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Plentiplex As New Word In Magic

I propose ...

:: **Plentiplex** as

:::: a new word

::::: in magic.

Example ...

:: Window in cozy tiny friendly sleeping closet,
where I sleep most nights;

:: a window facing east in northern latitudes,
this observatory, second floor
but ground level nearly as the small house

bottoms on west river bank under-rock,
:: this observatory thru forest tops is gazing
out and up just where I sit on foot of bed
before I lay me down to sleep,
and the weather variable.

:: That is a Plentiplex.

Any kind of sacred altar looking glass,
a spread of fortune-telling pictures,
that's a Plentiplex.

Vision screen inside your eyes?.

And to my shoes, my slippers,
my trusty Household Slippers,
the new pair... Greetings!

And to my hat, my fine hat not worn in 5 years,
there's no farewell to you my friend, there upon
my head the olden day I told McKinley what to
do. You old chum, hat of a fine nobleman, tipped
back that hotel lobby, we collared him, me and
Bobby and our two gangs collared him hotel
lobby and his gang off to lunch, Oh McKinley
shoved into an auntieroom, he listened. He
listened. Fifteen minutes. You,
my fine silk hat, were there.
You mentioned in my will. Good luck.

All three obviously
three more examples of the wide-ranging
and highly variable big thing
we ought to call the Plentiplex.

Perhaps there's only one.

That's my proposal in a nut shell, an acorn.

Proposed by me
as Druidry, High Magic, and Seth Material.

Aerial Spy

You see, there are three big influences on the
Handout Sheets' physical design:

- The anarchic Free Information Tables that we
set up in all the Occupy Camps that I saw,
- the shape in flight of the wings of a wide ocean
bird, a large one,
- and an anti-slavery pre-Civil War newspaper
called The Worcester Spy. That's a famous
newspaper I have studied locally.

But so what?

So imagine the Spy's stalwart energetic anti-slavery
news editor, subscribes to other anti-slavery papers
as far off as industrializing Birmingham England
and embattled Missouri, where competing groups
of anti-slavery and anti-freedom men

were already practicing martial law, before

the great influx of defeated German Socialist
Revolution refugees and veterans, from all over
German-speaking Europe concentrating into
St. Louis Mo. and then wiping slavery from
Missouri when the huge war finally came,
but that's later.

This is a time when the issue is pressing harder than
ever. There in Worcester their New England
generation's grandchildren will be private soldiers
of the liberation army of the Civil War, and their
children will be its officers.

And hard-wrapped small light newspapers sent
by editors to each other thru U.S. Mail
were going at a special postage rate of
free.

Our hero combs them all for all the most clear and
revealing bits and corners of slavery info, as all the
editors in the cause are joyful to reprint good stuff
off each other.

Yeah, but the Handout Sheet's physical design?
What did all this look like in the newspaper pages
of the Worcester Spy?

Much like the dreams of a large wide-ocean bird on
huge wings soaring down an equatorial wind to the
fishing banks of Leyte, much like some deep
thinking in our stalwart anti-slavery Editor of the
Worcester Spy, some deep thinking there, that's how
it looked.

While she or he pushes aside an empty plate of lunch. While he or she opens a corner of their big roll-top desk and there it is at last. Put on top of your incoming mail by courtesy of your local postal staff who sympathize with you.

At last, first one in three months. The tight little packet of a hard-folded light small newspaper with a big Roman F at the center of the uniformly hard-folded packet, that being the top left center letter of its masthead. Big Roman F surrounded by other ink. They're the only anti-slavery paper who showed a big Roman F on the center edge of their hard-folded packet, the Frankfort Kentucky Liberty, first issue that's arrived in Worcester in three months.

This will be Edith herself, who with her sister and a pressman they hire with an old press, who comprise the Frankfort Liberty, this is her first-hand reporting as an eyewitness at an incident. This will be Edith reporting from a courtroom.

A local case had risen to a local high court in Frankfort Kentucky, a tiny place that called itself a state capital city of the slave-holding South, and the high judge there followed common practice in the place, in a certain customary way inadvertently revealing to common sense in a brief news report that human slavery is entirely a fraud.

The case, as our Spy Editor will soon see, concerned something quite homely and touching, a marriage license, and the verdict is outrageous cruel nonsense. Edith's clip is brief, it is legit, and it will sound very likely big for provoking anti-slavery thought and sympathy in Worcester.

And by lucky chance, or by the curve of events, there is still a small open spot for it ON PAGE ONE, open spot just big enough in the growing typeset frame of page one of this week's coming Spy. The layout grows remarkably similar to the fortuitous array of offerings on an Occupy Camp's Free Information Table if you stand there and look at it. So she or he, our Editor, sees the big F in the corner of the roll-top desk and now is reaching for it to begin the daily clipping task in the weekly cycle of the Worcester Spy with sacred joy.

So now the great bird's flight, a flight of dreaming days and nights, down an equatorial wind to Leyte fishing grounds, this takes the same high-arching shape as that. Too in physical expression same line as flexing of its wing, suddenly, in last inch of descent into the water.

What are the dreams of such a strange and lovely thing? Our Editor dreams to do a perfect deed of stalwart beauty. This in physical expression takes a certain shape in pages of the paper. It finds an eloquence of place and time and things surrounding.

~~~~~ **Pre-Flight Check**

As you would guess,
my effort to understand and consult the song-birds
remaining in this place is far more than casual.

Even doing so simply at this place, this river
valley clearing in a large extensive forest,
my effort just here, is despearate really,
for immediate inter-species consultation,
far more than merely casual,
pressed for time,

as you would guess.

For I hear their voices,
this spring suddenly all lone individual voices,
from deep into this forest's interior.

All lone voices I hear in there this spring
suddenly, as you would guess.

Thank Darwin's wisdom, fellow children of the
humans, we now understand our ears and song,
the song-birds' ears and song, now we undersand
WHY our music and theirs are so the same!!
All life is life, and we are here together.

So we MUST talk!!

~~~~~ **Prepared To Cast Away A Line**

Now all I've got to say is, here at the end,
It's been good knowing you,
Us here at the end.

You ever need a funeral done, just let me know.
Neighborhood thing, bind you over for a journey.
Just let me know, I'll cast a line away as
good as anyone. Harmonica.

~~~~~ **Osiris Rows Into The Water**

He would take to the oars at first, he decided now,
because he had to test himself;
he needed, first of all, to see how soon the fabled
Ethereal Tide would force him to rig the gull's-wing
linen sail that would stand head-high, and let him-
self lie back for a rest.