

**A Spirit Hill Studio Publication**  
- A Vapes Helpful Thoughts Collection -

# **Cosmic Navigation**

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**(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 Hebrew Apocalypse 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.

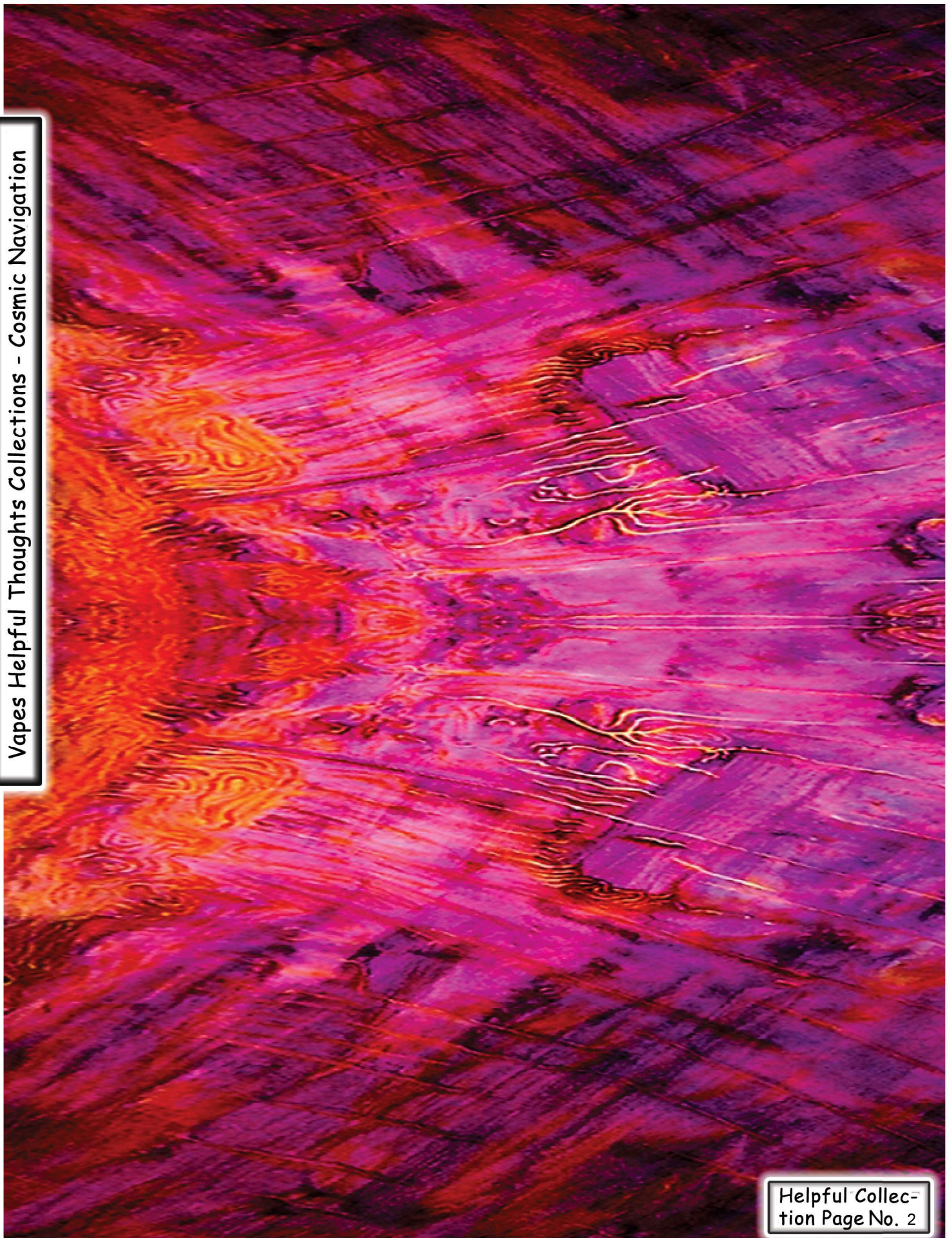
**The Circle  
Of Death**

Obvious  
reference to  
Egyptian  
mythology!!!

Frontispiece in  
the Army  
Stories book.









**Complete Instructions...** Print these 3 pattern sheets on stiff paper, or glue on stiff paper. Cut them out. Use vague hints given here to assemble, making a half-size model, excellent practice. Next make real box by assembling exactly the same shapes, but exactly twice as large, from corrugated cardboard. (Use lots of glue.) Finally decorate it somehow with one of your paintings. For performance put in public retail space, fill with Handout Sheets, invite public to take sheets, and friendly chat.

## Vapes

Plans

es

-

d

ern

at 3

Do not glue anything here

Glue this piece to the inside of the left wall

Glue this piece to the inside of the right wall

Glue this piece to the inside of the bottom wall

Do not glue anything here

Glue this piece to the inside of the left wall

Glue this piece to the inside of the right wall

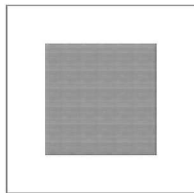
Glue this piece to the inside of the bottom wall



**(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)

**(Flip Side)****A Little Cavity Of Soil**

a memoir essay

Here's my reasoning...

:: My obligations to you, Dear Reader, require me to fill this page.

:: Meanwhile, on the other side of this paper sheet, **"Talking With Birds"** and its **"Special Note"**, both inexorably lead me on to thoughts of Yoga.

So that's that; I will tell you something about Yoga. Well then...

:: First you must understand that later I would headlong flee into the holy comfort of the embracing arms of Yoga, flee there totally, but when did I do that?

:::: immediately when released from my six most-active years of soldiering,

:: with all those years' heartbreak and activism finally wrapped up enough to soothe my conscience,

:: understand that I would flee headlong to Yoga later, as I've said.

But this prior incident was first...

:: The last spring of Germany for me, my last

:::: US Army private soldier spring,

::::: by then relieved of my proper rightful duties as a foot-soldiers' mud-field mini-ambulance guy, me relieved of that good duty,

:::: after the month in Mannheim Jail which was almost at the end of my government military service,

:::: me involuntarily removed from the good and righteous private-soldier mud-field ambulance duty,

::::: THE LAST MANEUVER TRAINING SUMMER EVER IN MY LIFE.

I had a mystifying Yoga experience in a piece of military-maneuver woods one spring day, a damp summer day really,

inside a small cavity in the soil which taught me much for later.

I knew enough to lay down when I was really hurting. The aches and sprains and staunching of occasional small bleeding wounds, and the very serious winter cold dangers, of foot soldiers often going out on maneuver onto difficult land, in the steep foothills of the Alps, my fellow soldiers had taught me that, taught me laying down when you're really hurting is very good.

And this upland damp forest was unspeakably beautiful, as Korea taught me to see.

Nowadays I am an American Pagan, an unusual Hindu-Euro enthusiasm first gone west from the ancient Mystical East toward Stonehenge in very old times.

So I'm saying my American Pagan religion it is an old Hindu-Euro thing involving thinking like Hellenistic Greek Alchemy did in fact think, in case you're interested in anything like that, and I'm quite enthusiastic about it really.

But the point is,

In our religion generally we see Yoga as the most simple and direct form of the Arts Of Spirit, speaking from our point of view.

On principle that Yoga consults the wisdom you have in all realms of your existence, which Alchemy enlivens, in case you're interested in things like that.

And so,

That's how this small depression in the deep leafy dirt, :: a sponge nest same size as my body coincidentally, :: over there a dappled shady few yards off the forest path, me walking up over small wooded ridge top,

:: with army gear of some kind on my shoulder I was humping over to somewhere it wasn't yet,

:: explains how a small soft depression in the forest ground over there was calling me,

Calling to me as tho thru ears I didn't know I had.

No wonder then, obviously I went over there,

spied about to check the place was well enough concealed, dropped whatever it was,

stupid object of the army, and laid my self down, and sank in immediately like soft butter into cream,

and felt connections open, and so I closed my eyes, opening inner eyes to unfamiliar visions.

A strange, powerful, beautiful, empowering first experience of Yoga.

**From  
Simple Tarot:  
The Magician**

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





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



## Laughing Father Sun

### Carved Leather Applique For Small Furniture

Carved leather, 1980's New England

This carved leather piece is carved leather. It is nice.

I was, at that time, a specialty fine art supplier to the Pagans.

The other New England top original fine art Pagan supply studio at that time, Dryad Designs, offered truly excellent and proper original statues, pieces that simply mastered geometric grace as a lovely skill, and were famed for their mythological literacy and precision, in very small to medium size, with at least one or two distinctive small tabletop Dryad pieces seen in most any New England Pagan home.

Me, I was a fine art Pagan costume trimmer one piece at a time, with individual carved oak cloak fasteners, ornamental knot work belts etc, and a lackluster compact horned helmet design, small furniture finisher as this piece shows, a magical equipment supplier, with unique adorned drinking horns as one popular specialty and a truly special unique Tarot-teaching card deck and Tarot-teaching method as another specialty. You can learn Tarot in half an hour with my method. It was busy.

I had a specialty in Tarot but this piece is both Tarot and astrological allegory, plus with its aspects of Alchemy more hidden in some of the geometric numbering details. The geometry is basically after a drawing in one of Joseph Campbell's books that is important to me for reasons of philosophy. And I am not making up any tiny bit of this, nor embroidering at all.

Piss in a pot and stick a needle in my eye if I'm lying.

I understand the Dryad folks have some of my pieces, check with them.

At the time this leather piece was carved, planned to adorn a small hardwood chest, which with other creative finishing to transform it into a virtually primordial treasure chest, which I could then show off as a master's piece of small furniture and attract commissions or so that was the plan for it.

But my marital status changed and I left that line of work, took up spoken word performance first, then painting canvases.

This piece is currently in possession of two artistic grandchildren.

This piece is not associated with the Vapes Shops Series in any way.



Leather carving feels more like painting in flesh, like flesh is the substance in your paint brush, quite different than other sculpting I have done. Corrugated cardboard, drenched in glue 1/4 set, is like molding liquefied bones. Later, gluing on a heavy paper applique is like applying a thin leather skin.



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### Artist Vincent Van Gogh

In post-revolutionary times in Holland and France,  
 :: Western Europe, 2nd half 19th century,  
 :: there was an artist who deserted his family of proud  
 aspiring bourgeoisie,  
 :: list of relatives including both a naval commodore  
 and a theology professor,  
 he going forth to stand in farmyard mud on astonishing  
 mornings with an easel,  
 or with easel and a lamp at a roadside on a starry night,  
 named Vincent Van Gogh.

Van Gogh is now world famous among artists and  
 revolutionaries world-wide for  
 :: mixing Human Soul into his revolutionizing paints,  
 :: or, as depicted in the poem below,  
 :: for projecting Human Soul onto paper just by  
 sharpening his revolutionizing crayon.

So here's an idealized poem of how it went...

### Sunflowers

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, better if we say 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.

### Artist Rabindranath Tagore

In revolutionary times in India,  
 :: during the 1st half of 20th century,  
 :: in Bengal State of India,  
 there was an artist named Rabindranath Tagore.

Rabindranath Tagore was famous there in Bengal State  
 :: not only just for his works of art that were very fine  
 and many kinds,

:: for example he wrote very fine Love Songs,  
 :: and Love Stories,  
 :: in their Bengali language,  
 :: as well as painting in an innovative liberated style,

but most of all not that,  
 for he was a local college professor there too,  
 :: in Bengal State,  
 and he's now world famous among ARTISTS and  
 REVOLUTIONARIES world-wide,  
 for what he told the college students there  
 in Bengal State, first half twentieth century.

If I understand it correctly, their local college students  
 were told this...

...At least this is how I tell it to students now...

... Everyone always asks How can i become an  
 artist?? How can i become a **real** artist ??? And well  
 it's hard to do. It's not a complicated process, it's a  
 simple process. But it's **hard to do**.

... And the teacher sez...

:: First look around yourself into the place where you  
 are, looking deep, and there see what is MOST UGLY.

:: Then, knowing that, look around again and see what  
 is MOST BEAUTIFUL there where you are.

:: Now decide how you can serve that beauty.  
 And simply by actually thinking this, you have  
 become a real artist.

### 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 –

These pictures tell of a "Chemical Marriage" in my own life. That is the title of a famous old book in the mystic faith of Alchemy that came to Europe from the East.

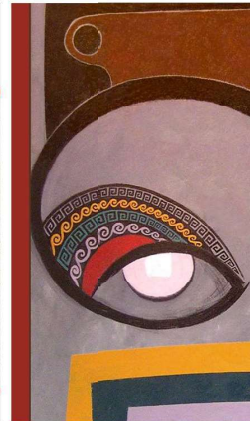
So my real life event held the same mysticism as sung by the great poets Rumi and Lao Tsu in the East. They famously sang of Holy Spirit in our daily lives and in our erotic love.

Not everyone likes abstract paintings. Not everyone sees anything but point-less surfaces, meaningless explosions, bland unlikeliness, and such non-sense in abstract paintings.

But so what? These were chosen for a story because there's recognizable things in them. So have a look.

And actually this fine art is friendly. You can safely set your eyes free to guess. Just look, read the text and look again. Maybe you've felt what happened for my beloved and i.

Here is a painted travelogue of my path thru erotic love toward Cosmic Consciousness, as we called Spirit's Home in the olden days when I was young.

1st  
Turn


1st Turn Left to right:

Pic.1 Drum

Pic.2 Antigone

Pic.3 Portrait Of A Self-Constructed Man  
Young Pilgrim internalizes the state of violence and siege that dominates surrounding culture, mistakes that for the controlling structure of his self.

2nd  
Turn


2nd Turn Left to right:

Pic.4 Dreamer Summer

Pic.5 Drone Strike In North Waziristan  
Pic.6 Lost Child

Pilgrim's self, not knowing love, is empty of color and taste, making it possible to ignore distaste with society's heinous customs, thus possible to participate in them, thus arriving at a prison of shame and remembered pain.

3rd  
Turn

Four  
more  
turns


3rd Turn Left to right:

Pic.7 B22 Hit And Losing Altitude

Pic.8 Extrasensory Perception

Life, both around and inside, crashes down to desperate struggle, but in seeking hope Pilgrim finds service to others, and finds a clean pure way to give of himself, giving of his whole self in useful psychic work.

Continued on next page.





4th  
Turn

4th Turn Left to right:

Pic.9 Flowers On A Shelf

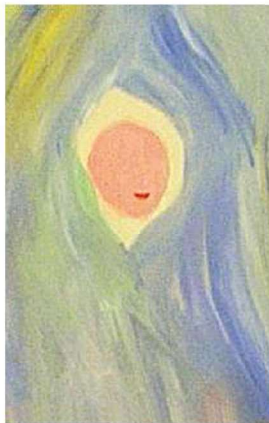
Pic.10 Elemental Altar

Pic.11 Dreamer Winter

After wandering upward, hand in hand with others, thru darkness of shame and remembered pain, guided only by honest effort toward an inner vision, looking seriously toward the center of things, a sacred point is reached, bursting in an ignition of creative fire.

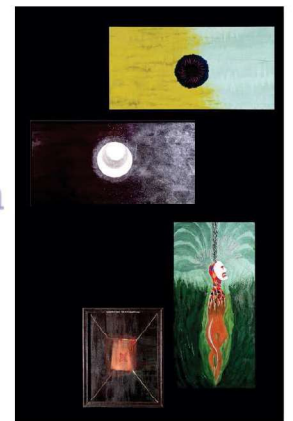
5th Turn Pic.12 Someone's Face

The Sun, Moon and Fool cards are copied out of Simple Tarot onto large painted boards and hung on the bedroom's north wall at Spirit Hill. A hundred canvases going where? Poem "Journey To The West" is read in public. Surgery a complete success.



6th  
Turn

5th  
Turn



6th Turn Left to right:

Pic.13 A Friend Visits The Studio

Pic.14 Buddha Of Infinite Compassion

Pic.15 Alchemical Eve

Paramour agrees to marriage.

Alchemic distillation.

Paramour and Pilgrim roam the hills.

What text  
should I put  
here?

Would you like more  
information or a two-  
line rhyming cutlet  
or something else?  
A theory maybe?  
I can offer little  
crumbs on any of  
those lines if little  
crumbs would en-  
lighten in some way.  
Or else you ought  
to do this, not listen-  
ing to me....

7th Turn Left to right:

Pic.16 Islands Of Dream

Pic.17 Epiphany In Green

Vision is unveiled and entered  
so a true human life as loving  
child of Earth begins.

..... Look inside yourself  
and TASTE and SMELL  
everything. This is all you.  
And think to yourself like  
the Hellenistic Greeks did:  
We are COOKING. We are  
trying to cook ourselves into  
the perfect health drink  
for Holy Spirit.

7th  
Turn











## Drone Strike In North Waziristan

by Stone Riley

in December 2012

A political painting with poems

Acrylic paint on canvas,

48 x 24 inches = 122 x 61 cm

### Poem 1: While Painting

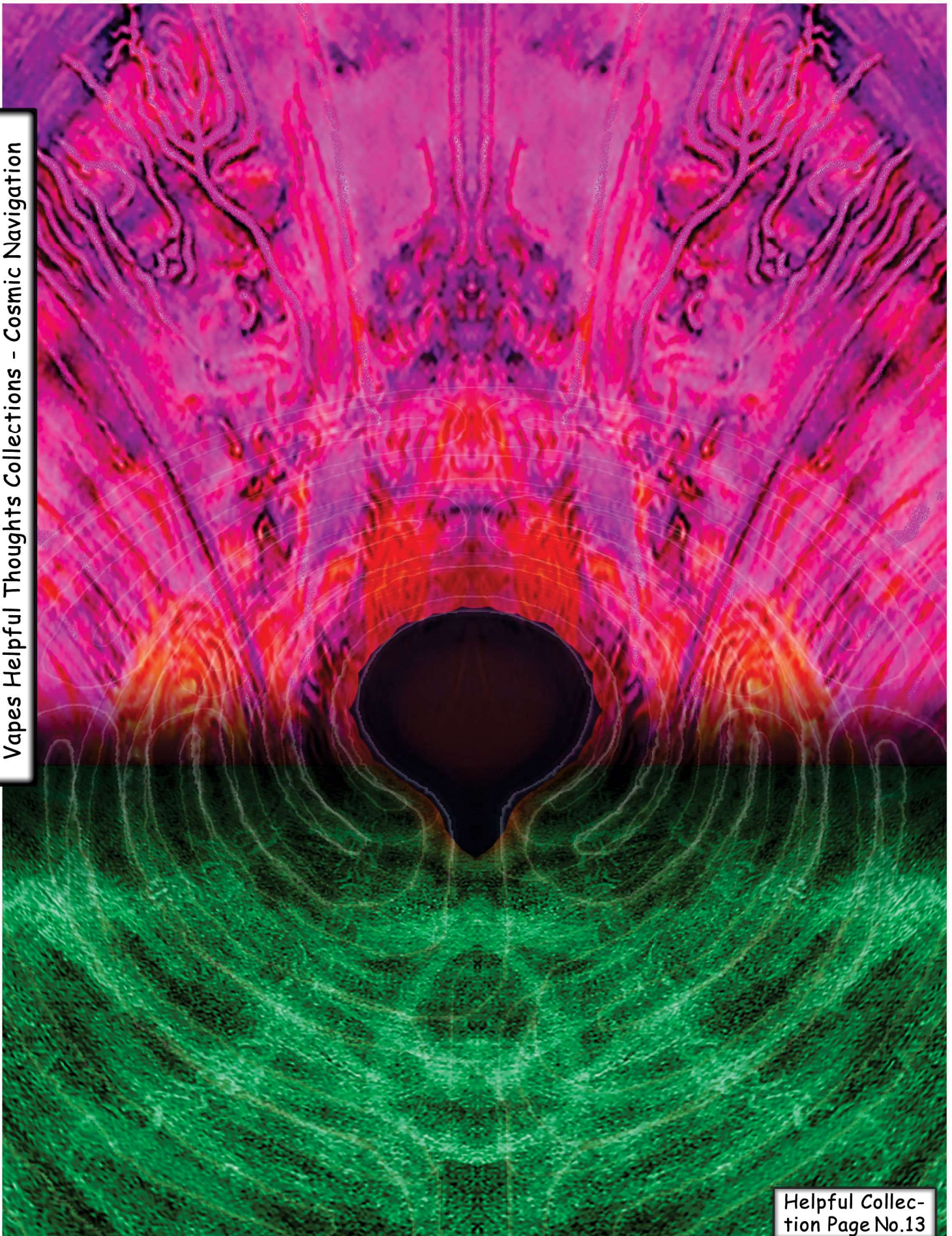
My son and his wife just had  
a baby,  
a beautiful new astonishing  
human child.

Last month two women  
went out to a water well  
at night  
and were rendered into  
bloody pieces.

I cannot pretend that these  
two things  
are different sorts of things,  
pretend that  
they are not the same type  
and quality of fact,  
for they are human facts.

I cannot say,  
Oh one is mine and one  
not mine,  
for my one human heart  
strains to encompass both  
and strains to examine them  
with the fear and hope  
and joy and shame  
and trembling pity  
that are all alike the province  
of  
one human heart.







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

## 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-arcing 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 desperate 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 understand  
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.

# Alphabet Of Life

By Stone Riley © 2019  
Part of Alphabeticon Tarot

## If you're chatting with someone or thinking alone...

and suddenly, urgently, for some reason, you need a piece philosophy or divination equipment, well here it is. Yes really.

This is an alphabet of life, an aid to thinking. You can use it for practical philosophy or for divination anywhere by yourself or in a conversation.

You can use it in prayer also, or after you've gotten used to it, use it in your dreams.

Simple example: Suppose you have a pressing question. Get it very vivid in your mind. Also try to clear hopes and fears away as much as you can, so they will not confuse you.

Then imagine speaking, like you speaking to a person, to Alphabeticon. Ask it to please show you one letter A to Z, or else show a number either 1, 2 or 3, show it clearly in your mind. Maybe ask for more than one.

Pay attention to what comes to mind, trying earnestly to fit it onto your question, and also free-thinking from it too. And don't let any fleeting ideas get away without you getting a good look at them.

Also consult the list at right.

When confused, often quickly, just stop, think back on what's been thought so far. Watch for the bits that seem more lovely, louder or brighter. Try taking them seriously.

Seek some large or small voice of beauty, truth and love.

Over time study this art. It is an art of reverently and respectfully asking and listening as in the famous "Grail Question".

This Alphabeticon method is based on Tarot cards. Here are the 22 Tarot Trumps, plus its 4 Aces, multiplied by an alchemical 3-beat rhythm I feel in the Major Arcana.

Good luck. -Stone Riley

A <sup>is</sup> for	Apple	An apple is bright and juicy and there are seeds inside that will grow.
B <sup>is</sup> for	Baseball	It's your turn at bat. Things will change fast so keep your eye on the ball.
C <sup>is</sup> for	Cup	You look down in a cup of water and see your soul. Breathe. The vision ripples, changes.
D <sup>is</sup> for	Delivery Room	It's like you gave birth. You did good. Rest, then go ahead.
E <sup>is</sup> for	Egg	New things will begin soon. Get clean and well to break out of the shell.
F <sup>is</sup> for	Fruit	It's like you have become delicious by ripening in the Sun.
G <sup>is</sup> for	Greed	Nobody likes a miser. But you may have duties to supply. So think about it.
H <sup>is</sup> for	Help	Open honest partnership is wonderful.
I <sup>is</sup> for	Island	You are alone so tend your garden.
J <sup>is</sup> for	Jack	Jack was a brave boy who brought treasure home from a cruel land of giants and became a man.
K <sup>is</sup> for	Knots	Untie your bundle of stuff so you can swap for new stuff and tie it up again.
L <sup>is</sup> for	Lake	Lie down in the beautiful water and let your true soul rise up to the surface.
M <sup>is</sup> for	Moon	The astonishing mysteries of birth and death and birth and death.
N <sup>is</sup> for	Natural	Drastic change is natural, so be your natural self.
O <sup>is</sup> for	Oh No!	Total terrible surprise. Don't give up your finest goals.
P <sup>is</sup> for	Plant	The life of plants is slow and still. Patience is strong.
Q <sup>is</sup> for	Quick	Quick actions, quick feelings, quick understanding.
R <sup>is</sup> for	Ride	You're being carried to a new good place. You won't have to come back.
S <sup>is</sup> for	Sex	Tender passion. Be together now, with another person or with yourself.
T <sup>is</sup> for	Tree	Reach deep for power. Stand up tall. Stretch out to the light.
U <sup>is</sup> for	Up!	Leaping up into a lucky new life.
V <sup>is</sup> for	Vestibule	The waiting room. But you can get ready for the future by looking back.
W <sup>is</sup> for	Walk	Step by step, moving gradually ahead.
X <sup>is</sup> the	Unknown	Darkness. Have courage.
Y <sup>is</sup> for	You	You are the center of what's happening now. Be good. Everything around you will be good.
Z <sup>is</sup> for	Zodiac	Wisdom brings fulfillment. Be grateful, generous and happy.
1 <sup>is</sup> for	Unity	Everything there is or ever was or ever will be is all one holy living thing.
2 <sup>is</sup> for	Separation	Inside or out, if there are boundaries there's force and life.
3 <sup>is</sup> for	Reunion	All things are always kin to one another.



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