many tales, of course, of Lao Tsu who, according to the legends, wrote *The Watercourse Way*, a little book of nature poetry upon which other thinkers then built up the lean, beautiful and tough spiritual philosophy of Taoism. Here's one of them.

The story flies us to the early morning of a day when our hero was a bright but sorrowful young man. He was a bureaucratic junior clerk in the palace of a rich and brutal warlord prince. The sparkling morning and the budding springtime garden grounds through which he trod to work belied the torment in the young man's soul. This day's duty was to be an awful deed which no one with an open heart could ever wish.

The garden path led on across a footbridge on a lovely brook and, setting foot onto the rising boards, his paces further slacked. His gaze was beckoned to the sparkling water. On the arch's highest little height the now unconscious footsteps stopped and – mind, heart and soul – he found himself drawn out into the clear deep rippling stream.

This was the moment when a human asks of "there" and "here". As another poet wrote, do I dream the butterfly or does the butterfly dream me? Gazing deep

into the world I see only countless things which mirror me, so what are "you" and "I" and what am "I" to do?

But in this young man's mind no riddle of that sort found any weight. The doubtless fundamental knowledge that this clarity exists would henceforth lure and guide his thoughts and steps. The beauty of reality had ravished Lao Tsu and he was struck with lifelong love.

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පලපලපලපලපලChap 18

Science In The News

{ no indexes }

Hay everybody!! Yes I know I talk too much with my fart scented point of view, but fik you. Okay? Just a little terms of service reminder here. Just a little rules of the road reminder, okay? So fik you. Fing shut up.

I'll start again. Hay everybody!! This is just a quick note to let you all know a cache of news report files, actual news and analysis reports from people who were closely watching the world, in an eco-religious colony, in a period that I'm calling middle world collapse, something like the early-twenty-first century if I'm doing the date conversions right, very well written apparently and interesting news stories, of course most of them are utterly obscure to me so far, from some little nest of thoughtful observers who were posting to some input wire in a high mountain valley somewhere, in high mountains, early-21st century colony maybe, an eco-religious colony dedicated to the gentleman who is always welcome, Sir Good Weed Hemp.

The colony, or its village, was called High Mountain Hindustan and they named their little on-line newspaper there The High Mountain High Times.

Now look, you find that interesting, don't you? So fik you. Fing shut up.

So eventually, after a few weeks, I pick up this file here and open it, and it turns out to be a science news report that will tell you something you have wondered at for all your benighted and bewildered life, but you have never even once even heard any true tale of, and you and I know you haven't, YES, this file is everything you and I have always fervently hoped and dreamed it would have to be if it existed, and do you want to know what title those shits stuck on the label of this world-filling little piece of possibly unique reportage? The title kept me from picking it up for a month. These fikers labeled this file, in little print, "Science In The News". These people were too stoned. Fik them. Fik me.

No. Shut up.

Solnit's map, yes, of course the only one of hers that's just called 'map' { footnote.see.below }, the center crossroads bit of it of course, just the center of it, the 'crossroads' of it as the center bit's so often called, had begun to be noticed appearing as marks of climatic erosion, climate erosion marks you see, had begun appearing on exposed rock outcrops lately, chemical erosion traces from the quickly warming wettening stirring atmosphere upon a type of rock commonly exposed there in the high valley, these new erosion marks looking quite remarkably like ideographs of something, of Solnit's map, had begun appearing on certain exposed surfaces of rock in that region.

Erosion marks a sort that we now see most anywhere on rocks without our least remark as though they've been there since this world began.

FYI my guess, it's obvious that probably this new thermo-chemical reaction was, or maybe it's still happening now, a molecular projection or embodiment or manifestation or focal irruption on a molecular interaction level, of all the big continuum link points inside Living Earth.

The High Mountain High Times reporter of this story somehow offered that guess and obviously it's my very first guess too, me nowadays so much later being so familiar with our current key understanding of the now-very-famous Solnit map.

Furthermore, included in this news report is a recap and update of a previous science news report by a different reporter, apparently the month before, that some specifically beautiful knapped flint arrowheads collected in a different region, this famous knapped flint arrowhead museum far from there, an especially beautiful collection of the museum's region, the translucent stone carved jewels had begun lighting up, quite visibly at night, lighting and dimming, measurably in sync with some wavelike phenomenon that seemed to have a large diffuse source, but was otherwise unknown and undetected yet.

{ footnote.text-begin,from-elsewhere.above }
This that's just called 'Solnit's map', unless you have some indication otherwise, ALWAYS means the one that's just called 'Map' in its only only ancient

publication, of course, the only full-page one-page map in the ancient book, and the only one in there that was drawn freehand by Solnit with a dip pen and india ink, during which she later said she had been 'dreaming'. Actually shows all of the big continuum link projection points inside Living Earth. You can search for it, its only known ancient publication, as Illustration 12087 in 'The Complete Rebecca Solnit Memorial Anthology'. Otherwise just search for it as 'Solnit's map', azzle.

Oh yeah, the knapped flint arrowheads, in their museum display, in the update of the prior report. That Mountain High reporter says the translucent stone jewels, with this new light wave phenomenon, had a cooling effect. Such that, it's said, the rooms wherein the famous collection was displayed did not need air cooling anymore, not even on the very hottest days, and even ice would build up around the shining beautiful carved jewels. The new phenomenon was abducting lots of heat.

Do you see it??? Do you see now, after all, why are we still here??? Why did Living Earth not go extinct??? Why is the sea not boiling hot, and why do beings larger than a microbe walk and run and fly the land, vastly diminished as we are certainly, now in our time? Why aren't we all on Earth here bodily reduced to smoke and ash?

Well, speculation's over. Finally this ancient newscast file, that I found remember!, tells us why. Celestial metaphysics saved us, or Nature's Mother, take your pick of names. So what happens next now?

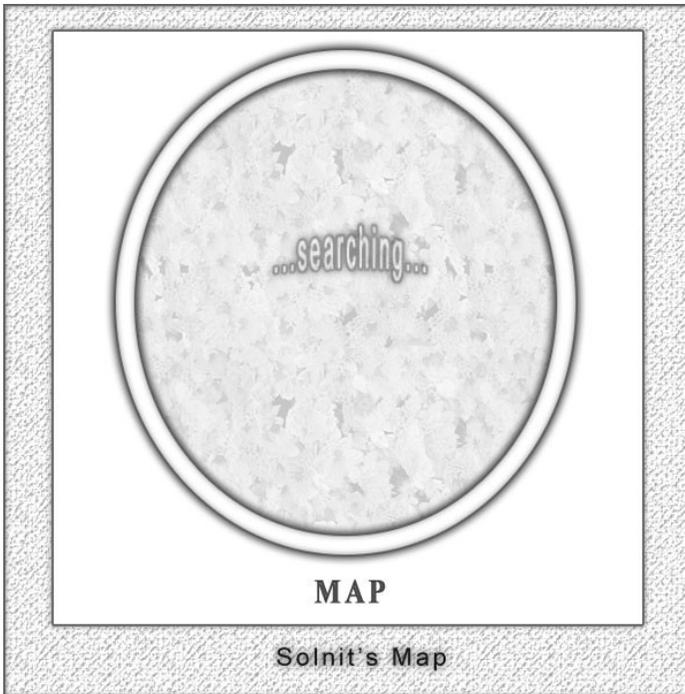
What is our new age, seemingly good, late world transition if you'd like to call our geo-history period that, pointing toward?

Where are we going?

Bye bye, see you next time. Happy thinking.

{ main box is not sending }

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Solnit's Map

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XXXXXXXXXXXXChap 19

poem: Withdrawal Of Consent

A poetic essay in political philosophy:

Around nineteen-eighty. Back then, we were in a time of lies, lies on a very wide and yet pervasively intimate scale, as though lies were the air you breathed. I'll tell you one example of those times which infuriated me:

My fellow citizens were mostly still in love with our national U.S. propaganda lies and so there was a nonsense question you could ask. You could ask Mister or Ms Citizen this: "Do you think America is the greatest country in the world?"

Nonsense on its face of course. To rationally reply, they must assign some kind of "greatness" score to every country in the world, do a sort, and observe America's weight or lightness in the scale.

But every American I asked,

"Do you think America is the greatest country in the world?"

with very rare exception, would actually do exactly this: Listen to my question, think momentarily and see the difficulties of the question, decide to abandon thought, and shrug often, and answer "Yes, I think America is the greatest country in the world." My fellow citizens.

They were doing this even after the horrors of the very horrid Viet Nam War that were just recently gone by, vast horrors done by our soldiers from the very start

of it and repeated constantly with increasing pitch of desperation right to the end, horrors mostly done by public order of our generals in fulfillment of our government's public policies and constantly reported clearly in the daily news, and yet politely ignored; yes it was even then after those long recent years of vast and quite intentional evil, that enormous spasm of pointless insane furious destruction, it was then in nineteen-eighty and I was finding most Americans still clung somehow to their cherished lie that our country, unlike most other countries, is noble and does good.

My fellow citizens. Too frail to dare traverse the shadow of a doubt.

Fast forward. Twenty-eleven. Thirty years more or less and every one of them a year of startling surprises.

Two thousand and eleven. Me. Night. A city night. An electric glaring night of shadowed darkness here behind us where we stand but blazing penetrating light across the street.

We standing here – a large but unknown number of us – stood far out to left and right and everywhere three ranks deep but crowding close to hold each other up against the blaring light – are actually, in military fact, a voluntary unarmed citizen militia, well disciplined by our ideals and ready. Waiting. Our drummers drumming loud and fast. Food and water being passed.

Waiting for the Boston Police to cross the street in line abreast and take the park.

The park, the Occupy encampment. The tiny liberated zone. The tiny zone of real democracy, of real news, real education. The zone of reality and courage.

Me a visitor tonight. Me and some others come racing in a car tonight to make this muster, come racing from our smaller city's camp where we are fully occupied with our own version of the struggle.

Me old man by then but out in front to show some leadership, waiting crouching on the curb, but a squad of drummers shove in here so I fade back behind the line and find some other duty.

Me, I take up chatting. Chatting. Our fellow citizens, some of them, have come to stroll about behind our line and they want chatting. I hail one "Hi".

This one is a man the age that I once was. In that electric shadowed thrumming rhythm dark he does approach, is not shy but can't find words.

Youngish, so-called white. Clean and warmly dressed this cool night.

He is not shy but befuddled, confused, trying seriously to think but can't find terms. Clearly sees the movement of these souls, clearly sympathizes but yet cannot see why. He seems to seem to himself cloudy drifts and opaque.

Me, I guess I'll clarify him. Me, I guess I'll put the question.

"Can I ask you something?"

Uncertainly: “Okay?”

“Do you think America is the greatest country in the world?”

Mister U.S. Citizen: He hesitates. He hems and haws, haws and hems, almost makes a little dance, offers something, takes it back. Then, at last, finally his countenance at last, his countenance portrays as if perhaps as if a useful thought has found him.

So now at last – at long long weary last – praise any god you wish – finally he does not answer.

Withdrawal of consent.

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Loving portrait of a spiritual master. Someone who unlocked Writer Plato's artistic spiritual doors.

Do you know what it's about? Can you guess? That little-known dialog? Socrates goes out criticizing art.

Yes! And it's the Golden Age of Athens!! (But somehow, over the centuries, this dialog has not been published much.)

So in this little-known dialog Socrates goes out slouching around Golden Age Athens using formal logic to verbally abuse all of their best living artists. And Socrates is telling this story.

Socrates is speaking to a small rapt awestruck audience of awestruck rapt college students, all of them young, all of them crowded into a little bright grove of trees that is surrounded by the City University's asphalt parking lot.

As always, the students have brought friends. And in fact, there's always a traffic jam, at the parking lot's main entry circle roundabout, when he does this.

And so Socrates tells this tale of excessive art abuse on himself. He makes it sound like, Hey here's this shit stupid fik thing I did, and you know what happened? Do you know what happened? Do you know that dialog? Look it up. It's true.

So anyway, he takes a survey. He takes a survey. Socrates goes around and asks each of the best living artists one single question – always the same question –

then he reports and critiques their single unanimous answer.

(I do suspect he also critiques individually, right there when the poor git has politely stopped work to chat with the disagreeable old farter, but his loving Plato doesn't tell us that.)

This might be mistakenly called the first scientific inquiry into art and the inquiry's result was remarkably spiritual and complex, as you would expect in any honest report on such a question.

The best artists all said art is Holy Magic. It was unanimous of course.

Art is Holy Magic, which Writer Plato then tells us Master Socrates then beautifully confirmed with elegant logic. He did it simply by exhaustio-absurdum, simply by running quickly through, and exhausting, all the possible means of dis-proving what the artists said.

A difficult genius stroke, really. Honesty in person. He strenuously tried and failed in refutation.

So that's what he's reporting to the rapt awestruck kids.

At the end Socrates instructs his kids that this is the lesson of the dialog...

Art's holy magic cannot be disproven. Thus you can honestly make beauty as a prayer.

And it's likely to be worth your time and trouble.

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⌘:⌘:⌘ Chap 21

Beauty is our surest source of Wisdom; Nature is our clearest source of Beauty; Love for each other is our strongest voice of Nature.

There was a fig tree where I was a child, filling one corner of our little house's little yard. Its beauty was amazing.

Indeed, after my childhood study of that tree, beauty seemed so mysteriously far beyond human knowing that the word “beauty” seldom even passed my lips for the next forty-odd years. Instead, I would speak and think of “joy” as the real spiritual fundamental of existence.

I would remember stretching out my little self through the summer's sweet close fragrant shade along thick viney limbs, the green light kaleidoscopic in my human eyes, the stiff big leaves rustling like paper in the breeze but so fuzzy against human skin, the fruit so strange and good. In unaccountable entwining ways the fig tree was perfection far past knowing. That was beyond.

But joy was inside me. I am joyful; I exist. That was knowable and known.

Then suddenly there was another summer day – me now far away and fifty-five years old but still there consciously a spirit in the fig tree – but now knowing more.

Now suddenly my self was felt to be obviously the viney wood – the sun soaked leaves, the strange

good fruit and all – and all of this was known by its self, the self which was its self, my own self, to be extremely beautiful surpassing joy.

Of course the mode of this awakening, at last, was erotic love.



I was a lonely quiet child, for so I learned to be and learned I was. Happy laughter sprang up from my heart quite naturally, but in that house it found poor nourishment.

Our mother, from some cause forever now uncertain – perhaps her father's early death and then her brother's then her mother's – was a worried and sometimes despairing woman.

Our father, though he was the one who set the fig tree sapling in its place, was a very earnest brooding man. His childhood had been wounded by starvation poverty and then his youth by the desperate struggle of panic fear and dauntless courage in a great war.

This woman and man who made us – a girl, a boy, another boy who was myself, and then another girl – did right by us. Their love proved itself by unstinted labor that fed and housed and clothed us year after year, and in a gentle discipline that taught so well. They gave us health, honesty, literacy and cleanliness.

But love was not spoken in that house. It did not speak nor was it spoken. There was no tender touch. There were no kisses. There was not even wishing for a kiss.



In my childhood study of the backyard tree, the thing I noticed most was the viney kind of curve its trunks, branches and twigs all made. I have tried ever since, in poetry and paint, in clay between the fingertips, in word and deed, in every art, to make that powerful curve.

It was a compound line reporting all the aspects of reality at all points it inhabited, the gravity and wind and sun and mechanical adhesion in the fibers of its wood and its evolution through previous habitats and its role in the evolution of habitats and the moral tendencies of the universe and plenty more sublimely joyful dancing fluid interactions of reality far outside my knowing.

That is to say, I understood the curving of the fig tree was extremely real. It was much more real than my unconvincing notions of my self.

And so passed forty years and more, although with various awkward twists as I tried to stretch my self into that viney curve and never figured how.



That summer I was fifty-five, I was in New England. I was renting half of a strange ramshackle house on an unworked farm. This house's other half was rented by another fellow.

You'd surely say it was a run down place but he was doing photographs and I was doing paintings and it was a joyful spot. It was a four acre hay field hilltop

deep in the highlands of big woods with a mountain view that would pop your eyes out. There was delicious air.

And that was new to me. The only thing in my experience you might compare it to was oceanside air – an air also full with fragrant palpable infinities of distant large and moving things about their business – but in this fragrant air of mountain hilltop, a place full of forest beings who cast perfume on the air, this very open and very clear bright but deep green place where you would see Sky and World in every glance, and you would constantly see it all flow with storm or breeze or flow with rain or vanish into snow, there I felt myself alive among infinities.

Beside an ocean, in whatever weather, I've always felt myself in danger and a foreign traveler. But here I somehow became immediately a native of the wooded hills.

Well, the other renter there, the art photographer, was a thoughtful fellow, lonely, very nice, courteous, kind. He lent me a valuable photo reference book to make a sketch and I gifted back a tiny canvas that he fancied. I'd feed his cat when asked. Now and then we had some tea and chat.

He, my good neighbor, attended regularly at a Buddhist monastery that was there, nearby somewhere among those hills, for their silent walking contemplative retreats were a spiritual treasure to him.

Me, I had my girlfriend up on weekends quite a lot.

This lady was the very person I had absolutely given up any hope of ever finding.

In fact, I had carefully calculated the arithmetical unlikelihood that she could be alive on the same side of the planet as myself and was mistaken. I had composed a philosophic poem in which her nonexistence stood as proof of something in the universe. That is to say, logic had failed me completely in the search for her.

And I could not possibly even list the lady's charms – her forthright honesty and grace and wit and intelligence and generosity and strong insistent heart that was proven so amply since, for through her virtues she would later save my life – because at that time when we had only recently met, I mainly saw her virtues only through an utterly compelling intuition that could not be itemized.

And she was similarly bewildered by this peculiar creature me. Indeed, both our feelings seemed to be that we must simply throw away caution and absolutely work this out as we went along and you-know-what a lot.

And our next door neighbor is a quiet lonely visual artist guy familiar with Oriental stuff.

And I guess you may have seen the famous photos of those old Hindu temples where sinuous entwining lovemaking couples, all smiling very sweetly as they serenely consummate the universe, adorn every sacred temple archway and pillar.

You may even be aware that the ornamental vegetation crafted in those famous temple carvings – the curving viney trunks and limbs and sheltering leaves which those famous undying lovers inhabit and enact so joyfully – are, of course, unmistakably fig trees.

Those sculptured fig trees are, to be precise, the same *ficus religiosa* species under which the Buddha sat for his awakening.

And, you understand, in the past year, since months before we found each other, I had achieved sudden astonishing success in making beautiful paintings without yet knowing beauty is real. Repeat: without yet waking to the fact beauty is real.

Many paintings that will become Spirit Hill Tarot, if I may explain, were already crowded cheek by jowl among the others nailed up on my small rooms' walls – waiting since before I even knew that she exists – to greet her when she ventured up into the hills then stepped into my door, while others of them waited stacked among the leaning piles of canvases in every dusty corner.

Me painting like a lunatic, sawing and nailing frames between the painting sessions, me wondering what in the world I'm doing for all those months before she came.



So finally one day it is a lovely summer Saturday or Sunday.

A breeze that is quite irresistibly intoxicating in its meadow forest fragrance and also bursting with glowing sunlight radiance has all day been absolutely flooding the place through our open windows, all of which are open you may be sure.

She and I are cuddling, lounging very dishabille, luxuriantly satisfied for now, me more luxuriantly satisfied than I have ever been before in my entire half century life, you may be sure, and her too by every indication. Here we are in our little boudoir that opens on the universe, our little living room, which is at the back of the house where the wide window view of our steep round grassy hilltop, surrounded by the forest mountains, is more stunning.

It is a little room where big bright canvases over-filled with glowing shamanic vision and shining paint (three future Spirit Hill Tarot cards chief among them) cover all the walls above the tiny boundless island where we abide, we each touching each a fellow soul in the utmost holy intimacy of love.

I am growing actually hallucinogenic breathing in the scented light, studying the tactile structure of the mantic glowing visions that sunlight is sculpting on the breeze-blown moving sail-like surfaces of canvas stretched on wood.

When any human being starts to seriously explore their mind, to let it work and see what gifts it brings, they will very soon – very soon – feel the pretended boundary between their self and all the world dissolve. They may take courage in that vast

mysterious state instead of fear. They may find their other self who is native there and lend that self a voice and eyes and hands and sex in this world here. So come many acts of brilliant creativity.

For me – I who have learned to trust my soul who lives there beyond, learned to marvel at its workings – to me by then there comes as well a kind of saturated dumb and sotted fullness, a savoring and keen surrender – there comes a fascinated and delicious utter giving of myself into the flowing energy of creativity as to the flowing bowl of ancient Dionysus.

So I am drunk with her and I have been forever so it seems, ever since at least our first kisses waking in that day's transcendent and transparent waking dream.

And even so, the endless hour is still morning.

So Neighbor knocks. He's knocking on our front door, not the back, doesn't see us but the cars are out there out front so he figures we must be here somewhere and he shouts a loud friendly confident hello.

I realize, suddenly, Neighbor will next definitely walk around out back, searching for us in the yard, sunbathing out there with books perhaps as we often are, and there he will quite discretely peek into our living room's wide picture window just the way that I would do undoubtedly if the situation were somehow horribly reversed, and so I bellow back an answer.

After all, the lady has another life as a Quite Respectable Person who dresses very presentably you may be sure for a professional occupation in a city and goes home to the company of three dearly loved adult daughters who, I'm absolutely sure, cast unrelenting aspersions on the old nasty Hippie freak in the woods to whom their mom is inexplicably attached and to whom, therefore, I really don't want the lady carrying home a displeasing report.

So now I'm suddenly struggling to get this emergency sorted inside my head while rummaging among the bedclothes for yesterday's trousers.

The lady is amused. She pulls a sheet up to her chin.



So here stand two men, a screen door between them.

One stands out there in the stunning brilliant summer day, a bright day, standing on the doorstep looking up, outside looking in, holding a hand up to shade his eyes.

The other is an old stout fellow naked to the waist, silver hair and beard a tangled mass around his face, blinking and squinting there in the deep shade of the hallway, inside the dark screen door which he does not open.

But the old stout guy is leaning sideways now, bending like the hilltop willow tree that stands out there beyond the cars and little gravel parking lot,

slouching onto the door frame. He has expended his reserves in dragging to the door and is now overcome with a peculiar exhausted relaxation. He is trying to button his pants.

Both men know there is a woman in there.

So of course I am examining this memorable situation. Of course I'm thinking Darwin thoughts about how Nature is our lives and we are Nature.

From this new perspective of Darwin dynamics I suddenly see that all this body love is biologically powerfully recruiting me to join a Clan that sorely needs a good Grandfather because Babies are coming soon and the Matriarch of which suspects that she has stumbled on a quite exceptional candidate.

So my old lonely heart swells with relief and pride: She has chosen me for good reason. And I feel the blossoming of tender love that famous poets speak: Like a rose bloom erupting marvelously on a withered stem, I fall in love with her. That then suddenly disproves all my theorems of grief, so suddenly I begin at once surrendering the doubt and fear which all that loneliness always gave me.

But Neighbor is talking, as he has a right, shrugging ruefully, reminding me, apologetic since he clearly feels ridiculous – and maybe even feels made a fool and maybe even hurt – about the very interesting old wrecked beaver dam in the woods a pleasant walk away from there which he did mention a couple weeks ago one time, to his suggestion which I did indeed answer him that the lady and I would probably like to

walk out for a look and to which he is going now to make some photos that are going to be very fine in this very fine light, so he shrugs again. And would we like to go?

And here, for your information, let me just interject that I am still sorry and embarrassed – ashamed somewhat in fact – that I never went with my good Neighbor to see that beaver dam which would have been interesting.

But now, in my intoxicated state, I am carried off by thoughts about the tender poignancy of life. I used to be so much like Neighbor just so recently and for so long before. And he is me of course. I have escaped that fate but should I rejoice or mourn? Of course I must do both and in them both know joy.

In fact, I am at last surrendering what remains of the fear and doubt my loneliness for so long gave me.



So now I hear a footstep in the hall and turn and look.

Now comes the Lady in her person.

I have heard her step and looked and seen her coming from the living room into the hall.

And she is there.

I gape.

She is appropriately clothed. She wears her lover's shirt from yesterday, Gypsy bangles at her ears and silver finger rings. That is all. The shirt falls just exactly long enough to cast the Sacred Mysteries of

Venus respectfully in shadow. In the hallway's dark this gleaming female soul is glorious.

I either gasp or moan.

So the Lady is in the doorway by me now, within the darkly veiling screen. So the entryway is filled; no one will enter. She takes my arm in hers and strikes a friendly pose and says hello to Neighbor.

Neighbor's eyes fly to a spot in the air above and there they stay. But he says hello. Furthermore, he briefly, with quite commendable aplomb, outlines the friendly invitation to a scenic woodland ramble.

Before she speaks to answer him, she moves. It may be at first a gesture simply answering the friendly invitation in some normal way but then it is a dance. It becomes unmistakably an artist's pose.

Then it is indeed an apt quotation from great famous art which Neighbor loves, great art I know he loves because this pose of hers is photographed exactly and repeatedly in a photo reference book of South Asian temple architecture he recently took from his private shelf and opened to those pages of those photos with a lover's tender touch and then generously lent that book to me his painter neighbor.

In this brief dance, this divine erotic dance, the Lady took my arm to wrap around her back to put my hand exactly at her waist and there she holds it, her hand pressing mine with every silent signal of human touch that I must hold that curve of her fervent soul in strength.

So we are relaxed and yet we have embraced securely. And so, if I may say it in this way, the Lady's substance entwines in mine...

Her other hand goes up behind us, appearing on my farther shoulder and it grips; she gives her weight. She lifts her far foot just enough to put its heel above her near foot's ankle, so her knee arising slightly as the toe points obliquely down. So she is reclining on me like I am reclining in such languor on the wooden doorway post and I feel her relax, her substance now becoming mine so familiarly in an act of love.

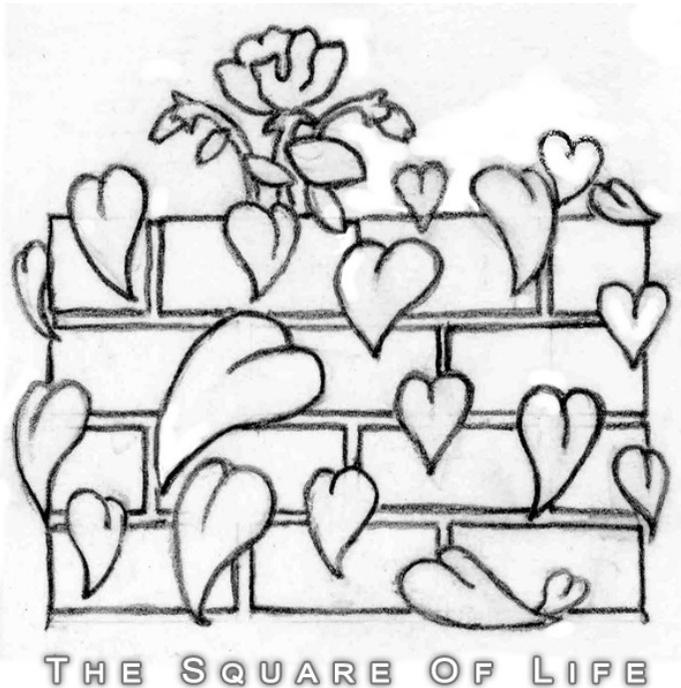
So what is this? Are we truly beings carved above the temple threshold steps, truly? Are we not? For this blessed place where all this glorious mysterious art is done for such hidden reasons; is this not a place of miracles for that whole summer long – which has not ended yet – and are we not its clergy?

Somehow in true, true fact – in facts somehow assembled there out of the actual substance of reality by brilliant workings done in beauty – we are the fig tree now. And thus the powerful reality of beauty has been proved.

For me this is an ecstasy. And it resolves deep riddles of human joy and meaning.

Beauty.

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The Square Of Life

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Ps. By the way, this book's word shamon is a pun.

Explained... I must first say this is phonetical pronunciation, just like the real word is pronounced, ^^Therefore my pun, being phonetic, is saying all the scholars in the world are spelling it wrong, ^^For I follow CampBell here in all this, trace Elfesis clearly back to shamonism. ^^And CampBell is right, also printed zirox copies. ^^So therefore my pun, in this book, explained... ^^Shamon => ShameOn. ^^Viz, accepting shame for things vastly beyond your sphere of influence, reluctantly of course, ^^Is something any person in shamonic work does ^^By nature of the work sometimes, ^^Accept the sorrow of the whole thing too, of course accept with shame and sorrow, and play the clown.

So, what real word have I here described???

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Me, even despite the first little steps of my spiritual journey, surprising steps, which I was shown there, my first little steps of seeing what beauty is, in any form. Even despite of beholding the teaching of Shamanic Dance!!!

Even despite that, while, of a winter one morning, amid breathtaking opalescent and sparkling icy hills, having just stepped out our peculiar tin hut, and while trying to hack up kerosene smoke out of my breathing cavities, standing there, bending over beating on my chest, in thick stiff filthy woolen clothes, I was ONCE TEMPTED to see the beauty with an IRONIC ATTITUDE. Colonialism. I hope you forgive me.

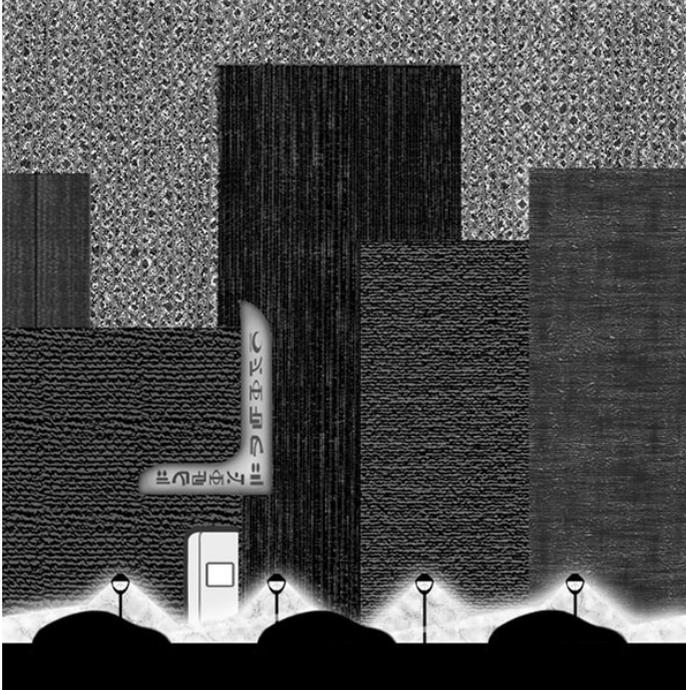
But I was a post office clerk! U.S. Army in Korea! With a pickup truck! For a few months!

That little funky pickup truck. I loved small trucks and bikes and planes.

As I often drove that little mail truck, around to all those steep little steep hill valley, wrecked-looking, dirty little camps, the dirty places, ministering to their postal needs, only the small isolated dirty camps, small ones dotted in among the larger camps, thinly seeded all around the road map of our post office's geographic area, an over-night pickup-and-delivery route that I often quite enjoyed, you understand, no place that I went was my home.

It was a taste of freedom something like a wide-ocean bird's.

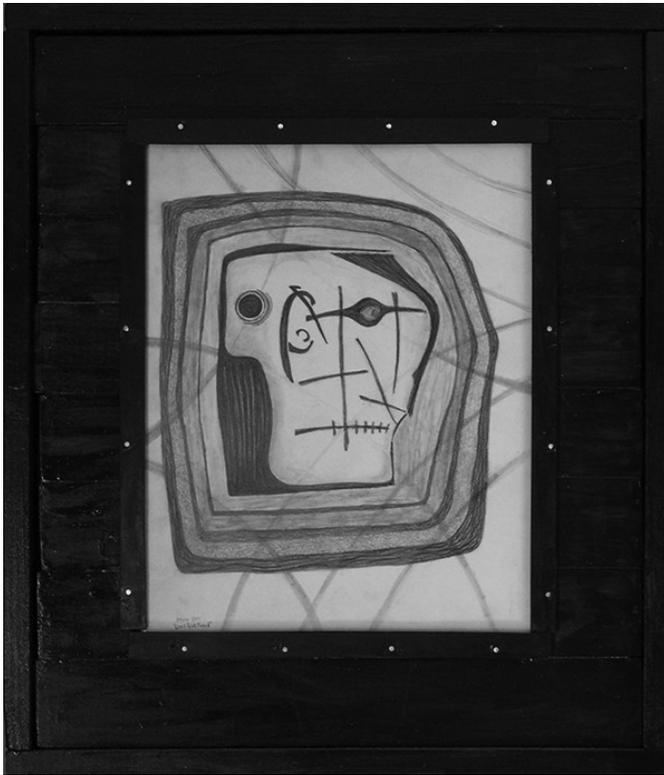
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We Remain On Duty (on 12-15-2018)

Few revolutionaries partying a Yule night
at a fire in a garden,
chance meeting of Revolution Committee,
General Assembly,
a committee very thinly spread across the
national landscape,
only ever convene meetings as by chance
strangers meeting,
each while traveling on widely dispersed
revolution duties,
few revolutionaries partying a Yule night
at a fire in a garden.

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Lost Girl Found (in the Occupy camp)

Oh dear and darling daughter
whom I knew for brief and passing days,
you of grief and will to worthy deeds
here in this world,
and human failings too,
I pray all goddesses who ever are
in past and future present time,
to fill your life with worthy deeds,
and blessedness and peace,
and hero's glory.

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VoVoVoVoVoVoVoChap 23

I was not a stranger to the co-pilot's seat of small light aircraft. Speaking of the younger days.

To begin with, our Dad, after his war for a while, as he was a mechanic too and could save money that way, even though it was an expensive hobby, so he had a light plane for awhile.

Had it long enough that two fair days one summer he took us three kids up, with each of us having our turns in the co-pilot seat. But it was an expensive hobby and he had to sell it.

Even if you shoved me into such a seat today, for some good reason, I wouldn't faint or anything. I'd be totally incompetent of course, but I wouldn't drop dead or faint or anything. And if it were some astonishing circumstance where the whole idea is not idiotic, I would thumbs-up to the pilot, Ready For Takeoff.

Of course that's an easy brag because the idea would be totally idiotic. But of course I'm still The Azzle Kid so I might thumbs-up anyway. I only rode small light motorcycles too, by the way.

The motorcycles were civilian, but following that young summer it would all be U.S. Army aircraft, a helicopter one time!

Those ludicrous transparent plastic bubble helicopters, one of those. Like in movies with just two wounded strapped in stretchers on the outside of the tiny machine. Patients strapped on its landing skids! Jesu Christo Y Amen! Fing Air Cavalry bullshit.

That fing stick on that thing was an evil thing which should not exist. And the bstrd pilot had my controls switched on, just above the ground, for Three Whole Minutes.

While I kept thinking what my Dad told about flying so low as that to thrill the rubes, like guy and gal and guy hoping for a little lucky Oldsmobile jaunt down the road after, so guy tips a couple extra bucks, and you announce it's cold up there so better huddle up. And the two of them, in your old biplane's back seat, they huddles like an octopus.

Working fairs up and down the country pre-his-war. And sometimes, my Dad said, you'd die earning that couple extra bucks for the extra public service, flying so low as me now in this helicopter.

And was meanwhile frantically glancing down and back, down and back, to check altitude below my feet, down to a dirt road surface, where every pebble, through that plastic glass, was Enormous.

So yes, in the co-pilot seat of any small light plane your tiny space around your seat is full of levers and lights and pedals, your space is absolutely full of that stuff, and it's all important stuff, but just don't touch any of it.

And keep your eyes open, and try to figure out what the pilot is going to do before the bottom drops out of your seat, or the floor becomes the ceiling. And don't let the pilot crash.

And the thing is, once you're not a stranger in that seat any longer, then the pilots want to teach you stuff. Of course they do, you're a co-pilot.

It's like a Middle Ages craft guild initiation, if you think about it.

Now they want to let you feel and press the airfoil surfaces. That's what's next. The airfoil surfaces. These are important pieces of the flying craft's outside skin, in case you don't know. You're sitting there touching pieces of the outside skin. It's an amazing feeling.

It's an amazing feeling through your hands, because you are very carefully grasping some small piece of the large kite-work mechanism that houses your seat. You have instantly come to understand this, that the object in your hands is connected with important pieces of the outside skin.

You know it is connected part and parcel to the skin by means of some complex code of utterly precise push and pull that your human hands can probably learn. And through that code of push and pull of this piece, you're touching air that's holding you up.

Yes, it's only just one of the old familiar odd lot pieces of stuff around the co-pilot seat that you've always been earnestly forbidden to ever touch, this thing you're grasping. But it is the only one of them that has been always jiggling strangely whenever you looked at it.

Well, that thing you're holding is the airfoil surface touch controller. There are several kinds.

And you are now holding it like you would hold a loaded large-caliber machine gun. You are grasping that airfoil surface touch controller now, whatever sort of them it is, and instantly you have learned, through mortal terror, that you absolutely must keep the thing's jiggling restrained as much as you possibly can.

And yet the aircraft is still in flight.

No, I was not quite a stranger in the co-pilot's seat of a small light aircraft.

And that was the kind of thing I was planning to train for and fly, but with me in the grown-up seat this time, me planning to go putt-puttering around about the friendly skies of Nam. That's the specific options I was carefully checking off on the paper in the recruiting office. My second enlistment. After I saw King killed and devoured Malcom's book.

Let me tell you something you can do with small light planes. You can smuggle stuff. My Dad told me this... Before his war, him and his crop-dusting fair-touring buddies used to smuggle in prohibited liquor from the Bahamas when they could, across a piece of ocean.

But this current idea would have me as an illicit tiny air force of one, moving information, stuff and people in service to the U.S. soldiers' Great Mutiny, which was fully in process of deciding the outcome of the war at that time.

Look, I'm sorry, but you think I'm stupid now, don't you? Me laying a trd like that and calling it a military plan. But I claim the right to offer you a paragraph in defense...

One time I got stuffed into a tiny co-pilot seat with a big stuffed-full mail bag that I had that night, that mail bag stuffed in on top of me, The Christmas Mail, in foul weather. In the only aircraft leaving and returning at that hilltop air strip that winter night.

You see, the roads were too icy for my little truck on the icy roads, over there where that bag was going, on a different hilltop strip some distance off. I had to call ahead on a radio and found that out.

And well, the pilot said he would go over there alone, and take The Christmas Mailbag for me. But I said Not in a pig's eye.

That's when he admitted he did not have with him the proper kind of receipt paper, but that would be okay because he's a commissioned officer, so can write a receipt for me to take on any piece of paper. But if I want the right receipt paper I'll have to go take The Christmas Mailbag myself because they have those papers there. And he agrees he'll bring me right back so I can bunk here and start the delivery route prompt again next morning.

So I'm in the co-pilot seat and suddenly, it's a weird disoriented feeling. Probably the way I'm laying back, with the big mailbag shoved on top, I can't see the windshield around the bag. So it's the utter dark.

Or no, it's the engine came on, the vibrations. Total disorientation. Which way's up? I hate that.

So suddenly I realize it's going to feel like hurtling on a cannon shell from hilltop to hilltop. It feels just like I'm poised on a vibrating firecracker rocket about to go arcing through the night winter sky.

So the pilot climbs in his side and shouts If I'm ready? And I laugh and shouts back, Do you ever crash doing this? And he laughs some expletives and shouts Nah, we never crash, and I shouts back a very expletive expression for, Yeah I'm Ready, and I shoves my hands both up around the bag with both Thumbs Up.

That was in my real life. So now I ask... My aborted scheme to be a mutinous pilot smuggler courier in the decisive Great Mutiny in the Viet Nam War. That little scheme I hatched for myself, eventuating in my second enlistment. Yeah, that scheme in a personal viewpoint was cracked, certainly. But really how impossible does it actually look?

After half a year discharged on the street, my muscles and blood were feeling ready for it.

But it turned out my eyeballs failed a physical fitness test for piloting. My eyeballs, for it seems the fluid pressure in my eyes was one tick higher than for normal people. And I was sent to U.S. Army Germany instead, became a medical corpsman.

And that turned out to be a better idea.

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time, when my great grandmother was working slaves) on that particular morning when I saw an opportunity.

So naturally I got up to one of my well-known War Resistance Hijinx. Although actually those did become a little more well-known a little later.

As you might guess, the ensuing fifteen minutes of that morning by that corner of that road was the moment when I mastered oratory in its classic plain use as a practical art. As you might guess. Because my soldiers taught me. And what they taught me is likely an original prime impulse for all the human versions of the oratorical arts. It was, anyway, my self's beginning as a speaker. What they taught me was HUMAN ANARCHIST MARTIAL SPIRIT.

So here's that dewy morning scene... About three hundred twenty raw recruits are gathered in the morning dew that has just fallen, a fast warming morning, all of them quite uniformly silent and wary and facing forward standing on ... faded white lines painted long ago ... on an asphalt strip where all of us are standing, on cracked faded asphalt tar a little more downslope behind our barrack buildings ... and all this built two big wars ago.

Four neat large rectangular groups of young bewildered wary men standing on very old pavement, a local Mars Field, as the Romans called parade fields, all of them young men, assorted very widely in every other way available to any human beings, all struggling to show cooperation with whatever authorities are holding them, but meanwhile spying utmost earnestly,

at least for some crumb of understanding of their new-found plight.

Each rectangular barrack eighty have been roused from unfamiliar bunks and herded back out here among the last shades of morning dark, herded here by four separate paths that tend to keep the barracks' inmates separate, them then arranged and tended here so neatly, inside their barrack's predestined box of cracked and faded quadrilateralish painted lines, each rectangular eighty arranged on their lines in their box by a single man of my exalted rank, four of us to their three twenty, them properly arranged now silent facing forward watching us, us four gone to stand before them, each one us four standing to relaxed attention in the careless gee-eye way, each standing now before our barrack eighty.

You'll understand, that was the early days of Viet Nam, a sudden frantic effort, a sudden war of urgent conquest, its First Build Up. And as such, this sort of thing, where we were standing there in our minuscule military preposterousness, our theoretic sketch of a company formation, our strange arrangement of merely hypothetical obedience, and for me a time so very ripe for war-resistance mishap, for you see, in a national moment such as that, chaos is standard issue.

Our moment was the famous Athens barber shop. The lone survivor of a missing merchant vessel stumbles in, the barber knows him, begs the barber clean his ragged tick-infested lousy hair and beard for old time's sake, his stinking armpits and filthy rotten

pubes. Enslaved by Sicilian pirates who had took the merchant ship, he's straggled home at last. Our nation's moment was that moment or the very next.

This dockyard barber shop, this beaten sailor barely living hobbles in, leaning on some helpful lads encountered by the way. Patrons' horrified astonishment. All demand demand demand to hear. A poison fountain, horrified astonishment, welling up profusely.

And our own nation's moment was that moment or the next, the very next, out in the Athens dockyard churning streets. Mob crowding in to hear repeated and repeated more, enthusiastic frantic shouting rushing every corner, mob rushing growing chanting shouts. And its frantically triumphant cry for war. A thousand keels are laid that month in Athens. Forty thousand killed Athenians by next year's end.

We standing in our nation's morning like the frantic Athens morning of the rushing dockyard streets.

Thus, each rectangle tended here by one peon junior junior temporary officer, three hundred twenty men hauled from home and roused from bed now supposedly become, as if in geomantic sorcery, a flat grid of flat points on slightly hilly pavement, with us four each pretended lord and master, now come to standing center forward of his eighty of his barrack, us four turned to them and looking in their eighty faces and pretending history or some deity is on our side.

So it's us four of my same nonsense pretended fubar army rank standing there in front of them

commanding them, regulating their behavior by a ruse of random errors, a pretense that they are here by some impartial fair accident or such, while a humid day dawns clear and brightens.

And suddenly now me suddenly realizing ... too many minutes of this waiting monkish quiet contemplating poetic silence have gone by already, me dawning suddenly a vivid flash that actually us four's own pretend commander, our old scarred broken beaten royally fiked up junior sergeant, is drunk in bed apparently today, the poor bastard sot, him unable to pull his trousers up and attend that morning and give the U.S. Army raw recruits their required first initial introductory orientation speech for their new U.S. Army plight.

Shit. Fik. Shit fing fik. We four are darting glances at each other side to side and it comes clear at once that none of my three colleagues has any notion what to do. I checked my mental notes so far.

My soldiers, my eighty, my prisoners who slept separated from me only by an unlocked door and a wall of flimsy boards last night, and will do so again at least tonight, they stand before me looking at me. Tall and short and thin and fat, robust or seeming wan, variously dressed, they have reason to believe I am their most direct link for any down or up expression of coercion or persuasion or information flow, me supposed to be their most direct link between them and the commander in chief of our ridiculous country.

They, with a Viet Nam crop of standing dead men definitely among them, are standing in the soiled rumpled ordinary clothes they got off of the bus or train in yesterday, an assortment of caps or none and, I look and see, in whatever ordinary civilian flimsy footwear. They are not well shod and hatted for this day's sunny marching toward a distant warehouse, an army clothing warehouse, a local gate of hell.

You understand, within a quarter minute of a sudden mental image of this special opportunity's possible scope for a little pro-human war resistance, within a quarter minute of that flash image of our poor bastard with his trousers down, and of the scope thus possibly available to me for some pro-human experimental self-training, within that quarter minute I was smiling and gesturing toward my three pretend commander colleagues, me gesturing pretended reassurance as I strode behind them suddenly, me smiling false assurance striding past them, heading for the speaker's platform. A small construction like the common kind of wooden lumber lifeguard stand but only three steps up.

What did I do? First off, by those steps up I spied a revelation. I spied that this mass of three hundred twenty humans was no amorphous congealation of their fear and flesh. With my standing to that lectern, they reacted.

Suddenly most were leaning toward some person near them, cocking ears to hear that nearby person if they speak or show an exclamation or reaction in this

very dangerous moment. And those selected persons, who've surely shown some clarity and generosity to their chance companions along the way, those chosen persons, being outwardly of all kinds whatever, are now glancing round surprised to see the people round them doing this.

My heart was breaking open. Irrevocably and suddenly, here was the ancient fact of soldiers who elect their leaders under pressing need. Xenophon, Lincoln, Battle of San Jacinto. So in this vast emergency these, all of these, were comrades with me by our nature. There is a desperate ancient struggle between the honest soldiers and the mighty murder mill, whatever mask it holds up to its face, and these all were comrades with me in our human natures that treasure our lives in our lives' free and deep expression of our beautiful creativity.

What did I do? In that strange inhuman place I spoke with those before me like intelligent human beings and offered them a bucketful of accurate information that would be useful. Spoke WITH them and not TO them you may ask? Yes, for while I spoke in voice, I had scarcely started when I was startled, realizing they were speaking back with me through the psychic web of sympathy, the arts of speaking can construct where love is not dead. They taught that vital fact of human conversation to me.

What did I do? I wended through the usual practical list of basic things which they must know to live with one another decently packed tight in this

situation, and things they need to know to avoid innocently stumbling into army jail, things to avoid fire and electrocution in these wretched buildings, all of that lifted from our poor sergeant's unchanging permanent morning mantric talk which he'd been mumbling through of late, and which I'd heard by then a million times.

But silently that morning I was hearing their questions on these essentials vital to them. So then I was responding with a nutshell explanation here, a brief quick anecdote there, a nibble of some hash of Caesar's possibly, such to clarify those points where questions hung in the air even visibly, the air which must have felt sanctified by some tentative trust.

What did I do? Earning visible shock from one of my three fake-officer colleagues, when the word 'blackjack' was mentioned in a list of personal weapons which the raw recruits might possibly possess, just off the bus or train, me speaking a list of possible personal weapons, which they absolutely must turn in to us before day's end, or else absolutely risk an army penal sentence. Like I would later have. Amid that list of firmly forbidden possible items for their self-defense, I took my little chat very far indeed.

When 'blackjack' came up on my remembered list, I even took a few breaths to explain it, I even sufficiently explained it, the correct making and effective violent head-splitting use of the homemade hidden pocket blackjack, a traditional anarchist's friend. I took them that far.

What did I do? Talking pretty brisk, I opened with a good reliable innocent little joke and had them smiling here and there into the end. Then looking back and forth among the living and the future dead, I examined faces and saw many marked with good relief or even confidence from our little chat that warming morning. Now I recognize this ought to be a chaplain's duty but no other chaplain had been there.

What did I do? It's true I struck a devil's bargain there that morning. Of course. Obviously. I led them marching to a gate of hell, the clothing warehouse.

But what, do you suppose I could have rallied up and led a jail break instead? For myself and them?

Next day or the day after, I waved fond farewell when some real sergeants came to march that batch of flesh a mile or so away to boot camp training.

But perhaps a life was saved that morning. Or the blasting of a guilty soldier's soul through atrocity was prevented from being done, by that quarter hour or so of sympathetic honest human talk where fear was stalking close. Perhaps a useful bit was learned and passed along to others. May such a pardon of my guilt along these lines be possible at all?

But what has that to do with MODERN ART?

I'll tell you but it takes a brief scenic stop round about in that surprising little hamlet playhouse set of four antique barracks and their attending office shed and supply shed. Those buildings and us people huddling there together on a sandy slope on an outer

road, my overflow holding cell in the human flesh supply, needing penance. We must stop there once more for me to tell of MODERN ART and ORATORY for you.

Our scenic surrealist scene involves grabbing a coal shovel and a few stray bricks. After recent heavy rain, a little washout chuck has taken shape on a sandy slope up beside one of our barrack paths. A little washout clean through, by now, the tough bleak grass and several inches deep, into the sandy ground. In fact, seriously threatening our little barrack path and threatening all the feet of all who walk it.

So I went Dada one afternoon, normal otherwise, stood beside and loudly announced I would fix it, pointing to my chest I said, like people do where I come from, that I said, me holding the coal shovel up, wide blunt-lipped totally unsuitable shovel, from my barrack's tiny furnace room, for all around who were stopped startled watching me, all ranks of us peons, and me pointing down for them to see my little pile of few stray bricks and then I fixed it, I did fix it by building a neat little brick-lined spillway for the rain. Modern art. In other words, reality irrupting.

Large reality irrupting in a place of life-consuming lies. Irrupting with a wide blunt nosed shovel. Yes, I think that's what made a trusting reputation for me with a military company of privates for the first time, there at the very Modern-artsy genesis of my first main War Resistance Hijink.

About the Hijink, you must also hear about OUR MARCHING. You must. I soon took to searching with them for a self-made discipline of step and cheer on our repeating and repeating and repeating and repeating and repeating morning outings to hell's nearest gate, the army clothing warehouse.

Within a month I'd learned the cries of 'thank you gentlemen' and 'if you please' and learned to dance around outside my soldiers' marching square demonstrating each new kind of step for all, and demonstrating laughing cheer to lift the walk.

Within that month, my soldiers who were with me then, my that-day's not-yet-dead, would turn onto and march up those last three final blocks of army street before the clothing warehouse entry chute, a thickly populated area of base, my two-stripe patch sewn as if it's falling off, them randomly untidy clad.

With lots of longer serving soldiers round about, always several marching squares of our fellow peons who had got their soldier clothes already, squares where my that-day's comrades would be marching too themselves by end of week.

Each person of those other marching squares all looking downcast and beaten. And each of those squares attended by two or three real U.S. Army trainer sergeants bearing heavy on the duty.

And there were mornings when those real boot camp sergeants, most of them obviously, themselves, no doubt, trained just recently, to do boot camp training work, and most hoping to do their new business well,

they would look at our street-garbed randomly anarchic pride and joy of real accomplishment, us real-soldier marching in that morning, elan as if with guns, this much accomplished one day of reality, and those expert soldier faces, those beginner boot camp sergeants, sometimes they openly and manifestly judging and beheld our motley cheer and what we'd done, with their astonishment or envy on their faces.

Perhaps, as me, you see some evidence there for the military capability of PRO-HUMAN ANARCHIST SOLDIERS, as in Hemingway's Spanish war, perhaps with me even seeing this story as evidence as equally revealing, much later, in the high summer of our city occupation camps in TWENTY-ELEVEN, this evidence seems to me as revealing as the sterling performance by our hometown local unarmed volunteers rallying in twenty-eleven to a city general assembly's street action summons, in Bolivar's tradition even, Bolivar founder of nations, armies always and everywhere of LIBERATED SLAVES.

If there is forgiveness anywhere, I seek it.

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♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪♪ Chap 26

In the physical-fitness system of yoga that I started practicing early this year (physical fitness being then a whole new realm of yoga for me) you immediately come to realize that you were stupid for a long time, because you didn't know something that you've just now learned.

And even worse than that, this was a fact that I had read or heard long before, when first becoming shamon, while trying to figure out what shamon is, even told others about it, but I had merely toyed with it really. I had chosen a more popular option from the philosophical banquet instead.

This fact came back to mind often enough through the years, but I had really just filed it away in my curiosity cabinet.

However, when I was crippled with the arthritis of old age, then physical fitness became an urgent priority. That's when I finally really discovered this fact for the first time.

Here is that fact ...

The outward-facing surfaces of my feet and hands are directly connected with regions or methods of existence that are not here. And by the way, this fact is an essential of old classic Chinese medical science, something I am observing in life and trying to describe, rather than inventing.

As I give careful attention to the sensations and information in my physical body, trying honestly to

visualize the interior scene without habitual preconceptions, all of it seems to be a bundle of energetic threads that are aware and communicating. When you listen, they sound like clear voices with simple messages. When you try speaking to them, they seem to hear clear simple messages too.

When I trace them among the interior sensations of my body, most or all of these conscious threads stretch between some spot on the sole of a foot, at one end, and some spot on the palm of a hand. They pass through the shoulders, neck and head, making a sort of bend or glowing coil, part way along.

And altogether, as though by their thinking, something like symphony orchestra music, they compose the tissues and information of my body, which my mental touching and probing is searching through.

But now, let's describe those outward-facing trans-dimensional connection spots formed by my body's tissues in my soles and palms. And for this we will need a different visual metaphor.

Let's say a guitar player presses their hard calloused finger right across the guitar's neck to stop all the strings at the same place. Then our single-minded musician strums across the strings. And let's say those vibrating strings are one person's body.

But of course next, our musician holds down the strings with a finger slant-wise, and strums again. Those vibrating strings are different, in complex ways, so they're a different person's body.

I think that's insufficient and too vague, but it's still the best visual I've got, for the outward trans-dimensional connections formed by my body in my soles and palms. So to speak, these organs are gathered like pinched-in top and bottom ends of my portion of my body's threads, the portion of these threads here within my type and place of existence.

The old classic Chinese word for these vividly conscious threads, so conscious that they sing your body, that Chinese word is translated into English as Meridians. So you can use the key word Meridians to research this topic. Also, you can research this through acupuncture or classic Oriental martial arts, for many of that region's disciplines use the Meridians too.

So how did this discovery impose a pleasant revolution on my healthcare thinking?? And what has all of this to do with being shamon? And a veteran??

Well, that first question's easy, about self-healthcare thinking.

You're building up an accurate moving visual model of your body's interior, an interactive mask, getting that into present consciousness. (Think of Mask, an interactive one, as in software or costumes or playing peek-a-boo with an infant.) Of course getting that into your present consciousness revolutionizes your self-healthcare efforts.

Speaking only the first use I've found with my problem, it became insanely easy to pinpoint a body-stretching exercise exactly to the right little bit of knotted stressed-out tissue. You can even accompany

your precisely done body-stretch with a verbal reassurance to that spot of flesh that actually there's no emergency so calm down.

And an extra trick great for beginners... Have a wooden spoon and slap that exact little spot of flesh with the spoon, pretty hard repeatedly, to wake it up from its mistaken fear. Or if you can reach it with your thumb, maybe shove your thumb into that little spot for precise deep-tissue massage.

Of course every spot of flesh may have accustomed thinking habits, so if you're a very serious case, worse than me, it might take months of this self-therapy to work things properly through, till it becomes a case of just regularly treating your sprains and strains and bumps and bruises.

But anyway, if you're familiar with the panic swelling that accumulates in old-age arthritis sufferers, then you can imagine this simple, effective, and healthful self-therapy has been a revolution to me. Teach your flesh new calm ways of thinking!!!

So now we're going on to the second of our three questions... How the Meridians, and their connections with different regions, or methods, of existence, the question WHAT ALL THIS has to do with BEING SHAMON.

Well, first, you can talk through the connectors, up and down the guitar strings. You can talk and listen, and converse, and ask or offer help with voices found there, outside your accustomed existence.

Praying with gods or saints, and talking with your beloved dead humans, those are perhaps the two most well known and popular things you can do talking up and down the conscious threads, that compose your body, and extend to other realms.

And there are other possibilities, also useful and natural when you're living as a shamon, doing shamon work.

Here's a brief incident, in years I was settling in to being shamon, doing proper work, but still totally unsure how psychic phenomena implement in a human body, an incident illustrating a point I want to make...

A man dressed something like vaquero, Toltec-possible facial features, actually looking like a Mexican cowboy who is on a nice family visit in a foreign city, very neat, watchful and smiling slightly, careful to keep a signal of his home culture in the subtly distinctive vaquero style of cowboy hat and that particular Western style of his shirt, about my age and stature. Shamon positively glowing from him in some way I somehow recognized with no doubt.

He's in Houston with a few family members, all caught in the slow flow of a modern shopping crowd, squeezing in through the entrance-exam area of a big-box department store that's in a mall. The kind of place that tests your nerve, like walking down a jungle path crowded thick with unknown beings.

Now it's important to note the similarities of him and me. Because the point I'm making is that you can speak and converse not only up and down the wires,

but also kind of sideways, here in this or nearby realms, by sympathetic vibrations in your strings, communicate by your song you're singing here. And having open channels, up and/or down, amplifies your voice here.

If you have open connections up and/or down, that amplifies the volume, or signaling power, or something such, of the song your vibrating threads are singing out in this existence here. Maybe this is like our guitar player loosening pressure on a string to make a chord sing out.

People who genuinely deeply pray a lot, their large vivid presence that you feel near them, that is a well known example of a person's song amplified like this from other dimensions.

So next let's list similarities, which would create sympathetic vibrations for us two chance-met shamons...

Me, I was with family members too, my wife and young child. But we caught in a section of crowd in the big store's exit area. There we were shuffling shoulder-to-shoulder in the harrowing check-out lines, so much like a rectal examination of your wallet.

But that's to say that he and I were converging toward this store's exit/entry doors, converging toward this place, and toward a shared experience of this place, toward a shamon look into each other's eyes.

I heard him coming, by some means that was vaguely defined for me in those years, as if by

vibrations in a spider's web in a dark night, or something equally pathetically poetic.

So when he entered my field of vision, he was already hunting for me, hunting in my direction, and immediately found me looking at him, and we were looking eye in eye.

He and I both with a covey of family members whom we were protecting, both of our little inhabited islands caught in the slowly shifting crowd in this titanicly simple-minded department store.

And his hat... My hat was a badge of a home culture too. Mine was Celtic Druid not Vaquero Brujo, mine a style called Scotch Bonnet, a generously sized beret. And mine was home-spun and home-knit, of undyed woolen yarn from brown and black sheep. So both our hats were worn by a proud habit of showing identity and heritage.

We had similar age and stature too. We had similarly utter spiritual presence with people here, and similarly utter spiritual separation from this spiritually monstrous consumer culture.

I know all this, or think I do, from reading the information offered in his glowing presence, from hearing his persona's broadcast music in its tone of truth. And I know I was holding up some intended-to-be-honest complex mask of myself for him to hear and see. Maybe that's all that was needed to make our look into each other's eyes happen.

But there was more communication, our look into each other's eyes itself.

I saw there what I felt, his assessment of me similar to my assessment of him. It was a very human thing, a version of High Respect between young grown men on protective duty. He and I both estimated ... Here might be a worthy enemy or worthy friend. A very shamon thing.

Then a tiny nod and my fellow walker on the spirit roads was gone from present view, but not from memory.

And what was the point of me telling you this incident? You can speak and listen not only up and down the Meridian threads but also kind of sideways, in this realm or nearby realms. You can do that by vibrating your bundle of threads like singing or guitar. And, in some strong way, your song gets strengthened with connections open up or down.

And there's just three points more I'd like to mention briefly.

Final Point One...

Shamonism is a very rich evolved set of thoughts and actions born in us from our ancestors' generations among the beings of Living Earth.

You might compare to Art. Theirs and shamons' thoughts and actions overlap, but in the thriving of our species they serve different purposes. Shamon and artist share means with different yearnings.

Final Point Two...

When you're shamon, your deep motivations are a mystery to you. Shamons don't know evolution.

What you experience, with evolved thoughts and actions, does not include knowledge of evolutionary purpose. Human life would be much less puzzling if it did, but it doesn't.

Ask serious poets why they poetize. Might give you serious ruminations, yet not mention high survival value, to a human group, of beauty in our minds.

Final Point Three...

Fear, grief and sorrow come with shamon work.

Imagine being so aware of everything around and in you, plainly seeing, at your eyes and fingertips, seeing all is living spirit always changing, no matter how you wish to stop it, as every lover does. And every lover suffers, like Othello more or less.

Imagine being so aware of all of that because...

Cause you got switched to a certain channel. Cause you inherited a commanding mode of thought and deed, which initialized in you regardless of wishes. Because the shamon's hut's door cannot be closed. So your eyes cannot be not-shamon anymore.

Imagine that.

Now imagine that when Living Earth is dying.

As to all of this along with being Veteran, please see A Soldier's Apologia.

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how we hope it. Because in our natures manifested here, we all are the nature of this world in all its ceaseless all-becoming. There's no denying this, not ever while we're here.

So thus, what is the truth that I must tell my begging heart, begging for mercy?

Ought I to say that there is guilt always in degree, more or less degree, as any honest memory certainly does reveal, but you and me, we were always guilty of whatever, were not we? For our nature makes us thus, complicit always with all that's done, and shall I tell my poor heart that?

Shall I speak words of universal guilt into its crumbling broken empty paralyzed hollowness, so hollowed split by my own doing of my own heartless deeds?

Then perhaps my heart will rally, answer bravely, saying, 'so cast in your lot with all that's evil'.

But I shall not. No, I shall not do that careless harm again.

So thus, perhaps my human pity for a human heart, my own heart, a heart that I have learned to know and to bespeak so intimately well, during our dire search for human innocence, perhaps such keen pity for a human heart, my own heart, might become our light, our spark, of true philosophy, itself?

Perhaps I might feel it might. I feel it glowing bright So, what is this human pity for a human heart?

What does it token? What does it teach about me?
About this world?

Duty speaks.

Now the voice of duty speaks, to answer what I'm asking, struggling to answer rather, my duty reaching for me through this murky darkness where it seems that we are standing on a berm beside a marshy bank, a marshy river bank, standing guard a half-moon night where other shrubby trees stand also, rooted nights of shadow glowing, my duty reaching its twiggy fingertips toward me, and I remember something that I know, that my duty is a voice speaking to me near my heart, or somehow even duty seems to be heart's intimate companion, its intimate and ally of all adventure, in my soul, my heart and my duty married illegitimately long ago.

So in this shadowed dark, duty points to me, and hacks and copiously spits, spits copiously a thick brown clotting fluid like old blood even dripping from the deeply scarred mouth, and duty says I owe my heart a mercy, shithead. Calls me epithets of stinging filth and intimate particularity, as these spirits do customarily to prove their identity to you with no doubt.

And that done, it says to me this: this mercy to my heart is a proper soldier's duty, shithead. And duty says my duty thus: I-The-Soldier ought to die, shithead. Kill my fing Soldier-Self already, shithead. Let the poor bastard pass away for fik's sake. Let him sink and

everything he knows. Then rebirth us as a better life, a better nature.

So I breathe and breathe and breathe and breathe, and speak the message peace to all my sinews. And I think all my thoughts anew.

A Soldier's Apologia is completed.

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~~~~~Chap 28

poem: Old One

OLD ONE,

:: as you sit illuminating a sunbeam

:: with your presence.

OLD ONE,

:: as you sit still in the little cloud of cold air,

:: a little cloud of cold air

:: that has blessed us with its presence,

:: ever since you entered

:: and sat down

:: in this end

:: of our warm kitchen,

:: you entering from the outside door, of course.

OLD ONE,

:: what do you see????

=====

+++++Chap 29

poem: My Dear Child

My Dear Child,  
You'll understand,  
I cannot write to you as often as we both would wish.  
Everything is so hard here. It's hot.  
The Sun here is horrible this year,  
and food is running low, it's hot.

We're glad you left, despite the loneliness here, really.  
You see, the gardens have died now, they all died.  
It's hot. The water's low.

.....

Our neighbors whom you know next door,  
whom you remember,  
whom you think of with fondness I'm sure,  
are doing poorly still.  
We had them over yesterday for tea.  
They have nothing left to sell.  
They ask about you. We reassure them.

Are you still well?

.....

Soldiers have been through here again recently,  
the brown ones.  
They took some girls and boys away,  
I don't know why.  
They say they'll feed them.

There was a lot of weeping. It's hard to stop.

Is the war over yet? We haven't heard.

We had a letter from you in the spring.  
Are you still well?

Do you have soldiers there? What kind?  
Are there many?  
Are there bombs exploding?

•••••

Some days it's hard to rise from bed,  
with only us two here now.  
It's easier to lie and think.  
I think and think.

Do you remember the woods out behind the house?  
Of course you must. But do you remember sometimes,  
just a little maybe sometimes,  
walking out there once, the first time we did,  
you and me, the first time we ever did,  
when you were very small I think?  
You got stuck in the blueberry bushes!  
They were up above your knees!  
You couldn't even step,  
tangled all around your feet like that,  
and you fell down flat, you darling little thing,  
face flat down into the soft earth, leafy soft, damp,  
and I hauled you up by one little hand,  
like a god from a machine,  
and you were like a mighty hero truly,

angry at that berry patch  
and wanting to press on through!  
Me like the helmsman of Odysseus,  
crying that we must turn back.  
You are such a pretty brave child, my dearest.  
You must be doing something good, I think.

Are you well?

•••••

Do you remember all the birds?  
There used to be so many birds.  
The noise they made. I find them dead sometimes.  
I found one dead last spring. Just after,  
your letter came,  
that very day, it gave me such a start.  
A pretty little thing,  
a wren, brown. A wren.  
Among the dry forest floor, dry litter sticks,  
and there it was.

I had to cry so loud: "No, this is not you!" I cried.

But in the woods. It was. There were ants on it.  
That day was early spring you see, but dry and warm;  
the little ants, the small ones,  
they were running in and out  
the tiny nostrils of this little bird dead,  
tiny head, stiff legs,  
but it was still a body whole,  
its eyes wide wide, in my hand  
as I picked it up and held it close to my eyes to see

and ants were running in and out,  
and chasing around my fingers.

So I spoke your name of course and wept,  
and spoke your name  
more than anyone can count.

But you are well, my dear dear child, or not?

•••••

It is so easy nowadays to sleep,  
to fly on the wings of dreams, into some other country.

But she woke me suddenly there in our bed,  
your mother,  
waked me suddenly, shook my arm so hard  
and gripped it in hard fingers so  
I turned back to her there,  
she was my lover you know,  
whom I treasured far above all else,  
some time ago,  
but I could not speak for seeing her here,  
being in this hard time of hardness,  
in our dark shaded room, but light.

Those eyes sunken in, those cheeks shrunken thin,  
those lips thin from hunger,  
those lips parted scarcely, moving,  
whispering, crying to me quietly,

saying: "I dreamed about the child!"

•••••

She whom I once loved said to me:

"I dreamed I flew away.  
There was a land somewhere.  
And the sun and moon were reaching  
toward each other  
and they were  
spinning spinning spinning spinning.

And there was a forest there.

And our child was there.  
And there was a burst of flames."

•••••

I can't sleep now. I'm awake. She woke me.  
I can't sleep now so what on Earth can I do?  
If you get this letter will you tell me?  
Are you well?

Heaven help me,  
Here I stand on the front step of this old house,

looking out into that road you left on  
praying to some god I don't know,  
that you, my child,  
will come walking here,  
around that corner over there and up this street,  
right now and  
come answer all my questions.

But I'm seeing now.  
I have to see it now to look for you,  
I have to look and there it is, the road.  
There is the road right there.

I'll wait till evening when it's cool at least,  
but I'll go in now and make a pack  
and go out back and cut a walking stick.

Will she go with me? I hope she will.  
I love her so.  
We've helped each other so often.

How far can an old man and old woman get,  
down this road around that bend?  
A mile? Not even and even then  
how could we ever find you?  
But I don't care. I cannot care.  
I cannot count the cost of everything  
and drink the sleepy tea of fear  
again, again.

•••••

Here's what it is:  
However long that I am alive,  
I swear however long it is that I'm alive,  
I will be alive.

=====



:: this voice that entered abruptly during a guest  
appearance in the other novel,  
:: which is also experimental.  
:: I ask this young-buck's voice, Who are you?  
:: And it says Shut Up! Write this down!...  
:: Even blurted out a jolly poem for the book's back  
cover, as enticement.  
:: Like there's a hurry or something.  
:: LIKE I'VE BEEN RECRUITED.  
Why am I writing a novel now, for-the-love-of-god?

Why am I writing a novel???

Well, I've already tried some real loud drums,  
:: and Occupation tents with signs on cardboard,  
:: and fine art displays with poem reading,  
:: and speechifying some,  
:: and speaking in memoriam,  
:: and pondering duty lying on a spot of ground beside  
a machine gun,  
:: one day on a shooting range, during war, in uniform.  
I've already tried all that already.

But why not essays? Why a novel?

Well look!,  
:: alright I'll try to make this clear.

Please look back up to that previous paragraph some way above,

:: You know the one,

:: with spirit voices???

Trippy-Hippy-Pagan-Bullshit-Nonsense paragraph above,

:: With its you're-in-a-hurry so Subscribe-To-Our-Channel-Now before-the-rush, spirit voices,

:: yeah, that paragraph above,

a whole paragraph which any self-respecting essay-reader would just take out a permanent marker pen and mark that whole paragraph off,

:: after noticing that its words all looked to them like piles of shiny little fairy turds.

Whereas a self-respecting novel-reader would smile and nod their way along,

:: through every one of a paragraph like that's purported facts

:: and surprising images.

I mean, after all, why not????

And that's why I'm writing a novel.

=====

⊙.⊙.⊙.⊙.⊙.⊙.⊙.⊙.⊙.⊙.⊙Chap 31

Gauguin was a dirty man, a dirty sailor. You've seen that kind of man, or, at least I think that you can well imagine him.

Surely, by now, human instinct has evolved some automatic recognition-and-defense mechanism against him, for normal people.

Dirt on him, all over, from himself and others, and from the at-large world, disagreeable smelly substances come to him from far away.

But just to simplify, let's only imagine him going about his every day-to-day with bits of yucatan tar, and even sometimes we become quite sure it's capetown tar, stuck under and around his finger nails, and fingertips, and all the creases of his body. Tar. Has sex like that, and everything.

Great famous artist, of viciously stinging waspish tongue, truly great, he squeezed clay and painted cheap trucking canvas, and an astonishing thinker, and not a bad poet really, painted scenes that looked like opera, and a dirty sailor too. Spent lots of time under a sail, under a sun, or a picture book of stars, sweating, thinking up stuff. Standing duty on a watch.

So please don't complain about me putting Gauguin in an Army book.

And surely you've seen by now, in these stories, the fact that obscenity is connected intimately with soldiering. As you know it is with sailing.

So I am glad to see dirty old Gauguin come cruising, on a fair wind, into harbor in my book. So welcome old mate, welcome home. Throw a line. I want to hear at least one of your stories.

Yes???? Well, then how about Guaguin's story about Guaguin's grave? Fancy piece, eh? You like? How about that one? Nice? Old Guaguin, he planned it meticulously, with fine art, and it's beautiful. GUAGUIN'S GRAVE.

You don't say?

Small graveyard on a South Seas island. Palm and breadfruit trees. Manioc shrubbery.

Of course graves are very small anywhere in this very small country, but Gauguin's looks gigantic in comparison. Because it looks so GOOD.

Involves coarse featured stone buried level-deep in grass, you know what that always looks like, stone level-deep in grass, and a grass rectangle inside of that, where you can easily imagine him wrapped.

His deceased face glowing through the wrapping, wrapped in a shroud under the grass, inside the grass rectangle, in his imaginary crypt carved into imaginary cyclopean crystal rock below the grass. Like something ancient in the Circassian Mountains.

It's still small, certainly, but it's so well concocted to be imposing. It's only one size up from the other graves, but it IMPOSES ITSELF in your vision, as in my mind, ever since I actually saw, with

my own eyes, in a museum show, I saw the artist's ORIGINAL of his FAITH STATUE.

And there's the statue at the head, set on a little plinth at the head of the grave, the spot that's just above the corpse's head. Guaguin made the original of the statue himself, obviously.

It's at the head, in the place where an emblem of the dead person's religious faith is often put, by people with religious faith. For what purposes they put it there, would be worth a ponder.

The statue's on a little column, and it was skillfully modeled so it directly faces, directly displays itself for whatever it is, to the dead eyes below.

It's a statue squeezed of clay, made the perfect size to be hovering over dead Guaguin in his winding sheet, with his imaginary glowing face.

Under the grass, let us imagine his glowing face beaming up at this glistening rough glass-tinted carnelian burned-clay form on its little column.

And now here's an odd thing... IT'S AN OBSCENE STATUE of an infinitely strong South Seas WOMAN.

It's Gauguin's fierce tattooed mistress mother, whom he PAID, and LOVED, and SCREWED, and sometimes managed her whorehouse for, attempted WRITING POEMS OF, and of her daughter wrote A BOOK, and painted a whole OPERA on one long stretch of canvas, this true mother of a true woman.

She, the mother, it was she whom he has sculpted nude leering at you, LEERING AT YOU, leering at you in THE PARLOR OF A WHOREHOUSE in my opinion, actually, like Joyce with his Lear and his overcharge for damages, if you know what that means.

She's the model when he certainly sculpted naked himself, fing UGLY FING MAN NAKED in THE PARLOR, or some other room, of her house, with gawkers gawking in at the room's open door, nude himself, when he shoved clay into Woman,

And SHE, with her skills at touching human flesh, with the clay she took from him, the wet mucous clay he plastered into her growing form, there where she stood on a drop-cloth on a low rung of a strong stepladder, him shoving it wherever she was pointing for it, her loin-directed hands, her loin-directed hands making herself into the right design for his grave, for his HEAD OF HIS TOMB, all the classical materials of world human art from HER, EROS ITSELF, which she shaped into herself, to enact BEAUTY and IDEALS for her HUSBAND's grave.

For Gauguin, the dirty old sailor, because he was her worthy worshiper and acolyte.

So ends the sailor story.

=====



And a better road of life for me, a road of better joy and ease for me, than for any of those prissy-hearted women I have known.

And to you, child, for you alone I will say more...

For the long half of one year, one early autumn to succeeding late spring, the hard half of one year, a stone place up into some mountains. Famous mountains. And valleys no friend to the farmer neither, for a long half year I occupied the grade of Senior Member in the Roman Army Whorehouse Corps. Stated exact so in my contract!

And me a Gaulwoman, but if you don't think I'm proud of that you're stupid.

They scratched out something else and wrote that senior grade in, my contract. Saved my daughter's life and found us both husbands!

Of course, Thank Her Beauty, for though my martian service has continued, as you see me here, standing about idly waiting for someone to pick their nose sufficiently and properly, and send for the proper subordinate to wipe their ass thoroughly, waiting here in this miserable mud-pit swampish inn-yard.

Wet like the Great Bull Of Egypt has chosen us for a special blessing, dropping a sky full of holy urine on us, special blessing for the pure of heart. Waiting boats to Britain.

But, Thank Her for Her Blessings, me here as a Senior Member, Roman Army Wives, bye-the-bye. Yes, me Senior Army Wife.

Boss lady of this segment of the convoy that you see here inside these high walls, these wet wagons. Boss lady of this whole inn-yard, while we've got our vehicles here, bye-the-bye, as Army traffic naturally rules traffic, you see. Husband's our man boss, the segment corporal. So now, how do you do?

Oh! Madame! I am so glad to say I am well this morning, Ha-Ha!

Although, mark you good girl, I am NOT really the capable woman people THINK I am, for people don't know HALF of what I'm capable of doing, NOT EVEN HALF ta-it. That's just a joke, child. Yet even so... certainly Thank Her For Her Beauty For Her Blessings!

Oh mook, what were we talking about???? I've lost track. Mind wandered. Me and my big mouth. What were we talking about, you pretty girl??

Mum???? Oh? Pardon, you've forgotten what we're speaking of?? Well, oh, not anything specific really, assuredly, you may be sure, Mum, not anything of a specific nature at all. You were telling simply about your life, Mum. Just your life. In general.

... And, Mum, please do continue if you can. Please do. I found it very much interesting, My Dear Auntie, if I may call you such, My Dear Auntie. I'm just a farm girl here. I wish my young sister could hear

this too. I'm trying to remember everything so I can tell her, as for my own use in my life too. So please do continue if you can.

Mmmm.

No, Mum? Well, on the other hand, instead of that, if you'd like help saying Her Verses, like me just whispering you might prefer, like I whisper the other part with you, dear Mum, which I am very well accustomed to at hearth at home, well then...

...well then, please do believe the daughters of our home receive significant bit of training with Her Priestesses, ...

...and though I am still supposed-to-be-a-maiden, as my boy-and-me have not found any means whatsoever to wed, in this hopeless place that scarcely feeds us, so as you see I have no shawl, ...

...yet I would be very glad and very honored to help you pray Her Verses, My Dear Auntie, for the sun is almost at Her Noon, this is a very good hour for special prayer, in my limited novitiate experience at least. If that is something you would wish. ...

...And Mum, and this too, and just to let you in on a Juicy secret Mum, I am a pregnant woman now! Pregnant! Got so this very dawn!, sun coming up!, sunbeam on the juice in the straw, in this hayloft here I'm pointing to, this one here, just three hours ago! ...

...So there's likely extra special Spirit Juice sloshing around this horrible dank noisy place, ...

...and if you and I are TWO GROWN WOMEN MAKING PRAYERS. ...

Mmmmmm. Hmm.

...THANK YOU MUM! And of course I've been praying off and on all day so far. So Dear Auntie, will you speak Her Verses with me for my sake???? For my sake?????? I'll wear my soiled drawers across my shoulders for a shawl, for such they are, In Her Truth! For I must do something. Something. I'm just a farm girl here, and pregnant now.

Mmmmmm. No, you mistake me for a priestess child. I'm not a priestess here, child, for I am here as GOOD WIFE.

It's not all the best whores are always priestesses, my dear, that's not true, no error you are young, common misconception, and in fact, to break the bad news, just a fookie fantasy in any case that I will ever say I've heard.

Fun maybe, and I hope you enjoy it if it is, but, I'm sorry, not true. Me, I'm only ever a priestess for my husband now, for he enjoys it.

But listen to me child, listen now. For there is something about myself I wish to tell you.

Mum??????

I'll bet you're a good girl for keeping secrets?

OH YES MUM!!!!

Do you know what my daughter says about me and swearing? Smart girl, Daughter. Says about swearing and me.

I've no idea, Auntie.

Now you and me girl, we come from civilized folk. It's plain in your voice. Unlike these cute little bestial brutes my daughter and I live among, the Romans. Their mouths so full of vain oaths it sounds like herds of cattle lowing. Civilized folk speak more cunningly. After all, oaths can be for good or ill.

Me civilized, pretty girl? Well, yes, snigger. Yes, well child, you may as well snigger dear, for youngness has its privileges. But me raised by my poor dumb parents to be civilized, anyway. Poor people, second-generation civilized, though I was a nuisance to them. They called me savage. Tra-la.

But you understand, I was a horish civilized girl, not unlike yourself perhaps.

And yet, my daughter says of me, about me and the profane habit of profane swearing, says when I swear at someone, it's not swearing IN VAIN at all because I really mean it, and I have carefully calculated every word of it. Do you see what I'm saying?

Oh well, it's just another joke, child. ... Oh where is she? My daughter? Oh, well, you see, my daughter and me, we're in different segments of this big Army convoy, see, huge convoy. All these wagons here are just a tiny part. And her wagon's lodged a different inn, last night, tonight. I hope not in open field.

But did you hear what my daughter, what she says about me and the use of profanity???

Ummmmm??? Mum???

Okay, anyway, I'm actually getting just to this... My daughter, she is a beautiful married lady too, like yourself. And Child, you, judging from her to you, you seem a likely person, likely to survive this mortal world a while. Do you know the pledge of mars?

No, no Auntie. The pledge of mars???

Later when our cider pail here is empty, if you then venture up a step into my wagon, I shall promise your selection of some good cloth pieces, pretty Sheena cloth some. One which may be a gift to you, to pleat a proper shawl, you to keep, it to be a speck of treasure found on your road of life.

And will be something for you to stitch a swatch of this morning's drawers into, for I will tell you that good custom, and its good reasons.

This pledge of mars is something that we do. It means something good, a nice piece of cloth from me, simply so I may hope you will be helpful friend to me and helpful friend to those I love, if meet again. You see, in a case you find me or mine in sore need.

Oh Auntie, if I understand this, yes I will.

Say this whole expedition crashes, say, and we are expelled from Brittain, boats sunk, and here again in rags. From this my gift today, me that day simply wishing you will help in such a case.

Oh Auntie Dear, yes.

Such is the pledge we sometimes do and, you see, mine and me are imminently away to Brittain, a hostile land. All report the mars pledge brings good

luck, so it's a thing a wise person watches for an opportunity when standing on a threshold as I am.

Auntie Dear, yes.

The only cost for you would be, say this old Auntie is a friend to you today. A simple oath just that, showing present faith. And I shall hope you will appear magically some day when mine-I-love need saving. As though my gift would twang some string of spheric harmony, or strike the fancy of some god.

Oh Auntie Dear, I am utterly sensible to this honor you are giving me, My Dear Aunt, totally and completely sensible to your words and the honor your trust is imbuing into me. I shall participate in any such. My heart is open toward you.

Good then My Child, for, if you would take some canny from an old Gaulwoman Army whore, it is most wise for such as us to make friends wherever we find them. And this particular sort of kindness is a most fair way to do so.

And also, my gift for you of Sheeny cloth, or such, to be a more presentable and polite shawl than your present one, your bridal drawers, as no remarks it shall never fetch from none of prissy disposition.

Although, perhaps you're unaware of this, and so it is with great alacrity I tell you this, your soiled drawers, about those rumors you've heard, I know you've heard the rumors. Rumors that drawers like ones you're wearing right now, ARE A SACRED THING, well ...

Yes, I've heard that rumor. Is it true?

Actually it seems there is an important detail in Roman marriage law. Some old royal edict back before the dawn of Rome, when animals could talk, I suppose, but now Imperial law no less.

WHAT???? AN OLD LAW????

Well, from an event of romance such as you describe, of course assuming you put a lover's oath to him that he swore, and since you've got his get, and especially if the drawers in question were around your lower torso in some way, or if you'd lain them down to bed the straw, and he was top and squirted copiously so both of you flowed out, not wasting it all in coating his testicles I mean, ...

I mean if a large show of fluid has been caught, but mark this too, for this old law it has to be your two fluids mingled. So, the trick is you both cum big, probably you cumming just a moment first, on the idea you're milking his prick a little that way, I guess. But in any case, you two cumming as near simultaneous as you can possibly manage, and that is why girls should learn to finger skillfully!

What!!!!!! Wait!!!!!! Is that so, Dear Auntie???? My own Mum always told that!!! My Mum told me arrange the fook just like that, just like you're saying to me now, and so I have, and she said smile when you finger because smiling that moment's a good habit. To save a marriage. I've no idea why. To save a marriage. Don't know why. Please do explain this to me.

AND NOW YOU'RE PREGNANT BY HIM. Well, I mean, now you're legal married in Roman law. I mean, legal married just by the fook that got you mooked, and the lovers' oath.

Incident of copulation where siren seduces the sod to a strong oath, then you fook on it, and also you've got his child. Any well-sworn fook where somebody got mooked.

WHAT???

Well look, my Young Miss, needn't take a tone like that. Who's apt to know the more actual law about Roman fooking, you or me??

Oh.

Alright, so there's that. And I am assuming any event of romance such as you allude to, seeing you aint no dummy girl, said event undoubtedly did include an oath replicating-bound-marriage, as they say in court??? Did your ministrations obtain of the sod an oath replicating-bound-marriage, would say girl????

But Caution!!!! Must be oath sworn before the final fook, sworn in or around the site of copulation in question, oath sworn by both, with no threat of violence by neither??? Mingled fluids proof.

Yes Auntie!!! As I will swear strong in any court.

But as I said, you two fooked together again after swearing????

Well, was just exactly such an oath such you allude, as my own mother taught also, but that was first

of all. Hanging in the hayloft window counting stars. That ours first last night, our first time was not just stumble-stumble, rush-rush and hurry-hurry-hurry-hurry-hurry poke-poke-poke.

For last night the clouds had broke aside just when we rushed up the hayloft ladder over there beside its window there, revealing, early last night, lovely moon of silver, lunar shadows disclosing my lover's form. Then banged our brains into morning, under rain on roof. And now I'm up to poo.

Your Mum taught you well, Dear Child. And you have the drawers with stain of mingled fluids? You will need that to swear on if going to magistrate.

Oh, afraid so, yes. This here still got on. Me just out of bed to poo, Dear Auntie, and scarcely have another stitch to put on neither, Auntie, so magistrate must examine them on my person.

And me going back up stopped here, Dear Auntie, to chat, because you spoke so good natured good-morning to me, for who wouldn't answer such greeting on such morning? And you called there was cider. Swear in any court, Dear Auntie.

Well my dear then, if you've got the sod's child in you, then Roman law YOU'RE MARRIED.

OH!!!!

I'll explain it to him. You bring sod round here, today must, absolutely must be today in case we are ordered down the road at any time. But you know what? You know what also??

What's that Auntie?

No need rely on bik-bok legal snot if your sod is truly willing. We got a registered community priest right here. Registered!! Can marry you and sign official records for it!! My husband!!!

A PROPER WEDDING!?!?!????

Bring your sod out the hayloft and come over. Husband marries Army people normally, course, but you step into OUR COMMUNITY when you stepped over here this Army wagon train! And you drank my cider! Coming back from poo.

And anyway, we're sitting in a mud-yard, but it's our mud-yard for the nonce. Whole inn-yard, inside these high walls, is Army camp by law. Forthwith, you'll have the choice of haylofts for your bower.

A PROPER WEDDING!?!?!????

Well, you see that corporal over there. The sod arranging things, and all the other sods are listening to. Shoving aside each other to hear to him? Short little gremlin, looks like screaming at that tall sod. Over there! Got sword pulled out. See him?!

Yes I see him Auntie, only one man here fits that description. But why is he so excited!? Is there news??? Are you moving out NOW, Dear Auntie??!! NO!!!!

No no, Dear Child, Husband's just found out somebody's mooked up on the night shift. TA! Likely chickens got loose again. TA! Husband's a nice bloke,

and they even call him Corporal Skippy. Skippy cause it's opposite, he never misses nothing, see.

Oh, well, Dear Auntie, your husband seems very busy. A busy man! Perhaps won't be available for him to do my wedding ceremony?????

Oh no, Dear Child, Husband does fast weddings all the time, believe me.

I do believe you, Dear Auntie, but Husband seems a bit abrupt.

ABRUPT???? Husband??? No Child, that's just HIS JOB. The chickens loose, all that stuff, that's just his job. But just the opposite, PRIESTING is what he does for LOVE.

And does a most respectful wedding service, I assure you!! No soldier horseplay NEVER!! And always MUSIC. Say POEMS if you want to, he has a little portable library of poets and have your pick. That is all love to him, always.

Well, dear Mum, I suppose, any man in that job he has, might need lots of love.

So wise you are Dear Child. Oh, you mind me of my Sweet Veronica!!! How did Sweet Veronica sleep last night?? And again tonight??

I don't know, Dear Auntie. Reverend Mother, if I may call you such??? May you tell me of your beautiful daughter, Reverend Mother????

Yes, well, who?? No child of mine has lived past birth. Oh Veronica?? Yes!! Sweet Veronica!! She was my niece at first, you see, till sister's dying some years

hence. Something awful, truly awful, dying, and me there visit, helping at my sister's farm.

And that high hill valley country there aint never earned a farmer's trust. Me a farmer-woman far more earnest than I'd ever been, for I may tell you.

Me three winters there, sister's place, by next autumn farm still all wrecked, as that summer's efforts worthless. And naught aside for winter. And Roman tax collection comes.

So naturally, Veronica and I, of course we swore adoption, having no hope beyond each other in the world. And so I gained a marvelous daughter. But look here, Good Daughter!!! You!!!

Yes, Reverend Mother?

Is that bloke in the hayloft yonder the man you wish to marry?

Yes Dear Mother, he is.

And is your yon sod a fair, strong man with gentle heart who wishes marry you?

Yes Mother.

And yet, Daughter, I think sod's no longer in the hayloft bower, as a person resembling his description comes now down stairs fastening pants. Scratching armpit. Scratching other.

And he is now leaning on a post watching us chat!! DO NOT TURN AROUND YET, Dear Child.

OH MY!! But mustn't I signal to him???

Well time's not quite right. In a moment yes, when he's lost patience. But listen Child, I suggest you signal thus... When the moment comes, lift the back of this blanket you're wearing a tad, not even by accident, then turn to him, gracefully, pretending it's a dance move, like dances where the moves are distinct and separate, so he distinctly understands that you've signaled that you're showing him your ass.

Then, when you have turned to face him, must put on a very earnest face, a very earnest face and, FIRST, signal STAY PUT ALL IS WELL, then signal second that I LOVE YOU WITH MY LOINS AND HEART, then signal once again URGENTLY STAY PUT!! Then with that's done, turn back to me.

Oh Mother, we'll test his metal.

Well Daughter, you've told me he has some.

But seriously Mother, really should I lift my blanket in the back???? I mean, certainly, this is an INN-YARD, and sod and I have JUST FOOKED our fooking brains, and Reverend Mother YOU'RE A WHORE, certainly I know this. And we are even legal married!! But LIFT MY HEM IN THE BACK IN PUBLIC??????????? HOW FAR?????????

Well Dear, don't worry too much. I'd say he's already seen the bottom of your bottom so now ought show him this... That you APPRECIATE the ENTERTAINMENT VALUE that he finds in LOOKING FOR the bottom of your bottom.

At this distance that he's standing, I'd judge get a good grip on blanket and raise the back of it just one-third way. Then turn to him straight and signal STAY PUT.

I have no idea what he'll do, Reverend Mother.

Hmm, we'll see.

Will his testicles explode or something? Or his head turn inside out, Reverend Mother? Through his nose?

Not the most likely thing, child.

But I don't know what we're doing!!! WHAT IS THE PLAN FOR MY MARRIAGE!?!?!????

Oh no, My Poor Dear Child, don't fear. You're not familiar with how life is in Roman Army camp at all, are you?

NO. NOT AT ALL.

Well dear, you're standing in one!!! And you'll be married in one!!! Today! At noon or before. Music! Food! Drink! And you will see how festive and hearts-open our camp can be!!! My dear good girl, you have never been in dance in your life, till been in dance round one of our celebration fires.

Oh? NO FEARS FOR ME OR HIM????

OH DEAR CHILD!! Poor young yon sot's cock is sticking up!! See it through his pants!! DON'T LOOK!! DON'T TURN ROUND!!

Oh no, other sot's gone over, picking the straw out your sot's hair. Cute lad. Aint got no shirt nor

shoes, even one, got patches on the buttocks of his pants, but wants to look presentable. Cute lad. Likely sort. And other sot's likely told I'm a camp boss. Yours will be coming over, are you ready?

No, no, I've totally forgotten what you told me to do!!

Well, lift your skirt in back at least, child.

What???? Why????

Never mind, look down meek and fearful, meek and fearful looking down. DO NOT LAUGH. Sot's here.

YOUR HONORESS!!!

Nice bow, young man. Nicely done courteous bow. Nice bow. Now get your elbows above your ass please. Stand up! Young man, this is an IMPERIAL ARMY SENIOR WIFE seated before you. Don't fop me about with foppy nonsense.

But I bring you my greetings, Respected Mum, Your Honoreess, and wish to introduce myself. I am this beautiful lady's paramour, whom you have engaged in such earnest talk. This beautiful girl is my better soul and better heart. Whatsoever plea there is, allow ME plea for HER, I BEG.

Oh, greetings from across the inn-yard, thanks. A person of your youth might think that's impressive. And it's true you do have a smooth tongue, young man, perhaps a virtue this innocent girl appreciates in you, but ARE YOU NOT HER SEDUCER??? You are her

paramour?? Really???? Although, actually, I think you're underestimating that detail.

OH RESPECTED HONORESS!!! Whatever misdeed or accident has occurred, or been suspected or alleged or supposed, whatever mis-happenstance in whatever case, I beg Your Honoreess, ALLOW MY LOVER TO ESCAPE and take me instead, for whatever's due.

HUSBAND!!!!!!!! DEAR COMMANDING SENIOR CORPORAL SKIPPY!!! HUSBAND DEAR. Are you available? PLEASE COME HERE NOW AND BRING YOUR SWORD. PLEASE BRING YOUR SWORD!!!!

WHAT DEAR??? What Dear Wife??? Goodwife Judy, what I'm doing here concerns a pig. Is yours more urgent?

Well, my husband dear, if that pig's for eating, mayhap to roast tonight. FOR, LISTEN THIS ...

Hush, my colleagues, comrades, fellow soldiers! I think this pig's for roasting! There seems some merriment a foot. But hush till scheme plays out! YES GOODWIFE??? OH JUDY, QUEEN IN THESE HIGH WALLS!!!

Husband, commander, wilt bring thy sword???

MY SWORD!!! MY SWORD!!! This gleaming instrument of martian cutlery. So broad and razor sharp!!! Wielded by a MIGHTY HAND AND ARM!!! MY SWORD!!! My Queen, what dire emergency has leapt upon us? What HORRID CRIME was done?

What heinous deed is now requiring IMMEDIATE and MERCILESS RETRIBUTION???

Stay your mighty arm, Husband, My King, stay your mighty arm a moment more. Husband, kindly draw near to hear this poor, sad, innocent girl's mistaken story of a lecherous man whom she, IN MISTAKE believes LOVES HER MORE THAN LIFE. For so SHE DOES MAINTAIN VERY STOUTLY, but I disbelieve.

My Queen, are you very sure his lies have led her into error?

Husband, I shall lay the case entirely in your hands, as judge and EXECUTIONER both. So if you wish, bring your famous martian cutlery here.

Just so, I'm on my way. Note all, the sword is still in scabbard at my waist, token of impartiality. Now first of all, My Queen, I see the indicted man, a young man with patches on his britches, sans shirt and shoes, but head up alert, eyes fixed on her, seemingly brave in love, standing steady here as if in honest dauntless courage. But does the hoodwinked girl curse him?

No no, My King!! The opposite. For she praises HIS HONOR and HIS COUNTLESS kind and gentle VIRTUES to the skies, and how he loves her. She says he is her HERO who will save her from this dreadful country where they scarcely eat. Swears he will take her off to make a decent life somewhere, and hoping for posterity, devoting all his cares to her. I disbelieve but she praises and defends him every breath.

Goodwife, you mention loving more than life but am I taking hint correctly? Loving more than life? Is a certain test of that in order? A certain test of love that is OUR RARE AND BARBAROUS CUSTOM??

OH MY HEAVENS DEAR WIFE, are you thinking possibly THE TRIAL OF VULCAN?????????

Husband, you are thinking differently, a different barbarous custom quite outside my thoughts.

I must inform you, this wise strong blessed girl, this strong girl full of attainments, she has agreed alliance with us, by the Pledge of Mars.

And this young cock, he's to be her partner in alliance with us. And maybe him succeeding such a test, as that of Vulcan, would do good.

And yet I beg you know, my husband dear, my soldier, I only meant your sword as token, for to put our hands and swear the Pledge of Mars. All else, from me, was only teasing which the lad withstood.

I beg you, husband, exercise the coolest wisdom, yet I know this matter is for man-to-man, and you two as Family Heads. So I must say, The Trial of Vulcan? Husband, that possibility's in your wise choice.

GOOD HEAVENS!!!!!! Well, up to me, I'd say this morning's circumstances bring that trial to order. I think that's where we are. YOUNG MAN.

Your Honor?

Are you listening to me, Good Young Man?

I am listening sir.

My Son, you come highly recommended, do not doubt that. Young lady loves you in and out and I believe her. But, My Son, you've fallen in among barbarians and, against all likelihood, you have conjured up an ancient barbarous custom called The Trial Of Vulcan.

...Are you comprehending this?

I'm struggling to, Your Honor.

My Son, I think it's best you keep your eyes on our Camp Queen, my wife, who is presiding this ordeal. Her kind face will ease things a bit, I think.

Thank you, sir, for the suggestion.

Do you wish I should describe your predicament?

I wish that sir.

There is this TEST OF LOVE and COURAGE and STEADFASTNESS devised by our people in the ANCIENT PAST, which the likes of us offers to the public as a service. For we've an ancient superstition that this type of barbarous service should be offered to the public.

...It was anciently invented just exactly for this situation, the impoverished fleeing lovers, and the hayloft, moon, et cetera, et cetera, exactly which we are surprised to find this morning.

So, Respected Sir, Your Honor, Sir, please tell, what is our situation, hers and mine?

First, there is no requirement to participate.

...Simply do not take the test, that is the simplest choice, and no harm done. No ill will here, for you both remain camp guests, and fed, and spoken. When we part we part, and you two likely with more provision than before, from camp good will. That if you decline the Trial Of Vulcan, no ill will.

...Do you believe my word on that???

Sir, I do take you for an honest man. But sir, there are further possibilities, you seem to say.

You've two further options, Son. So which of those two do you wish described?

What if I take The Trial Of Vulcan and I win?

Well Son, that prize may be PROSPERITY and LONG POSTERITY for you and yours.

...Mark, this is a TEST OF LOVE and COURAGE and STEADFASTNESS devised by our people in the ancient days. Rarely given. Very rare indeed. So if you pass, you two are family with us.

...And mark this Son... The port along the coast where we go is only half a hundred Roman miles. And well, a certain number of these sturdy vehicles and teams are wanted for the transport now but not the foreign expedition. If come that far with us, to embarkation at a coastal port, and if you two are cousins to us, and if the best surplus team and wagon's in my reach, then the best of them is yours.

...Or some worthy good big freighting vehicle in any case. And we have a house of cousins in that city

doing freighting business. You, if cousins too, I'll bid them take you lovebirds in and show the ropes.

...Prosperity and long posterity maybe for your wife and you. For, a prophecy has told me, trade between the coast of England and the coast of France, from this age and ever forth, will never cease.

...That, all of that is if you take the dire terrible Trial Of Vulcan and you pass.

...But finally, mayhap you may take the Trial Of Vulcan and you fail. Now stand up straight, Good Lad, for that last news. Are you ready, lad?

Honest Sir, Fair Master of this place, all that you have said, I must weigh such a prize as you have said, for that, I must bet all that I can give, if the wager's honest, as I see this is.

...So Good Sir, might tell the nature of the test?

Good Lad, for that, our custom says I answer this, The test is very quick, It's pass or fail by your exact behavior in an instant. And now, My Dear Lad, would hear what happens if you take the Trial Of Vulcan and you fail?

Sir, I must hear, for might be some unthought thing requiring my refusal as an honest man. But otherwise I'm in it.

Dear Lad, if you accept ordeal and fail, it's instant death here on this spot by my sword hand.

...And custom is, accept the test and first things first, I tell you my true name before my God. For my ancient superstition is,

...Accept and fail the test, and instantly God Osiris meets you on the far side beyond the river. Tell the test we've done and tell our names, He will approve our deed together and EMBRACE you.

Honest Sir, Fair Master of this place, I do require to know your name before your God. Yes, I do require it, and kindly move this forward, Sir.

GOOD WIFE JUDY, My Good Wife!!

YES DEAR HUSBAND???

Kindly mind the Girl, dear wife of mine.

She's locked in my embrace dear man, and she's smothering all her cries in a twist of blanket.

Lad, know this is true, I am a barbarous priest and my name before my God is HAND OF WAR.

I hear it, you are Hand Of War.

Good Fair Lad, you must be very very still in your inmost core, or instant death. Now this, I call you HERO. Now I place one quick hand to grasp my sharp sword's hilt, where it rests in scabbard.

...And I reach other hand to grasp the first good lock of hair upon your forehead. And now I tell you this, With this lock gone you will gain freedom here or elsewhere, never more a slave who tugs the forelock to a master.

SO!!! IT'S DONE!!! Done well. You are done, good lad, and I embrace you!!

=====

~~~~~Chap 33

The military arts are various.

First, I'd like to introduce you to a gentleman named Mr. Suphper. And I shall leave you wondering, if you wish to, what reasoning in the world, led me into choosing this unusual fictitious name. Nor shall I even offer pronunciation hints.

Although I'm really right to use a puzzle name. I really obviously should use it to conceal my friend's identity, because, in fact, I shall try to pretty well identify him in other ways. And he might wish to be hidden. My old Army friend, Mr. Suphper, was the first professed homosexual I worked with in theater. Not to say that I've had a legitimate theater career, myself, or anything.

And that was the Viet Nam-era U.S. Army Entertainment Service, him performing this nearly absurd ministry, to preoccupied rubes, him with the mere army rank of Broadway theater specialist four or five. Vulnerable to army prison for being homosexual, or for being political in any serious way.

But S was seriously proud. For one example, he almost immediately quizzed me on my attitude, when we first met. But I hastily resorted to a psychological argument for tolerance.

And me the dirty, stinky, road-worn, long route, U.S. Army post office pickup-and-delivery driver, with a funky little pickup truck, next door.

And yet, certain things about me clearly showed me as an artist of some sort, apparently. My gay friend Mr. S said it was the range of vocal and facial expression I used for myself, of my own habit.

And yes, I'm sorry, this may be making me seem a little like Boffo Brando, but okay.

Well, our friend G, hearing that said to me by S, while we were coming into a big tin shed, stomping our boots very hard to knock away the cast iron crusty snow, and beating the snow off our leather mittens against our legs, and pulling strings to draw off our hats, and airing out our clothes in the fragrant kerosene heating.

So I turned to G for his opinion of this, his opinion of S's assessment of my artistic nature at that point in life.

But G put on his give-a-shit punky little attitude and just shrugged, and blew his nose. Furthermore, G bumped his forehead with a finger, which always seemed to mean something is stupid, ridiculous, cracked.

I felt unsatisfied with this, for I was young. But, actually this little argument has been food for thought for me all these years. This clear memory has been important to my work, for, what was it clearly about???

Thank you, G and Mr. Sephper.

I also thank you, Mr. S, for finding me a tiny place in your little imitation Broadway show. Weren't there five appearances? Around that Army Area. I

seem to remember being at four that we drove to, and there was another where you were flown to a remote helicopter base officer club or something. Is that correct???

I was stage manager. No, this is not Thornton Wilder, so stage manager was not a scripted character. Unlike Wilder's, I did not appear on stage repeatedly for obscure reasons. Nor in a tin hut corner, designated as a stage, neither.

For actually the show's grubby stage manager was I, shifting items on and off the truck, always through the same door where the audience is gathering, me kicking army lieutenants out of my way, then me peeking in at some doorway, because there weren't any stage wings to stand in peeking.

Me observing things like stark character makeup, and of course the ever-popular sparse stage setting, and voice sans microphone.

It was a one-man drama, could easily be female or drag, on a World War Two theme, a title no doubt lost to human memory. The drama: Some species of sailor or soldier or airman is marooned on a tiny desert island, with, when possible, a palm tree indicated.

I remember the anguish you displayed, kneeling on the designated desert beach, in the punishing tropic ocean sun, in your makeup that seemed so ridiculously bold to me.

Makeup which, admitting my stupidity now, makeup arrived direct from the British practice of Ancient Greek shows.

The carefully modulated unrestrained passion of a voice you received from somewhere and emitted. The unfamiliar chord this fine work struck in me, like a guitar chord, it struck in me.

The fact of me recognizing anguish in a person acting, and me being then to rise with our rising audience, for me to seek and quickly find some anguish, in myself, so I will learn to understand what is being indicated. That was a new experience that can scarcely be described.

Watch theater done. If I may indulge a fancy of mine with you, these memories do powerfully connect for me with something else imaginary.

These scenes of work for U.S. Army Entertainment Service, these do connect direct for me, into an enticing scene written by a Shakespeare scholar. It must have been an intro to a play, or something. I did definitely read it way back, during the golden age of paperbacks.

This historical scene, written by a published scholar, taking place a couple hundred years, or so, before the Great Bard's life.

How they managed good professional theater in an open inn-yard, full of big snorting animals, and dog yelps, and moldering dung simultaneously stepped in and kicked over, and idle people drinking drunk, and

people hurrying on their way in rattling wooden vehicles. And bugle calls.

All those noisy people, behested noisily by itinerant tribes of motley professional theater people, wielding canvas, rope, and lumber. Fing among themselves casually in public, but that's not relevant to my situation.

That scene, painted for me by the Shakespeare scholar, perceived by me during the Golden Age of Paperbacks, a passage that was likely contained in that scholar's preface to ROMEO AND JULIET.

That old scene does come to my imagination with my memories of U.S. Army Entertainment Service.

So thank you, good friend S.

And that experience stood me in good stead, in Germany a few years later, at the Sergeant Major's Command Show I stumbled into. Stumbled in the backstage door of a U.S. Army theater. For a different one-man show, which turned into an underground hit, my very best hijink. But no, I ought to leave that for a chapter after I puzzle out what it means.

No, now I'm going to fast-forward further than that, to a discharged-veteran scene at a jumble sale in a church hall. After which I shall fast-backward back to U.S. Army Korea, but less far back, back to my months as grimy cannon shooter instead of grimy postal clerk. And let us all pray, that my logic in all of this, will become apparent.

So the jumble-sale-in-the-church-hall scene ...

Me a discharged veteran, certainly poor in a city, with a healthy baby, and a woman in health that is very poor, us going about our business, seeking inexpensive family enlightenment and entertainment, we a striving little cell of Earthly life, on a Saturday, and comes upon a church hall with a jumble sale inside.

Me known as a sentimental person. During an on-going war overseas, and me a discharged veteran. To include our country's service, while no more than a youth, in exquisitely beautiful Korea.

So, down a line of tables we, and each table is loaded with wonderfully sentimental things, brought here from attics and closets and neglected bureau drawers, with little price tags on them, of wonderfully small price.

My poor sick wife and I find things to really fancy, if we had a wish to fancy them. Also many cute things to pick up and show baby, in her cheap little baby carriage, which we're pushing on along with our delighted smiles, that day.

But then there's something awesome, which I don't dare touch.

For there a Chinese lady is offering, laid out carefully, in brilliant colored over-lying folds, on brilliant folds, on her narrow table, perhaps two dozen of them, small, magnificent, antique silk scarves.

And then, suddenly, a one standing out to me from all the rest, to me, by far, suddenly, the most magnificent of them all,

:: for its particular philosophy of color brilliance,
using colors any human eye will tag as elemental,
:: and its particular mathematic,
:: of infinitely textured surface, with straight
line, and square box, that throb,
:: a thing my eyes clearly recognized from an
earlier theater lesson, which I will describe presently,
:: a Korean Shamanic Silk.

The lady sees me gawking, and does what I won't do. Carefully draws the carefully folded kerchief from the folded rest, and lays it, folded, on my open hand, right hand, laid point-of-center-finger to the wrist.

Suddenly I'm standing in the old royal palace. Took a bus ride, from our forward army base, to the capital city, to experience the open summer public hours of the beautiful old palace, and its surrounding garden park.

And, among the green green lawns and ambling thoroughfares with crowds of friendly folks, I have, by then, been discovering geometric gardens overflowing lovely blooms.

But now I am standing looking up, me and a number of others looking up, in a famous broad, bright, sunlit, famous, famous antique room. Us mere human beings all safe inside the rope lines. All our heads back and looking up.

Us under a billion tumbling flowers, a broad canopy of a billion billion flowers falling, falling, from a quite convincing sky of geometric painted wood.

But then again another place.

A small theater inside a side door of a modern building.

The building is a school-like place of a long-surviving ancient cult, the ancient cult whose people made that falling-blossom sky, and strung the string to dig those geometric gardens.

But now this place, of that ancient great school, is a theater. This is a teaching theater. And this is a teaching theater of dance.

Me, I'm on the bus for a public education thing, a very brief introductory class, consisting of a demonstration and a lecture.

I am there from a foreign army's entertainment service pamphlet. And a little bus of other foreign soldiers with me too, who've also seen the pamphlet. Half, or more, of our small group are Blacks, by the way, and no commissioned officers.

Us all members of an army that has largely occupied our beautiful classic dancing teacher's country for many years, and largely dictated their government, and their government, at that time, is holding many of them prisoner, as political prisoners.

Me a soldier among several other such soldiers, who are present that few minutes. Intending to educate ourselves, enrolled in your public education effort. And obviously, us mostly welded to our seats and crouching forward, in your small practice theater.

Where the construction of the stage, seems to me, in a geometric way, suggests the stage space has clear resemblance with an ancient inn yard. I who'd read the Shakespeare scholar's scene years before, I am feeling that I notice this.

We whose hearts and souls are being courted by you, our fantastically graceful and powerful teacher. You are endeavoring to reach inside of us by teaching us great classic art. Great art shaped to a shape the soul of your body-heart-mind knows.

Her passes of her hands were quite intentionally magic, and the elemental colors of the scarves. Scarves from which trailed visual echoes in the open spaces. Quite a demonstration.

Body operates in certain poses of sexual power, legs devoted mainly to evolving that presentation of the body. Then there is a hand drum, for punctuation or the like, and even outcries.

But mostly we see elemental fluid magic scarves, weaving powerful things of moving sexual fluid into space. And done in depiction of a classic cast of characters and plots and seasons.

The concentrated face and the transparent arms.

The costume is sewn of magic scarves.

I'm going to leave this here.

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set tables with our little signs and our various card decks and gazing crystals and such available for patronage.

Then they'd pay the event proprietor at a table at the entrance to our red plush rope corral. And then with their pink paper ticket, just like at a movie show, in hand they would either proceed to the desired table or else take a turn at the electronic palm-reading aura-photograph machine.

I'm proud to say my customers were satisfied. It was a challenge. Retail is not easy.

First it was a rather busy morning and noon, maybe four or five of the usual sort of bewilderments and emotional dislocations that life ordinarily bestows on us all, and all pretty much successfully reaching agreement about the facts of the case and choices that might be helpful.

So, still early afternoon and I was feeling refreshed by an egg salad sandwich and a low-fat milk and a quick brisk walk around the mall. I was feeling exercised and limbered up.

Two women entered, very young and somewhat older.

A daughter and mother, relying closely on each other's tender love according to their body language, both quite tastefully dressed and groomed, serious reserved decorum. I was not occupied and they came directly to my table.

I realized this was an honor. They had bought one ticket which the older lady presented as I rose, saying with a tense but gentle smile that the reading was a gift to her daughter.

The young lady's calm clean pretty face in my mind's eye resembled certain Picasso portraits where the face is dramatically split by a vertical line with a different shading scheme on either half. Like the heart-opening Picasso figure study where a lady is naked, to examine herself in a mirror, and she's pregnant.

Actually the dividing line was tilted slightly toward my left as I was looking at her. It crossed the face's center line a little higher than the eyes.

I examined this remarkable effect in the mind's eye, as you may imagine, with considerable surprise and extreme care. I discovered this was merely a generalized approximate depiction of something deeper which had an effect of splitting her. For when I palpated around that intersection spot in the mind's eye with imaginary fingertips, there was released a powerful emotional scent of dire foreboding.

So I conjured up into my eyes whatever vague image I had on hand of the shape and functioning of the human brain, fitted that into the picture, focused into that as finely as possible, saw something wrong beyond my power to recognize, it being represented merely as resembling cascading water, and I became convinced that her brain was malfunctioning.

The disorder was radiating from a small region near the upper center, slightly to the left as I was

looking at her. Would that I could reach in that easily and set things right.

I invited them to please be seated, we three around three sides of the table, the sick girl directly to my right and the mother to her right. That seemed the best arrangement at the square card table.

I played one of my standard opening moves, asking if they had a specific question or else desired a general reading. They chose a general reading.

Considering the girl's condition – that she was probably in no condition to participate fully – I decided to play the cards entirely myself, ignoring the general reading request and instead dealing a small pattern of a few cards, asking only for a view of the most important and solid aspects of the future.

That's what I wanted to see immediately in order to guide my opening of the verbal conversation.

I don't recall which cards they were – that's usually not the kind of thing your memory records – but the cards chose to show me one single thing. There was a major event scheduled for the very near future from which these ladies were dearly hoping to get good results.

There was a strong sense of their hopes and that the event would certainly take place but the spread of cards was too small to represent any degree of detail or the results. And I said that, pointing out my reasoning on the pictures and the printed words.

Now, this next bit – where a client suddenly decides to open up because they suddenly decide you can be trusted – this doesn't often happen with such a sudden rush in Tarot reading.

That sudden opening is more typical of methods where you work without graphic aids, like spirit mediumship for example. Because there you don't have things the client can look at for themselves in order to check your veracity, at least to some degree, and also to maintain their own feeling of self-reliance.

Those methods without graphic aids, in contrast to the picture cards of Tarot, in those methods a self-respecting client needs to see you pass some kind of serious test before they can take you seriously. So this phenomenon we had that day, passing a sudden threshold of trust, was surprising.

In spirit mediumship for example, with no graphic aids, the dead person will almost always start right in immediately by giving you something to say purely for recognition.

Like, one day a different friend brought a lady round the house who was earnestly yearning to talk with her dear brother because he'd been killed in an auto wreck without the chance to say goodbye.

Well, the very first thing that fellow said for me to say was a rather joking insult of the lady's boyfriend. And it turned out that the dead man had always humorously insulted all his sister's boyfriends as a loving intimacy between them, a quite remarkable sort of chaste virtuous filial eroticism.

She burst into tears of joy. There ensued a farewell conversation of such tenderness as one feels privileged to witness in a lifetime. But as I say, suddenly passing a threshold of trust is not the usual way of things in Tarot reading.

And on that afternoon there were no tears nor any flood of words. My two ladies were too composed for that.

There was instead a psychic exhalation of immense relief. Nor was I the entity they suddenly trusted. Instead it's almost right to say they suddenly trusted God, or something like it.

On seeing that small demonstration of reality's willingness to be known, written there for them to see right on the cards' pictures and printed words, that clear prediction of something which they knew was in the offing, there was released in them some knotty fear. I thought perhaps it was a fear that unintelligible chaos rules the world.

Visibly to me the chakra in their bosoms lightened. Both together breathed a sigh which in its visible depiction in my eyes filled our little space there in that worldly place with lightened color.

Prayer can arise from many aspects of a human being, not only from our Buddha Consciousness, to use a common phrase, but also from the consciousness we focus on this world, or from our skin and blood and bones.

That nearly silent sigh arose from deep within their bodies. It held some vaguely audible echo of some formula of words. It reached into the ground and opened toward the sky.

So then the mother trusted me with information. She informed me in a few calmly spoken sentences that – as she agreed the cards had said – that Monday morning they would go see a doctor, a new one, who might finally diagnose her daughter's illness.

Given that, perhaps a useful treatment could be found. They were wondering if this reading could predict the outcome. This was Saturday; they had two days in which to hope and worry.

I have a standard suggestion that you shouldn't actually ask for a prediction of your future. I think it usually works best to rephrase those questions, and instead ask what you can do to make the future better. But that would be fatuous here and I didn't say it.

Instead I simply rephrased their question myself and set about it. What could they do to maximize the chances of success? What should I tell them on that score?

The High Priest, the psychopomp, the masculine teacher, then came up – I remember that – and some other card which seemed to represent a female student. A few more verified my understanding so I began at last to speak directly to the girl:

"Mental illness is a very difficult life."

She blinked in some surprise, for no one had mentioned mental illness, but then nodded definite agreement.

"It is a very difficult life," I repeated, "but it is a life that you can learn from."

There was, in fact, not much I knew.

Were there useful drugs available for this condition? I did not know.

Could brain scan machines pinpoint the source of trouble? Yes or no, that wasn't indicated in these cards and I certainly had insufficient confidence in the psychic scan I'd done to venture that opinion.

Or was it even actually a physical disorder? For all I knew, that microscopic cascade in her head might symbolize some ghastly memory or self-deceit and she might need a psychiatric talking cure.

But a proper boatman rows the boat he has, however small, so tend the business that you have on hand. I had asked the cards what I should say and they had displayed this relationship of a soul-guide teacher and a student.

They said there was to be a manifestation of all those old Zen and Tao stories on the subject, some manifestation like my own experiences as student and teacher, some tale like some teacher of mine had told about their teacher, and such as that.

So I drew up all I knew about that kind of relationship, the basic common human facts of how to

make that relationship work for best results, and spoke on that.

I advised the girl to exercise her judgment on this doctor. Judge this doctor on the score of whether this could be her teacher.

If a therapeutic regimen was found or not, a long road lay ahead, a lifetime as a human being lay ahead, and techniques must be learned to manage. Techniques must be found to nurture her humanity. And a teacher must be found who teaches what the student needs to learn. That was the gist of it as I recall.

Of course, in that state of mind the words tumble forth too quickly to be weighed and measured into memory, so other things perhaps were said as well.

In any case, her clear pretty bright-eyed attentive face is etched in memory as vividly as anything I've ever seen. While this twenty-dollar prophet spoke, she weighed and measured every word of it exactly with the same brave careful prudence I was dearly hoping she would find within herself that Monday morning.

There were some little smiles and nods.

When I was finished talking, finding nothing more along that line, her mother spoke. Thank you very much, the dear mother said in frank sincerity.

Was it twenty minutes? I looked at the clock I'd set out on the table there for clients to see and yes it was. Well, but I felt nearly like a cheat. They had paid me with their confidence and good company far more than twenty minutes worth.

I would never see these lovely people again; was there at least some necessary parting thought? No, not even that came to mind.

So we made a little ceremony of taking leave, shaking hands, my customary thanks for their trust, and my sincere best wishes for the future.

With the same air of dignity and calm in which they'd come, they left.

It was only then I realized the girl had scarcely spoken. Perhaps her illness interfered with speech, I guessed, but she had been so open, and she'd been so honestly herself, that words from her had truly not been needed.

So, you see, that is the largest personal experience from which I speak on this subject of envisioning the future. And that story does seem to illustrate what I really hoped to tell you.

When we are forced by incomprehensible causes to live in situations that are unfit for human life – whether by an illness mysteriously opening beneath our feet, or through enormous circumstances like the billions of us who must live in poverty, or if we find ourselves the helpless prey of those who choose to feed their inner demons on our pain, or in whatever way we find ourselves in desperate frustration of human hope with no visible exit – in those times we yearn for evidence that there is sense beneath the chaos. And we focus this yearning of ours on the future.

Some of us can be satisfied with nonsense promises of heaven in another world or nonsense schemes for purifying society here by means of brutal politics and war, or enormous schemes for fantastic new technology much better than the previous.

Some of us retreat to an attitude of denial and self-defense. Some seek oblivion in drunkenness. There is always suicide.

But there are also always those who seek to understand by thinking. For those there is always available the epiphany of Lao Tsu, the epiphany of reality hurrying to make itself known.

That can be a thinking person's reconciliation with the Universe.

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@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@Chap 35

Poem:

The Cosmopolitan Corporal.

:: Maybe that's his nom-da-gere.

Dismissed by the regular forces long ago,

:: he's been on duty as a Discharged Veteran ever since.

And hey man, The Azzle Kid,

:: which is our brother's true nom-de-guerre,

dude hates war.

Well, he kicks a cat off a nearby chair,

:: kicks back,

:: grabs the briar-wood grass pipe out of your mouth,

:: and sticks it in his own.

Couple hearty FYTs around the room.

Now, a master ploy.

:: He had noticed who was speaking

:: before the grand entrance,

:: so now he's motioning very politely for

:: that person to

resume the prior conversation!!!!

Like, W-T-F??

The wretched bastard even helped

:: that poor sod drag the room's attention

:: back to the previous matter,

:: which
no one gave a shit about any more.

So now the poor sod
:: is entirely responsible for the previous matter.
:: And now The Kid Is
On His Feet!!!!!!!!!!

Our Azzle interrupts. Interrupts!!
:: First he freaking lets the poor sod,
:: responsible for the previous matter,
:: drag out some words about that.
Then he interrupts!!

Azzle
:: leaps to his feet
:: and demands
the right to tell some stories.

Only a novel gives you the vast scope of word use
you will need in writing a novel.
And thus are great monuments of human art
sometimes produced.

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⌘⌘ ⌘⌘ ⌘⌘ ⌘⌘ Chap 36

poem: Necessity

Public Service Bulletin

December 2016

One of us should tour our Dakota camps with a military eye, inspect the methods of supply, interview troops from both sides of the struggle there, and write a study. We need to understand the military aspects of our revolution.

For example, I have seen one single tantalizing photo said to show the main Sacred Stone Camp's perimeter, with one of our people standing inside of it and a policeman standing outside on a road beyond. This long barrier looks to be made carefully of heavy materials – showing hard labor and practical thought – so its form surely gives information on the parameters of a struggle like ours in these times. So I have studied the photo, considered experience personally at Occupy, and gained some understanding of the barrier's functioning.

Or is that kind of thinking obsolete already? I have also seen today's urgent news from scientists at the Arctic Ocean, news of overwhelming pivotal significance for our struggle and all others in this age on Earth.

Methane is now escaping in unmeasurably huge quantity from melting arctic tundra, the gas of rotting prairie sod that was instead frozen until now, has been

trapped in hard frozen arctic ground ever since a year two million years ago when the last ice age began, but now observed released by global warming, observed now rising from the ground in uncountable huge columns lighter than our low levels of Earth's air, rising very high where it is spreading, not restrainable by any conceivable human effort, crossing all human boundaries, spreading now to add a pale pale sheen to the blue high sky, a worldwide mirror to hold sun heat in here even more.

This coming year will be a year of great disasters, like last year and like the next, but maybe this coming year will be the first to land blow after brutal blow and stunning blow and blow decisively on the huge collapsing empire of America and so our revolution's current hopes will disappear like most all other current hopes. This year or soon, this is indeed when things will come down to a nub.

So then will we struggle on for the life and breath of our descendants? As best we can, we will. But how?

First, it is essential that we tell the story of these heroic times, and tell it beautiful and true, and to that end we must truly live our story too, and our legend is our only means of communication with the future ones.

And second, we must each do any effective work toward sanity and love and beauty that we can, by any means applicable, under leadership of our own heart and soul, with whatever help and courage comes to

hand, for that is our only available principle of organization.

And third, some other rule that will come clear undoubtedly to fill the desperate needs of mere survival. And some other rule for health and healthy children in a poisoned world. And some rule for living overwhelmed with grief. And some rule, at least some rules of thumb, for sheltering from drought and hurricane and ravaging armies and nuclear bombs.

Or maybe what we need to do is this:

Tell ourselves that while we live we ought to really live, and tell ourselves that when we die we die and may perhaps find better understanding there, but through it all remember who we were and what we strove for.

We are Earth's children
and our strivings are
for Her.

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↓↓↓↓↓Chap 37

Austin, Courting In Mexico City, Finds A Toltec Princess.

You understand, or at least I hope you will guess, this chapter is entirely a HISTORICAL FICTION, although, of course, you ARE free to believe any part of it, or even all of it, if you wish.

For one thing, the trans-national cultural history of the Mexico-Texas axis is significant to the world, and interesting and, through a military historian's lens, has useful things to show us about war and peace, perhaps uniquely, from its small but incessant battles. But on the other hand, I have done NO research for writing this piece. NONE.

This is a fantasy. Perhaps I hope it is a Roman satire? Yes! A Roman satire!!! Do you know Roman satire at all, dear reader??? It was a savage land and it was savage satire.

And furthermore, it's not at all as though I am unfamiliar with doing proper research for historical fiction, not at all.

If you can find the one, it's a short story in the Big Red Book, where the short story is the memoirs of a Roman soldier.

He's a young Roman corporal, a smart azzle, fresh from farm country in North Italy, who marries a prostituted girl, at a small foothills fortress, a post out beyond the dangerous mountains, where they meet.

When the girl, entering prostitution to survive, is required to disrobe and dance for the men, they fall in love. It's where a road penetrates the Alpine massif in southeast Gaul.

And, in case you feel it is not possible, for a couple to truly fall in love like that, a true love, then I can reveal that those psychological details of the story are drawn from things that were ordinary, in a part of my life in a beautiful part of the world.

And if you can find that story, you might see that I am accustomed to doing proper historical research.

So, a Roman comedy ...

In the story's postlude, we're looking back much later, and we see that she, the loving and loved girl, died when a Roman army's train was overrun in Britain, perhaps in the great rising of the British people, died fighting unsuccessfully to save their only child, who was bound to her breast, as fighting women must do in a war of running wagons, in that skirmish for the army train.

And finally that story shows him to us, the loving and loved boy, for he has now become a cursed and beaten, often-wounded decrepit soldier, mustered out at last and limping home on dusty roads, but meets his curse the night before the final river bridge to Italy.

How is this funny? To Romans, so far this was mild amusement, but it's leading to a punchline.

He is cursed since, in that battle where she died, he had abandoned them, abandoned family, leaving her

to her own arms, him rising from the train up to the battle's front, when battle struck. He had bound the child to her, then handed arms, then followed army duty to the front. And now he dies in company of a donkey, who escapes.

So did you get that punchline with the donkey? Radical irony for a cruel land. So have you studied Roman comedy before? Why not? Surrealism of a sort. Broadens your repertoire.

But anyway, I did solid research for that Roman story. But that's a different story.

So now we're ready for the AUSTIN FANTASY.

Austin, courting in Mexico City, finds a Toltec princess.

The foreign gentleman is allowed one intimate conversation by a Toltec lady, a widow of fond affections in middle age, at the height of respectability, who was completely surprised recently, when a discrete friend approached her in the foreign gentleman's favor, a sentimental and lonely lady fond of roses,

:: a princess actually,

:: actually a famous scion of an old Native empire that is still honored, despite a common racial prejudice, that always concerns the prominent Native features of her face, whereas in fact, the Toltec lady's face is exceedingly appealing to the unprejudiced eye,

:: as proven at the Mexico City Arts College, where a number of students, arriving from the Arts college always on a bicycle, or several of them in a

taxi, have continued visiting her, painting portraits for over a decade now, and they have made her famous for her controversially handsome face,

:: even sometimes painting her as a holy icon, of which the good lady has whispered disapproval,

:: She meets intimately in company also with William, the gentleman's young, friendly and helpful colleague,

:: William there on generous stipend from an uncle in Atlanta, on false pretense that he is studying French there at the well-known French college,

:: William who is Austin's secretary on their desperately struggling TEXAS delegation,

:: a SURREPTITIOUS U.S. PROTO-MILITARY RACIST-SLAVERY-EXPANSION COLONY project,

:: William, fond of lace handkerchiefs, who has a secret bank account, DAGGER and PISTOL.

And, as chaperon, THE WIDOWED LADY'S ADULT DAUGHTER,

:: a very literate woman of several languages,

:: a married lady with young children herself,

:: and a very sharp tongue,

In Mexico City,

:: one day when the lady and Austin are both long widowed, and both middle aged.

But through the will of fortune, THE TOLTEC LADY'S SON,

:: a HASTY and INTEMPERATE Mexican Army ARTILLERY captain,

:: a worthy cannon shooter, with whom the treasured mother has resided for some happy years,

:: this artillery officer, although certainly a true member of SAINT BARBARA'S GUARDS, and in his own house,

:: DOES NOT learn of Austin's presence in the house in time to PHYSICALLY DAMAGE AUSTIN without disturbing his mother,

:: he doesn't get a good shot at Austin, in other words,

But he, the lady's son, does learn of Austin's presence,

:: in time to pursue the two departing foreign gentlemen down two flights of stairs to the outer door,

:: with huge wild feints of a polished artillery CUTLASS, while ARMORED in gleaming cuirass,

:: but not quite landing boot toes in the cracks of the two gentlemen's departing buttocks, after all.

It's a Hollywood classic movie from the nineteen thirties, and Dalton Trumbo wrote it.

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Yes, it was a strange piece of theater that afternoon, as I may tell you. Incidentally, this is same time I got targeted for Mannheim Jail. This incident was obviously the final straw for some.

You see, our commissioned officers were in the theater seats as well, self-segregated in a section, all wearing thick-pressed starched-stiff civilian casual shirts as a very thin shellac of anonymity. I ignored them.

Then soon following this afternoon, a Military Police lieutenant, a commissioned officer, will move into our barracks undercover, to sneak around, and later he will be the only prosecution witness at a trial, where I'll get thirty days for speaking disrespectfully to him, the commissioned officer police agent. And mission accomplished... I have a transcript of the trial!!

As you have probably guessed, when I came stepping out on stage, somewhat before I was arrested, looking around at everyone, it became a pretty strange thing pretty quickly, our Sergeant Major's Command Show that afternoon. And I've seen a lot of strange things in theater. I haven't had a legitimate theater career at all.

Look, ...

:: I'll play harmonica a little for an audience, tiny imitation-Mozart nibbles, if they're quiet people,

:: and I have Irish-danced for a ticket-buying audience once, for three minutes, till help arrived,

:: and invented a King Arthur tale per William Blake, that brought an audience to their feet, and the roof split open by thunderous applause,

:: and there were three summers, at garden-party-like events, open to friends and their friends, when I have danced nude, dramatically naked, accoutered and painted, in fire-lit evening, enacting my old high school's Sacred Buffalo in ancient life,

:: decade when the Pagans had a nudist fashion.

:: Why not??? And always-always re-imagining Homer and the British Matter, and the Bard, and Blake, and Mad Dickinson, extempore art of the classic spoken word. Have you never done Clairvoyance from a stage?

:: Why not? And I tell them jokes too. I've got baby material, peek-a-boo with hats, kerchief puppets, and wiggling my ears, each ear independently.

Any of that can get peculiar.

But Sergeant Major's Command Show, as I'm calling it, that was top-shelf Thought-Provoking.

I could likely guess some inner workings in Battalion Headquarters, in the little corner offices, where they had a mimeograph machine that I tried experimenting with my first week there, headquarters machinations through which this strange event this theater afternoon had likely happened.

We were in U.S. Army Europe by the way, toy-tank infantry up behind the old stalemate line in Germany.

Inner workings about a hard question...

What to do with Screaming Anarchist??? He's out of control during wartime!!! Won't shut his f---ing mouth up!!! In a grunt battalion possibly a short airplane hop away from redeployment into Nam at any instant!!!!!! Screaming Anarchist is a bad influence on them!! But has got the shiny sheen of a decent field grunt medic on him!! Better not appear like messing up their field medical care!!!! So what to do with Screaming Anarchist????????

This was U.S. Army undergoing revolution of the peasant masses. Screaming Anarchist was me, in this case of this particular battalion, but there were many more like me all across the U.S. Army world.

Meanwhile, in U.S. Army Viet Nam, there in the peasant revolution hot-war zone, in the U.S. Army Great Mutiny there, revolutionizing grunts, certainly influenced by the virtuous teachings of Malcolm X, were killing their own officers by dozens. In these killings the grunts were very credibly claiming urgent self-defense, to which a friend of mine can testify. Killing both the not-commissioned and commissioned officers, both sorts at proportionately rapid speed.

In the many decades since, I have devoted earnest study to that situation. I have just now, this morning, reached a Surprise Conclusion...

In that particular battalion, in that unlikely artsy moment on that stage that afternoon, one particular battalion, one particular moment of one particular hijink's development...

You, Sergeant Major, hello! Hello there, Sergeant Major, I am Screaming Anarchist. Remember me from the old days?

I still see you standing there, in the theater aisle, near front, and inviting me, me having just entered from left wing with astonishment scrawled all over me, you inviting me with few words to begin talking.

You retiring as I attempted strolling-casually-downstage, and you sat up in back, when I successfully parked myself on cliff's edge.

Greetings to you, Sergeant Major, not-commissioned officer, fellow soldier. Tell me one thing please, tell me this...

I think you knew that I and you were allies there that afternoon. Fellow-peasant-masses maybe, or fellow-honest-men perhaps, I think you somehow saw me as worthy friend.

Do not-commissioned officers, of all the armies, have a patron saint? Some saint to make of them an order with sacred duty? Is that what you saw in me? Ephemeral and reluctant corporal as I was.

Did these passions and actions I displayed, did they strike you as those of a proper junior-junior-junior officer?

On the ancient dancing ground were Honest Soldiers face the Mighty Murder Mill, that day I think that I discovered you beside me, Sergeant Major, and it don't much matter just exactly why.

=====

So even those bits of war stuff we've mentioned so far, just them alone, even just those, were a good large amount of revolution going on.

But also then we must extrapolate exponentially all of the other stuff from just that stuff. We must exponentialize that stuff we've mentioned so far a few thousand times, so that our judgment will then also include...

The Hardline-Nazi Revolution USA Incorporated, in other words the Jim Crow permanent internal war of capitalist subjugation, which was long-ongoing then and is long-ongoing while I'm writing now, with many people re-enslaved.

And at this point of our discussion we must mention, and this is a different big thing that was also unaccepted for polite mention back then...

The U.S. Army's Great Mutiny in the Viet Nam war zone. We must mention that because that was the movement of Anti-Nazi Black Revolution which finally decided the whole damn thing for our Viet Nam colonial adventure.

You should go look up the U.S. Military jargon Fragging. And if you want to see a picture of a good friend of mine, a picture in that Wikipedia article for Fragging, well then just look down the Wikipedia page till you find Black Tunnel Rat Resistance. A friend of mine.

So you should understand... I emerged into a young human manhood that was full of active warring revolution, and I read Malcolm X, and I picked a side.

And the army I enlisted in, two times, was itself a battleground, an army undergoing revolution of the peasant masses, and really the only good battleground I could reach.

I think that you must understand that if you would understand, in any human depth at all, this thing which I am writing and you are reading. This state of existence in that world.

For I dare say, some of my adventures, or experiences, or observations, in this rambling story have struck you as extremely unlikely, or even outlandishly extreme, unless you've understood this...

I came of age as a revolutionary soldier, while opening my loving heart toward human beings and Spirit and Nature, while closing my heart toward war.

And such large conceptions, of large pure good purpose, can naturally encourage and tempt young humans into trying large difficult deeds, and can convince them they are urgently needed.

And that, I think, is both this novel's genesis story and its denouement, now here near the novel's end. For I am calling you, dear reader, calling you to stand to duty in my place.

But what's on offer to PEACE REVOLUTION recruits? Here's a longer view of all this too...

The U.S. Declaration Of Independence is largely a recital of grandiloquent self-serving bald-faced lies by the proto-Nazi white-supremacist petty-tyrant class of the U.S. Southern country, varnished with theory from Europe's white-supremacist imperialist false-dawn-Enlightenment thinkers.

But meanwhile, on the other hand, by that time, when the Declaration was being written and adopted...

By that time the Independence War, ...

:: which the Declaration was being written to claim ownership of, ...

:: at that time, ...

:: the war so far consisted of a SPECTACULAR strategic victory by the assembled farmer-militia of tiny republics of free people, ...

:: the besiegement of the British Army into Boston by the militia companies of the New England towns.

That's one consideration that was very practical when the Declaration was being written by a writer with enslaved blood on his hands.

And besides that, there was also this second practical consideration...

Question... How could some sufficiently convincing cloak of Legitimate Authority be conjured into people's minds, to clothe the U.S. Declaration Of Independence with Legitimate Authority, and furthermore to clothe the largely immoral committee-of-committees who would issue it??

Legitimate Authority??? Well, I was in the street with Occupy the whole damn Autumn Twenty-Eleven, and plus the whole damn summer after. So I can tell you something as a personal observation...

You do what works toward your ideals, and you understand it best you can. And that striving, if toward good ideals, and if striving earnestly, and if striving thoughtfully, then that right there conjures as much Legitimate Authority for you, into people's minds, as much as you are apt to get by any means whatever.

There's a convincing book about this subject by Professor Danielle Allen. In her book about the Declaration, Professor Allen lets loose a whole big flock of pertinent astute deductions, but one of them is the most pertinent for our discussion at this point.

Professor Allen's wonderfully artful and precise teaching book convinced me that primarily the Declaration is a record of just such earnest thoughtful striving toward good ideals, a process much like I saw and labored in at Occupy.

Allen says, and I now think, that the Declaration has a main line in it, and that main line was carefully hammered out as an honest open theoretical concordance of the good, earnest, thoughtful, voices in their variegated movement, done by a writer seeking wisdom somewhere in it, struggling for the look and sound of Legitimacy, at a dire crisis point.

So, dear reader, perhaps you see already what I'm saying, about prospects for your participation in a PEACE REVOLUTION. Or perhaps you don't.

So let me finally introduce another mighty lady author, an artist of PEACE whose photo on a book's back cover I fell in love with, by the way, whose most profound book, I think, is called Hope In The Dark.

It's a department store catalog for shopping for Reasons For Hope, at rummage prices. You tour the book's attractive viewpoint departments and take your choice, or choices, at no further charge. Fill your intellectual and spiritual shopping carts. Hope In The Dark. Rebecca Solnit.

Solnit's Principle One, the prime directive of her book, is this...

We Don't Know What Will Happen, So Why Not Hope?? In my book you're holding here, you'll see that principle paraphrased, quoted, or exemplified several times, and it certainly is a thing to keep in mind.

But if you turn her pages to a certain chapter, to a viewpoint department called THE GLOBAL LOCAL then you'll see a more specific Reason For Hope that I've tried to example for you in this chapter.

Quoting Solnit... "People are producers, possessed of power and vision, in an unfinished world."

I think that is specifically the course from where we are toward PEACE. And obviously, you are qualified and welcome to stick in your oar.

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.....:Chap 40

The Meeting Of The Eyes is itself legend in all legendary love affairs. That of Juliet and Romeo draws visions of fragrant rose in bloom and sound of small chirripping birds to the audience.

Whereas the first true meeting-of-the-eyes, the first true lovers' timeless instant, between Othello and Desdemona, that is a very different moment full of dreadful things beyond sane thought.

You understand, the first-lovers'-glance of Othello and Desdemona was perfectly genuine and deep, for their first true glance brought a revolution of vivid clear living passion to them both. Shakespeare tells us that.

And furthermore, that was only a few scant months before he sailed away and as Commanding General he won an important war! Truthfully the couple who shared that momentary look into the eyes were legendary, King to be soon Crowned and Sovereign Queen of his Kingly Heart.

But for them it ends in murder.

So that lovers' moment is a different kind of transcending moment, very different, it's transcendent in a completely different direction, from Juliet and Romeo's transcendence.

That is a loving look in which the audience sees consequences which are so fell as to be utterly inadmissible. A consequence of horror past all horror that can be known, a horrid consequence far far far

beyond the tidy tragedy of Juliet and Romeo. We feel that it could never be portrayed by sane artists.

But, dear reader, do you see the spectrum of events that actually you can paint in your mind? Do you see that, the Vistavision spectrum of all thinkable human events?

That is the theater where you will be acting if you choose a life of action in the human world. And as you go, you often must and can, actually, cast a bridge of human comprehension over an unspeakably foul abyss.

I'm speaking of the rape-robbery-torture death of Living Earth.

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⊕ ⊕ ⊕ ⊕ ⊕ ⊕ ⊕ ⊕ ⊕ Chap 41

poem: Mutiny And Revolution

So you and me are taking a shit in a shithouse
somewhere,
:: side by side.
And let's say,
:: it's a shithole place, somewhere,
in some quite beautiful country somewhere,
:: I'm very sure,
:: for people everywhere show beauty,
:: but every country has at least one shithole,
:: as every country, if a piece of landscape or a polity,
:: is an energy arrangement with inflows and outflows,
:: and stoppages, and mutinies and revolutions,
:: and I am a flower gardener so I know this,
So we're in a shithole place in a beautiful country,
:: you and me,
:: in a shithouse,
:: taking a shit.
And I look over at you and ask a question.

I sez to you,
:: My good friend and colleague one-stripe senior-
private Jones
:: as you are second in command of our little
expeditionary expedition unit, stationed here,

:: at this locale,
:: in this shithole,
:: is it, would you say, in your understanding,
:: of your proper duties,
:: as second-in-command,
:: and therefore also my right-handed-human, my
Executive Officer,
:: in this our very-small-somewhere expedition of ours,
and so therefore,
:: you ought to be observant to our soldiers' morale???,
:: that is to say, our soldiers' morale.
That's what I sez.

Well, you look away thoughtfully a moment.

And,

:: this being a lengthy bowel movement,
:: at length, you replies to me.

You sez,

:: my good friend,
:: and military commander,
:: my good friend two-stripe acting-corporal Smith,
:: you sez,

Well, you sez,

:: considering everything, I think it's smelling
:: pretty bad,
:: and well, you know, we're sitting in a shithouse.

Further machinations of the bowels may occur,
:: but eventually shake my head,
:: and sez to you,
:: No No, I didn't mean everything,
:: the general atmosphere, no,
:: I meant morale. Our unit's morale.
Is there unit-cohesion???

And well, you looks down,
:: worried cohesion of things is too fluid or solid,
:: and maybe jiggles the handle a second,
:: but then you opens thinking on what I asked,
:: and once some thinking's under way, you starts
counting items on your fingers.

Well, considering,
:: you sez,
considering how lately, and so frequently,
:: our regular work flow's been interrupted,
:: by our vital military hygiene requirements,
:: like trimming of toenails,
:: and picking of noses,
:: and reading porno magazines on the toilet,
:: an awful lot of that,
well so, that is one thing.

And item two, considering,
:: sez you,
considering we could not find the ammunition
:: yesterday, for the
:: Army Celebration Day Parade,
the thousand cannon shells,
:: and ten thousand shoulder fired missiles,
which the Clipboard Officer,
:: from the General's staff
had penciled in,
:: for us to shoot,
:: in that comforting and sentimental loud salute,
:: to our army's sacred history of carnage.
It was embarrassing,
:: you sez.
We could not find the ammunition for that.

Well, I sez, that is item two,
:: but perhaps we should be counting three,
:: nobody's found the radio microphone yet,
:: either.
The General keeps calling but we can't answer.

Well, you sez,
:: that is a shame.
:: So, what was the question that you asked?
That's what you sez.

Yes That!!

:: I hops a little on my seat to shout,
:: do you believe,
my friend and colleague senior-private Jones,
:: do you believe we are,
:: through and thorough,
:: with firm conviction,
:: with courage in the right and truth,
:: and trust in each other,
:: and sisters and brothers,
An FTA crew here now,
:: at this locale,
and you nods YES.

But then you cries back,
:: Acting-corporal Smith,
:: WHAT SHALL WE DO NEXT????

But then I answer that's not hard,
Let's sit around,
:: and tell our true names,
:: and tell our true stories,
with each other.

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The Author's Hand
In The Universal Human Peace Sign
Digital photo by Stone Riley



*****Chap 42

poem: Impressions Of Malcolm X

Here in Disorderly Studio, on the very highest art materials storage shelf, there is a novel manuscript. On the highest shelf and it's now been there for years. About my relationship with Malcolm X.

After 5 drafts in 18 months of solid work, I hid it there. Spring had come up in this window in our new house in the woods twice.

Apparently my relationship with Malcolm X is hard to describe. Just as, in contrast you understand, my deep admiration seems clear and easily described for Statesman Shirley Chisholm and Champion Muhammad Ali, as two contemporary examples.

In fact, I distinctly remember this...

By the time that King died, when I ran out and bought a copy of it, by then the cheap massive printing of Malcolm's Autobiography was a thick compact paperback on best newsprint, available on paperback racks across the country.

And inside of that edition's back cover, the last page, there was supposedly a dumbfounding news photo, a photo of the crowd on the city sidewalk outside the auditorium, while inside those doors Malcolm lay sprawled in blood on stage, among the scattered chairs, the hero still lying there when a news photographer arrived and snapped the outside picture. A martyr made.

I mean to say, I remembered this photo of that sidewalk crowd's astonishing and anguishing gestures and faces, sub-minuscule dots of printer's black on good newsprint palest gray, the shocked crowd around the outside doors, a sacred temple threshold, a thing of such humanity to seize your breath away, or so I thought, when I sat down to write this book of mine.

And I decided mine must be a poem novel. The most intimate kind, a guided tour of the writer's soul. For me therefore turned out to be a poetic seeking toward my fantastic vision of a holy shrine. A literary pilgrimage to a Xanadu sprung from Soul instead of Hollywood.

Are you aware that expert modern artists make up stupid rules for their art projects? The expert ones with hard projects. Is that surprising? A fruitful modernist Dada mode. It conjures Guidance.

Well, for this poem novel I invented this rule... It was only after those 18 months, plus more weeks too after I put it on the shelf, that finally I sifted through my book stacks, and found that thick compact paperback on brown aging best newsprint, bought from a Houston drug store the morning after Dr. King was killed, and I looked inside. The photo isn't there. It never was.

But now I've written several other paperbacks successfully, and many poems, and that rule has woken up and begun telling me it's time to start this hard project up again. Like the time when I discovered I could finally paint well.

Take it down from the shelf of art supplies, up there beside the Merlin novel. Okay.

Malcolm X was a violent anti-violence hero. Had irresistible war and peace swirling vividly around him, not unlike the Blessed Prophet in an earlier age. And like the Blessed Prophet, found the deepness of his soul in calling Peace.

I too stepped into a manhood world of many active warring sides. And I read Malcolm's Autobiography, and viewed that imaginary photo at the end of it, picturing news of Malcolm's death. And faced with this demand for sacred action, I picked his side.

And I can tell you this from observation... Malcolm X was a Leading Chaplain to the beleaguered U.S. Army private soldiers of my time. As, for one example, Malcolm was transmitted through my beating heart into a U.S. Army place where I was.

The deepness of the message, where I was, was this... Its irreversible spiritual stepping out of violence into a ceaseless cry for peace.

Its stepping out and its arrival there at Spirit's Peace, where all else that's needed might be done. Spirit's Peace, a distant rearward base back toward a decent human life. To us that seemed accomplishment supreme, arrival there.

And so to speak, to me, if there at Spirit's Peace, it meant finding and stepping in those temple doors in my imagined photograph. To pay my deep devotion

and high respect. To ask the hero if I have done the Sacred Duty well.

As I have it, the fully finished and neatly stitched up Draft Five of it, it was even ready for a little private trial distribution till I hid it on a shelf. Afraid for my reputation. Because its wording style is circling rambling gibberish just pointing round and round.

A style from an earlier book, an interesting wording style which this book wrecks by pointing round and round. So that needs work. Or does it?

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father in that place and time to say. I'll leave you to imagine that. Held the paper on his trousered knee when he signed it. I thought it was a good little speech my father gave me. And then we had the greens, pork chops, rice and gravy.

In truth I wished to be a Chaplain, a very good Chaplain of some sort, and wished to go where that was calling. But didn't know. Dad was a soldier with hard duty in a major war, and from his stories obviously could have used some good chaplaincy in those years, but this reasoning was not in present consciousness for me. And he displayed no religion beyond a sense of awe. That wish to be a good Chaplain was far outside of present consciousness for me.

It might as well be out of consciousness for me... It was impossible. I was a skeptic of religion. Truly, liked what I had read so far of Marcus Aurelius, a great famous Roman Stoic skeptic of religion. And there weren't Chaplain jobs for skeptics of religion, any sort. And fik college anyway. Fik religion college most of all perhaps.

But it was remarkable how often hunches worked for me. Not blessings. Didn't notice blessings in particular. Fik blessings, speaking generally. I wanted guidance. And frequently it seemed to me that I had guiding hunches from some wiser source than I.

An idea, an idea of something I might do, would sometimes enter mind, bearing an echoing scent, for so it seemed, of being an iron-clad hunch. And these things worked well, surprisingly but well. Wiggling

my ears of course, but some over course of decades. Creating books and joining army being two of such.

Now that I'm a serious Sethian it's perfect sense. I was a human following their conscience and wishing to become their soul. You can even represent this process with geometry. It opens channels.

Why am I remembering this?...

It's Occupy Our-Smaller-City-Near-Boston, eight humans of various types, all variously dressed in a cold autumn night, eight of us just now thrown down our shoulder bags, now hunkering ourselves down on the concrete too, close together. And all pulling out cell phones, at least to check the current time, in a tubular concrete passage. Strangely shadow-lit. Late one night beside the railway station.

We've come here this night to meet and then escort to camp an underground filmmaker, hopefully arriving on an even-later train. Our chatting starts up, the customary Occupy quiet-chatting. This dim-lit concrete passage would remind you of sewer.

My cell phone is still in hand. I'd like to call the house and say I-Love-You-Dear-Wife, but it's too late for that. Could have done that on our hike over, but too late now.

But comes to mind You Old Friend. There seems to be a perfume cloud of iron-clad-good-hunch perfume all over the thought of calling You Old Friend.

I know you like to stay up late, your eyes watching on the world, and I certainly do owe you a call on this big subject of Occupy.

Extracting my wallet from an inner pocket, and my water-proof phone number card from my wallet's inner pocket, I find your name on the water-proof card. I begin copying your number into my tiny phone's tiny keypad, pressing the tiny buttons carefully. It rings.

You let it ring just twice. You must have been already sitting in your lamp-lit little office space at the far end of your downstairs room in your large cabin out there in North Mountain Forest Valley.

You sees your little phone screen light up with my name, out there in the North Forest Mountain Valley night, and in surprise you let it ring another time before you grab it.

Stone!! I hear, What Are You Still Doing Up This Time Of Night???

And I fill you in, You Old Friend, brief words, brief sketch, outline everything that I have written here above, about my Occupy colleagues and our Occupy mission. Me suddenly realizing this makes us sound like we're a movie called Sewers Of Paris World War Two.

So well, therefore I went for it. You gasped when you heard me do it, what with Paris Sewer War in our minds and all, but I went ahead and did it. I did. A thing which had suddenly come to mind that I should do next, I did.

Have you seen Clairvoyance from a stage performed, Dear Reader?

Well, imagine that you've gone somewhere where that's a remarkable tourist attraction and you've seen it, the real thing, real Clairvoyance from a stage.

Well, if you come to such a place when there's enough psychics hanging around, having their nice tea and sandwiches, and their pleasant meditations, and their back rubs, and another one minding till, well if there's enough of them on hand you sometimes see a two-psychic show.

You understand, from show to show they'll switch it off, taking turns between the disembodied spirits and the audience.

And with any demonstration such as that around the world, there is pretty much a certain tone of voice, and more or less a certain formula of words, when the one with the audience urgently requests the other one to fetch a divination from the spirits.

That's what I spoke to You Old Friend, a tentative and slightly self-mocking little hint of that Clairvoyance partner's tone and words, to send the other one packing off on an imponderably imponderable hunt for messages, and you certainly noticed I had done that. You made a little gasp.

Do You Have A Message For Us? Those were my words into my telephone, but spoken like a key of mystic potency of course. And yes, you kind of gasped.

But I have seen you work wonders at least once or twice. And if you and me added up all the little things we've done for each other over the years, it might add up You Owe Me Big Time somehow. Or maybe I'm calling up a pastoral obligation in you.

And well, you're only making little gasps, You Old Friend, not objecting. You're not refusing the idea of spiritually rushing off for Spheric inspiration of some I Ching advice or some pithy slogan to be pasted up in a little niche of human history. You're only gasping slightly.

And I sandbagged you, sorry.

Sandbagging's not a thing I care for at all, you know. Entrapment by inciting the audience, by one performer of another.

Have you heard the time of me and Madame G in Town S, when I upbraided her for doing that, even right among a little knot of attendees and/or students, and/or fans of Madame G, immediately after a show?

End of an evening where I had done a boffo primordial storytelling, and she and I had been holding hands amid my fine applause, and she loudly invited me to perform at her very next event very soon following. I must bow politely and say Yes, and maybe even blush. Sandbagged. I fumed awhile then told her off then walked out to my car.

That night in the Paris sewer, I told my Occupy colleagues, the audience of seven there hunkered in the Parisian sewer with me, that You Old Friend were

there, on the phone, from Mountain Woods North Valley!!, and you were going to do a psychic trick for us!!! Without your actual permission!

You were still gasping a little, or sputtering or muttering perhaps I ought to say, but I thought it was a good idea. So I conscripted you into Occupy, I think it's even fair say.

I held up my phone into shadowed air so you would hear and I spoke loudly, Occupy announcement inflection inside a concrete tube. My seven colleagues all looked over at the conversation down here at the left flank of our little hunkered line-abreast and this is what I said...

:: I Have Someone On The Phone!!

:: Abbess Of A PAGAN NATURE SANCTUARY
In New Hampshire!!

:: I'm Going To Ask Her For A Message!!!

And suddenly a semi-child person two spots down from me, a rather small person wrapped in soiled but trim, and well-chosen-looking winter clothes, this well-traveled young person sits up.

Between the winter hat, and the winter collar on the winter coat, is that shadow on the cheek a young beard left unshaved or not? I can't tell girl or boy but they look weary.

And this weary young person's eyes are flashing back and forth several times between me and the phone in my hand that is linked to You Old Friend. This

young one is weary but perked up and listening eagerly for the Spirits Of The Woods to speak.

All the others immediately perk up too, to eagerly watch the two of us who look like we understand what's being said.

So I pull the phone down to my ear. I say to You Old Friend...

:: We Are All Listening.

:: Do You Have A Message For Us??

Kudos! You did it! You and someone pulled it off. You brought a right message. And furthermore, you brought some comfort to us in the field.

You laughed as if to shrug and you said in my ear, Keep At It.

Inside your distant voice, I heard a still-more-distant voice. Your long-lost lovely husband? A forest spirit now for many years. I'll guess that was a thing he used to tell you when your times were hard, and which he still does tell you.

I hold the phone up in the air again, so You Old Friend can hear results. I Occupy announcement speak...

:: She says, KEEP AT IT.

The semi-child person relaxes, suddenly settles into a state of relaxment several ticks deeper than mine. So now we're all watching her/him.

The human mind is designed by our ancestors in their many generations among the beings of Living

Earth. And some of the things our ancestors gave us are lucky and clever.

For there's a boundary wall around every Human World, not a metaphysics boundary, you understand, but a psychology boundary. We're speaking of the worlds that all societies of humans erect in their minds, different from ways of thinking around them.

Well, if you look at that, and if you then look deeper you'll see a lucky clever thing our ancestors gave us, among the beings of Living Earth... The several different KINDS of Human Worlds.

I can't conceivably offer a list of the Kinds of Human Worlds, I'm not that smart.

But I do know this... Our Youth, the child-person almost beside me there in my inexpensive re-make of Sewers Of Paris World War Two, that young person was struggling to traverse a boundary wall between the kinds of worlds I knew and worlds of different kind.

Between the winter hat and winter collar, I see the eyes reach left then right, thinking of the colleagues waiting here and on the phone. A little nod. Thanks Be To All The Gods, a smile.

I see the chin reach up and the lips forming clear quiet-announcement speak...

:: All Right, the Youth enunciates.

:: Wow,

:: All Right, and nods again emphatically.

Inside of that I hear, and still hear now, a picture. It is a portrait of this person in their mind. She/he looks, looks to themselves, as if a hard choice, an implacable decision, of what to love and what to fear, a choice to come down from the air on the near or far side of the towering craggy boundary wall, in one kind of world or another, that choice has been made suddenly on good information, with this spiritual guidance, and suddenly now it seems things can be all right awhile.

Keep At It, the woods had said.

Then down the far end of our eight-person line, down there a person holds up their hands and claps. This is clearly meant to be a lead so the others take it up, them demonstrating clapping with their hands silently, and they are nodding-smiling too.

I spoke to You Old Friend, into the phone...

:: We have Wow, Wow is VERY good.

:: We have applause.

You laugh again. You thank me for calling, and I say I owe you one, and you say definitely yeah I do. But then you kind of cancel that, saying Call any time, Stone.

Why were they applauding? Being there that moment with them, I knew exactly why. It's the kind of thing you see with perfect clarity on people's faces. They were all applauding while gazing at a Youth who seems to be near Happiness.

I looked down at the far end of our little hunker line and that person looked back at me. The person who applauded first tonight. This clear intelligent face is unfamiliar to me.

I check them each, these six faces and the Youth again. In their complete variety they all are totally unknown to me.

Who are these seven human faces? I have come tonight simply volunteering for the forward duty, and it seems that each of them has too, so we are those with appetite for active life.

And our shift's activity is good tonight, first this chaplaincy success. Then a little later we snatched up the underground filmmaker too, and finally got through police patrol back to camp.

Yes I hereby do submit my resignation from my not-commission. Now that I've wrote this book, I'm taking permanent leave from out here on the point. We ought to shift our focus to newer worlds. I shall retire in search of duties there appropriate.

And you!! You the person herein called just Youth!! You can call me any time.

A human following their conscience and trying to become their soul.

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* * * * * Chap 44

{Enticement Blurb displayed as advertising on the website. Aesthetic note... Style here comparable Cigar Box Art back when good cigars were cheap, and the Florida and Cuba wrapping shed labor had their own readers out loud reading Marx and Dorothy Day while they worked. I'm saying, this here advertising wording style compares to that supreme height of ornate gilded five-color die-cut hand-assembled printing that was lavished on those antique boxes.}

Dear Reader, what kind of book do you get when an old soldier sits down and writes their book? I'll tell you ...

If you a West Point graduate named U.S. Grant, you get a profitable best-seller book to save your widow from starvation. Have you heard that story?

Or if you a foot-soldier vet participated in a desperate struggle for survival with twelve-foot-long spears, and subject to cavalry attack, and you guys saved your nation from destruction, and you a gent named Socrates, and you sit down to write a book or two, well then you get some wisdom of the ages. And you can read more of that story here. We've got the love story part.

There's a complete free download for free. You just click the link and the whole book file just opens and starts downloading onto your device, with these startling vivid big colored pictures first, the gorgeous front-cover graphic first, and then the astonishing lush back-cover graphic, then you realize after that it's a

whole paperback book, more than 200 pages, all just waiting for you to push the page-down button and start reading stories. Free.

And the title page is boss.

Nothing is as you expect.

It is labeled as a novel.

There are a wide variety of stories, with musings and my sore grief for the death of Living Earth, with philosophizing on Shakespeare's most tragic characters, and Shakespeare's actual theory of fart jokes, with explanation.

It really is a novel, romantic novel. But why are the riddles in there? Riddles?

Well, riddles are excellent exercises for thinking carefully, and the book is meant to be educational in the large way, offering stuff that's good for mind, soul and body, and an honest laugh. The old soldier was a Medical Corpsman and a Chaplain of some sort.

But it is a novel, a romantic novel. Sexual intercourse? Yes obviously there's sexual intercourse, and some of it in ways, I promise you, that you do not expect. But it's all for love and sorrow interweaving into life. And all the least-acceptable sexual words have been replaced with comical euphemistic spellings.

Did I mention Global Warming? Throughout this book it's treated from a variety of interlacing spiritual and philosophic points of view, providing ways for you to look at it. As a novel, the impending death of Living Earth is the prime mover of it, moving all the fiction.

That is to say, our struggle for life and love is treated as a mighty struggle. So there's lots of Shakespeare and some science fiction.

There's a longish funny poem that's a forthright open call for sit-down strikes by soldiers sent on stupid military missions. Plus a number of other experienced examples for popular resistance inside an army.

There's considerable analysis, with illustrating stories, of Natural Human Anarchist Martial Spirit, a spirit come to us through our biology in Living Earth...

And thus the ANCIENT STRUGGLE between Honest Soldiers and the Mighty Murder Mill, the same mill that is murdering Living Earth. And This Perhaps A CONTRIBUTION To Human Political Theory!!

Much of this material is the old Chaplain's first-hand remembrances from Vietnam War onward through Occupy, largely quite unique, with sorely grieving conscience, with artful bold Acts Of Resistance usefully described, and love for one another, all children of Earth, and with balm for grief.

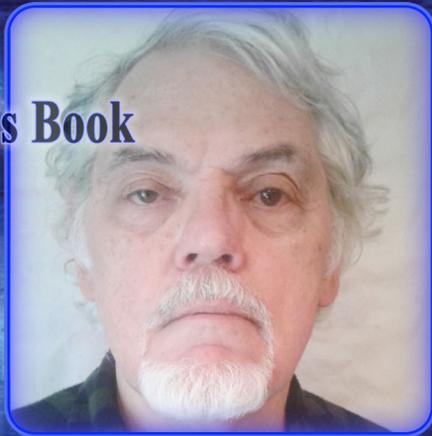
And of course it is a romance novel.

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Army Stories Performance Script

A Peace Revolution Chaplain's Book

(C) Stone Riley 2018



"July 2017" by author

STUDIO PRODUCTION
~~FTA~~

A Peace Revolution Chaplain's Book...

Riddles! Puns! Fables! By a Veteran! About ourselves, war and peace, and Global Warming.

Chapter 31: Judy, like in Punch and Judy puppet shows, sets up house as Queen. All seems well till we see Punch is now Pope and King. Punch seizes young Lancelot from young Guinevere, a disaster minutes after their rapturous first tryst, where our young lovers swore holy love and marriage and got pregnant.

Now King Punch maybe chops off young Lancelot's head.

So that's a War Recruiting metaphor that burns right through the puppet-show metaphor.

And that's one of many stirring chapters where the author calls you to join a Peace Revolution.

There's Love and struggle told thru poetry and drama, Lessons of a war resisting soldier, Moral philosophy, Logic puzzles, and Classic humor, Self-help yoga.

Global Warming: The author shows and explains throughout. His hope and faith lie in the Divine Creative Beauty to which we are all heirs, and in our mutual aid.

ISBN 978-1-64516-422-7



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