

Must mask  
on line version

15. The Bureau is requesting the same information that it is requesting from the State of New York, but it is not requesting the same information from the State of New York.

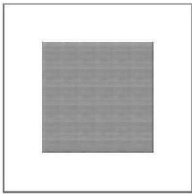


Art is Officially-Murderd Dead in Worcester Mass,  
some special kind of dead

**(Flip Side)****A Foreign Traveler's Visit To Korean Shamanic Dance**

**Please Note:** I'm putting this here on the flip side of "Little Squiggles" because I believe its oppositely polarized energy on the other side of the paper from "Little Squiggles" may create a matrix-like 4-D Metaphor that will emanate the combined power of the two opposite and complementary items, emanating the resulting Metaphoric Power out several inches from both sides of the sheet. Forgive me for saying silly things; I'm a sci-fi fan.

In other words, I'm putting this story here because I think it is a complementary and opposite to the perhaps tired and flat shameless Fascist-Bashing of "Little Squiggles". Thus hopefully yielding fresh insights.



**A Korean shamanic silk**, artist's rendering. Yes I'm not joking. This sketch is trying to hint at a visual impression of solid geometry moving in space that you get watching this kind of dance. The dancer's

flowing robe is made of large geometric squares, with each large square woven in a finely textured pattern of radiant silk, and each square's threads dyed in colors that look to the mind like primary colors. To me this visual impression of moving solid geometry revealed a mystical truth about our misperception of time.

It was a teaching theater in South Korea where classic Korean shamanic dance is taught. My visit was in my first year as a U.S. Army soldier and at the starting line of my journey to become a spiritual person.

The mystic truth I experienced there is very well known in theoretical physics, but feeling it personally was like a door opening for my spirit. It's a door I've been exploring beyond ever since, a freedom from the mental tyranny of Time.

The mystical thing is this... Time is superficial. Hours and minutes are not a basic fact about how things are.

In what I've seen of that great beautiful art, the dancer mostly stands in place making large gestures that float their light-weight brilliant-color geometric gleaming robe thru space.

Watching this you start to see a weird thing like solid echoes of the movements. It was convincing to me.

It was like I saw the pattern 3 instants past, 2 instants past, 1 instant past, the pattern now, and instants of the pattern into the future. All of it was there and the

passing of time was merely shifting my focus. It was a convincing bodily sensation for me.

Here's an important thing about all this...

1: The superficiality of Time is well known to theoretical physics; in fact it's been a central tenet of physics for a long time now.

2: The thinness of Time has always been perceived by human beings thru fine art, in a concert hall or in the age of flute and drama by a camp fire.

**And 3:** As every great teacher has taught, mental freedom from the rushing days and minutes of your life is **an essential step in Answering The Calls of Spirit.**

But before we start comparing this timeless beauty to the wretched depravity of petty fascists in Worcester Mass. let me add one more thing.

I was in an imperial army. The local politics here had me and my grubby comrades as overlords on our visit to this wonderful dancing teacher.

Our General's minions here were holding thousands of political prisoners, just for being dissidents, and many prisoners from the intellectual and art community.

And yes I do mean our little party of grease-stained privates come by Army Entertainment Service bus in answer to an A.E.S. leaflet tacked up on the tack-up board of an A.E.S. library.

- but all of us now crouching forward welded to the front edge of our seats while this astonishing magic artist dealt in world-splitting wonders - me incidentally with a barrack mate's experimental-jazz record collection playing for me while our teacher went about it,

yes I do mean us there as overlords.

For we knew we were such in pervasive ways all us grubby low-rank privates could not help feeling, we having this notion of superiority just pressed upon us in our surroundings as we went about our grubby wasteful pointless greasy army duties.

And it was we privates, we, who most absolutely refused to act like overlords. Many true love affairs and true marriages.

Now how can we compare that local politics there with the anti-fascist struggle in Worcester Mass.???

I self-publish and one of my story books is military-related, with more of this particular story. Free book download here... [www.stoneriley.com/armystories](http://www.stoneriley.com/armystories)