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In America in the 1960s and 1970s ...

there was a civil war of countless sides,
fought across the nation with 5 particular weapons.

For example you have one side's trademark weapon
and method of attack, by which they won a few
major prizes in the big picture of the struggle.
This method pioneered by the California and
Chicago Police was implemented nationwide.
In the Police War faction their trademark attack was
massed 6-bullet pistols.

Call that the Sixties War's Weapon 1.

And another faction actually weaponized absurdity.
French Revolutionaries would have been proud of
and loved weaponizing absurdity.

It was a very small anti-war pacifist faction who
made ceaseless dedicated stubborn WAR by mailing
dummy blank non-exploding fake terrorist bombs to
Establishment targets.

Real pacifist terrorist bombers; can you believe it?
No one knew what level of absurdity they were
operating on but it was quite absurd.
Continued this laboratory of military strategy,
a shifting secret location where
1st partisan in a hidden basement carefully conducts
a hazardous process of concocting fake blank
terrorist bombs,
which 2nd partisan then mails out to various
obnoxious Establishment targets,
every delivery unique,
one by one,
FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

It ended with an ending you could scarcely have
imagined, for who would have guessed it could end
tragically? Who?

For you see, they were handling explosives after all,
just enough to go WHOOF and a big smoke cloud
when Establishment target pulls the lid off, very
irritating to the very irritable Nationalist government
as you might well imagine. But they had a lot of this
whoof powder laying around the old secret location,
while they puffed increasing bundles of home-grown
as the months wore on until the secret location just
went WHOOF one day.

There was a lot of smoke.

And you see, of course by then 1st belligerent and
2nd belligerent were both admired famous old
heroes to the Left, so it did seem tragic.

So you see improvised terrorist bombs, including
those that carried a payload of absurdity, and an
unusually large fiery one lowered by Police
helicopter that burned down city blocks, that was
Weapon 2 of America's randomized civil war, the
Sixties War when I was a young soldier.

Meanwhile the Establishment had a tremendous
propaganda facility that included not only the
entirety of Hollywood, but the entire Publishing
and TV sectors of New York, and almost all the
college professors in between,
an epic propaganda facility.

The Establishment possessed that plus
NUCLEAR BOMBS,

which everybody except themselves was pissant
afraid of.

So let's call nuclear bombs Weapon 3.

Weapon 4 was sniper rifles wielded by Secret
Service stooges and employees. However, I haven't
figured out much about this yet myself really, so I
won't try to write about it here.

But then Weapon 5 was LOVE,
weaponized by belligerent Hippies,
and hammered into working shape by
the American Pagan movement,
an unusual Hindu-Euro enthusiasm,
which legend says had 4,000 founders over 10 years.
The Hippies and the Pagans
said love could be used like sword and shield,
which did well in defense against Police.

All of this was inconclusive,
but all sides had children who are still here,
and some old veterans too.

Now I have not told you yet the epic heroism of the
Blacks.

Just because I saved the subject until now.

That's because my main intent is telling of my
adherence to Imam Malcolm X, a chaplain to the
American struggle deceased back then at the start of
my six most active soldiering years, a deep counselor
of activist inner peace. And he was a Black man.

Malcolm X was the first Black man I ever studied
closely. This might be a surprise because Doctor King
was much more in the public eye.

But Dr. King was opaque, impossible to see into or
thru for me. Indeed my studies of him now find him
hard to understand personally, altho his message is
good and clear.

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I self-publish as a writer and one of my story books,  
military related, has a version of this story I wrote last  
month... [www.stoneriley.com/armystories](http://www.stoneriley.com/armystories)

But I was a soldier and I understood what Malcolm said, and more important what he did, and how he died, because he was in advance of my thinking which was still just anti-colonial like Che, and he was a chaplain to the whole struggle.

When the Establishment finally tired of having Dr. King at their big expensive money-raising parties, tired of Dr. King because he always tried not to congratulate them for raising money, when the Establishment figures tired of him because of that, they turned him over to the tender mercies of the Secret Services, servants of secrets, and FBI took charge of the Good Doctor's Earthly existence and gladly staged an extravagant assassination. Whatever fate or duty chose this destiny for him, I did not understand it.

Yet still, that death pointed me toward Malcolm.

It's like there is a telephone exchange among the Saints where they refer you to each other. Like if you came to one but you need a cardiologist and they do proctology, so they ring St. Cardiology and send you over. That's how I found Malcolm X, like referred by Dr. King, but that's a different story.

Let me take a little roundabout; I'll tell you a little story toward a little lesson, a different story than that? About autonomous workers who had the boss's blls a hundred years ago in the great artisanal Florida-Cuba cigar making industry.

The artisans had the boss's blls.

Because at that time there were potentates in ermine robes across the world posing for the largest photographs newspapers offered with big ones,

with the largest of the delicious Tampa-Havana cigars stuck up into the news photo between their fingers, which was considered two-for-one good publicity by the ermine-clad potentates in those days...

One: It made a potentate look democratic as everyone smoked cigars. Second: Freely demonstrate their power to send the whole world a big f-you that left newspaper readers gesturing back in vain.

That's why the artisan cigar makers had the boss's blls.

Malcolm X was reaching for the blls.

He knew who kept the cutlery and where the dog shat and would not shut up. I'm trying to say he could play off reality against the colonial potentates INSIDE YOUR MIND, if you needed to have that done.

He could add up facts and find a human being in you.

That's what I saw but I was an anxious soldier, out on temporary leave from wars overseas, when I read his book. The agony of soldiers there later improved my understanding of the message.

His life was transparent to me from the first, but not the message yet.

I'm running out of space; what should I tell you?

There were others in that category at that time, good chaplains of the whole American struggle, besides he and King. Every city had ten thousand righteous prophets standing in small places with a few people and they're cooking dinner. That was the 60's & 70's U.S.A. But none other caught my ear like Malcolm X.

The old Hippie Pagan faction, the legendary 4,000, us still left, who decisively beat back the Protestant Police attacks, a decade of sorrow, with our absolute nonnegotiable demand for FREEDOM OF RELIGION in America at last, our early network tech skills, our nation-wide thin web of small tight cells called Covens, with us claiming to be proper Witches with alchemical theology, max size of cell: 13 members, all ruled by anarchy as an act of holy faith, and our massively coordinated love prayers, since then we have moved out to the land as planned, and are doing plenty well enough in the hands of our generous and respectful children.

We're dispersed but multiplied. We now have big annual markets and we still do the distinctive seasonal celebrations and funerals like the old days.

The entire American Pagan movement, old and young, all political opinions, which are every possible version of Green, we are now facing the coming death of our beloved Mother Earth

with Hindu equanimity and soldierly determination that we will be good humans to the end...

All of which are virtues I saw in Malcolm X.

Surely there is no sect or color bar to my adherence to this Imam, to Malcolm X.

For altho my religion is a Hindu-Euro enthusiasm, passionately enthusiastic actually, come westward from the East toward Stonehenge in very ancient times, and after that transmitted thru the Mediterranean culture world of Greece, therefore we have a deceptive appearance of appearing very White, but we have freed American law from a bigotry, its legal allergy to other gods.

For in fact we American Pagans are a conquered but escaped people, we children of Mother Earth, and I am Her soldier.

Always have been. I first saw Her reflected in the starry sky when I was young.

And I'm one of those who took this Imam's love to suffering private soldiers of Vietnam War U.S. Army, and their agony taught me Malcolm's message in a real form.

Surely there is no sect or color bar to my adherence to this Imam, to Malcolm X.

I have a vision of the hero's shrine.