

Past, Present, Future

A Pagan Modernist Painter Sees Mighty Story In The World Today
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At left: A canvas painting titled (re: Descartes)

“Ghost In The Machine”:

Depicting the past few hundred years of the insane and suicidal Modern Age when Men stumbled through a dream of somehow conquering Nature



At center: A canvas painting titled (from the lore of Magister Jung) "**Lunar Anima**":
Depicting the present reawakening of Humankind through timeless ancient dreaming, in which all Nature reawakens.



At right: A canvas painting titled (for the famous scholar soldier novelist) **"Tolkien"**:
Depicting the future coming soon and long continuing, the Good New Age, especially in its arrival now.

Three painted canvases; each 122 x 61 cm = 48 x 24 inches; 3 of 200 painted canvases made in a tremendous rush in a certain knot of time; in a sudden rush of months when the U.S. Empire tossed away its mask, finally unveiling its horrifying face and fate to everyone; here chosen from the dusty pile of pictures leaning in that corner of the artist's life; come here certainly to tell some mighty story; here with certain of their brush strokes carefully enhanced so we can see, even through this flat paper done with printer's ink, the rhythmic mesh of color themes that inter-weave all those 200 sudden canvasses, thus to help some visionary tale emerge.

Modernist painting – or “abstract” painting if you call it that – is magic art. It makes, moves, and speaks. I've just pulled some cards to tell me what to tell you and gotten the Eight then Four of Fire and then The Sun. I'll tell you this:

Sticky colored paste laid on with supple brushes – gripped by a supple hand alive with mantic spirit reaching from another place beyond the brutal panic that surrounds us here – the loaded brush stroked on a toughly textured woven membrane, finding an infinity of colored gesture – is quite a revolution in the art of giving consciousness. At least it is when it succeeds.

This is not abstract painting. Instead, it's often said such pictures really are, when they succeed, an actual recorded memory of an actual human passionately dancing with the canvas and the brush, recorded in colors like those actually seen in your deepest thoughts. These communications are powerfully alive to us when they succeed, because they are a beautiful rhythmic human dance therefore intelligible and real and meaningful deep in our natural human soul. In a magic sense, we join the dance that made them and we continue dancing.

That's often said, but better yet to say: Such pictures really are the glowing surfaces and traces conjured in the dark bright space between a learning watching listening thinking you and a teller of a tale, in the eternal place beside an evening fire where story weaves itself in dancing flames. Such pictures are, when they go well, accurate real manifestations of conscious story energy emerging into present knowledge. As I may testify to you with doubtless knowledge from experience.

I mean to say: I recommend you trust your magical ability – your power in every present moment – to see and hear and have an understanding of such pictures. So, what tale are these here before us telling? I've pulled some further cards and first say this:

Beauty is missing from our current thinking. I even mean substantially the word. We can feel some experience that seems to fit the word but then we stymie there because no thinkable idea of “beauty” – no discussion of its purposes and meaning – is awake in our world now. Yet still we love beauty, love finding wisdom there, and in its absence from

our thinking we are less wise. So I recommend you follow and inquire of any beauty in these pictures, asking it for its teaching and intent, as a spirit can be asked, while I do so too. Then, directed by the cards, I will say this:

This is hard to tell concisely but I'll try. The spring one month after the mighty emperor's brutal opening aggression in his War For Oil And Money, at our local community Beltaine in our local city's public park, sunny bright, on the picnic meadow where our Maypole would arise an hour later, four senior men spied each other among the shady trees.

All four, hungry for good council, walked toward each other, all meeting at the center of that little meadow ground to talk, some juniors come as well to see and hear, and at first the four stood examining each other's faces earnestly. Then they ventured a note or two, a riff or two, and finally huge relief as they found each other all agreed, and all doubtlessly agreed, the war was dangerous horrid crime and something should be done.

That morning then firmly is the central picture here. It is a characteristic instant in the present moment of our world. Our sunny maypole meadow dark with menacing shadow then, so powerfully resembling a village in a folktale, so like a fairytale, or like an opera or a fairytale ballet; so like your street ballet with Occupy or Black Lives Matter or the rest; so like the pose you stand before the posing judge; like your poem to the rhythm of the shadows of the bars; I testify (in case you do not know this yet yourself) when we brush those strokes into the world, if we do them well, our such efforts in the art of life manifestly become this painted forest verge with Wise Moon empowering the Naked Man to dwell alive in Dreamtime.

And then that lovely morning's denouement at noon: more new ancient work: that Beltaine noon's community performance art. That's what we did. I expect perhaps that passage of the artist's past will meet you in a paragraph below, and tell you the revolutionary power of seeing, and being what you see, becoming beautiful truth. And surely that paragraph will display the power which Modern Art can wield to crack the Modern World's riddles open. Or so I trust.

So, on our way to that community artistic Beltaine noon, after the Maypole dance and all, first look here at the painting on your left. That painting of the past: it shows – of course you see it – a jail to illustrate the horrid isolation of the Modern World, a jail to show our Modern isolation from each other and from the Natural World that is our family home.

But of course – you're also not surprised to hear – that painting is a certain jail in particular. It is, in fact, a certain month in a certain jail. It is one month in jail, a pittance paid I might well say, an economy ticket fare excursion rate through one small hell among

the countless hells, a mere tourist trip to the far inner side of the vast expanse of isolation of the Modern Age. But I need to say, to bring you toward the later Beltaine noon, that this painting is a U.S. Army jail; I mean to say a jailhouse in a prison; inside a six year military service sentence this painting is one month of special punishment confinement after they killed a friend.

So that is how I paint the Modern Age. To take us toward the later Beltaine noon you'll note the painting's foreground figure. I mean that blocky vaguely human shape with a sky of moon glow glimmers in its brain locked in a dark thick vaguely human shaped shell of grieving isolation. That figure, which is used here as a symbol of us all in general, is specifically a portrait of the artist in his youth doing soul deep lonely war resistance work in Dreamtime in jail, after a friend was murdered by the war machine. And, as you already know, the later Beltaine noon performance art was a beautiful work of community war resistance done in a forest verge.

Look here, I've pulled some cards:

I'd never got so ganja drunk before in my entire life, and there illegal in a public park. Another of the four, a dear Pictish friend I hadn't seen in months, a fire magician, had a pipe he kept bright lit and kept shoving it at me.

I kept inhaling deeply, sitting at a table of Tarot cards in a deep green little shady grove with a variety of others come to hang about observing, me babbling no doubt, feverishly thrashing toward some plan for some inspired divine ritual community performance that would somehow magically turn the mind and soul of every person present there toward peace.

This one month after the mighty emperor's openly scheduled opening brutal aggression in his new highly profitable clockwork mechanical patriotic meat grinder war.

That day the tiny grove was sacred. I had sanctified it. On arriving from a distant love nest hilltop shack and unpacking, I had picked that spot and sanctified it with two painted canvas masks in painted frames, two visionary masks of mighty mystery, female and male, faces of Medusa and Bran depicted human size, above human height and looking down opposite each other across the tiny clearing, hung on cotton cords wrapped round two pine trees, my portable table with the homemade cards between, some books, a gauzy cotton table cloth, some folding chairs, and light refreshments. I had planned to read and teach.

But American Paganism is a Modern Art movement. Strong threads stitch it there. Fundamentally there is the astonishing courage to see and hear and speak profoundly in

our deepest being and thereby solve the Modern World's crippling riddling lie that humans are empty things. It is a Modern Art movement just from that.

But in addition, the achievements of our Pagans in ritual drama very far exceed the famous efforts of Warhol, Monk, etc. There is an appetite and instinct and profound creative capacity for ritual drama in our Paganism. And for that day's necessary final act, got up by some senior men, they had appointed me their art director.

But I should caution: I am not a reliable prophet. For the last fifty years I've been unable to foresee our worldwide future past our present crucial moment of decision. So don't expect a proper telling of the future in that paragraph which surely is below, but maybe a step toward it, maybe an opening of our doorway forward toward that Tolkien future promised in our remaining painting.

Indeed, that day's final act (I've drawn the Nine of Water) was our community's heart, mind, and soul in harmony all crying for our beloved young to live. Certainly that cry of love is a doorway forward for all Humankind.

But opposing that (I've drawn the Ten and Ace of Earth and then Justice) there is a great riddle of the old age still unsolved: (Ten of Fire) the impoverished fantasy that money is a treasure far more real and beautiful than love, opposing all our hopes. And (Knight of Fire) we must hurry toward a penetrating curative understanding of that insanity.

Quickly: By living on this Earth we humans have evolved a great wealth of ways to think and act, among which is hoarding for survival. I made a study, while employed as a museum public educator in recent years, and from that study offer this: Money is this: our natural instinct for survival hoarding manifested in the Modern Age. Money is our instinctive hoarding for survival but in a life of aching loneliness, constant fear and frequent panic. And I propose that all the strange imaginings and compulsions we humans have around money – grown so grotesquely dangerous in recent centuries – offer proofs of this theory.

There's no room for more discussion here, but I infer that by knowing our natural life in Earth we can find some such clear understanding which is true and therefore curative. I therefore hope we can leave the old age cleanly, exiting its characteristic money madness and thus its universal endless war.

We chose storytelling. In those years that mode, and my efforts in that mode, were very popular. I had penetrated ancient Greek and British lore; the British lore was more of hearth and home, of kine and kin, the Greek was more of travel. Both realms certainly knew war and its resistance. In my efforts both had conjured well among these present

folk but some characteristic of the British lore was calling: the circling rhythm. It was this: the multiples in British lore.

Yes, two stories. I saw that in a card or two, twin stories conjuring an infinite ascending echo mirroring each other in these human beings' brains. Unlikely lucky trick and yet sufficient energy was in them here to accomplish it.

But which pair of stories? I was sifting cards by handfuls nervously, hands twitching, shuffling and reshuffling on the table, dropping cards I could not read that all seemed to be shouting at me, sucking in the smoke so hot and milky white of ancient herb that did seem, despite whatever dreadful fear was sticking, shoving me toward full vision, shoving me toward some destination. I remember mumbling pointless chatter with my friend. He looked worried too.

Now I see (Knight and Page of Water) that I was refusing to relive my painful youth. Since that youth there'd been several decades when I saw no hope. The lovely Earth was dying doomed and I only dared to hope for beauty in the smallest grains of time, the precious grains of beauty in the love so real beyond denial, the love between we people living here and now. To mind all the sacrifices made, without future hope, was only pointless crippling pain.

That sunny day, how many minutes tumbled by in my crippled dark refusal of larger hope? I guess they danced the Maypole sometime then.

Then one came close, quite close to me, and stood quite close as if to watch the cards dropping from my fidgeting hands onto the tablecloth. A man, young, a man yet on the threshold of his manhood, neat and clean in dress, erect in self-respect, unhappy. In some pressing need, he felt sharp contempt for my intoxicated muttering dither; indeed this seems a focal moment of our present world. Curious magical effects then interposed:

A reconstruction of my darting thoughts: My good Pict was looking at him, looking at the place before the eyes where a human in a conversation holds up their portrait, and rather marveling, so I looked too.

He wished the world to see he'd come in dignity today because he was embarking on a journey or a mission or a quest he dearly hoped to be an honor, thus this Beltaine was to him a fond farewell, the closing of a chapter of his life, and I was wasting it.

I cannot say how much this came into awareness then or later, for suddenly I absolutely knew I must exert myself to help him.

You'll understand he was Tam Lin. I saw perhaps, but don't remember seeing, that he was Tam Lin before the capture. You'd say the milk white steed was saddled somewhere

nearby waiting for the fateful ride. You'd say the car keys were surely in his pocket. But no I did not see till later. Instead I felt compelled to help uncomprehendingly, and heard my Muse impatient shouting that I might as well do something more than nothing.

So I gathered Tarot cards into my hands and launched my little boat out on my routine patter to assess a silent seeker's needs. "Do you have a specific question?" All that, done in brief but all of it. All of it foolish with a hero, but I felt jolted forward and out of depth.

The youth was certainly having none of it. Wiser than I in that moment, he was not asking me for anything and he said so. But there was rhythm going. At some moment in the quick brief back and forth of that failing comedy sketch of a Tarot reading, me tugging at my little oars of patter and he refusing, we succeeded enough. I remember finally self-examining, asking why I was insisting on doing this, asking him. And for wise reply he added something more to his portrait.

And seeing that – it must have been some proof of his Knighthood of Nature – in seeing that my awareness was quite transported and overwhelmed by the Tam Lin and Janet mythos, in its noble cleanness, coming flooding in to inundate my terror of the future.

I have just now drawn the Six of Fire: Goddess moves in song. It is a story and a song, told and sung for centuries that can't be counted now but quite living now. Janet and Tam Lin: There is a handsome marker stone now at the lovely green and blooming little sacred glen where the tale is always said to happen, where Young Man is lost to Fate then saved by Young Woman.

What proof of nobility did Young Man show to me that finally brought their story entering that moment? (I've drawn the King of Earth of course.) I'm guessing now: It was a statement of his selflessness. (As in the culminating moment of The Fisher King.) (As in the cleanest moments of my youth.) Am I interpolating or remembering?

Maybe I am connecting here with my final revealing vision at the climax of the performance just a little later, where I actually saw him standing with companions in the noble sacrificing role to which he had been deputized that day of his departing, unseen by me till then, and so I can now understand the reason he had come to fetch me from the woods: To enchant him properly.

(As we will see below.)

Yes, I am sure that in this tale you're reading here, this Percival had fetched this Merlin from the frozen lair by the showing of his powerful willing selflessness. (Now a new scene in several ancient stories.)

So when their story leaped onto the shuttling weaving web of present human consciousness I knew it was the first one I would tell.

I guess maybe ten or fifteen minutes were wasted next in ecstasy. I imagine myself flung back in my chair, my hair and beard a mess, gulping forest air in place of smoke.

I remember feeling tremendous relief as the Janet and Tam Lin story trotted briskly through my brain, getting off its horse occasionally to take character, enacting particular bits it wanted told in detail today, demonstrating a few exact poses, giving a few exact snippets of the desired tune and words, shining light on a certain few bits of prop and scenery. I certainly remember my dear Pict's good grinning face up close, staring cinematically into my eyes to watch the progress. At some good point, at some point of calm, he woke me calling, "Stone".

I've drawn some cards: What we want is natural human life and thereby truth. The entry of a new age seems to offer hope for that. There will be grief of course, vast deep grief like Humankind may not have known before, for the vast deep murder we in our insanity have done to our own family, grief for the countless myriad beloved beings no longer here with us in our home Earth. And we Pagans already ache with that grieving loneliness.

But the answer to that grief is surely sanity; which is to say, a natural human life. So our ancient stories will be told alive and new. So our names will change to tell the truth.

For goodness sake, my people were already ready. You could say the orchestra was tuned up and waiting for their peculiar musical director. I was called by name and gently shaken, given water, and suddenly alert enough to look around, blinking, blinking, and suddenly surprised and quite impressed to say the least.

At some time in the proceedings, fifty or so had arranged themselves as a sort of village green theater audience on the bit of meadow grass outside the entrance to my tiny grove, leaving an open middle path where I'd maybe walk among them, the sacred grove as tiny stage from which I should emerge, the two painted masks hanging above the wings, my jumbled furniture at center stage. Several friends out there were grinning at me.

And so the hoary bearded bard awakes. As you may imagine, in my disheveled state of hollow echoing bonked weirdness, it was very grounding and reassuring to discover them. On the whole, I loved these people very much and they loved me. And I knew from working with them that they were very competent indeed to join the story dance, to help us see what we should see.

So, in trust that I'd been told the truth, I struggled to my feet and made a start to act and teach and tell what I was told to tell them.

Is that – the standing up to tell a visionary truth – is that the present instant of the present moment of our world, now in early 2016 as this paper page is printed? This kind of telling may be our doorway to the future.

It certainly was Modern Art: deep ancient stuff rising from the profound reality of life on Earth, and entirely made new by us for us today. And it cracked a powerful riddle open to new light as you'll see below. I'm almost finished telling this, almost to the Tolkien painting.

Janet and Tam Lin is a myth and song and tale from the Scottish / English borderland, long a battleground and a recruiting ground of armies. Young Man is taken by the cruel enchanting Fairie Queen and made her Fairie soldier, like taken by a mighty monarch of an occupying army. But then love: Young Maiden goes to find him, they are in love, and pledged, and she no longer maiden, and she with child; so she, now Young Woman, goes to bring her lover home.

And to complete the teaching, the ancient story enacts a fairytale motif that clearly and definitely shows, by metaphor, he's suffering post-traumatic stress disorder which their love cures.

You understand, I had been intoning dramatic voice in various moods, achieving a cautious falsetto singing here and there, demonstrating pose and gesture, but when that story rose into that resolution, rather than inviting their applause, I took an intimate gentle pose and voice, as though I wished to whisper, and spoke a transition to the next.

You see, maybe two-thirds through Janet And Tam Lin I'd seen the other story rising from a clearing mist between the audience and I, a different story song to make an echoing reflection, a different colored brush stroke in the art of life, a different choice, the choice of hopelessness, reflecting this one.

You see, communication in that kind of place is real, occurring through some actual substance. One good theory says it is the unified electromagnetic field of all those human heartbeats in a single rhythm – as human hearts do beat on such occasions – with each participant's thoughts constantly reaching in to shape the interacting ripples in that standing field and each human body constantly feeling the force and movement of those ripples, painting in their minds a vision – that is the stuff giving actual substance to a manifesting story. So says a theory.

(That woven stuff is copied out in paintings of this sort, when they do well, somehow penetrating time and space between the audience and dancer.)

(I'd also add some theory of conscious memes; for some conscious substance penetrates time and space, but registering circumstance, to guide a telling into current truth.)

(And this particular method of rich communication is basic in our nature as social beings, evolved in us among the beings here in Earth who are all conversing richly by a great variety of means.)

If that theoretical outline is true or not in every detail, I know reality at least is similar. In this example, I recall distinctly the second story rising (when present understanding took firm shape to frame it) from a clearing mist between me and the audience as work progressed, in that day's awful circumstances, in that day's version of the Young Love story that was performed.

Strangely: Like I was telling it – that is, the version which the story's own intelligence advised me to be true at present – in this version, the Janet And Tam Lin drama was scarcely more than an unsupported barefaced claim that “True love conquers all.”

Young Woman's dangerous desire and courage were distinctly featured but the artfully convincing bits to make the soldier worthy of her risk were hardly sketched. The beauty of the tale, the calling of your loving heart to witness, was gestured vaguely. In this abyss the audience could feel the story true or false. This was as if, in present circumstance, true love conquers all or not, depending on their present choice.

And, you understand, I've only reached this breath stopping vision of that performance now, while you're reading this, not in the sunny day itself. I had no need to know this then, but only watched the standing field between us while I wove the wanted telling into it and they responded. You understand, the people did their thinking there, made their thinking known.

I remember at first their thinking pulling this way and that, expert as they were at such deliberation, the way a cats cradle weaving of string pulls here and there on your fingertips, but on the story's fingertips that I arranged. With half an eye on our mutual weaving, half on their face and body gesture – meanwhile hearing my own voice and meanwhile their sighs and whispers – that's what I saw.

Then when, I guess, they sufficiently inferred the question it was opening, about two-thirds through the telling, the large woven pattern seemed to stabilize with an empty space, and inside that space the other story showed its shape and I asked it what it was.

I saw a landscape of universal paralyzing loneliness, the very landscape of a horror story that I knew, a story such that if they chose to say it's true for us today, they would be

choosing despair. Now, as a performing artist, I see the shocking and courageous wisdom of offering an audience this choice, to make an intellectual judgment of falsity or reality between sovereign love and universal despair. (As if *Waiting For Godot* has a ballot box where you can drop your vote.) At that moment I only felt great relief at seeing the performance playlist.

So I wended through the rest of Janet And Tam Lin, signaled there was more, and kind of whispered the transition with a bit of folklore scholarship: I confided that I'd felt there was another story from the start, shared my great relief at finding it, described the connection historically: I said:

These two stories are stories old home folks used to tell to stop their beloved young from running off.

The new piece was the old motif of a young man sick with loneliness who follows a ghostly siren to his doom, framed as advice for the young to stifle wanderlust. The motif has famous versions set at sea or on lonely coasts but I'd heard it lately in a song – in a Scotswoman's clear voice of glittering translucent beauty – set on a lonely isolated farm with a female ghost who leads him to a drowning pond, the young man placed by fate to labor there till death, maybe somewhere near the glen where love was sovereign and true in the previous story.

I couldn't even wish to break these people's hearts the way the singer did with mine, but Naipaul's novel of the isolated countryside round Stonehenge rose to mind, and Chekhov too, so I strove for words and breath to sketch their feelings, but featuring doomed Young Man in empty farm fields at barren labor in Scotland. It progressed.

If memory serves, this was when I first felt our Young Man out beyond the others, psychologically standing far beyond the fifty others, with some restless young companions there impatient beside him, one wearing black reaching out a hand to him, they standing up on the public park's curved paved path, that path curving away – in my vision like horizon climbing into distance – which was to us indeed the actual road away, the car keys doubtless in his pocket.

From that distant place, I began to feel our Young Man's sudden keen attention to the drama, his passion waking up to walk in it – and I started quite deliberately not looking there, not wishing to intrude too soon in his intimate awaking dance in story energy. And besides, I did not understand until this moment now in writing and then in ignorance did not dare to probe; for in my glimpse it looked as if he was not naming himself as the story's Suffering Young Man. What then was his passion? I've been seeking understanding of that piece for years.

But now I've got the mouth harp and I've played it for a bit. Can you hear it? Breathing through its reeds in circling rhythm, picking out some note transitions repeated and repeated down and up the scale in a simple melody with circling variations. Can you hear it? It's echoing in my soul and in my ears. It comes from my Muse. It always clarifies me.

Look, the paintings! From the present painting to the future, what action is happening? Or what energy or force is happening? I've just now seen this but it's obvious. Do you see it? Look, the action even starts in the prison past. (Does it even draw a climbing segment of a catenary curve?)

Look, from our Dreamtime over to our Tolkien future: it shows Man's head exploding into a vast vibrating web.

Prophecy: Young men seeking honor will no longer give themselves to other's wars. They will know better for they will know beauty intimately. Thereby, vast machineries of death will die, conquered by sovereign love.

So look: right now, Black Lives Matter obviously are working at the crucial power fulcrum point of our whole struggle for life on Earth, and they declare themselves to be a process of consciousness re-shaping itself, enlarging.

Well then, I accept their analysis and write it larger: The arrival of the Good New Age will be a process of consciousness re-shaping itself, enlarging. In the jargon of art philosophy, and in our Pagan technical vocabulary, that's called a great work of magic.

And the climax of this story of the Beltaine in the park, which I can now reveal – something which Tarot cards told me to tell you, as you'll recall from page 2 – plus these mantic paintings here, made near that same Beltaine time, agree with that prediction from current street politics:

According to these interlocking prophecies, we are bursting from a lonely frozen shell of crippling interlocking self-imposed lies, bursting into a true vision that grows from understanding ourselves as beings evolved in Earth.

My vision at the climax of the drama – immediately when I'd done Young Man's lifeless body getting pulled from the drowning pool on the Scottish farm, to which I'd said a ghost with silent promises had led him – then, when I'd immediately performed an actual living folk magic charm to keep the young folks home in honor, like old home folks naturally do everywhere – then, immediately when the charm's last rhyme and Earthward casting gesture were completed, me pacing in the open center ground among the audience – then, I flung my eyes and all our eyes of all our people out through that open way, up

toward the curving road away, and we all there beheld a scene I now believe to be Percival Redeemed.

And in seeing that scene of noble beauty up there on the road, I felt the audience make their choice against despair.

My present understanding: Opium, its distillates and analogues, is the dread deathly siren singing now among our youth. I'm guessing this circumstance is what brought that particular story to us then awoke our hero's passionate involvement. A distant war appears, proclaimed by its profiteers to be a patriotic necessity toward which our noble youth should hurry; some flee from the siren call into the hurricane. I'm thinking that our good man was deputized to take a suffering friend to the recruiting sergeants and he was standing there, with car keys in his pocket, agonizing, just about to do it.

But then he saw things differently in story and in our united open gaze. I think he saw the understanding, admiration and respect that we all held open toward him, offering all our hardest efforts, offering selflessness to match his own, offering help for every pain. I think in us he saw that love is real and sovereign.

And I see this now: The Tolkien painting. I've wondered where it came from ever since it burst onto that canvas. Now I believe it is exactly this: A copy of the psychological self-portrait our Man was showing in that moment. It shows his liberation. It is like in the culmination of Tolkien's great novel where Earth is liberated.

This form of literature you're reading here is called a post-modern essay. It's new and I apologize for the difficulties. I'm using this to unlock rusty riddles the way you loosen knots in string: Some bits of your life stand up from the rest – separated bits of memory that shine like glimpses of eternal truth – so you tug those with your eyeteeth or fingertips creating slack for movement. You try here and there, keeping at it, until the riddle springs open into revelation and there you have a bit of string to use. Perhaps you can see this work in the new form today achieves the same accomplishment as ancient storytelling.

So I too feel liberated.

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