



**Includes..**

**"Tell The Sorrow Joy"  
"Primer: Standup Storytelling  
For Freedom"**

Same file with  
full color covers  
free on website

## **Reading Room Collection**

some particular  
typographic poems  
formatted in sheets  
(therefore comics)  
borrowed from the poet's  
2019 & 2020 produce  
by Stone Riley 2020  
creative commons

this booklet / comic is  
part of a project. Get  
free downloads of all  
project documents at  
the website.

Project title..

**Poems For The Future  
Series**

Here..

[www.stoneriley.com/yyyyy](http://www.stoneriley.com/yyyyy)

a Spirit Hill Studio publication

Ladies and Gentlemen large and small,  
of all ages whether infant, youth or adult,  
I say.. Thank you for reading this before  
this world all goes away.

More than a year ago,  
toward the end of 2018, I made a dire and  
foreboding resolution that next year's

**ONE & ONLY ART WORK**  
was to be, absolutely, a roll of dice,  
with everything I was then at hazard.

I had grown disgusted that something in  
particular was not being done, but to do it  
I must leap onto the tracks before a speeding  
train ..... live, and tell what happened.

I was Disgusted by late 2018. None of the  
Spirit Workers whom I knew, regardless  
of their religion, philosophy, or mode,  
Even those clear spirits like KT. I admire  
deeply on the web doing radio valiantly,  
by then all seemed all Overcome and Lost  
suddenly, I guess having believed the lies  
in torrents all these decades, gushing lies,  
“things aren't so bad as all that really”,  
and those poor pallid souls seem suddenly  
devastated utterly by the utter betrayal.

While all my mighty Pagan friends discussed  
no strategy at all, still, for these ashen  
Times Of Occluding Shadow, like there is  
no strategy knowable for these unknown  
dim-lit times, but “Join hands and jump  
when a place to jump appears”, just their  
regular Superb Shamanic Poise,

Of small use tho, for what must be done, for  
knowledge to pierce thru the swelling shell  
of **EARTH DEATH GRIEF**, which is  
currently filling this space with pain,  
whoever, ... our magical voyager, ideally  
bringing back internal maps and diagrams.  
And

I was once elected Druid Of New England.  
And I am a Poet  
plus Musician.

So it's not actually like I volunteered for  
next year's Art Work.

So 2019 brought an unaccustomed surge  
of Tragic work. And all one project.

A long and jolly voyage in verse..  
Muster old Sir Goodweed Hemp, puff  
up a nice round opening sentence, and  
Here we go...

**piercing deep** thru the dilating shell of  
what is currently filling this dying space  
with pain, **Earth Death Grief**,  
quickly filling us with pain,  
and from inside of it, by end of 1 year,  
our **piercing magic poet** hopefully will  
return on dancing feet with fingers ink  
stained and with literary colored diagrams  
and maps of the **Oceanic Sorrow** engulfing  
our souls, so we can navigate it somewhere.

a **HUGE box** of deep rooted fruitful poems.  
And in the brief time since, with a terrific  
fluent ease I brought home from 2019,  
a new project “**Poems For The Future**”  
now turns its face in a new direction, and  
is filling its quart with fresh strawberries.  
So from those groceries combined, these  
which are on a relevant theme are now  
plucked into this take home parcel.  
Thanks for your interest in our produce.

**This collection** here, for “Reading Room”,  
is addressed to a sort of feature of Nature,  
a very deep pool in my vicinity, to the small,  
deep, tidy library room at the Zen Temple  
near my home, the Temple which I hied me to  
for hugely needed recuperation and repairs,  
**the dmn voyage done at last** and all on  
board sane, in early January 2020.

# Following this Preface, **PLEASE** read the  
collection's other booklets and sheets in  
**REVERSE** of **DATE WRITTEN**. It's easy..  
in **ASCENDING ORDER** follow **DOCUMENT**  
**NUMBERS** on top left of all pages,

Thus you'll discover a train of thoughts  
receding to the past. Of course these are  
poems for our addressee. This is the train

which I chased first, first of all the others  
I chased too, as Soul came flooding into me  
again at last, at last, in the first 20 minutes  
of my very first morning's Zen Meditation.

But this railroad image is becoming stale.

This train of my thoughts runs back 56  
years, stops finally at a memory of cruelty,  
MY CRUELTY in the Human male struggle  
for manhood. But Time and Human Mind  
twist together, threads of smoke from one  
candle or the channels of a tidal stream.

So that's better verse.

Let's do that... Yes let's do ...

Picture me as I'm now seeing myself !!

Why not? Why not play along ??

( Thank you. )

Please picture me as I now see me..

Human. Male. Youth. Accidentally fallen,  
and been taken into, unintentionally, as a  
SOLDIER, but of a certain specialized kind..  
YOUNG LEADER OF YOUTH, THE REBEL.  
But on the elder side of youth now himself,  
and looking for some much far much better  
way of life than this wretched existence.  
He is the very lowest officer, lead of motor  
stretcher squad. Nearby a secure frontier  
of Empire, a pleasant day.  
War thunder on far horizon.

Natty dressed man, young, sad. Natty..  
Entreating for mercy the passing girls who  
sometimes take an interest, except he's  
been posted in a staid town, banking town,  
where few girls come. Tight old town, even  
had a one-street Octoberfest and a wretched  
little Harvest Wine Festival at that time,  
as I may tell you. Good tobacco shops.  
Sad natty man..

A partly cloudy nice warm civilian day,  
relaxing weekend but same old town, natty  
dressed on corner just dismounted a tram  
across main street from town's large  
pleasant town park, a bright pond amid

trees and paths, where sometimes such days  
girls arrive in coterie in summer dresses,  
display a bit, disport together even, quite  
as if they are wishing to be seen by certain  
persons whom they may eye,  
wishing to be seen by me?

Trousers the stylish wide wale corduroy.  
Trim fit cowboy cut summer weight denim  
jacket, good drape on trim waist, broad chest  
and shoulders, unbuttoned. It's the Beetle  
Age, thus revealed he wears an ample  
bright silk scarf knotted tight tied just  
exactly like a proper fellow's necktie would  
be tied, remarkable plush suede leather  
"Fisherman's Hat" in soft russet brown,  
with rich embroidered band, ultra deluxe  
haberdashery, "nice lid" a fellow said.

A starving man by now.

And me corrupted by soldiering already,  
some well earned scars on my conscience,  
me that summer day now vivid to me, but  
me there on that corner there just 51 years  
ago, sad and lonely in the sun pondering on  
farther back thru other evils I had also  
done besides whatever I had done that week,

me pondering back to my rooted seed of  
crime, my central radiating cruel betrayal  
of my Comrade Soldier 5 years before that,  
then finally all of this tangle clear flooded  
out by Zen's holy utter silent mass

of Clear Bright Consciousness

so Kundalini leaps up from the sacral  
and feeds the starving ghosts.

So the tidal intertwining of Time  
and Human Mind endlessly is.

BUT LOOK OUT !! This astonishing reality  
has still more edges to it.. Why say.. Read  
the poems in reverse of date written, back  
into their Time, clever number aid. WHY ??  
So you start in your today, and are exactly  
led back the writer's mind's path, like  
strolling thru graveyard reading stones,  
a useful trick to hear surprising echoes. ~~~



-- This is a poem made as one of the classic Human document types..

A Believer's Devotional Letter, as part of a (very small) Devotional Bequest to the Library of a place of Holy Worship, (or in your case to the Reading Room).

-- This time, a Transient Poet, you see, and a Poet who wishes to make up for the bequest's smallness with a box of poems, for the bequest is a small box of poems, enclosed with this letter, it to be a Very Courteous Farewell. Until we meet again, fare well.

Thank you very much.

Wait. I'm mailing this to the Reading Room. That sounded like I said "Thank You, Reading Room." I only ever used the Reading Room for urgent whispered chats during Session. I was a Transient. Late.

So, altho this is mailed "to the Reading Room" instead I mean "Thank You, generous, good and true Humans there." Glad I cleared that up.

But seriously...

You brought me to soft tears often, and I'd like to thank you more specifically.

My Self agape, agape mouth, eyes staring, my SELF walking thru my SOUL. A big cave 2 months. I was a Transient. You took me in. The little meals were glorious. One time I accidentally took too much pepper and found a treasured lesson.

Those 2 months, never once, I attended Temple without a Crisis at some Vivid Where in Soul, never once, or why go in at all, if I could

Sit Still instead at New Poetry at Home, wriggling thru my fingertips, or blow melodious harp in G, or especially if a Morning's

Talking with the Garden Song Birds ?

Oh Gds I was desperate.

I was a hurt being off alone.

I had injured myself and was seeking aid.

2 months my SELF utterly AGAPE.

In every visualization of it definitely holding a bright torch in a very bright space, big cave,

Poor bruised thing delightedly dancing 1-foot steps due to its broken leg, astonished at the immense size here, in your Temple, of SOUL who SELF had somehow entirely forgotten, remembering now.

I found immense space of SOUL, there in our city's Local Zen Temple, on Pleasant Street,

!! Immense space of SOUL !!

!! Immense space of SOUL !!

Me typically rushing in Rife with deliberations how best to conceptually grasp, or frame, that particular early morning's pondered cause of Vivid Spiritual Crisis,

no, Me with no means to conceptually grasp anything in any Universe at all, not if I was grasping for a conceptual frame or gunny sack or shovel handle,

that is to say... Me rushing into Temple late squirrely and unkempt,

Me full of deliberations ominous or immense, streaming rainbow clouds of billowing light or with Yawning Abyss at next step, for if I came in I was plotting, with unnecessary ingenuity, what to do in Zen Session.

I was over-worked at my Work.

And typically all wept away in soft tears by the first half hour inside of the immense presence of your Temple Silence.

But I really must apologize for my rudeness before. Up a paragraph above. Where are my manners ??

Dear Reading Room,

I now realize the obvious. I am addressing this letter to you so I certainly should address you in the text. As tho I won't recognize you're conscious, an incarnational being. Silly prejudice. For the balance of this letter may I chat with you?

So Dear Reading Room, How are you? I'm submitting a little box of poems for display. Why? you ask? Why not? Do what we can, eh?

I'm wondering what sort of emergency plan you are following for This World's End?

I'm an Activist on the subject.

>> I compiled my own book last year !



I took a writing tour of mountain peaks.  
(thus sustaining injury (like odin?).

( odin's book was norse runes, a fabled  
pure omniscience focused on realms of  
norse imagination, me a magician too,  
from wales next door, but my giant  
box of poems' quest was an omniscient  
panorama of Direst World-End Grief,  
me cataloging all last year. ) )

Then all this January and February, 2 months,  
and I never had the chance to ask anyone this  
before my cares were wept away each  
morning... What are your plans now? I'm  
sure you have a plan for This World's End,  
Reading Room, you are a sentient being, and  
full of intelligence. May I ask you about this?  
I am an activist, not lolling about on this.

Should I discuss my Work for a moment first?  
My Work toward This World's End,  
then perhaps you take a turn?

I'm working quite hard, and very fruitfully,  
very fruitfully indeed like apple blossoms,  
bees and fruit all together in one constant  
morning, and surviving well, blessed be all  
Holy Spirits, in this Work now, thanks to the  
healing breeze of the Immense Space Of SOUL  
you and the others keep as a guest there, when  
i visited camp occasionally for 2 months.

Odin lost his Left Eye for the Runes. What  
A Deal! he yelled on hearing bargain terms,  
plucked it out and tossed it in the Well Of  
Wisdom for public use in Intuition, climbed  
right up a big old tree and hung himself to  
it for days, thus upgrading his remaining  
Mortal Eye to see All, as the other had,  
and, in the long spell's roiling perceptions  
caught the hidden rush and rhyme of Runes,  
went out in his Tramp disguise and taught.  
All this, first, for himself to see what the  
Left Eye saw before its Public Service role  
began, but in total gifting Divination by  
both Intuition and Tokens to the Humans,  
you know.

Me, I had it so much easier finally than  
Odin. Hurrah Zen Temple !! My pages  
and paragraphs, I think of discovering  
them by climbing mountains.

These poems astonish me constantly. Away  
with gloom! Last year's catalog of sorrow,  
plus Zen Breeze, had alchemical products.  
Gloom? It's all about the Future's Beauty  
now. "Poems For The Future" is the latest  
project's title, and means what it says.

And It Includes .....

"A Primer.. Storytelling For Freedom" !!

You must see this! It's in the enclosed packet.  
True magnum opus, 2nd in a lifetime!! After  
all made before, this one poured thru and out  
of consciousness for me in 2 weeks!

And sifted down to much smaller, my first  
magnum opus at 500 pages, this 18, as I  
am now a Coach of Freedom Storytelling,  
so it's all distilled to basic teaching lessons.

Tell me, a library like you would know, is this  
a future dream? I will describe a dream.

Is this a vision of what is now?

More understanding of last year? I got a  
BRILLIANT TAROT READING 5 years back,  
are we now realizing the door of that?

Come down slope, to foot of the pass, between  
two rocks a rivulet takes up, the Rivulet of  
What-Will-Be. Down below, it is rolling river.  
Descend into a valley, rivulet turns right and  
steps downhill, it is the Freshet of What-Will-  
Be. Go along beside this quick milk stream, as  
it may seem, tho sometimes a stream of honey  
as you descend. This is a river further down,  
the roaring Torrent of What-Will-Be.

!!Turn UP!! on the fork where the stream bed  
spreads out to extensive glacial flat, but with a  
grassy bank of FERTILE SOIL of indescribable  
beauty, lovely lovely BIG GRASSY BANK,  
sometimes EXPLOSIVELY LIT in colored  
Dark and Light, Moon and Sun, Rain, Snow,  
the bank thinly forested with translucent  
trees, a lovely lovely place where the  
Famous Breeze Of VISIONS bathes your brain  
as it wishes, obviously by sovereign tricks of  
the rocky massifs near three-quarter way  
surrounding, so the Breeze Of Visions bathes  
you as it wishes, blowing, gushing,  
breathing, up or down or round about,  
and corkscrew fashion to your brain.

A FAMOUS place called ZEN HIGH CAMP.

Stay, enjoy the bounteous comfort, at the famous Zen High Camp LODGE sufficient weeks for the Beloved Vision Breeze to transform or transport you to What-Happens-Next, and there you go.

??? WHAT IS THIS DREAM ???

I don't know.

Well RR., I will treat you like a friend. I will confide to you the Tarot Reading, 5 years back. I'm sure it's all one thing, that Reading, this new Dream. And here, I have a card deck out now.

So first card out: Swords, Page. So plainly, dream we're discussing is official messenger from five years back.

Second card: Death, Not a death but profound death-life circling, and this profound change has profound dissolution as a leading edge.

I want to say, DO NOT STEP BACK.

If you see a door, don't peep in the keyhole, take hold the handle.

And card #3... Lovers Reversed !!!!!

Oh Gds, there's work to do yet.

See, the Lovers' turned bed blocks the door, this unpleasant card says, seeing it in context of the conversation.

Yes, not a wish, but I dare to say it..

This dream of mountains I have had, the Vision Rites beside The River, the up-fork you take to get there, it clearly says, thru Tokens, Intuition gathered, says or sings or shouts...

Speaking of my dream plus both readings, this 5-year event is a message clearly telling me...

Follow in the steps of the million million Bodhisattvas.

Door here might be one of million million doors to sainthood. Sht.

Fik. A dmn Promotion! Fiikk Sht. (a lieutenant up from corporal !!!)

??trapped????? !MOTHER HELP!

See, I'm a poetizing explorer, soldier, artist.

Not used to regular employment.

I'm Welsh, eh.

But YES, my dear RR.,

I have neglected on my promise to you !

To describe for you

THE TAROT READING 5 YRS BACK,

which I have described as BRILLIANT.

So... My good Tarot Reader on that day, an autumn common good festival of my dear community, our S. N. Hampshire Pagans. Tho I'd moved away, and I was visiting exactly as visiting a magic well where cunning folk gather for a day, my QUESTION VERY carefully composed on the car ride up in particular words, particular words but tossed about however seemed best at any particular point in wandering thoughts, exactly, visiting a great Wisdom Well. Yes that exactly, and pleased at finding..

My reader was an estimable woman who agreed to take my case.

And immediately after my Question spoke itself thru my breath in some form that seemed to work, fine but IMMEDIATELY..

THIS: She was ASTONISHED seeing a dozen cards she had dealt in silence, unbroken silence still as she dot-dot-dot-dot turned them up. Bam-bam-bam-bam, this usually unflappable lady's astonishment grew from the first to a kind of dour acceptance of so much astonishment on seeing the last.

I was a bit amused naturally, but, of course, astonished too. So I looked in her eyes.

My fellow professional just opened in her eyes, briefest greeting nod, not a psychic word, just with a psychic hand she pointed to a mental anteroom where the spread cards where brilliantly displaying themselves on a big imaginary movie screen. Remarkably, I remarked, the spread lit itself in vivid pastel rays of dripping light very much like the technicolor in Wizard of Oz.

There was symphonic music with the display, it was loud, but we both tried to ignore it, me psychically strained to hear over it, what she said, seemed to be shouting, several words, reluctantly acknowledging she had not seen the like of this before. And she advising, to put all this practically, that it was good,

that it was going away for now, until some wonderful future moment when it would leap out at me again. In retail transactions of that kind, my old acquaintance had a good fair custom, when you take the client's ticket, she puts it out IN SIGHT, on the table under a paperweight with its bottom sticking out, so clients considering outrage may know they can just snatch it back if they want to, but upon finishing off my brief advice, she just GRABBED my ticket out from under the paperweight, reached down to stuff it in the taken-ticket box under the table, and said not one more word more. And this lady has nice grandchildren. That's all I know about it.

!!!!? WHAT SUMMONS ME ?!!!!

Oh what's that, RR.? Oh, RR., would you rather ask.. What did I ask the Lady ? ?

What did I ask the Lady? What exactly floated out my mouth, what particular word-sounds enunciated at the moment? Well I don't remember that, but I do certainly remember EXACTLY what I had decided to say..

“?? Is My New Art Work Headed  
In The Right Direction ??”

That was 5 years back.

I felt the Wizard Of Oz motif encouraging then. Good omen I thought, probably, you can't be sure. Can be Fistfight Rules when playing Shaman games. Think me lying at your peril, sisters and brothers. Strolling out in Shamanland, watch your step.

My question referred the first test poems just then done of a new book of pregnant concept vaguely planned, those poems bright, and a confluence of things BIG IN THE WORLD.

Well, ART is PHILOSOPHY, as you know, Those big meanings tried as verse just slipped into the World so prettily, thus philosophical proof, according to all my careful considered thinking, a proof.. The Majesty Of Existence, and in that, with it, the vast expanse of the Paradox Of Sorrow.

I had scurried forth to a Well of Wisdom asking for artistic direction at the very start, the 8 or 10 days when routes, methods and

requirements are first being laid out by a professional artist when they find the project of a lifetime, to make the world better.

Me all flustered at this sudden change of pace. Those test poems I'd composed like logical expressions to me, and when I looked where they pointed, the high distant ground of 5 year Struggle came to distant view, the long struggle culminating in last year's big catalog of hope and fear, last year's huge box of poems on Human Sorrow For DYING EARTH, that ground of struggle came to view.

Me flustered and surprised at this suddenly now proven wide opening of possibility of doing True Classic Bardic Druid efforts, as artists' big adventure plans always get mixed results at best.

WHAT SUMMONS ME?, you ask again, RR. ?

What summons me? The Messenger of What-Will-Be !! You Saw The Tarot Card! Page Of Swords !! Alchemic Quick Vapors spouting from retort, Hermes, Mercury, come from the sovereign What-Will-Be.

But why ?? A BATTLE !! You've heard the rumors for ages, there's to be BATTLE !! of WORLD'S END!! Atomic Armageddon or whatever, Humans become Mad Max. I think I am not going, if not as a Chaplain, Medical Officer, Boss Umpire, and Peace Envoy.

OH!! I've realized now in writing that verse, seems the obvious, it seems ME A SOLDIER again, now a poetizing chaplain to all these elders and youth so severely harmed here by the anti-human soldiering Empire demands then kills you, if they will have me with them, striving to stop war. Hard duty.

Yesterday a chat with a despairing man broke my heart. Chaplaincy's very very hard there. Freedom Storytelling seems tailor made.

Reading Room, my dear, thank you so much for hearing, it helps. And now I see your plan. I see you will remain open, won't you? This reality or other, you'll remain a useful open space of silent wisdom somewhere, won't you?

And everyone there... You are so generous !!



**Tell The Sorrow Joy**

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**A Primer: Standup Storytelling For Freedom**Here... [www.stoneriley.com/yyyyy](http://www.stoneriley.com/yyyyy)

~~( 1.)~~~~~

**Purpose of this section...****Synopsis** {-Latin for "full view"-}

.....

Title..... "Tell The Sorrow Joy"

Subtitle.. "A Primer: Standup Storytelling  
For Freedom"

- > An old New England champion's  
**World-End Emergency Handbook**,  
for anyone who must finally tell their  
secret knowledge of long-denied truth,  
and for us all to hear much better.
- > Idealistic? Yes! The strategy here is to  
serve Beauty with words and with life.
- > This booklet explores our species'  
Human Story Instinct, evolved in Nature,  
a marvelous gift from far distant parents,  
evolved inside of Earth's Creative Life,  
This instinct's function evidently is:  
For us to hear, understand and tell our  
Inborn Human Story thru an adaptive  
multiplicity of symbols, thus cementing  
Human Community despite change.
- > So altho revealing secrets is often painful,  
this is an art you know. So you truly only  
need good courage and good coaching.
- > This booklet explores too...  
The ring of "Psychic Fire Glow Touch"  
among story audience and story talker,  
the spiritual glow that actually is the  
Soul of Human Community Life.

~~( 2.)~~~~~

**Purpose of this section...****It's all about the beauty.**

.. (2.1) .....

Hello Dear Reader. I'm The Writer.

Look, let's suppose...

You are old enough to watch some Politician  
cry for war, crying with weeping eyes, in a  
very expensive suit, in a big office in a scenic  
mansion, trappings which are really just like  
the purchased suit and Noble Grief makeup.

Say you are old enough to watch a Politician's  
Crying Plea For War, maybe your second time,  
and you watch that with tirades of ridicule,  
or at the very least, a queasy skepticism.

Let's suppose you are that old.

So now imagine you are watching that, and  
a thought occurs that you should pause a  
moment in your torrent of ridicule. Take  
a pause in playing your part in this. You  
have noticed something interesting..

**THIS IS A BROKEN STORY.**

So now I'm asking you, Dear Reader...

What is that missing or fractured quality  
of the false insufficient not-quite-story told  
or implied in a politician's cry for war ??

I am saying this.. You recognize  
**IT HAS NO BEAUTY.**

And I offer this as proof...

What does the Politician ask of you?

What gift from you, the Politician says,  
would make the broken part beautiful?

Your beautiful Noble Grief,

Your beautiful Sacrifice of Sanity and Blood.

Let's hope you're old enough to sneer at  
trumpets, drums, "good" combat soldiers,  
soaring war planes, and marching feet.

.. (2.2) .....

**Let's do some... Helpful Philosophy**

**about..... It's All About The Beauty**

First things first, here's what I'm saying..

Human Story always is,

no matter what the pain,

in the end, it's all about the Beauty.

That's the Human Story.

That's how we love together.

You're not a real artist till you see it's true.

I teach this thru TAGORE'S DICTUM.

That is NOT an item of male anatomy,  
it is an item of ART PHILOSOPHY

I like to teach first.

It's all about the Beauty.

There was a great public college  
art professor named R. Tagore in the  
revolutionary times of Bengal, in India.

In my favorite paraphrase, {- "re-stating"-}  
the revolutionary R. Tagore's students  
all heard this...

Do you want to be an ARTIST ???

Do YOU want to be a REAL ARTIST ????

Don't take the ignorant conformist advice  
a student hears from conformists everywhere.  
They say paint what you know.

For Gd's sake, why would you paint it ???

They say... Use your own voice.

For Gd's sake why would you listen to it ???

Don't keep a journal.

Toss your journal out a metaphoric railroad  
car window as your cleared and motivated  
mind speeds ahead of where you were.

How ? How to become a REAL ARTIST ?

Tagore claims it's a simple process.

Finding true art is not a complicated process,  
for it's right in front of you,  
but hard to see in your cautious  
non-revolutionary state.

And so it's not complicated,  
but it might be very hard to do.

You must or should do this...

**Find Divine Beauty where you live.**

But how?

By a courageous 3-step learning process...

Tagore's Steps. Do this WHERE YOU LIVE.

Step 1. Find Beauty's hideous opposite.

Step 2. See Beauty from that place.

Step 3. See how to serve that Beauty.

And by really truly freely fully  
just thinking all of this thru,  
WHERE YOU LIVE, Tagore says  
you irresistibly become a real artist.

{-TRICK: You never saw T lecture! Confess  
this lie to the audience. Use a "Comically Loud  
Lecture Voice" for character's first speech. -}

..(2.3). . . . .

### **An Example Of Tagore's Dictum**

{- In my life, this is my first example of it -}

Hello Dear Reader. I'm The Writer.

Look, let's suppose...

You are a soldier, a low rank common soldier.  
Been a low rank common soldier several years  
when the whole National Army suddenly  
jumps stupidly into a stupid stupid war,  
obviously stupid

to an experienced common soldier,

But You're Not Sent To War.

You're put to better use than that.

You are promoted one rank up to be  
the very lowest officer,  
and given what position of authority?

To shove,

in a smooth disciplined consistent manner,  
shove the naked new-conscripted soldiers,

shove them over the very lip of the

Raw Meat Entry Chute

of the Armed Meat package pipe

to help it smoothly and consistently

disgorge Armed Meat at the war.

Let's suppose you're still a soldier when the  
meat pipe's made smoother, need for you is  
past. By now you plainly are unfit for war.

So low officer duty is now found elsewhere.

Where you'll have friends and comrades !!

Squad of male rough-neck field nurses !!

Thin battalion: just infantry skirmishers

Tank Army, Europe's tallest hills.

Squad rough-neck field nurses driving

Teenie tiny rough-neck ambulances,

Motorized stretcher bearers, amid

Ceaseless Tank Army Training,

Cold winters, cold,

Lovely blokes not at the war.

Okay so far ???

What happens next ?

Your closest lovely friend is sent  
from there TO WAR

and killed immediately amid the  
helicopters,

and all of that before you're 23.

You were a child soldier 3 years.

Now, tho I'd certainly never heard of Tagore,  
but with my friend dead by the beast I had fed,  
and me thus fallen to an abyss of insanity,  
I found and followed TAGORE'S DICTUM.

And, as Professor T predicted,  
HUMAN ART and DIVINE BEAUTY  
rescued me.

{- Tagore's Step 1 -}

The deepest OPPOSITE OF BEAUTY  
for me was not the war far away,  
not my friend's grave, for the truly  
hideous thing was an immense fear  
in those worthy souls I was nursing.

{- Tagore's Step 2 -}

SEEING BEAUTY FROM THAT PLACE,  
was then obvious,  
by simply looking thru their eyes every  
moment that I spoke with them.  
Of course they longed for their homes  
and loved ones,  
and their hearts were breaking.  
Home Was The Ideal Of Beauty For Them.

{- Tagore's Step 3 -}

HOW TO SERVE THAT BEAUTY  
was then a rare thing but a simple thing.  
I spoke to them of home !!

I raved against the horrid evil war and  
spoke their Beauty into words for them,  
just spoke it so clear, maybe in trance,  
the Beauty of Home, and they told me  
that they heard it Sing.

So now I am a poet and a storytelling coach.

**{-Trick:** My life is Very Various. Like yours?  
Every situation so very changed. Each  
imagined Me and why Me Did what Me Did.  
A summary is lifetime work. How? Details  
in several later sections of this booklet. -}

~~( 3.)~~~~~

**Purpose of this section...**

**Storytelling is a natural art you know.**

..(3.1). . . . .

**Hearing, understanding  
and telling stories is an art  
that is very deep in human nature.**

In my opinion,

Dance, Music, Prayer and Story are  
arts acquired very early in human evolution  
and acquired for vitally important reasons.

In my opinion Human Nature says...  
good Dance is medicine for human bodies,  
good Music is medicine for human minds,  
good Prayer is medicine for human souls,  
and  
good Story is medicine for human community.  
So in that, there's a big Huge Up-Side  
of this for us! Essentially, You Already  
Know How To Do This !!!

Plus! People know how to be a story audience  
member. Much more than you might believe,  
they understand what we are trying to say.  
Basically all you need is coaching, but try  
to get experienced coaching.

..(3.2). . . . .

**Your coach should help you find 3 things:**

High morals,  
Courage,  
Practical performance tricks.

Since you and I are doing storytelling,  
I will say these are  
**THREE PRECIOUS TREASURES.**

..(3.3). . . . .

**Most importantly, your coach must help you  
find good morals.**

A horrible example...

Bad TV commercials. Awful ones. War  
propaganda TV commercials for example.

When a person is watching the damn thing and  
they are mentally stepping toward condemning  
the damn thing as evil, I think the decisive  
step is when they say it is lying to us. To Us.

My guess, if a person sees the stinking  
propaganda lie, and sees it's a stinking lie, and  
they are not thinking of anyone but  
themselves, that person is probably more  
likely to buy a stinking product, and buy into  
paying big for it.

So you need to understand, for this example,  
that Tell The Truth (the very best you can) is  
Item Number 1 of this human art's special  
moral code.

Story Instinct's special moral code goes on to  
more. Like you're supposed to teach, and  
share news.



And pay special loving attention to children like they were your own.

And don't work for the Government or Stinking Capitalists.

In my opinion, the whole Human Story Instinct is toward building peaceful community.

**And I say Seeking Peaceful Community is a VERY high standard of morals.**

..(3.4) .....

**High morals in Story lead to Truth.**

{- I here begin capitalizing  
"Story" sometimes -}

I live in New England and I'll give you two local examples of this lesson.

The First Thanksgiving, a very popular New England legend, a fiction of lovely bucolic Racial Peace in the very early Euro colony.

The Euro People later, 19th to 20th Centuries, they celebrated this legend thruout the region, thinking of the First Thanksgiving as their culture's Foundational Friendship Feast, by their ancestors with the Amerindians.

In important ways the story is false, but on the other hand it has genuine virtues too.

In my view, that is a Popular Legend birthed then carried on by the well-wishing of people doing popular culture. It was a primary good thing in their hearts, a Wish For Peace.

But that was a culture where Amerindians had been conquered several generations before, and by that time had almost vanished from view. Are you with me so far?

And right there we learn this...

By looking at this story closely,

By giving it the attention it deserves,

And thus NOT shoving it along,

Not forcing the story to

Flee thru Consciousness.

By that you may have arrived at a

Beautiful Sympathy with the

Complex difficulties of people's lives.

Now the New England Legend of Paul Revere !  
Let's contrast the two.

This is the Legend of

Hero Colonel Paul Revere, a forward

Leading member of the city's

Merchant Elite,

One night serving as a COURIER,

Who saved the city on a speeding horse.

That is a claim that Colonel Revere was a  
"Hero Soldier".

"Hero Soldier" is among the many characters we have, wide variety, on many character lists, in Story Instinct. This guy's on a list called "They Who Saved Us", saved our kin.

You understand, Story Instinct is from lives our far distant parents lived, in their 250,000 years or so of hunting, gathering, gardening, Old Stone Age life where they became us. Our Story Instinct is in us from that.

And.. Since "Hero Soldier" is on that very short and very important list of Characters Who Saved Us, therefore...

In any emergency "Hero Soldier" is also on a list of characters with a decent right to push people around, and a decent right get supplied with stuff they say they need.

And a hero's unusual qualities that Saved Us, if it was wise strategic foresight or brawn and bullying, whatever, that might be inherited by their kids, so their kids might decently inherit those rights too.

But what am I saying about Paul Revere ?

If you research that "Hero Soldier" claim, what do you find? Lies. Just a brief history study reveals this was post-war propaganda issued by the city's post-war merchant elite government.

Actually that particular season of rebellion, that saving of the city which The Legend Of Paul Revere lies about,

Actually in true fact... It was an important and unique uprising of self-educated small-

farm families against evictions, which even forced elite authors of the USA. founding documents to include human rights.

I know this is asking you to judge morals relatively, not judging things as simply right or wrong, but I ask you:

Which story might lead us closer to Truth because of its better morals?

And here's an easier question... Paul Revere or First Thanksgiving, which story probably serves Peaceful Community better?

.. (3.5) .....

An experienced storytelling coach can help you find YOUR COURAGE, which we said is one of Three Precious Treasures. Here's some help in finding YOUR COURAGE ..

**When you talk to yourself,  
figure out who is talking.**

Most painters quickly learn any three items Of a human face, like if there's a visually busy Background, and you find some way to Subtly touch in two eyes and one line of cheek,

Then when a human being,  
Such as yourself, steps in, sees your painting,  
In your new vision  
That place will very interestingly tell you,  
Enticingly, that it is or is not a human face.

You are full of spirits. Let's call them that,  
All your internal voices. They're little spirits.  
We could even say divine little sparks,  
Because we're telling good stories.

Of course, Any one of these divine sparks,  
your internal voices, at any time, can  
step up to a microphone and truthfully  
announce to you that it really is you,  
without lying, and start telling you stuff.

And sometimes you get carried away and do really stupid sht, I know you do.

You really should wake up to these little genii voices for heaven's sake,  
from the abuses you have suffered,  
and the burning loving pleasures too,  
remembered and un-rememberable flashes,

and from Holy Divine Inspiration,  
all artists get genii voices and  
these are yours right now.

But if you are seeking Truth and Beauty,  
plus you want Three Precious Treasures too,  
then you really must wake up to this  
hazard of being an artist,  
it's really weird,  
and always try to figure out who's talking.

**Have lots of alert conscious talks like that,  
and your new Clarity will make you brave.**

.. (3.6) .....

**First Example of..**

**Figure out who's talking, thus gain  
Clarity and the Freedom of Courage**

A friend of mine had a storytelling situation  
And called me in,

As a Storytelling Consultant  
Into our city's local Bernie 2020 Local US.  
President Campaign office,

A grouping who OFFICIALLY belong to  
Bernie 2020 National US.

President Campaign, where Bernie actually  
Has his office, my friend  
Called me into Bernie Local a few weeks ago.

On a working group  
For handling a Story situation.  
Pursuing a Nationally Declared strategy.  
It was urgent.

The President election is very soon.  
And our local Local had fallen behind,  
In implementation.

And My Friend  
Is a Fervent Activist.

**{-Trick: See! Rhythms! -}**

Well,  
We had some good results, so far,  
thank Gd,  
our small work group have all published  
good "My Bernie Story" videos.

The successful small project even ballooned to  
my Friend's (crackpot?) scheme that

Our local Local really must  
Leap Ahead of Bernie National,

On the "Your Bernie Story" strategy line.  
Sure. Why not?

So I am writing this document.

And at last here's a project requiring some  
 Serious Story PHILOSOPHY research and  
 That is how I have recently come upon a  
 FANTASTIC VIDEO showcasing  
 Doctor ML. KING'S  
 Storytelling GENIUS on TV !!

Then that reminded me of something I learned  
 thru five years teaching the public at a great  
 history museum !! **Like King, I learned...**

**KNOW whatever you have to say**  
**in total CLARITY !!!**  
**know ALL OF IT !!**  
**in total CLARITY !!!**

Do that and then things you can do seem  
 weird as if TIME STOPS in some way,  
 for it's a confident unhurried space.

ML. King, who in Story was "Hero Healer",  
 In that fantastic video I've seen of his  
 Genius storytelling work on television,  
 Exposing extreme closeups of his face,  
 An interview program pretty friendly,  
 Sharp news reporters basically friendly  
 So he could talk coherently of deep things,  
 King's brief pauses visible now and then,  
 Unhurried, obviously confident, and  
 Quickly examining the total clarity  
 Of all his plans, very quickly finding  
 Exactly what to say next in the plans,  
 Precise words said very clearly,  
 Never mistakes, never gaffs,  
 Just on point, and really **SHOVING**.  
 Shoving hard all the USA's  
 White supremacy power people,  
 Even, for some questions, obviously  
 Shoving very hard indeed on  
 USA's president Johnson.

And nothing by anyone there said against this.  
 To me, from teaching public five years in great  
 history museum, those moments there looked  
 just like my experience written large, like my  
 Human Ghost Spirit voices I had in museum,  
 truthful ghost spirit voices, crowding close.

So ML. King, Hero Healer in our instinctive  
 Story, only had to choose one of the truthful  
 Great Spirit voices he had there, and turn an  
 ear to that.

Maybe many TV viewers saw, thru Human  
 Story instinct, Dr. King's spiritual internal  
 conversation, and instinctively recognized a  
 Real Artist storyteller, thus true story.

**Maybe? Probably.**

.. (3.7). . . . .

**Another Example of..**

**Figure out who's talking, thus gain**  
**Clarity and the Freedom of Courage**  
**PLUS.. Daring to be a Story character**

But about my friend and me, our ( cracked?  
 unlikely? ) hurried Bernie presidential  
 campaign scheme...

**Our revolutionizing scheme....**

Working from the way they vastly expanded  
 public literacy in the Mexican Revolution,  
 early 20th Century ...

(Or similar model) ... I am to write this book  
 or something ... Thus we here at Bernie Local  
 to ... Astonishingly ... Get gigantic results,  
 surpass whatever Revolutionary Storytelling  
 efforts are currently at Bernie National ... Us  
 deciding to somehow ... Quickly vastly spread  
 ... The "My Bernie Story" magic ... Push that  
 out from Us Activists to US General Public ...

( And why not? ) ... In my perhaps expert  
 opinion, we can spread that magic best by  
 an ... Easy to read, deeply comprehensive ...  
 Standup Storytelling Primer For Freedom ...  
**Especially help people tell long-denied truth,**  
**which would attract others and others,**  
**and if we show them how to**  
**tell their sorrow joy.**

That's our local Bernie project, and at the  
 start of the prior section, up above, I said this  
 Bernie thing we are trying to do, has in some  
 way taught that valuable lesson too..

**"Know your stuff in total clarity."**

Our Bernie Story effort is also teaching that.



.. So, in this section, how about that for a final example? Okay. But...

We must swim a little farther into my theory about **Human Story Instinct**, now on an aspect where I entirely agree with Philosopher **Rebecca Solnit**. **There are true names.**

Solnit, a very poetic writer of philosophy, speaking of Story, tells us this... Seeking **BEAUTY, TRUTH ??** You **MUST** strive to call people and things by their **true names**.

**{- Dear Reader, let's talk Story Philosophy... -}**

**I take Professor Solnit's word on this,**

I am convinced of its truth simply hearing her say this Solnit's Dictum beautifully, that **if we Humans seek Beauty / Truth** we **must must** call people / things by their **true names**.

I am convinced of this by seeing / hearing her beautifully tell this.

This is **SOLNIT'S DICTUM**.

Such is my respect for Professor S.

**{-Trick:** Teasing and teasing a respectful sex joke weaves in mental stitches. Sex jokes are a test of mental fitness. **-}**

And so me now, basically an erotic fancier of Divine Woman, and having fallen in love one time with Professor S, from the author photo in the back of a book, as everyone knows, me, here's what I say ...

Seeing Solnit's Dictum from

My.. Story Instinct Theory,

which is Named for Professor Dutton's famous great book on Human Art, and patterned from Professor Graeber's famous great book on Human Money,

My Human Story Instinct Theory,

Seeing Solnit's Dictum from there,

Perhaps even dragging in Tagore's Dictum? I say this ...

We seek Truth and Beauty for compelling reasons, so we **MUST**..

Put everyone and everything

we humanly interact with, or remember, every item of the World, any sort we Humanly

encounter or encountered in any way, must recognize or re-recognize it more correctly, for there are True Names.

And put all and every one of those, Tagged inside our instinct as...

It's True Story Character  
or Story Thing.

We must strive diligently to label items of the World correctly inside ourselves, each labeled like it Personly / Itly is enacting in itself at home, or labeled Zenly, as close to its own reality as Humans can recognize.

And We cross-fertilize each onto all the lists in our Story Instinct where that Element of Story goes.

We must do that because we are Human and urgently seeking Truth thru Beauty, plus also Beauty thru Truth, Because probably this World is ending. And we don't know what to do.

**{- Now, Dear Reader,**  
Please re-read that entire discussion in Story Philosophy again, if you want to **-}**

But imagine My Good Friend making his "My Bernie Story" video, for his My or for his Self, and for the politics of it,

**{- This is a Peace Revolution** campaign **-}** by doing that exact process, shaping his internal voices more and more who he is, for our revolutionary peace demands this.

Also thus making the talk among his internal voices more true to what's happening, or has happened, in the World, and thus also his internal voices really more and more himself.

Imagine seeing him do that, find a path and lead himself thru that vast transformation Professor Campbell calls Ancient Alchemy, Meeting his Self finally in True Beauty, him feeling so much better now too,

My Friend following my treasure map thru Jung's gate in the garden wall, and his own hearing of Solnit's call that there are True Names, in the work group I was facilitating.

I am a tremendous fan of Shakespeare plays  
but especially the great Shakespeare movies.

**My Friend's Bernie Video Is That...**

**A Shakespeare Movie...**

**He is Old Merlin telling one of the Classic  
Merlin Stories for 2-point-5 minutes**

{-Merlin was trapped in a cave for 300yrs.-}

**And actually he is that too**

**In his apartment eating breakfast.**

But how did he do it? I was coaching him and  
Saw him doing it. He tried the story, tried  
Shoving it hard out at me like at a mirror,  
Across a table, two times, at two working  
Group meetings, went away campaigning  
In New Hampshire. 3 weeks suddenly he's  
Published this 2-point-5 minute masterpiece.  
Has the Bernie publishing robot  
Send me the address in an email.  
Later did Tarot for him looking forward.

In general, I know how he did it.  
The general process described above,  
In general, the process I am still working with  
long term, me trying to more and more fully,  
briefly, truly, understand my own past,  
my past so troubled by soldiering.

His turned out to be of his history, not mine,  
of course, not my Guilty Soldiering but  
his Urban Deep Poverty, and

Scene by scene his grandparents' struggle,  
My Friend's story, except the lighting  
And furniture, and new names for  
ways to be in debt.

Other than that, my friend's Bernie Story,  
in the 2-point-5 minute video its every  
paragraph, paragraph, next, next,  
Was so very like...

Movie scene, movie scene, scene, scene,  
In any of the great black-white movies of  
GREAT DEPRESSION 1930's !!

With 1960's thru 2000's ways to be broke.

**But he was Merlin like Studs Terkel,**

**{- Look up Terkel !!! -}**

**And Merlin survives to tell the tale.**

I would like to nominate it for  
Nobel Prize for Home Movies.

--( 4.)-----

**Purpose of this section..**

**Time Can Become Epic In Story World,  
When Community Soul Ignites**

Well-cooked Story is elastic.

Warning.. I'm going to use another example  
from my own life, another **Real Artist** story.  
Why not? I am your coach.

I'll get there with the briefest introduction.  
Thru a friend I have a gig in a high literacy  
poor town in New Hampshire, in their tiny  
poor well-groomed Town Park.

Sunny Cool noon of Halloween. Pretty park  
on wooded river. Free coffee, sandwiches  
and \$30 payable at 3 o'clock.

A trap !! No one said **Expect Aficionados !!**

{- "a very tough audience" -}

Nothing but **The Real Stuff** for them,  
and let me know it too.

So I finally trotted out the pony, an old **Hero's  
Journey**. Kind of story that's the oldest kind  
in the world, Professor Campbell says. The  
only breathing hero's journey that I have, an  
ancient loving **Lonely Wandering Saga** come  
to us alive from Stonehenge.

Known tradition entitles this one,  
this hero's journey,

as **"The Fisher King"** and

this **living version of it** was entrusted to  
me years ago **in trance**.

It was in a ritual setting at a Pagan Festival  
with a Pagan audience. This trance was an  
alert and utterly immersive Waking Dream  
experience which I just described to them as  
best I could while they followed on along in a  
mood of wonderful excitement.

My Blessed Audience, them up front with  
children, them ELATED. Real Values! Real  
Museum Visit! Live Art! And ALL so glad  
that countless passionate hopes dedicated to  
"THIS FESTIVAL, THIS GROUND", so IN  
PASSION This Year's working out after all.

It was being led deeper and deeper into a vast  
space of vast waking dreams with this Lonely  
Wandering Saga lit as with a flickering bright  
torch which I was apparently holding.

Ever since, I have only found conditions to perform "The Fisher King" a handful of times per decade, and it has always changed.

Each decade finds the essential plot quite the same, but our times we live in changed and so has the plot development.

Supporting people and things suddenly put a finger to their lips, smile and fade back while others prominently approach me.

I only trust that piece of art to such as them, my fine audience in their pretty park that day. They got it by insisting. Oh, I saw it coming, drew the tension out with this and that.

Finally blew a steep little out-in segue on my melodious Hohner Marine Band harp in G, the auditory curtain falling and reopening.

Now threw the harp down as if disgusted with their patient and attentive, silent, unrelenting stubborn courteous lack of interest.

Snap, I grew quiet. Snap, glanced sharply among them, secretly found them openly perked up and listening, so I gave them my **Left Eye** and quite grew serious, gave an incomprehensible startling warning,

Then I spoke the first Story words, in other words, Opened out the entry doors, and I pulled them in...

**So we are together now !!!**

First words were heard when spoken !  
Started out stepping well, begun well,  
us out on a **Loving Hero's Lonely Wandering Journey**.

Been recorded, in this psychic manner we are now on psychic air recording it, countless times. **But you never know what's going to happen here next.**

What Fleeting Haunt, or Huge Thing, or Joke, or what Principle Of Morals, will next present its Self for you to dutifully describe? You are in the **Epic Time Zone**. Sometime somewhere.

**!!! In fact, it is EXACTLY as if....**

You're in a pretty big library, in the Stacks.

You're standing in the Stacks of the Human STORY INSTINCT Alcove, a very interesting and a VERY ENTERTAINING place, where all the Characters, Things, and others we Hear, Understand and Act as Human Story, all that alive for browse.

And also it's exactly as if....

The Human Story Instinct Alcove is JUST ONE alcove of very many in the VAST AKASHICK RECORDINGS, a legendary vast place of imagination where this Human Story Stuff and everything else ACTUALLY IS psychically recorded.

**Epic Time Zone is exactly like that.**

And you're on a kind of scavenger hunt. Among these inhabitants of the Stacks, You are searching for whatever's called "the fisher king", words dimly inked on a ragged slip of paper that is in your hand, a torn corner from a notebook or a paperback, and then **this** happens...

**The famous great saga  
THE FISHER KING..**

**Look for that in Story, you will find...**

There is a gentle and kind boy named Jack, whose time has come to go out to the World and be a Proper Man. There is wounding. There is retreat. The Female Magic of the World must teach and nurse him so in the end his spirit's clean again, so out here in the World She crowns him her Magic King.

Slice up the Metaphors, of Metaphors, of Metaphors, in whichever way you really ought to. Yes do.

Perhaps all meaning is metaphor, yet in Your Time here is a Primary Thing, **a Triumph of Good !!!**

You can see it if you just get in the **Epic Time Zone** and look around.

**{-Trick: Epic story!! So when reading, which person are you? Remember! Meet your soul!-}**



~~( 5.)~~~~~

### Purpose of this section..

#### Looking For A Happy Ending ??

Okay because.. Well-cooked Story is elastic.

#### In American Pagan practice,

the level of personal intimacy in divination sessions, in TAROT READINGS for example, the personal intimacy there nears what it's like in PILLOW TALK, but with zero sex, instead it has the careful tender ambiance of a very chummy chat.

{-Our studio produces Extensive  
Tarot Art with Instructions-}

Even just in ordinary chat, with your cousin over coffee or a stranger on a train, if you are chatting and the person tells you their real-life troubles, and if you respond by really opening to that, letting all your usual interest in your own Self and your own difficulties simply fall away unnoticed, then..

A profound boundary may be crossed. You may become immersed together in what I like to call **Clear Heart Sympathy**.

It's pretty much the same as Epic Time Zone, except that, unlike doing Story, usually you do not seek to see and tell the large things of the World. You are trying to make things better in the World for a person who came to you.

Mostly in a reading you are standing in that imaginary universal library looking at that individual real life, looking at its whole past-present-future. You are looking for items of its past-present-future you might ask the person to consciously re-shape, creating the desired change.

It is not something ordinary, this place found thru intimate tender divination. For example, it is not just the freedom of crossing any social boundaries that may stand between you.

Even if you firmly believe, like me, that many social borders are rooted deep in our evolved nature, still this border crossing is different and deeper, more profound, than such effects.

The experience felt together in that mental space of **Clear Heart Sympathy**, or call it Intimate Epic Time, there experience is profoundly changed from the ordinary, differently than it is thru Story.

**Apparently Consciousness,  
in its universal nature,  
has another mode where Consciousness,  
including an individual's share of it,  
is brighter and has more scope of action.**

Quantum Information Theory, a part of Quantum Physics,

in this chat of honest vivid thought and longing, probably explains why your eye and hand fall on exactly the right cards in good divination reading, but scientific understanding is poor.

On the other hand, we surely know what good divination feels like,

{- Feels like well-cooked Story !! -}

For we've been doing it doubtless thru all Human history. Cards, pebbles, bones, voice of wind, flight of birds, etc.,

**And it feels Divine !!**

Apparently it really is, that broad plain of clear heart sympathy, a divine realm, or really maybe is the kind of place humans call "Divine" for it looks boundless and you feel purified somehow, focused, by your honesty to find and say the truth.

**Plus you're made courageous by the work.**

**In fact this is a place where  
you may change the future.**

In sessions where this is the purpose and it cooks well, you can see the client's future changing. In your mind's eye, you in the imaginary universal library, you can watch their future change from B to C, while you watch their mind awake to A and make a conscious choice.

{- Is all of this quantum physics? -}

**??? But What About Changing  
The Future Of The Whole World ???**

~~( 6.)~~~~~

### Purpose of this section..

?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ??

**What About Changing**

**THE FUTURE**

**? OF ?**

**THE WHOLE WORLD**

?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ??

**Dear Reader, caution!** If you are a  
**Cautious Person,** even if you are a  
**Cautious Revolutionary,** you might  
 not want to read  
 the following paragraphs. You won't enjoy  
 them. Dear Reader, if you are a cautious  
 person, and read the following paragraphs,  
 then please leave your comments, all types,  
 favorable or Divine Curses, all varieties,  
 Please leave your comments with VERY fine  
 pen or pencil in the margins. DO please leave  
 room for other readers to add theirs. Thanks  
 The Writer.

..( 6.1 ). . . . .

????? **What Is MAGIC** ?????

**2nd Warning....** Dear Seeker...

Rest assured, I will be your guide thru  
 these paragraphs, and I am much like any  
 Old Sethian Jungian Wiccan Zenish Pagan  
 {- "does Zen" -}

Druid,

So I will be a careful guide.

But I must tell you,

Here we are **LEAVING STORY**  
**PHILOSOPHY**

for now we briefly tour **OCCULT**  
**METAPHISICS**

{- "hidden", "beyond bodies" -}

instead. (So I'm supposed to call you

"Seeker".) If you're new here,

please feel free to look around.

This won't take very long, it's

a big pool but we'll just dip in. -Stone

What is MAGIC ??? By that word I mean the  
 same weird stuff our society calls Psychic  
 Phenomena, that put to use.

Defined this way, Humans have practiced real  
 magic everywhere on Earth we've gone, and  
 our worldwide practices show constant  
 patterns philosophers do study.

But magic's effective use defies our logic  
 outside of it. The separateness of things that  
 are separated physically, the forward flow of  
 time, time-based cause-and-effect. Human  
 magical practice defies that logic.

It is weird and notoriously hard to describe,  
 And for a few centuries super-materialist  
 Modern Times even denied Magic's existence.  
 But ever since modern science discovered the  
 weirdness of Quantum Physics, a century ago  
 plus, growing numbers of scientists have  
 insistently asked if such phenomena are that.

And from my experience.. Prof. Carl Jung's  
 great project in modern psychology..

To find and build MAGIC in  
 our starved robotized times..

That bold experiment has been achieved and  
 proven by the American Pagan movement.

And I am a **revolutionizing artist**,  
 possibly the only one you know.  
 So surely I am entitled and able  
 to remind you of **this Hidden fact...**

Even this enormously complex arrangement  
 of huge conceivabilities we are discussing,  
 our discussion here, for example,  
 or the astonishing fact that our  
 lives can be conveyed in ordinary chat,

Remind you that even things like that enter  
 and leave you, an individual, as..

### Symbols

I think this is where we work to make Story  
 true, plus it brings a big question.. Is being  
 an individual basically unnecessary?

So I am boldly offering this maybe-quantum-  
 physics-scientific explanation of real magic...

**!::! Consciousness, in its universal nature,**  
**has another mode where Consciousness,**  
**including an individual's share of it,**  
**is brighter and has more scope of action,**

**!::! And, in this intensified creative state,  
mediated as tho thru a symbolic layer,  
Consciousness seeks Joy in Beauty.**

**!::! And considering this, one expects that  
a sufficiently huge and astonishingly  
beautiful years-and-years-long global  
mass act of Human Magic MIGHT  
change the future of the Whole World.**

So what is Magic ??

There you have it.

Now re-read all of those paragraphs very  
carefully until you have actually formed an  
opinion of some kind about it, if you want to  
get started in Occult Metaphysics now.

But if you'd rather not,

I hope you'll take my word on how philosophy  
works.. We are chatting. Philosophy is  
Human Chatting Rules, and what's fair is fair.

So if you want to own my optimistic opinion,  
if you want to claim this optimistic opinion...

**A beautiful astonishing years-long piece of  
mass psychic work maybe might save Earth,**

**OR.. If you really want to have an opinion  
when someone mentions my idea...**

**Then you should study the paragraphs above.**

Understand this piece of Occult reasoning  
to some degree, form your opinion,  
and to that degree it is legitimately yours  
to use as you will.

Thank you. -Stone

..( 6.2 ). . . . .

**Subject of this sub-section..**

**Psychic Fire Glow Touch, Stars**

And, Dear Seeker,

Here's one more Occult thing coming at this  
same Occult stuff from a different direction.

Here's a piece of **hidden knowledge** you  
should know **during Story performance.**

This is about **Psychic Fire Glow Touch,**  
a special kind of **mental telepathy.**

The telepathic ring of "Psychic Fire Glow  
Touch" surging among story audience and  
story talker when the dmN thing fing really is  
cooking, the spiritual glow that is

**The Soul of Human Community Life.**

Borrow a mouth harp  
and JUST DMN PLAY IT.

Get up and dance. Quaff. Kiss. More.

Swear before ALL the Mighty Gods,  
( swear on your soul )  
to tell the truth.

You've drawn the lot you are the Star.

You are to play the Eternal Bard.

Psychic Fire Glow Touch

is what I like to call it.

It's a **Great Power** we have.

Okay, attention Seeker. Listen.

I am the guide you chose for this little trip,

So as your Chosen Guide and being

a Spiritual Professional with credentials

as long as your arm, Therefore..

**I HEREBY ORDER YOU TO**

**USE THIS POWER FOR GOOD.**

{-Trick: Fik U man. Corporals.-}

..( 6.3 ). . . . .

**This sub-section..**

**Magic Nowadays In The Art Profession**

Dear Seeker, if you read this booklet's earlier  
sections, you know I mentioned how an artist's  
internal voices can take a nearly-embodied  
magical form I call "**genii voices**". Which an  
artist MUST listen to, and be cautious of.

That is an Occult thing openly acknowledged  
and spoken of among professional artists  
nowadays, and you can see what I say  
about it **in the earlier section.**

**But there is something else too.** There's also  
another way all of this Occult Magic Psychic  
stuff is openly spoken of and acknowledged  
nowadays by professional artists.

It's ART THEORY cutting edge terminology  
where you give the word MAGIC a particular  
correct meaning, and just OWN it.

You hear it rarely, but when you do, you know  
that's a deep thinker.

Like you might hear some award-winning  
symphony composer who does profound

lectures for the general public, free to students, and for experts in other fields. And our imaginary person with the famous lecture would name a big section of it..

"Magic Is Real".

Where they would discuss the amazing Occult fact...

Shakespeare can paint the most depraved villain with a particle of spoken verse,

And...

We communicate our lives by ordinary chat. Altho, of course, our famous lecturer would widen that to all kinds of Human art. Maybe, for example, the fast vast communication by a well led and practiced corps of dancers.

**In other words, people now doing Art Theory are intently thinking about what I've called the SYMBOLIC LAYER,**

**Where everything going to and from Me and The World gets translated so mysteriously.**

..( 6.4 ). . . . .

**This sub-section.. My Sethian View Of Joy**

And, well, another Occult thing, Dear Seeker...

See, with **all the cataclysmic events** of recent decades I have become an **!! ARDENT !!** and bold adherent of the **Seth Material** philosophical community,

where I was an occasional wandering dilettante {"eater at delicatessen"} before for a long time.

**Seth has Emergency World End Information to any extent it's true, you and I would be glad if it's true, and it's come from some deep ancient sht, and the whole dmn thing runs on JOY.**

Everything, all of this, is said to be divine and eternal self-creating **JOY with boundless courage and desire for infinite exploration**, qualities which we inherit by having life.

**It is the most AUDACIOUS New England Spiritualist "Ghost-Informant" Act ever attempted,** to a **WORLD** audience, with Spiritualism **OUT OF STYLE**, **And our Hero Jane, Prophet**, being one of the **Great Lady Science Fiction Writers** of those days, having early modern home office tech, **FILLED** their very own **Documentary Archive**, has neat little study tables by registration, filled with stuff resembling Ancient Greek Metaphysical, Divine and Moral thinking, but from a dead guy in Upstate New York. **The Seth Material.**

And I'm a half-trained **New England Spiritualist Minister** plus a novelist with a historical romance in Ancient Greece, So I should know.

**{-Trick: Get any great Hero Romance history novel! Look careful! Hero comic books! Mary Renault, Checkoff. Where are YOU there? -}**

And the whole Dmn Thing runs on

**IMMORTAL JOY !!** {-Seth-}

Titanic Female Self Creation {-Greek-}

Out Of Goddess Laughter, {-Greek-}

**And thus all worlds begin.** {-Seth-}

Per Seth, if I may repeat...

Everything, all of this, is nothing but divine and eternal self-creating **JOY with boundless courage and desire for infinite exploration**, qualities which we inherit by having life.

..( 6.5 ). . . . .

We have now **returned** from the **Wild Occult Metaphysics Jungle Tour River Ride**. Please exit from our little row boat politically on the left when we come in to the dock.

We hope you enjoyed it.

**{- Now resuming Story Philosophy program.-}**

~~( 7. )~~~~~

**Purpose of this section..**

**When You Find A Sorrow, Tell It Joy.**

**This Booklet**, have you starting reading here? I mean, just picked it up? First time? Or picked it up again, started where you'd left before?



Or you're fruit-bat-reading, like nosing  
thru and throwing your gaze around and  
reading whatever catches it ??

Or have you absolutely read all of it so far ??

Hello Dear Reader, I'm the Writer.

Let's suppose...

You've just picked up This Booklet, wondering  
Comic book? Or what? Paper all dirty nasty  
wrinkled torn. Greasy like Duke's BBQ's  
fried chicken enchiladas last night,  
or not, or guava, peanut butter?

This Booklet. Well it was on the ground.  
Here's a shoe print size 12.=> {!!}

And this.. @@ Cockroach trds ??  
Look close.

This Booklet.

Thanks for reading it.

And let's say

**This here is YOUR WHOLE LIFE so far.**

**This dirty wrecked shack is YOUR HOUSE  
kin and you have lived in 48 years since  
last hurricane-attack-earthquake.**

And Love has died and you've been robbed.

But, Dear Reader, now let us say...

**You have a musical instrument to play,**

A melodious mouth harp in G.

Mouth harp is easy, a flute made handy.

You pull from your pocket and play.

**Sorrow? Sorrow? Sorrow? Play.**

..( 8. ).....

**Guess What?**

**My Fine Art Career Described  
For This Booklet**

Oh sht. I DO NOT HAVE on hand  
a memoir of two-thirds page length, of my  
\* **FINE ART CAREER** \* slanted to  
**Clearly teach something good**, which thus  
could be **EASILY** adapted to teach any good  
things I'm teaching now.

But I don't have one of those memoirs,  
not even one, even remotely like that at all,  
currently on hand, so here it is NEW now,  
**MY FINE ART CAREER DESCRIBED..**

So far, I have had an income of \$4237 of  
National currency in 52 years.

Are you, my Dear Reader, my friend,  
are you familiar at all with the  
National currency here?

That is not a lot of money.

**I have always done expert fik-it-all honest  
work instead.**

"Fine Art", that phrase, has an old Classic  
meaning that you might not know.  
Classically "Fine Art" meant exactly..  
Painting, Drawing, Sculpture.

I found that I agreed, and followed  
that scheme in my career.

I lavishly addressed Drawing first  
like her Lover Gourmet,  
which I won't describe further.

I then addressed Painting like  
a Mountain Climber paused, paused  
with first step up that is really stretching a  
foot UP, on a rock-carved stairs just in the  
very first beginning of the western foothills  
of the VAST ANDIES MOUNTAINS.

Me addressing Painting thus.

And survived, More sane than before.

With my own design self-study course..

**ONLY STUDY JUST**

**THE GREAT PAINTERS ONLY !!**

Need I tell you how obvious I thought this  
extremely obvious principle was? And yet, the  
study plan seemed **REVOLUTIONARY**

to **OTHER PAINTERS** even.

Fik U, I was a **RETURNING VETERAN**  
self-treating moral injury.

I do Sculpture Now-And-Then,  
Generally just like I make my Music,  
To consult the Muse Of Idle Hands.  
As a respite, relief and harbor.

But also, Sculpture's taken to include  
Decks of Cards, and Fine Crafted Books too,  
which sense as Holy Devotion, like this one.

**So there's my \* FINE ART CAREER \*  
told for this booklet.** {- in 2/3 page -}

~~( 9. )~~~~~

**Purpose of this section...**

**The Beauty Of A Human Heart**

You are beautiful, you are your magic heart.

You **ARE BEAUTY**.

NOT speaking to all Human beings, no.

I know some of us are Cringing Evil.

But you, you so Very Beautiful,  
that you **ARE** your **magic heart**,  
thus you **ARE BEAUTY**.

Be your magic heart.

{-Trick: Riddle poem! Rehearse  
rehearse rehearse every word! -}

..( 9.1 ). . . . .

**The Female Titan**

{- alternate title "primitive art" -}

{- is in "tales of men & women" book -}

How often has a human caught the glittering  
eyes of fox or mouse or deer or bear or lion in  
the teeming forest or the grassy plain

And ...

with a shudder or in sudden awesome ecstasy,  
they felt everything outside themselves  
look into their being?

How often have the voices of the wind  
told someone that the spirits  
of the land are watching?

How often  
has the twinkling light of stars  
stabbed deep into a human soul?  
How often has that penetration  
broken through the calcined layers  
of a wounded heart

so it might love again,  
or opened darkened places to the light  
of self-understanding  
so wisdom could begin?

How often has the awesome  
Power Of Beauty  
caught us unawares?

..( 9.2 ). . . . .

**Invitation To A Student Of Tarot**

{- a magic poem -}

{- is in "tales of men & women" book -}

**Here Is A Fortune Telling System,**

A magic book,

... a diagram of human life and soul wherein  
... your intuition speaks the truth  
... your self can never know or soon forgets.

Here is the classic deck of picture cards,

... the old city of 78 squares,  
... the ancient map drawn  
... up as though life were  
an ever-shifting game of 78 tiles whereon  
... each human token at each moment falls.

In this book of pictures, poetry and prose,  
.. you will come upon a certain numbering of  
roads,

.. a careful survey of the gods and men  
in their abodes,

**A full accounting of the ancestor odes.**

Naked, clothe

... your self in daring and  
... simply touch the flow of an infinite  
... and ever-present  
... moment which you know is  
NOW,

Feel at once the night and morning,  
.... thus come to be  
.... like a dolphin

touching echoes in the ever-present sea.

Ask a question, touch a page; there study what  
good fortune and your own eye have to say.

To learn of life just ask for guidance;  
your own hand can point the way.

If you wish now, come with me;  
stand upon my shoulders as I walk the sea.

Repeat the journey trod when you were young,  
Hearken to the tale from your own tongue,

At every marker stone embrace the view,

**Comprehend The Truth  
And Speak It New.**

..( 9.3 ). . . . .

**Sunflowers**

{- a poem of art -}

{- is in "tales of men & women" book -}

Van Gogh began with black wax crayon,  
pocket knife and tough cheap commercial  
wrapping paper cut in squares. Equipped

like that the young man taught himself to paint. No, he let himself be taught.

He'd hire in old men from the pension house around the corner. Each chosen one would climb the narrow stairs up to the flat the genius shared with a depressive sometime prostitute who was his Guenivere, then sit there in the open window light with a threadbare black wool overcoat hanging from their shoulders, sometimes leaning forward on a cane. A few copper sous which he could scarcely spare, that was their honest fee.

And this was Van Gogh's Paris. No more the merchant's son he'd been in Amsterdam, no more the stiff and stilted peasant scenes he'd drawn on proper artist pads, for here and now the thing had come down to a nub.

And this ensued: War veteran or horse drawn taxi cabman or carpenter or gardener or thief, each old man would open out the soul with which he'd learned to face the world.

And each immortal spirit, thus unfolded, a manifested work of art itself, would rush in through the staring eyes down through the arm down to the fingertips which gripped the hard wax stick which were let move, so it might sculpt the likeness on the sheet tacked to a board held in the artist's lap. A bit of careful scraping with the knife to catch the highlights right.

Sunflowers.

..( 9.4 ). . . . .

### Awaking In A Dream

{- a poem of cosmic consciousness -}

{- is in "tales of men & women" book -}

There are many tales, of course, of Lao Tzu 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 sorrowful young man. He was a bureaucratic junior clerk in the palace of

A rich 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,  
For this day's duty was to be an  
awful deed

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 Butterfly  
or does 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 person'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.

Beauty Of Reality had possessed Lao Tzu  
And he was struck with lifelong love.

..( 9.5 ). . . . .

### The Soul's True Yearning

{- a poem contemplating wisdom -}

{- is in "tales of men & women" book -}

The soul's true yearning is to make itself  
known. That is a common thought among  
poetic thinkers.

It makes such lovely sense of our experience in intimate inward contemplation, when we go to look within, look behind masks we wear and accept in our confusion. So our soul, our own true nature, takes conscious shape.

Go in courage thru dark places seeking the truth of yourself. Forgotten familiar forms stand forth from the dark toward conscious light. Hidden faces appear and tell when asked who they are.

And it makes such lovely sense about our soul in the female soul of Nature.

If the Wild World's soul, like her daughters for each being, yearns toward the unity of the flickering brilliant candlelight of individual consciousness,

Then we are infinite and we are one. We are all the Holy Bride and Holy Groom, entering passionate alchemical distillation into one.

And it makes such lovely sense about the way before us.

Do we lose the wit to do good in this world? Do we close our hearts and fall among the evils here? Does the bridegroom stumble on the way to bed?

Only for a moment. If we learn who we are, our peace of unity is in reach. In this peace our outward and inward, our passion and compassion, are the same. They will lure us truly on to good brave action.

**The soul's true yearning  
is to make itself known.**

..( 9.6 ). . . . .

**\$10 Harmonica As Profound Instrument**

{- is in "vapes shops series" booklets -}

Want to play piano like Rachmaninoff or Monk but you cant ?????

**Give it up.** You need an easier instrument.

**You need harmonica.** \$10. Has ten beautiful notes – same notes that's on a clarinet by Gd. Comes in your own preferred choice of 6 different keys !!!

Same notes a clarinet has but only 10 of them !!! Got grandchildren??? Buy a bag full of real musical instruments, tell merchant give

you half off. Seriously. And if you like Mozart, right away you can play tiny Mozart nibbles with those 10 notes.

**Hint:** Got a Mozart tune and can't help it, got to go **PAST note 10**, up to note 11 which aint there? **Try This:** Bounce off the wall at end !!!! Go back down to 9 when need 11, then 8 etc. in Mozart rhythm. It don't sound bad.  
~~( 10. )~~~~~

**What could possibly come next ????**

**The End Of The World In Story**

It might seem like a Logical Contradiction till you think about it for a minute...

?- We get our Human Story Instinct from ancestors who survived to have children.

And yet **THE END OF THE WORLD** is somehow **in our instinct's story list.**

Several ideas may come to mind, for evolution is very complex, and psychic effects in it are poorly known. But we have limited space.

So let's use this likely-seeming explanation..

We all have distant parents who were there at the time, in their utterly destructive Chaos Instant when a World, theirs, died, who narrowly escaped, continued to survive. Then after, where and how they lived was eased for them by Instinct's helpful phrase, that they were in a Whole New World.

With limited space let's say we've mastered that conundrum, {-just a Latin funny word-} for I am running on to a different point ..

**NEW PEACE REVOLUTION PROJECT !!!**

Let's create **OUR OWN VERSION**

of **END OF THE WORLD STORY**

Plus; Drag in my theoretical Symbolic Layer

And; Sethian Philosophy,

Plus; A Hindu Idea for the World-End story.

..( 10.1 ). . . . .

**Pick Your Hope.** Now when Earth's Biosphere, **PROBABLY IS ENDING**, Dying all around us a million-million ways, And we are utterly **UNSURE WHAT TO DO**, Now you, **CHOOSE YOUR GREAT HOPE** to clarify discussion.

So what Great Hopes perhaps seem Real ??



..( 10.2 ).....

**Hinduism** is justly famous for its Good Idea in the World End story, a Good idea indeed. Is Reality a Remorseless Titan Character? No, Reality is not a Story Person at all, it's an Immense Flower Of Beauty slowly closing-opening. So you, you, World's End is not a rebuke to you, not abandonment. Clear of heart, go strive in harmony with Beauty.

That's what your Character says, bravely. Says Beauty surely finds Beauty somewhere, Your Hero Character says Yes, Beauty will open New Worlds somehow. **All this might possibly be said by an idealistic Hindu person.**

..( 10.3 ).....

**Ancient Greek**, for me is complicated for it is **also Seth**, as the Seth Material's just a huge remake of the Classic metaphors and graphics, i think. But what I know of Old Greek faith is reliable, for I have Inner, countryside faith, the great Eleusis Pilgrimage, not the dmn heroes. Reliable knowledge, for I and many friends, **Pagans in our time**, tested much old knowledge in pious spiritual enactment.

So, you understand, from those sources I say.. **The Old Greek** rural faith of Demeter, those faithful cried.. **Immortal Joy!** Titanic female World Spirits are from Goddess Laughter like laughter in the instant birth's completed, thus **worlds forever periodically begin.**

..( 10.4 ).....

**Then how about Psychic Magic Stuff?** Sure, like prayer, this stuff can mentally ease your way toward whatever, if anything, happens next. Could also chart your spirit flight for you, from an Old World to a New, if that happens. But an Act of **Human magic saving Earth's Biosphere ??** Huge difficult magic. In ritual quickly make alliance with all beings here. From that, empower all our worldwide efforts with amazing steady wisdom.

**{-Trick: Hero comic book style -}**

..( 10.5 ).....

**Dear Reader, I encourage you !! ... Clarify!** Pick one! Choose one Great Hope from my list or from your aperture, hypothetically at least.

When your turn, offer the viewpoint bravely, tell End/Begin that way. We'll all sort it out.

~( 99. )~~~~~

## **Purpose of this section...**

### **This Booklet - Distribution Scheme**

{-personal-} Surely you and I are friends by now, good friends, Dear Reader. We are. After all that we've been thru together. (We're on page 18 out of total 18 !!!) All these paragraphs we've struggled thru, You and i. Please...

### **Distribute some copies of This Booklet.**

Consider your legacy !! And your heritage !!

### **I promise you..**

Download this document, talk it wide around, finding someone INTERESTED, talk it up, and GIVE THEM A COPY OF IT among the copies you also give to others.

Well then,

I GUARANTEE.. WITHIN 4 or 5 months, you will be Pleasantly Surprised, to discover You've Been Invited, as a Guest Of Honor, to a VERY ENTERTAINING

STORYTELLING SHOW which they will turn the copy of This Booklet which you gave them into. And they'll find some FREEDOM in the work. Some FREEDOM.

If they print a theater program, Your photo will printed in it.

### **Comrades,**

**Distribute some copies of This Booklet !!**

**Distribute some copies of This Booklet !!**

..( 99.1 ).....

**Doc Info..** Sections (1) & (3.7) ...

The **Peace Revolution** reasons Stone Riley jammed this **Standup Storytelling Manual** ( for **Freedom** ) together so quickly at this **Crucial Time in Earth's History**, & (3.7) This document's history so far.

**This is a comic book**, technically, because the finely wrought Expressive Typography filling every page. Canvases far less boring than Warhol did. Layout's patterned on an old New England Anti-Slavery newspaper.

**Our WEBSITE adrs....** At top of every page.

**Reading Poems In Zen Temple**

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Page 1 of 12

-A Spirit Hill Studio Publication-

Here... [www.stoneriley.com/yyyyy](http://www.stoneriley.com/yyyyy)**{- 1. General introductory remarks -}**

Hello everyone. Here's something I always say at the end of a Tarot Card reading, or that kind of thing, at the end of it, no matter how it went.

Tho in honesty my first time working in a roadside psychic fair,  
I got a little lesson from a little child.

The thing is, now I have a customary saying, "Thank you for your trust."  
It's such a beautiful way to end a reading that I soon began saying it without fail.

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR TRUST.**

But there was a brief period when I did not know what to say or think or do, after a reading, and little child ran up.

Little child at a psychic fair,  
a child OF that sort of thing obviously, 1980's.

Runs up to me at my sparse little table where I was desperately reading cards for MYSELF, all spread out, and child runs up beside me.

I was desperately trying to critique my own performance with the prior client who had just left, for they left with some Small Bills of THEIRS now in MY pocket.

Well in some sense, obviously, I was in an interesting Dharma Gate, so this deeply Bacchic Child runs up and becomes Sethian Co-Creator of a kind of Commercial, Cheap-Thrills, 1980's Koan Dada Moment, where I gained my Customary Wise Saying.

True story. Sounds Provincial Roman. Child clad in bells and feathers possibly, runs up and points to some of my cards.

Asks what those, specifically those cards, mean. And waits.

My whole life so far,  
and my creative soul so far were on that card table spread out in heaps, after such young years guilty at my country's wars, unworthy of young woman's love.

But now free finally with,  
in my hands before my eyes,  
**MY OWN TAROT DECK**, my own designs.

My cards made from all of that so far, spread out on a little table in heaps and little child runs up and points and asks of some, not others.

Now it scarcely matters which cards they were got pointed at. They flashed then, I remember, like a summary of the moment then but which cards were don't matter now.

The Koan Point of it, that I remember, was directly that it was some cards, not others.

Bid your poor ghosts a very fond farewell, expand your Self into your Soul now, and turn to the Moment Now, that sort of thing.

It did the Koan Flash at me of course, or else it wouldn't be a story.

But the point is.....

If you want to learn, you can learn from the emptiness of the air.

By the time I'd barely glimpsed specifics from those cards, child waves to friends, Me what to say possibly fit this instant?

Me projecting words as child runs away...  
**THANK YOU FOR YOUR TRUST.**

~ : ~~~~ : ~

~~: ~: ~~~~ : ~~~~ : ~~~~ : ~: ~~

**{- 2. Poem A's introductory remarks -}**

You know, a good Baptist Minister,  
in a good Baptist Sermon, will  
ALWAYS draw a VIVID and PRACTICAL,  
REALISTIC lesson, in the Sermon,  
Between the scripture verse for that day,  
and the CONGREGANTS' day-to-day lives.  
Drink a cheer for good Baptist Sermons !!

So just like that, along that line,  
I am asking YOU NOW...

Would you be interested  
in Zen Koan Stories specially written  
to take place in some Other Places, and  
some Other Times,

Besides the ancient lovely, lovely  
Misty-Land of Moons and Pools and Rocks  
and Moon-Lit Ducks,  
and many familiar lovely, lovely bits  
of Verbal Stagecraft, where  
Zen Koan Stories typically take place ?

For one example,  
How about EVERY POEM  
THAT I'M GOING TO READ ?

I have combed all my poems just for you,  
carefully selecting a nice compact group,  
arranged with some rhythms like gender,  
and so forth, playing here and there among  
the selected poems,

All of it being self-professed Other-Dress  
Zen Koan Stories.

You know, like Shakespeare In The Park  
is often advertised "In Modern Dress".

NOT like the infamous production  
of Shakespeare's King Oregano,  
staged in Surrealist Modern Dress,  
in Paris on the Left Bank, 1923,  
where the actors all wore Tutus,  
and the Orchestra had no pants.

NO, NO Zen Koan Stories like that.

But you know, also...

There really are  
some Real-Magic-Real times and places,  
lands and nations of them...

Where/When True Holy Prophets  
stand around by dozens poetizing,  
conjuring Arcane Spirit Friends,  
stirring spaghetti dinners, puffing weed,  
and hitch-hiking rides.

I know because I've been there.

First poem of our set,  
and it's a long one, Friends,  
this is the LONGEST poem of our set,

Here is a kind of Koan Story set in  
1970s to 1980s USA. ....

~ : ~~~~ : ~

~~: ~: ~~~~ : ~~~~ : ~~~~ : ~: ~~

**{- 3. Poem A -}**

The poem says...

**The Lure Of Adventure**

a poem of spiritual dedication

One time there was this bright young girl,  
quite enthusiastic, who took the summer off  
to hitchhike all around the country looking  
for the meaning of life. Right off she started  
hearing people talk about some guy named  
"Cousin Howard".

The first time was a mini-van covered with  
day-glo peace signs and flowers. They pulled  
up where she was standing and she looked  
them over and there was a big Egyptian hiero-  
glyph decal on the window so she climbed in  
and they were all jabbering in their freaky  
stoned out way about Cousin Howard.

Apparently a rock musician. That guy had  
cosmic vibes, they said. They had just come  
from a concert or something of his in Seattle

and were going home now back to Frisco but were headed east and almost to Des Moines.

Hearing this, she climbed over a naked woman to a window, opened it for air, declined the pipe when it was passed and got out at the next motel. But all night she couldn't get the slowly throbbing tune out of her head that the freaks had been trying to hum.

Next day or so there was the pair of Mormon missionaries, young guys in a white convertible, top down, screaming to the radio they turned up blasting but white shirts buttoned up with neckties pinned down neat like they were let loose on the world and didn't know what to do with it.

Stacks of Bible tracts were fluttering and flying off into the wind. She was fascinated by their energy. She leaned up from the back seat and asked where they were going. Why, to see Cousin Howard in Albuquerque, they shouted. To ask him about God.

They swerved to narrowly avoid an on-coming bus and she parted company with them at a waffle house.

But by then her curiosity was piqued. To tell the truth, she had begun to seriously ponder what she would ask someone who knew about God. And that tune kept playing in her head.

Next morning she caught her first bad ride.

She'd slept out at a campground, bed roll under the starry sky, and frankly looked a mess and therefore felt relieved to have this very respectable seeming man her father's age, black but her father's age and the kind of business suit he wore, in a family kind of station wagon with Michigan plates, pick her up.

But he began to talk about his family and very soon began to weep. His wife had recently

passed on. The man was inconsolable, no matter what she said.

She felt so young and ignorant.

"Don't worry about me though," he said thru his tears, "I'm going to talk it all out with Cousin Howard in L.A."

She frankly couldn't stand it anymore, weeping with him, mile after mile of relentless grief stabbing her heart, and kissed his cheek goodbye at a truck stop.

But she was questioning herself:

What should she have told him? Could someone teach her that, someone who knew about God? And the tune took on a soft mournful wail.

Then there was the rusty old chugging school bus full of migrant Mexicanos – men, women, children, boxes tied down on the roof – going to a rally in Salinas where Cousin Howard was scheduled to announce next year's labor union plan.

They made her share their scanty meals.

They broke down where the road rose steep into the mountains and she was sitting among the skinny listless children, wondering at the struggles of the passing generations of the human race, and wondering at the inevitability of grief, and wondering what she would ask someone who knew about God, listening as the tune took on a kind of mariachi beat,

Looking out as the mountain shadows lengthened across the breathtaking land, her eyes full of tears from some emotion which did not seem to have a name, until a couple of brothers from the bus coaxed her to go on ahead in a car full of



contemplative nuns  
who happened by.

Now, these nuns somehow took a notion  
that she was a wandering prostitute.  
Therefore...

They insisted – absolutely insisted – that  
she must spend a day or two at a lovely  
retreat their order had just up the road.  
Chance to clean up and think a bit and  
maybe pray and everything was free.

They'd soon be by again in case she wanted  
to go hear Cousin Howard preach about  
divine light in Butte. Divine light?  
Was that what she needed?

She lay there in the simple room on the  
simple cot, moonlight and scent of pines on  
a gentle breeze through the open window,

Exhausted but unable to sleep for the empty  
ache of ignorance she felt. All these miles  
and all she had was questions.  
What thing, what kind of thing??,  
was she seeking?

She went to gaze out, saw a tiny fire  
twinkling among the trees down by the lake,  
and thought perhaps  
the sisters there wouldn't mind company.

Hot dogs and marshmallows  
maybe. Wrapped in the blanket,  
sandals on her feet, she found her way.

But it was a man, alone, sitting gazing  
in the flames. His face  
was old and creased in  
the flickering light. His hair was caught  
back in Indian braids and a single dark  
feather graced his tattered hat.

As she approached he gestured toward a  
place across the fire. She was welcome.  
Was she dreaming? She took the invitation.

But immediately when she sat,  
she said..... "Cousin Howard?"

He smiled and shrugged. "Who else?"

"I have so much to ask!" she blurted.

"Shhh" he whispered, a finger  
pressing on his lips, and smiled,  
and seemed to sort of wink.

She tried to hush herself, to hear the  
breeze, to gaze into the flames,  
to relax into this dream which seemed  
so distressingly real,  
but her heart was demanding answers.

She tried to think what were the questions  
but nothing came.

She opened her mouth and one word...

"Why?" sighed into the air.

Instantly his finger pointed somewhere and  
he cried, "LOOK!"

She looked out through her veil of wonder.  
There was the rippling moonlight and the  
glowing water. There were the singing  
shadows of the trees. There was the  
boundless circle of awareness  
that filled her soul.

There were no other questions.

-{ I have published this in...  
"Tales Of Men And Women",  
"Vapes Shops Series", others. }-

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**{- 4. Poem B's introductory remarks -}**

I am the best sort of scholar  
about Ancient Greek Religion !!  
I am a HISTORICAL NOVELIST !!

Unlike Regular Scholarship,  
it is demanded that you pick thru the  
Aethersphere, Akashick Recordings,  
all that,

The historical novelist is expected to  
 Detect and access all of the big  
 Standing Fields of Myth which  
 the Greeks set up for their own  
 purposes then left laying around.

As well as all the old Greek statues,  
 ritual inscriptions, frescoed walls and  
 tumbled ruins of fallen temples  
 with fire-burnt fire altars,

All the vast impedimenta remaining to us  
 of the Ancient Greeks' rich religious life.

A good Historical Novelist  
 must carry keys to both around  
 in their pockets,  
 To both the Spirit-Sphere  
 and Physio-Sphere broadcasts  
 left to us by the Ancient Greeks.

At least that's how it works when  
 your historical romance novel  
 is really cooking.  
 To Wit.....

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 {- 5. Poem B -}

The poem says...

### Also The Dancing Ground Again

historical fiction, a poem on religion in  
 ancient Greece, a chapter from the novel  
 Dark Of Light

There was a moment when she knew her  
 marriage bed and all of that would never be.  
 Or rather when she knew that if all that  
 were never done then still her priesthood  
 would be worth the lack of it. Or rather  
 when she first with conscious judgment  
 chose her priesthood absolutely past all  
 that, regardless what might be. It was so  
 hard for boys to take a girl like her but by  
 that time, that afternoon of choice, her

dearest childhood chum already had a  
 husband and a newborn.

A stitching bee. She was home for the  
 holiday. Old Auntie Kettle plucked a  
 random fussy little child from underfoot,  
 examined it and knowingly declared "Oh, he  
 wants to eat!" And with a glance about the  
 little yard where they were sitting at the  
 work she then of course thrust the hungry  
 child into the bosom of the only healthy  
 milking woman present. Of course, and  
 yet . . .

Sixteen herself, her infant then days old,  
 scarcely yet a week of life between she and  
 the tiny one she loved above all else, and it  
 her first, and never yet another child had  
 she yet put to tit, and sleeping  
 unsuspecting of this breach, this betrayal of  
 a holy trust, this fracturing of sacred love,  
 it sleeping unsuspecting nearby in a shady  
 basket cradle wreathed with dainty flowers.

Old aunties know their work. There was a  
 choice to make – community or selfishness –  
 and now was time to get it made.

The young mother's face was blanched in  
 horror and she stared.

And the priestess girl, the closest friend,  
 the cousin tried and true, the intimate of  
 bygone times, now come home for the  
 holiday, was sitting just beside with mouth  
 agape, astonished at the shock of such an  
 ordinary thing. And her own tits were  
 yearning to give suck. And yet she  
 understood it all intensely without jealousy.

No spite and yet suddenly the tears burst  
 out in panicked grief that such a life as this,  
 of such surpassing beauty as this was,  
 would not be hers. Where would her  
 Goddess take her? Was she a stranger here  
 already? The temple's early years – the

years they gave the girls and boys who would apprentice back into the village rites – were almost done and no one thought that she would leave Elfesus. So could she ever again be home in this loved and dreaded village yard, this place of utmost courage? Was she a stranger here already?

Here was, in fact, the tragic fact that had and has informed great tragic song and poetry across that culture-world from Ur to Ireland. To live where they were living, with the means of living that were then in hand, humans must compromise continually between competing demands which were, despite the contraries of those demands, so doubtlessly innate to human nature or else so innate in the way that they perforce must live, as to be both, contrary though they were, doubtlessly sacred. These people danced a labyrinth with every step.

And then she understood that understanding this so well – that seeing this eternal tragic majesty of human life so well – was more than human heart could bear at such close reach. She was not made to be one of the aunties here where every instant of your life demanded so much acquiescence to the Fates. And this was just the very thing the village boys all feared of finding in her bed, this wish for knowledge over faith. This constant groping in the cavern of the well behind the eyes. This blaze of unaccounted thought. This laughter bursting from her weeping heart. Indeed, they understood her to be mad. And here and now – on this particular ground at this particular moment of this life – she was.

It can't be said the fit of laughing weeping took her unawares this second time. She felt it shadowed when she saw her well loved

cousin start and stare. Then when the well loved cousin nodded, pulled the chiton down and held the hungry one to let the hands and lips seek out the teat, she felt it like a storm of knowing rushing up her spine. Then when an eager voluntary squirt dripped down the little cheek the fit came fully on.

She sat there slumped down on her stool just like the other time, the stitching things all fallen from her violently shaking hands and trod beneath her tapping feet, but this time knew exactly why she laughed and wept. The world was just so beautiful. And yet, what was the use of this? The dire frustration of these crippling fits – the inability to work, the liability it placed on her companions – all came exactly to this point:

They who were so beautiful,  
how could she ever serve them as a lunatic?

But then her well loved cousin looked her in the eyes to gain attention, looked down at the child she had at breast, looked into her eyes again with dire anguish manifest in each contour of her face and silently clearly asked:

"Dear priestess friend,  
is this a crime that I have done?"

Did they see she looked at things they did not see? Did they realize that this insanity was saturated all and all with holy revelation?

Apparently they did. For it was Auntie now who stood behind her quaking body, embraced to try to hold her shoulders still, and – even while her head was bobbing to and fro and even while the sobs and laughter barked out of her throat – the old matron bent to speak distinctly in her ear:

"Is it a crime what I have done?"

The fit then passed immediately and never would return. She sagged into the old woman's arms. She gulped and gasped for breath. She cried out hoarsely as the spittle flew: "It is so beautiful! It is all so beautiful! There is such courage! What is good is done!"

And in that moment she had chosen priesthood far beyond all else.

-{ I have published this in...  
"Dark Of Light",  
"Tales Of Men And Women", others. }-

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{- 6. Poem C's introductory remarks -}

At the age of 24, having suddenly just escaped my country's wars,  
I suddenly began the simultaneous and inter-linked study of 3 separate branches of World Occultism ! 3!

It was a matter of some urgency.

Having just escaped the wars with livable levels of Guilt,  
I was now swearing to become a true artist to know and save all the drama I had lived from being lost.

Suddenly free with cheap-enough books and means to draw and make copies, and Love at home in bed, took on simultaneous study...

Tarot, great prophet of the West,  
I Ching, ancient book "Confucian Tarot", and Zen,

then my country's current bright light of I Ching's spirit.

Among the treasures from those studies is this poem.

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{- 7. Poem C -}

The poem says...

### Awaking In A Dream

a poem of cosmic consciousness

There are many tales, of course, of Lao Tzu 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 Tzu,  
and he was struck with lifelong love.

-{ I have published this in...  
"Tales Of Men And Women",  
many others. }-

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**{- 8. Poem D's introductory remarks -}**

I have no remarks for you  
about The Next Poem.

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**{- 9. Poem D -}**

The poem says...

### Primitive Art

How often has a human caught  
the glittering eyes of  
fox or mouse or deer or bear or lion  
in the teeming forest or the grassy plain,  
And – with a shudder or  
in sudden awesome ecstasy –  
they felt everything outside themselves  
look into their being?

How often have the voices of the wind  
told someone that the spirits of the land  
are watching?

How often has the twinkling light of stars  
stabbed deep into a human soul?

How often has that penetration broken  
through the calcined layers of a wounded  
heart so it might love again,

Or opened darkened places  
to the light of self-understanding  
so wisdom could begin?

How often has  
the awesome power of Beauty  
caught us unawares?

-{ I have published this in...  
"Tales Of Men And Women",  
"Poems For The Future", others. }-

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**{- 10. Poem E's introductory remarks -}**

So now, good friends,  
As you have just noticed with the last one,  
we have reached the SHORT POEMS at last!

Yes!! There are several pieces left in  
the program, but they are all SHORT !!

Like the next poem is too,  
But if you don't stop me now,  
I'm going to tell you a detailed explanation!!

Well, the poems are growing shorter,  
that's good.

And tho there's only 4 poems so far, do you  
see any rhythms, like gender, playing back  
and forth among the poems yet?

2 of these were Feminine certainly,  
Powerful Epic Young Woman, both,  
and 3rd adoring Goddess-Worshiping Male,  
4th unspecified Narrator or gender, but  
with stories' cultures differing, sorts of  
courage shown differing, perhaps.

But I'm afraid This Next Poem is set in such  
a vastly FAR DISTANT PLACE,  
the next one.

I'm afraid it may even be more confusing.

This next one is Male,  
for the story's Narrator truly is me,  
an Erotic Enthusiast for Divine Woman,  
in my Then-Current Self, Me,

Truthfully reporting events at that time  
transpiring in my life...  
But removed somewhere.

This is me speaking truthfully of things  
transpiring in my SPIRITUAL LIFE !!  
And being protective of it,  
tho I want to tell the story,

So I've coded everything in strong symbols  
from Human Myth  
that I know fluently from long study.

So I'm saying This Next Poem  
is a Zen Koan Story expertly slipped  
into our Human Story Instinct,

Our Common Voice in our species'  
Chamber of Ancestral Evolution.

Let's see a Koan Moment  
happen there...

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{- 11. Poem E -}

The poem says...

### Journey To The West

a poem of clear consciousness

Love is not the thing, nor hate. Hope is not  
the mouse's scurrying feet and owl's sharp  
beak, no more than these are fear. What is  
the purpose of the poppy's fate then, or the  
logic of my heart blood's heat, or yet the

celestial motive of the sky's Great Bear?  
How do we live? Why has the Cosmos  
brought us here?

When I was full of hope, I thought that was  
the beginning and end of all things. Then,  
full of yearning to be loved, I dreamed love  
was the wellspring of delight. But then,  
immersed in deep despair, I chose to live  
this life for purposes that were far too  
obscured in smoke and flame for me to know  
and name. Why did I, in that dark hour,  
choose to live this life? Why did I not yet  
fly away?

Love is not the thing, nor hate. Faith is not  
the prisoner's chain, nor doubt the  
prophet's holy flame, nor greed the  
mother's teat touched to the sleeping baby's  
lips, nor is blessed charity the tyrant's grip.  
All this is life, but what is life? What is the  
melting of all opposites?

There is a man I truly hate; there is a  
woman whom I love. That man is dead as he  
once wished for me, the woman never met  
although my eyes search through the worlds  
for only she. Where is this woman who'll  
return my glance? Where is that ancient  
foeman now when in my hands I hold his  
broken blunted lance? And where am I?  
Where is this land wherein I stand alone?  
What is this place? Is this my home? I  
simply call this place my Skysealand.

One year when I was young and starting out  
across this continent, I strained my eyes to  
look ahead to map the way. That year, each  
Monday I would take a poem from an  
ancient wisdom book and I would fold up the  
coded rhyming wisdom neatly into my  
purse. Then for seven days I'd search the  
curving trunk of every tree and every  
mottled turtle's shell that I might pass

beside the way for explications written  
there by unseen hands for me. Well, the  
Gods were generous and kindly gave some of  
their secrets up, but the boy I was then did  
not know their language well.

An eagle's mighty flight; a turtle shell;  
amid the lovely ripples of a brook, the  
various colored pebbles very artfully  
arranged; I made the best of it I could.  
Indeed, several turnings of the way and  
crossroads were very helpfully pointed out  
to me in advance by these magic signs. But  
now I've come a good way further on and,  
even though the sunlight and the stars and  
meadow flowers and hills and snow now all  
sing and whisper to me audibly; and even  
though the web of jewels of which all things  
are made stands manifest and visible and  
palpable to my fingers; yet even so, more  
hidden secrets still remain.

Buddha says that all is bliss. Solomon  
recommends a carefully considered trust.  
Christ says you should take his word on  
faith. Ganesh and Krishna both  
respectfully suggest that you can dance  
your life with happy grace. But for me,  
Merlin stands with a lantern held high in  
his hand, leaning on a wooden staff up on a  
windy mountain top. That wind blows down  
to gently touch my face and it speaks to me  
in a woman's voice and all she says is just:  
"come".

No, love is not the thing, nor hate; not  
victory nor defeat. Whatever guides my  
fate, whatever it may be that lures me on,  
whatever it may be, it is not anything that I  
can know so as to name.

-{ I have published this in...  
"Tales Of Men And Women",  
"Documents For The Reader", others. }-

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### { - 12. Poem F's introductory remarks - }

This next SHORT poem is called  
The High Priest. The High Priest.  
As the name may suggest to you,  
it is a poem written about a Tarot card.

This poem is  
a male Tarot card that stands between  
the Emperor enthroned on a card before,  
and on the next, The Lovers on their bed.

From which a scholar may learn...  
Spiritually this High Priest is meant  
to offer a Masculine Cult of Eros  
like in Ancient Greece!!

Or at least I follow a Tarot theory  
shows very clearly This Next Poem  
is in the very same culture  
as the Feminine Demeter Cult  
we visited in that Greek Village before !!!

Or, according to a theory that I love,  
This is  
the SAME GREEK VILLAGE.

But now we seem to be beside a stream  
maybe, maybe a rock pool emerging  
from a cave or something,  
up behind some hill, and

The cocks-foot herb steeped in wine  
and drunk back in the dark,  
one thinks, blindfold and bound,  
Then down into the pool.

So imagine we are there again,  
Same poor village  
Of Demeter's wondrous Young Acolyte,  
whom we met before,  
But now away behind some hill,  
we are with men, at Men's Holy Magic.

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## {- 13. Poem F -}

The poem says...

**The High Priest**

Its number... 5

Its caption... We honor the governor  
who sees infinity and teaches truth.

This endless eddied world of surge and flow  
may here and there forget to know  
that it is All  
but dreams instead  
that it is You  
or I.

Yet in each heart will ever lie  
the soul's deep pool,  
the porphyry bowl of lotus wine,  
the self-dissolving sigh,  
so to my lips the endless draught  
you pour.

When I have drunk  
and bathed  
and drowned  
and sunk beneath the waves I've found  
my self somehow composed once more  
and lifted to a sunlit shore where  
wind-soaked flesh  
and bony core  
become an echoing ocean sound.

So now the eyes within my head look round,  
Surprised to see both You and I  
with callused feet on stony ground  
still at unbounded ocean's edge  
immersed in flowing sky.

-{ I have published this in...

"Simple Tarot - Hand-drawn booklet  
for 1st edition prototype",  
"Documents For The Reader",  
"Tales Of Men And Women", others. }-

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## {- 14. Poem G's introductory remarks -}

The very act of an Immortal Co-Creator of  
this World-Reality conjuring to its Self  
such qualities as Mortality and Skin,

This very act, perforce makes inevitable  
thru the infinity of Dharma Gates  
the infinity of Koan Moments  
happening Everywhere and Everywhen  
within that World-Reality.  
Of course. Clear logic.

But what kind of Koan Moment also  
is there for passing out  
of World-Reality Manifestation?

A very pressing question for our time,  
as any sentient being here on Earth  
surely knows.

In old age now, I'm saying YES !

The Zen Koan to open up-and-down  
a Gate of Exiting Manifestation  
for us,

And thru which Co-Creation does survive.  
That Epic Cosmic Navigation Hazard  
does exist.

And furthermore it is WELL KNOWN to  
Instinctive Human Lore, I say,

Me having already set  
that adventure episode  
to surf-rowing rhythm....

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{- Continued On Next Page -}



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**{- 15. Poem G -}**

The poem says...

**Osiris Rows Into The Water**

a poem of endings

He must take to the oars at first,  
he decided now.

Because must test himself,  
must learn how soon the  
Fabled Ethereal Tide would force him  
to rig the gull's-wing linen sail  
that would stand head-high,

And let himself  
lie back for a rest.

-{ I have published this in...  
"The Passing Of Uther Pendragon"  
(a climbing attempt on the Mountain  
of Shakespeare's Prestige),  
"Vapes Shops Series",  
"Poems For The Future". }-

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**{- 16. General concluding remarks -}**

Thank you, thank you, thank you,  
For welcoming an old Druid to this Temple,  
For I know Old Druids are a nuisance.  
Incoherent Muttering during Meditation.  
Hanging around the bulletin board  
cracking jokes about hazardous unlikely  
exploits underground with The Dead.  
Yeah. And This One's from the Old Welsh  
line. Fing Welsh Poet !! Peculiar  
uncouth driven people, driven in from  
Stonehenge Heath by stormy weather.  
So thank you very much for harboring me  
and giving me Spirit Space  
to heal.

My recovery from last year's struggle  
continues well,

My old ghosts more settled and quieter,  
and better fed on Kind Regard.

In a few weeks,  
just a few Zen Meditation sessions,  
That and the vast quantity of frequent  
intense Chiropractic Treatments that  
I'm also undergoing, beat-up some  
by the unlikely hazardous poetizing  
of last year,

And I'm feeling so much better.

It's only January-2  
and here I am already  
pawing the dirt in new year's Dharma Gate,  
me plotting avenues of approach where,  
apparently, soon this whole biosphere  
will end or exit.

And so, most truly,  
in these wild times of spiritual honor,  
I Thank You For Your Trust.

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**{- End of reading -}**

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**{- 99. Theoretical discussion -}**

Dear Reader, If you're on this list or not....

- My teacher now at temple now attending,  
eye out for suitable progress, Or...
- One of many people knew me back in hairy  
years on this Booklet's Page 1, Or...
- Or a literary pettyfogger, Or Else...
- Utterly unfamiliar with any this, Still...  
Hello.

I call these "Koan Stories", do so if you like.  
So claiming they directly ARE Zen Koans  
of a, maybe new, Satori Story type.  
New type Koan? Yes,  
in this World-Dissolution Gate,  
Satori thru Primal Human story instinct.  
Koans made where I stood in the passionate  
magnificence of love and despair. -S

Here... [www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz](http://www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz)

**Recently, yesterday morning**, I discovered something called Bird Yoga. I'm not making it up, I'm just naming it, and it's named Bird Yoga.

Not **The** Bird Yoga, no. Not like discovered a "bird position" for yoga, no. **The Bird** was a **dance** when I was young, where growing children hopped around each other in bird-like mating positions, which was too funny and too tragic to be a yoga position. No.

**Bird Yoga.** Perhaps if you've read the companion sheet to this one which is called "Talking With Birds", or if you've downloaded and read the Army Stories book, either way you may be aware

my personal health practice holds a Chinese philosophy where your body is sung to this existence as to this kind of wakefulness, by conscious threads,

conscious threads which enter this realm of existence thru hands and feet into your body.

For their song here, your body, is the vibration of their dollop of creative essence in this existence realm here.

A Chinese philosophy called Meridians. Essential to my personal health practice.

**Or if you've read the Army Stories book**, probably by its free download, then probably you're aware I always loved small light trucks, and bikes, and planes, and my body dreamed of winging over oceans.

Those vivid minutes, vivid vivid minutes, how many minutes, not a lot, in light small aircraft co-pilot seat and my controls on. A kite-work machine.

Those vivid minutes my hands were the wings.

The Army Stories book, it is paradoxically a novel, and novels are well known for wrapping up stuff in a novelist's life, but

I was wrong to think that controls-on episode was all wrapped up by that chapter I wrote about it there, but no it's not wrapped up.

For yesterday morning my hands were wings again.

**This morning, midnight really**, a quarter-hour past, no need for sleep somehow, doing art and elbow aches enough to step out back for a smoke, oh what a shame, and suddenly here's our **Midnight Temple Yard**.

And I'm woke up in my hidden perch in this new woods, looking round dark and listening, come to yesterday found up this river valley here, me perched where darkness found me, quiet wondering who is here. Who will call out and I find today when Sun comes up?

Wondering,  
I am standing woke up in my  
Midnight Temple Yard at Yoga.

And the world is ending.

**I have known since 1959** the world will end from Global Warming, not known it truly, but since an article in a magazine in 1959 I've watched that threatening possibility grow to certain death of all life we see on Earth.

Dying,  
certainty so sure there's no hope against it left now, but **PHILOSOPHIC PRINCIPLES** that **WE SHOULD HOPE**, no hope left against Global Warming now than that. I've watched this deluge of hunger-terror madness overcome us since 1959. Contagion of some kind, what kind I do not know.

But this morning now again, my hands were wings.

**From  
Simple Tarot:  
The Fool**

India ink on  
bristol paper,  
1980  
10 x 10 in  
= 25 x 25 cm





**(Flip Side)****More didactic poems...****Fantastic Reports**

Your dollop of Creative Essence, it is not yours.  
It is not co-existent with your existence,  
not bound up with your boundaries.  
Nor is mine with me.  
I know this.

For I have been past the edges of my Self,  
far out on journeys past other kinds of Time,  
and all Forms of all Things different in other colors,  
and returning hence unharmed and wiser,  
returning hence  
from far past boundaries of this sort  
we know of here,  
this way of waking.

Those other realms are real.

Your dollop of Creative Essence, you are its.  
You are a joy it has.  
You are its joy of  
rapturous discovery.

**What Has Gone Wrong?**

What world-contagion is it we have here?  
What Norse Ragnarok,  
what Hcbrew Apocalypsc do we have here?  
What devours this world where we are?  
Or why some known god devours it?

What has gone wrong?  
Is all this evil now?  
Or is it now that tragedy's  
the only beauty now remaining somehow?

There is a secret explanation for this, must be.  
Why is Our Mother Living Earth dying?

Or turn the question round.  
Make the question less imponderable.  
Yes.

Let's examine "why is?", "why is?", "why is?"  
Do we care "why is?"?  
No we don't.  
Us go hat in hand to some god and say "why is?"  
No we won't.

For we have cosmic wings and we can fly  
and we have dulcet voices.

~~~~~  
Army Stories book... [www.stoneriley.com/armystories](http://www.stoneriley.com/armystories)  
Free download.  
~~~~~

**A Volunteer**

What must we do?  
We should resolve ourselves to be  
good humans to the end, and then we're free.

That's my thinking.  
I'm an old soldier tho,  
too prone to stay on duty,  
not one to only fly away for love,  
willing to splint up people's broken wings,  
and bandage broken hearts so they can  
read the charts to fly away,  
willing to stay as witness to events.

I'll file reports somewhere, some other shore,  
some other Time and Self, some other Forms  
of all Things in different colors,

I'll write poems there reporting these events.  
I volunteer for duty here until the end.

So I may honor all I love  
the way I love it now,  
with memory,  
so long as this abides.

But tho the struggle too.  
Retired to the reserves I am but still  
Our Mother's soldier yet.

Maybe I'll perish by a huge beer truck running  
a strike blockade, me chained on a crossing gate  
brandishing two hundred signs in hand, all gone,  
all gone, under the cruel machine. But likely not.

I'm armed enough with just the poet's pen  
and sharp electric barbs.

When it comes, I think I've seen the charts myself  
to wing to other shores.

Death shall not have us, for there is no Death.

~~~~~

**The Circle  
Of Death**

Obvious  
reference to  
Egyptian  
mythology!!!

Frontispiece in  
the Army  
Stories book.



Here... [www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz](http://www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz)

**Hello folks.** I have just recently composed a neat and clear statement of my favorite theory. And this really is something, considering I am merely an amateur scientist, merely a Professional Engineer.

And this is not just a clear statement of just any scientific theory, but one I've puzzled on for decades, since that memorable morning, first time I went before soldiers and seriously took charge of them, for the first time dearly hoping, for the sake of my soul, to use them well and improve their fate.

So ever since that first real day as a junior- junior- junior- junior- army sub-officer, with my stripe patch sewn to look as if it's falling off, on a tiny parade field with broken pavement, behind a barracks, raw troops drafted for the utterly-stupid urgent new Hot War and newly come here, from here and there, in batches of hundreds, at training camp, since then, since that first morning with those soldiers, I have been working on this theory...

...here's my newly achieved neat clear statement of it...

... **I have recently concluded**

:: that much of the very best human behavior,  
:: and much of the very worst,  
:: arises from a rich and compelling instinct we have,  
:: evolved by our ancestors for their life in Living Earth,  
an instinct of **how to be a good soldier.**

I have named this rich and compelling instinct our Natural Human Anarchist Martial Spirit.

And me telling you this statement is "neat and clear" is really something too. By me saying that to you, I am claiming the entire cloud-of-understanding you have gotten from just reading it, that is exactly the same understanding I had when saying it.

A false claim obviously, for how could our understandings be exactly the same?, but this false claim is important to me.

I'm claiming this is all so "NATURAL" that you now understand everything I'm going to tell you just by reading the neat clear statement in that top paragraph. It's important to my theory. Thank you.

~~~~~  
**Here's Our Point 1.0 ...**

Regardless what might be said about my theory, it does have "neat and clear" reasoning. You'll understand it. I'll take you thru it. Here's point one.

When there's a flood, a great flood, when you're there and hour-by-hour, then day-by-day then week-by-week, the horrible astounding astonishing results of the great flood grow worse and worse, so that you open your heart to everyone. To everyone. You open your heart. You open your eyes and all whom you see are Family.

I'm saying in a natural human way  
you are being a good soldier.

I think this makes sense.

I think this makes sense as an evolved behavior.

:: I hope to put in a paragraph below on how to tell evolved behaviors from others, per evolution science. That theory adjudges... Our well known pan-human Loving-Disaster-Response instinct definitely qualifies as evolved. I hope to inform you of that below.

:: But I am also saying our Loving-Disaster-Response instinct is one of our large interesting mental objects integrated into our soldiering instinct.

~~~~~  
**Here's Our Point 2.0 ...**

I have identified

:: or perhaps I have identified,  
the particular cheat in modern military practice,  
the particular cheat,  
the particular central lie every new recruit is told,  
that perverts Natural Human Anarchist Martial Spirit,  
into the evil blaze of modern war...

Every new recruit is told...

Your parents are in danger,  
and only you can save them,  
and you must kill people to do that.

Every new recruit is told that, and I'm saying...

that one is the most central of the lies,  
and the most effective of the countless lies  
a modern army's new recruit is told.

That is the most effective to enthrall  
a hapless youth gone off to soldiering.

The lie saying they will save their Elders.

**And therefore the contrary...**

::: **They can defend us better here at home.**

::: **Here at home is where we need your soldiering.**

::: **Your good soldiering.**

**SO NOW WE MUST TELL THEM THAT...**

**SAVE US HERE AT HOME.**

**BE OUR GOOD ARMY.**

My theory predicts the youth respond well.



~~~~ Here's Our Point 3.0 ...

**We Elders, are we well equipped  
for doing OUR anarchist martial duties???**  
**I answer "Yes We Are"**  
**because we have the good instinct too.**

In other words, my theory says,  
probably if you start doing work some kind  
that's good and serving justice in some way,  
if you start doing work like that, then  
as you go about your day-to-day just ask...

Am I being a good soldier now?

All the courage and resolve,  
and bonhomme greeting with open hand and smile,  
and knowing every colleague by their name,  
what virtues that I show in this good work,  
in me, is that the good soldier's hand, smile,  
kindness, courage, and resolve??

Is this work I am doing really soldierly??

My theory says, if your hair's gone gray and  
your head been beat up by the world a bit, well  
then probably

you just form a habit as you go about your day-to-day,  
however only if you're doing the world some good,  
and habitually you ask yourself,

**"Am I being a good soldier now??"**

... Well then my theory says YOU WILL KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

... And you can learn to guide your actions  
accordingly.

And furthermore,  
First principle of good command anywhere is this...  
in the deepest reaches of your heart  
conceive Noble Pity for those you are leading,  
dearly wishing that you will  
use them well and improve their fate.

**Well, you can conceive Noble Pity toward people  
in your heart. Can't You??**

Then, having got started at it,  
and continuing in your good work,  
my theory suggests you can teach yourself the rest  
of our instinctive Elders' proper martial duties,  
as urgencies arise. Learn with your soldiers' help.  
Then at some point just salute yourself in the mirror  
and say Aye-Aye Sergeant Smith!!

~~~~ Here's Our Point 4.0 ...

This will be the Peace Revolution that you're joining,  
on the side of PEACE, if you listen to me.

~~~~ 5.0 Footnote... How To Tell Evolved

Behaviors From Other Behaviors Per Evolution  
Science #5.1= If you're riding a bicycle very slowly,  
very very slowly so you fall over, well the actual falling was  
planetary physics not evolved behavior. This logic distinc-  
tion has nothing to do with my little theory but matters in  
others. So you should understand that seemingly irrelevant  
obvious facts like that are typical of the maze-like logic  
puzzles in evolution science. 5.2= But still, two big things  
are... 5.2a. If a behavior has people loving each other,  
using this as an example of something good in life, well that  
has huge Reproduction Value so it is likely to be evolved  
behavior. 5.2b. But... Recent times are so brief and  
ancient times are so vast we must say... To have effective  
Reproduction Value a behavior must have been good for our  
ancestors in their lives during the long-long long-ago  
Paleolithic and pre-Paleolithic ages. 5.3= So you must be  
very very careful to think of absolutely everything for a long  
time, if you plan to offer the world a Human Behavior theory.

**"World  
War  
One"**

Canvas,  
wood,  
paint  
- small.



### Shakespeare's Theory Of Fart Jokes

William Shakespeare, famous forever as the "Bard Of Avon",  
actually did have a real theory about fart jokes. Scholars  
describe it in college dissertations.

How do you compose them???

How are they properly deployed???

He was a master of stagecraft you know.

He's still one of the world's greatest playwrights.

So of course he did.

In fact some critics said the fart joke theory utterly permeated  
his whole sense of comedy.

They ate a lot of fish you know,  
the Londoners of that day, they ate a lot of fish,  
Shakespeare's theater-goers.

And scholars sometimes even say one critic spoke up  
harshly right in Act Three of World Premiere of King  
Lear, rude mistaken critic shouting out in the audience  
at World Premiere of Lear,  
stupidly harshly critiqued the Aetherial Atmosphere  
that is on King Lear's Blasted Heath.

When really it was wind blowing in to the open-air Globe  
Theater, low tide at the fishing wharves, or perhaps from  
London's giant cess dumps down river.

We don't know which. ~~~~~



## The Case Of One Cadet

## A Recovered Memoir

04/19/2019 page 1 of 2

Here... [www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz](http://www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz)

**I was Major of Cadets** at Milby High School Eastside Houston, a bulging public high school on a bus line thru a broad Mexico-style slum.

I was Executive Officer of our very small battalion of high school boys, us with actual government-issued uniforms and equipment, with only our simple durable uniforms reduced in size and complexity for young use. Our hands were accustomed and trained to machine gun on a range and/or snare drum stick and compass in a field, a very small battalion with government training and field manuals and the no-swagger f-you elan I cultivated, which I led them in, I admit it with no shame.

We were seen in Eastside street culture as being our high school's actual garrison, during the months I was Major and Executive Officer of our very thin battalion of Cadets. In a street culture age when the main civilian weapon was knives, we had both pocket knives and unloaded M-1 rifles, a heavy industrially-made club,

and small dense formations and cross-country maps. 128 years after the world-making Battle of San Jacinto where Mexico City lost to Austin for ownership of the Natives' land, 14 miles from San Jacinto battle site. I was age 17, my soldiers mainly Native-Mexico descendants.

During those months there came to my purview The Case Of One Cadet,

:: a criminal case possibly mine to INTERVENE in to some small extent, possibly as AN AUTHORITATIVE CHARACTER WITNESS ???, for the accused,

:: A CRIMINAL CASE,

:: which came under purview when  
:: the Accused overtook me in the high school corridor,  
:: on my way to Solid Geometry class,  
:: & the Accused, an old acquaintance, came running up to beg to say what had happened.  
:: I knew he had (accidentally?) stupidly shot/wounded a cadet from a rival high school, in State Forest,  
:: in optional joint training weekend.

Firing dangerous M1 BLANK ROUNDS, stupid tampering easy, the wounding happening during a blank-round RIFLE CHARGE in thick forest,

:: wrong order with unseasoned soldiers,  
:: the TWO SCHOOLS being set-up to play AT WAR by our adult attendants.  
:: This old acquaintance came running to me in the hall begging to tell me what he'd done.

We were not close friends for I had no close friends, but our several experiences together over three years :: came before my eyes, and regret for it.

You've guessed I knew myself, knew myself to be... an actual soldier, long since, at revolutionary war, for what else was this situation I was seeing??? and found myself in??

all round me, if not a revolutionary war by us toward forces yet not defined clearly to me;  
:: Just by existing there, and trying to be good in that world & neighborhood, I am a soldier and we are at revolutionary war.

I had studied Caesar and Aurelius, ornamented my very cheap Ceasar with a cloth binding of a scrap of cheap bedding sheet, the paperback's tailored toga. I showing it proudly to my mother like a Roman boy, for that was the Golden Age of Paperbacks, and I an avid reader with my Locally Earned Small Cheap coins.

Now he, my non-friend with his criminal liability and his f'n WOUNDED f'n SNOB kid from the f'n snob school, now what the f. was this?????

I didn't lead him there. I didn't lead him to the copper bb. pellet dropped down the M-1 barrel with a blank-round already unsafely in the chamber...

~~~~~  
**Footnote...** Let's try historical fiction. This surprising Boy Brigade Major is unveiling a paradox somewhere in human nature that I must understand. Realistic historical fiction is a sharp tool for that. This fiction is drawn on "Otzi" whom you can research...

Long ago, Inky, the greatest Alpine Iceman ever...

:: Who walked half the way across the Alps and back tracking Big Elk, the big herd, working as scout for the Valley People, that famous guy.

:: Whose corpse found much later in melting ice, clearly revealed the heroic mode of the death.

:: Inky, his dead body was found in a fine high-spot solid rock blind, a well hidden and sited pathside nest.

:: But in the end they snuck up on him, two jumping in maybe while the hero was asleep. That's how it's told.

:: They acted properly. Local guards, a scant, rotating, under-fed Boy Brigade militia camping behind a nearby hill, guarding that migration route ever since a report of a Valley People scout. Blameless children.

:: Inky's fine light arms, for fast travel but here used in small siege defense, the inadequate light arms and his light-arm-fixing-tool lay unused by one hand, as the other hand lay on his chest above his cooling heart.

:: And the well trained boys behaved very honorably.

:: They didn't touch one thing!! The righteous killing strokes only! Nothing stolen!! Fuck's sake, Inky's Fixing Kit alone was worth a fortune in that country, a Fixing Kit from an iceman doing hero work.



:: Track elk shoals thru a sea of mountains, fierce wind currents, cliffs treacherous as sunken reefs, gone for long half of a year and back walking fine. Then earn supper forever and prizes with thrilling useful stories.

:: But Inky died in Autumn of Trip 2 of that grandiose commercial enterprise, for love it's said, far from base. :: Inky's Fixing Kit was found right there unmolested in his nest, in ice melting much later, first thing poorly trained kids would have grabbed, with his other bits and kits compactly arrayed to throw into the pack.

:: A common piece of honor the boys did, some say, till realizing the precious content of the great long-range iceman's Fixing Kit. An ancient spirit is explaining. :: The kit had a little ingot of near-bronze copper metal which scientists say is from a Sicily mine far away, a squarish lump. It's remarkable copper soft enough for their tools to shape cold but it holds an edge well. :: It looks like butter with a pretty reddish color.

Now here's the point of this footnote. A reliable ancient spirit advises me Inky was awake and let the children take him. A very noble sacrifice for love.

He saw them as the Boy Brigade they were by clumsy soldiering, next hill over standing up on their hill to plot their attack. He laughed at them but fell in love and couldn't find the right moment to shoot an arrow.

It was Year 2 autumn far from base and he hated the fucking snob Valley People and their fucking snob ruling class, and they can't fucking cook worth shit and they can go fuck themselves.

Dark comes, trying not to burst a laugh, the hero made snoring noises to lure them in, where he lay silent with a hand to his weapons and a hand to his heart.

So apparently the point of this fiction footnote (I'm guessing from how it turned out) is to enlarge the matrix of human possibilities that we're aware of. So we may compare this to our capitalist imperialism. Trying to understand a haunting paradox of human nature that my memory is half-revealing.

I must also tell you this... That bb. pellet, small as a hard tiny stone, which my young colleague dropped down that blank-loaded M-1's barrel,

:: which then penetrated the kidney of a human being,  
:: that bb. was an industrially-made droplet of near-bronze copper, made in millions as ammunition for a repulsive toy gun for boys to idly shoot birds.  
:: That seems to add a symmetry somehow.

**: End of footnote, now resuming the story.....**

... just before the criminally insane Boy Battalion LOADED RIFLE CHARGE thru DENSE WOODS, against a rival Boy Battalion from somewhere far across the Income Barrier, WHO THE FUCK THOUGHT THIS? No, i did not lead him to that.

Altho of course I somehow did.

I cut thru his pleadings after I'd heard them thru and asked only one question,

:: one question I did ask the Accused.

:: "Did you do so deliberately" (or only very stupidly)?

:: I asked him and of course he had to lie.

"Not deliberately!!" he said, his tone honestly declaring it a lie, and "weak follower" i said silently,

:: and turned away,

:: putting this one out of serious consideration.

~~~~~  
**Ps:** I self-publish as a writer and one of my story books is military-related... [www.stoneriley.com/armystories](http://www.stoneriley.com/armystories)

**Public Notice:** I am doing some philosophical studies and this story, The Case Of One Cadet, and its footnote, arise from my thinking on "natural human anarchist martial spirit" which I developed in a book. Thank you.

### Drone Strike In North Waziristan

A political painting by Stone Riley in December 2012

Acrylic on canvas, 48 x 24 inches = 122 x 61 cm

Website: [www.StoneRiley.com/dronestrike](http://www.StoneRiley.com/dronestrike)



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