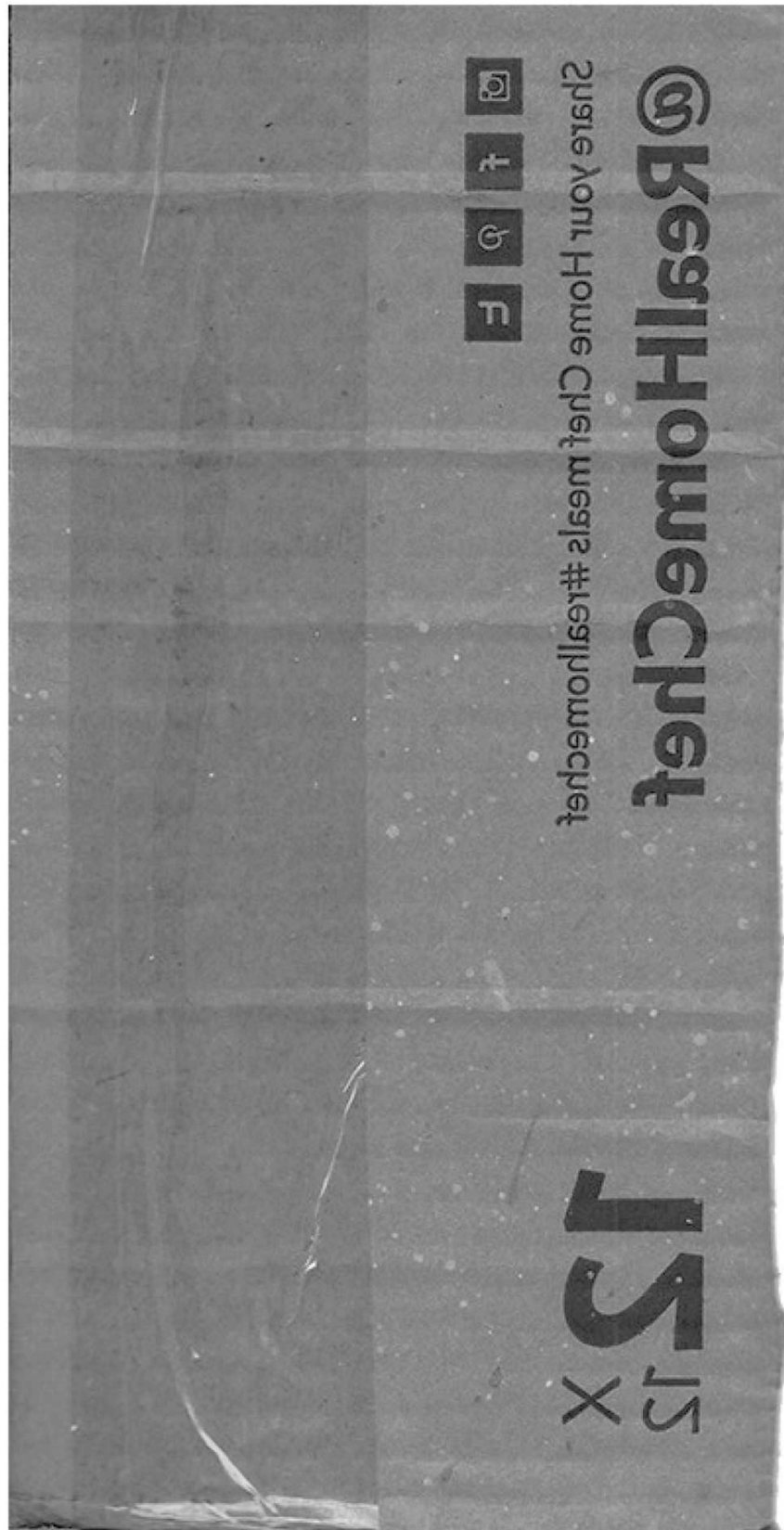


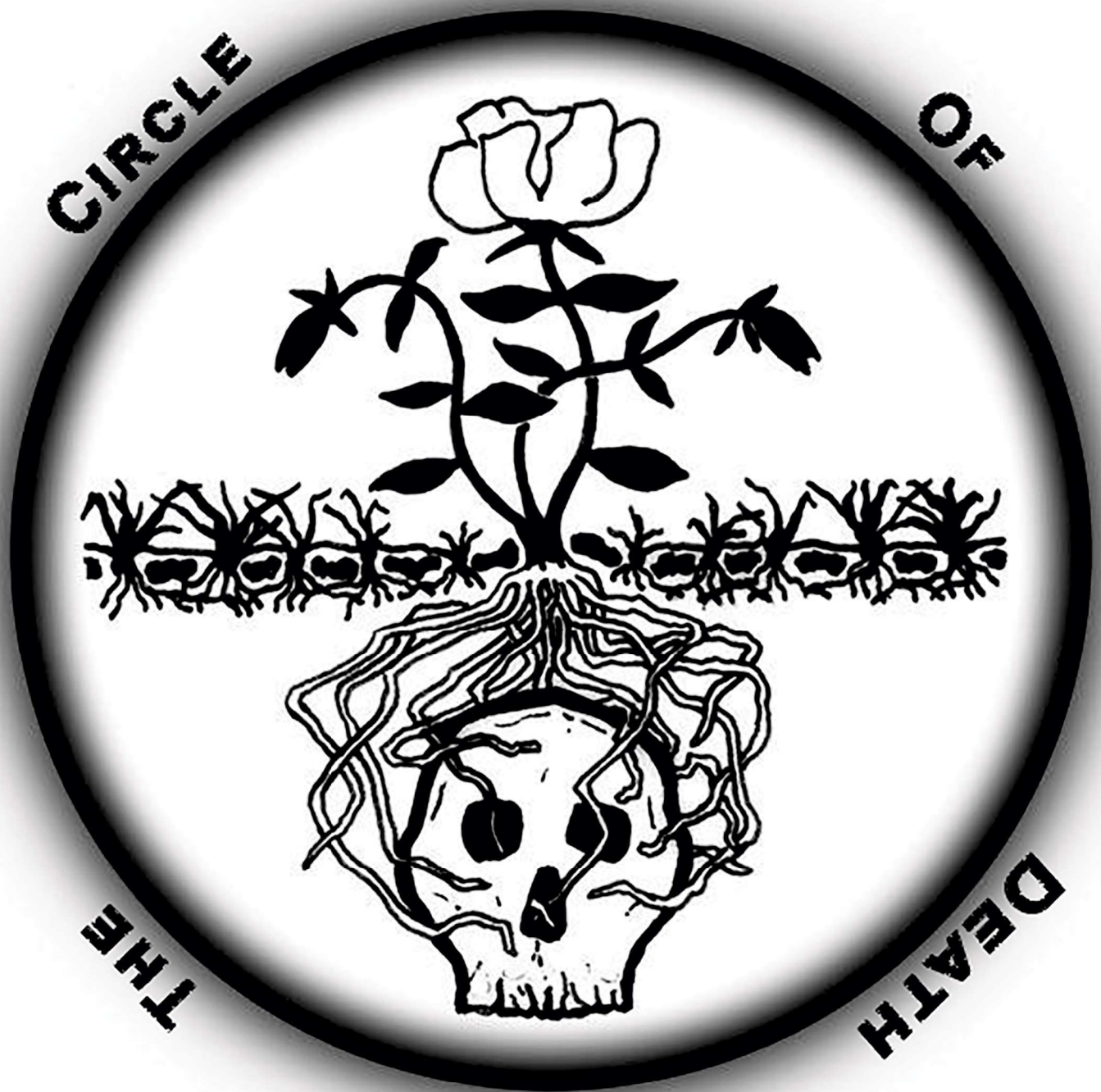
A Spirit Hill Studio Publication
- A Vapes Helpful Thoughts Collection -
Performer's Kit

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A Spirit Hill Studio Publication
- T-Shirt Transfer -
The Circle Of Death



Vapes Performer's Kit

!! HI FOLKS !!

Here... 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-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 himself lie back for a rest.

DIRE GATE stands tall tree
high two limbs broken down
thousands twigs dead on
them

just here Holy Temple Yard
there skeletal point down into
center of extensive forest
dying

things say dont go but must
find woods shoes again and
represent us there
at species meeting. SR

part of Vapes Shops Series
New England 2019

Here... www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz

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 –

they felt everything outside themselves
look into their being?

How often have the voices of the wind
told someone that
the spirits of the land are watching?

How often has the twinkling light of stars
stabbed deep into a human soul?

How often has that penetration broken
through the calcined layers of a wounded heart
so it might love again,
or opened

darkened places to the light of self-understanding
so wisdom could begin?

How often has the awesome power of beauty
caught us unawares?

Artist Frida Kahlo

Follower of the Mexican Revolution,
:: Anti-colonialist Mexico, North America,
:: 1st 1/2 of 20th century.

Here is a painter who some say her paintings are an
electric bolt or suddenly a flame of sudden fire of
unspeakable pure exquisite love, courageous, brave.
Wise suffering and final victory. Artist Frida Kahlo.
Erotically voracious. Lover of life, fearless of death.

She kept a lush garden wonderful with big tropic
leaves and flowers, with birds and monkeys and
painting students in it, all of whom were in love.
And this is true, and she walked naked in it.

Artist Frida Kahlo

Well, to ask in Classic terms, like art students should,
in Classic terms you'd ask what blessing did Aphrodite
Goddess place on the anti-colonial Mexico cause, Her
miraculous blessing being Kahlo's paintings?? If we're
interested in art shouldn't we think that is the question?
So look at it. See how it is Eternal Revolution.

Artist Rebecca Solnit

Early Next Revolution times in USA,
:: North America,
:: beginning in last 1/4 of 20th century,
there is an artist who makes great maps
:: showing how

:: human people actually live with everything, and
with all the magic too around them, deep multi-
dimensional printed paper maps.

Lots of bits all coordinated fold out, you can study any
mix of kinds of integration. She's a hero for the maps.

And it was she, thru meticulously investigated precise
first-hand on-the-flooded-ground poetic journalism,
who re-birthed a fact that had lain purposely hidden
and forgotten by us under capitalism, a fact submerged
into our unconscious ever since the old modern culture
world began, for it proves that money has no worth.
It is Solnit who re-birthed for our new culture world
now a purposely forgotten fact...

Human beings love each other and treat each other
well, like family, in disasters.

This fact is so corrosive of capitalism that entire
disciplines of psychiatry and economics were invented
to support the fictional absence of genuine humanity
from humans. The capitalist fiction that we are all
greedy villains. She freed us from that lie.

Thru prosody about a hurricane and flooded city,
in a book called Paradise Built In Hell,
in our time it was Solnit who taught us about the
human **Disaster Response Love Instinct**.

Artist Molly Crabapple

At active start of Next Revolution times in USA,
:: North America,
:: Now, 1st 1/4 21st century,
there is an artist who's deserted from the swollen ranks
of hopeless and despairing people. Thru a woven mass
of beautiful hand-drawn journalistic videos,
effecting an india ink realism style of impressive grace,
this artist thru that means has taken up Solnit's wisest
proposition for these fateful times,
that we live as if we don't know what will happen.

\$10 Harmonica As Profound Instrument

Want to play piano like Rachmaninoff or Monk but
you can't ?????

Give it up. You need an easier instrument.

You need harmonic. \$10. Has ten beautiful notes
– same notes that's on a clarinet by Gd. Comes in your
own preferred choice of 6 different keys!!!

Same notes a clarinet has but only 10 of them!!!
Got grandchildren??? Buy a bag full of real musical
instruments and tell merchant give you half off.

Seriously. And if you like Mozart, right away you
can play tiny Mozart nibbles with those 10 notes.

Hint: Got a Mozart tune and can't help it, really got to go PAST note 10, up
to note 11 which aint there? **Try this:** Bounce off the wall at end!!! Go back
down to 9 when need 11, then 8 etc. in Mozart rhythm. It don't sound bad.



Printed Appliques

The Deep Wicca Mystic Green pattern at left,
The Wild Outsider Funk Sci-Fi Starburst Red pattern at right.

They are morphed from two of my paintings...

The Green is morphed from a portrait of an acquaintance in New Hampshire, him seen as an allegory of the astrological planet Pluto. This pattern (at left) is from Pluto's glowing hair and beard, altho it wasn't green. The Red (at right) is morphed from a red starburst painting titled Tolkien.

You can perhaps get a vague idea of how to cut and assemble the cardboard boxes from this, except each box will also have 2 horizontal vertical internal dividers, if you know what I mean. Better diagrams should be included.

Make your boxes large enough to contain maybe 50 loose standard letter-size papers laid over on their side. Since each sheet's title is across its top, laying them on their side hides the titles.

There are about a dozen different designs for the papers. When you load the boxes, put the sheets in random order, roughly equal numbers of each design.

Operation On-Site

Place the boxes in a public retail location where the public will have access to them.

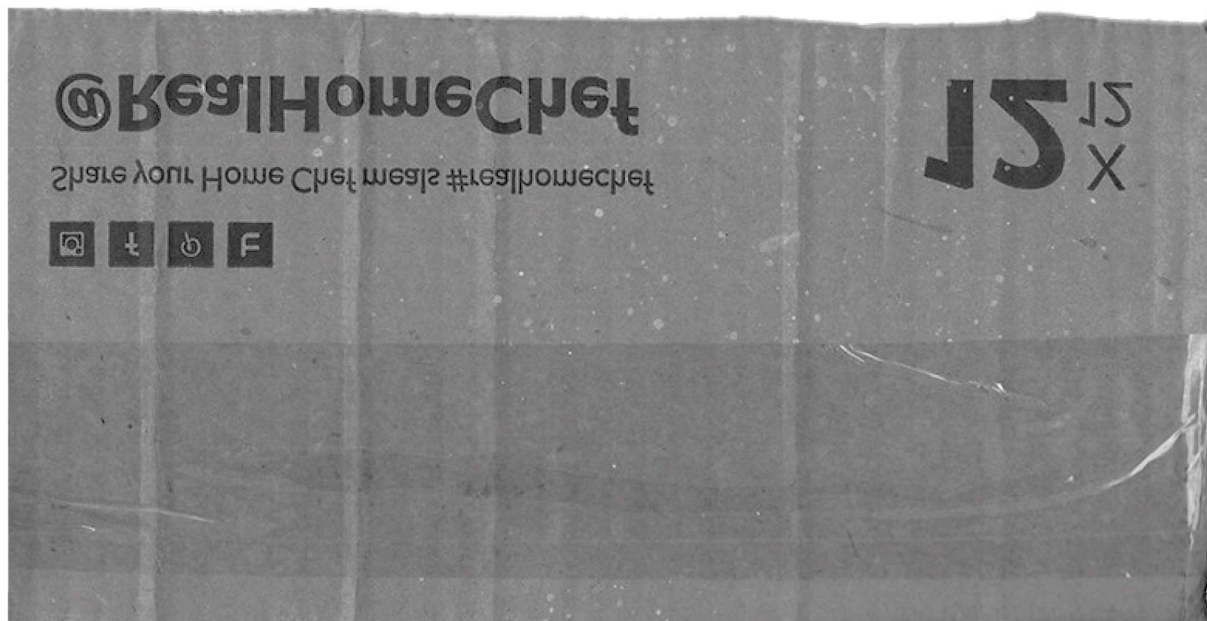
While they are installed members of the public will have free access to take papers from the boxes. The artist or operator should sit watching what happens, interacting courteously with customers and politely assuring them that yes, they are perfectly free to choose a paper and might enjoy doing so, and helping them in any other way. The artist or operator may play harmonica to add to the fun. Decide whether or not artist / operator will constantly straighten up boxes when they're messy. Decide if other personnel may hang out and intervene.

Don't film and probably don't record audio either. Still photos are okay.

Mostly the artist or operator interacts courteously to help customers choose a paper from a box, while mentally composing an entertaining or informative story to later tell what happened.

You can film that performance.

Materials And Handling



Typical raw material for your 2 fine-art cardboard boxes. You will need more than this, and larger sizes.

Glues and varnishes.

Go to people who decorate furniture by gluing printed papers to it. Yes, that's been out of style since 1893, but take my advice and humble yourself if necessary, as I first did.

Good advice. Don't waste useless aggravation by trying to use the Plastic glues that work in Plasticland where we live. Especially don't try affixing expensive color printed papers to cardboard or good furniture with that **molten plastic Gob Glue** that you apply with a glue-melting gun, especially not on expensive furniture. This is a joke.

But seriously, I was humble at first when started doing brown cardboard construction as fine art, utterly unsure what to expect from the materials, but if this humbles you, good. It is sculpture by Gd!! So learn the work, be a good wild hairy craftsman.

They have the very best glues and varnishes for fine-art work like this, the home hobbyists. If necessary, even buy an instruction book from them or attend a class. Lifelong learning!!!

Website

The project will have a mini-website at..... www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz

It will be a trimmed down version of..... www.stoneriley.com/dronestrike

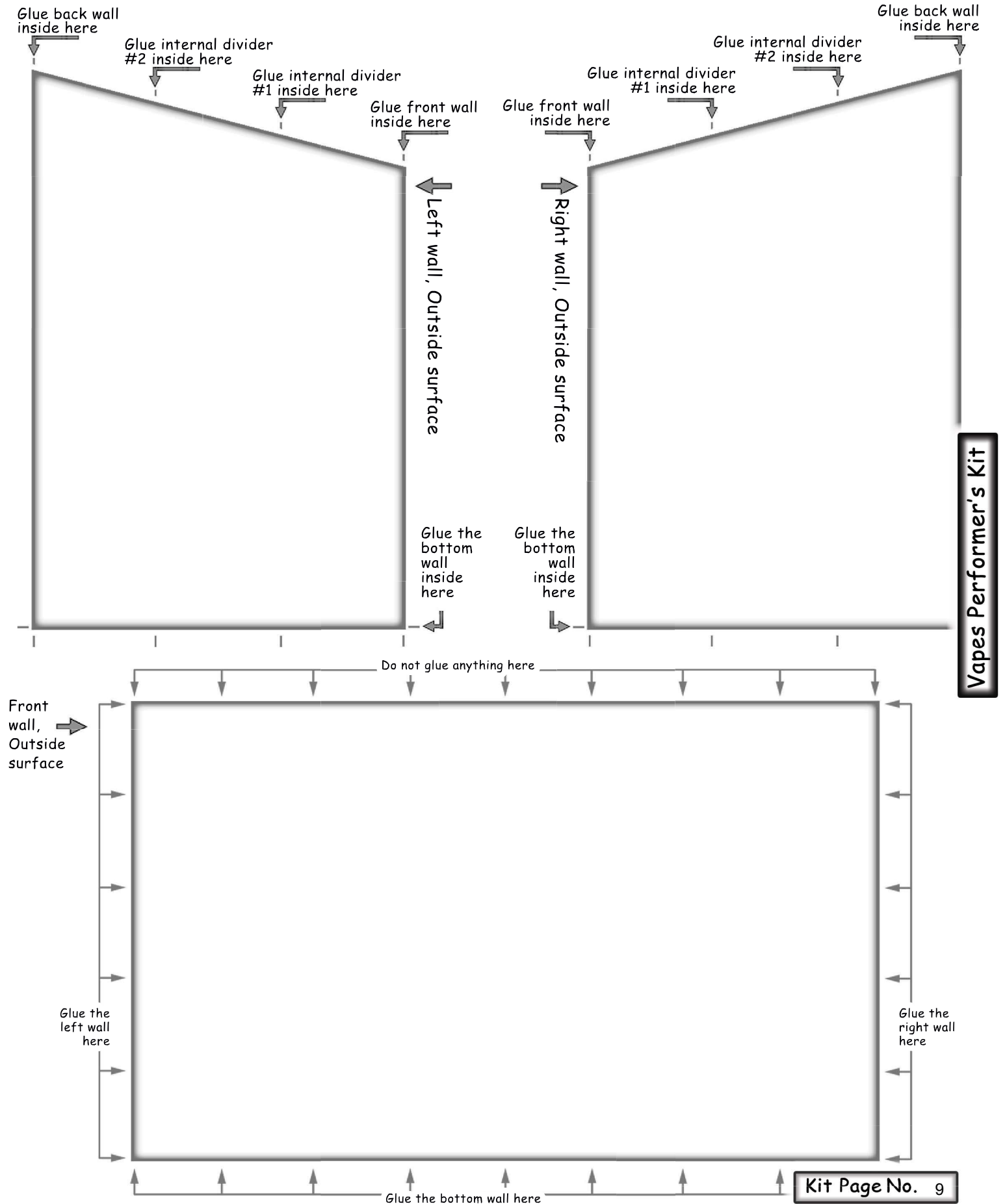
But very trimmed down, this one having nothing but one or two illustrative pics, an overview explanation, and a free link to download full project documents.

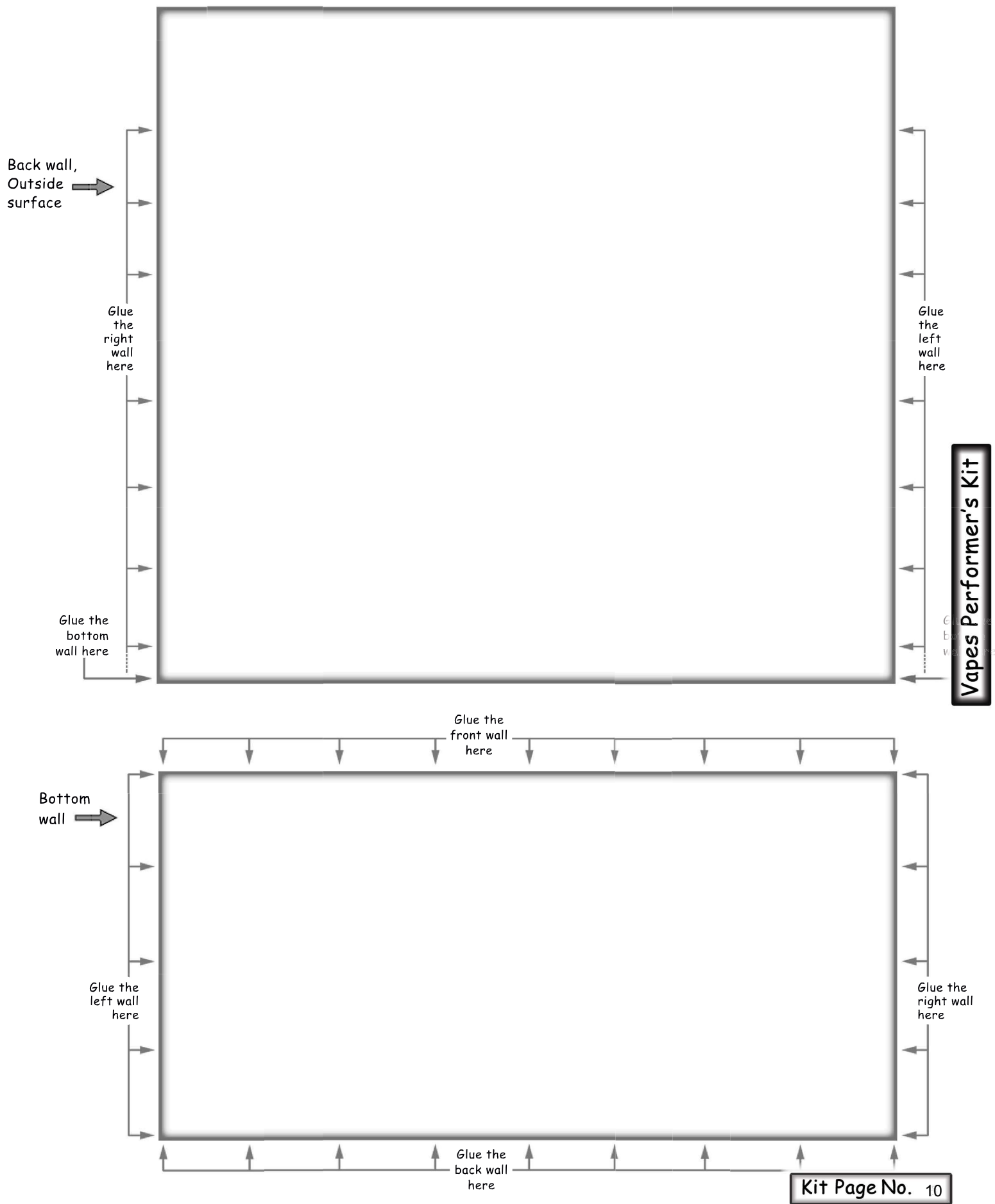
Not the Drone Strike site's many additional options.

Schedule All day installation confirmed 08/03/2019 in Canaan NH. Brief trial with prototype in a Worcester area vape shop went well, discussion with them again when material is completed.

Vapes Shops Series
Cardboard Box Pattern
Sheet 1 of 3

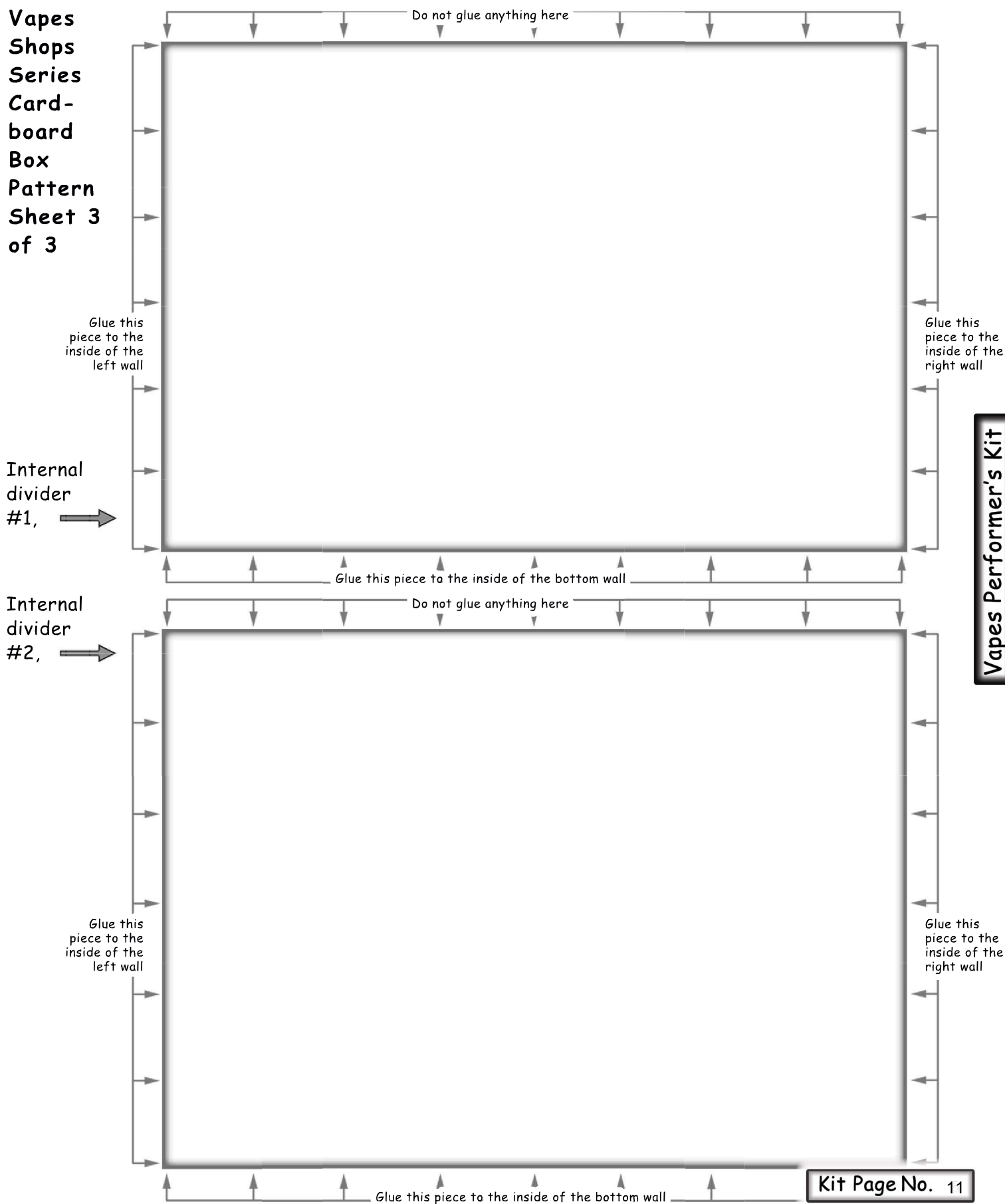
If you are Participating... Full instructions for building your own Dada-art cardboard box, or boxes, for the project's Performance Art Piece, if you are participating as far as that, your complete instructions are on Sheet 3.



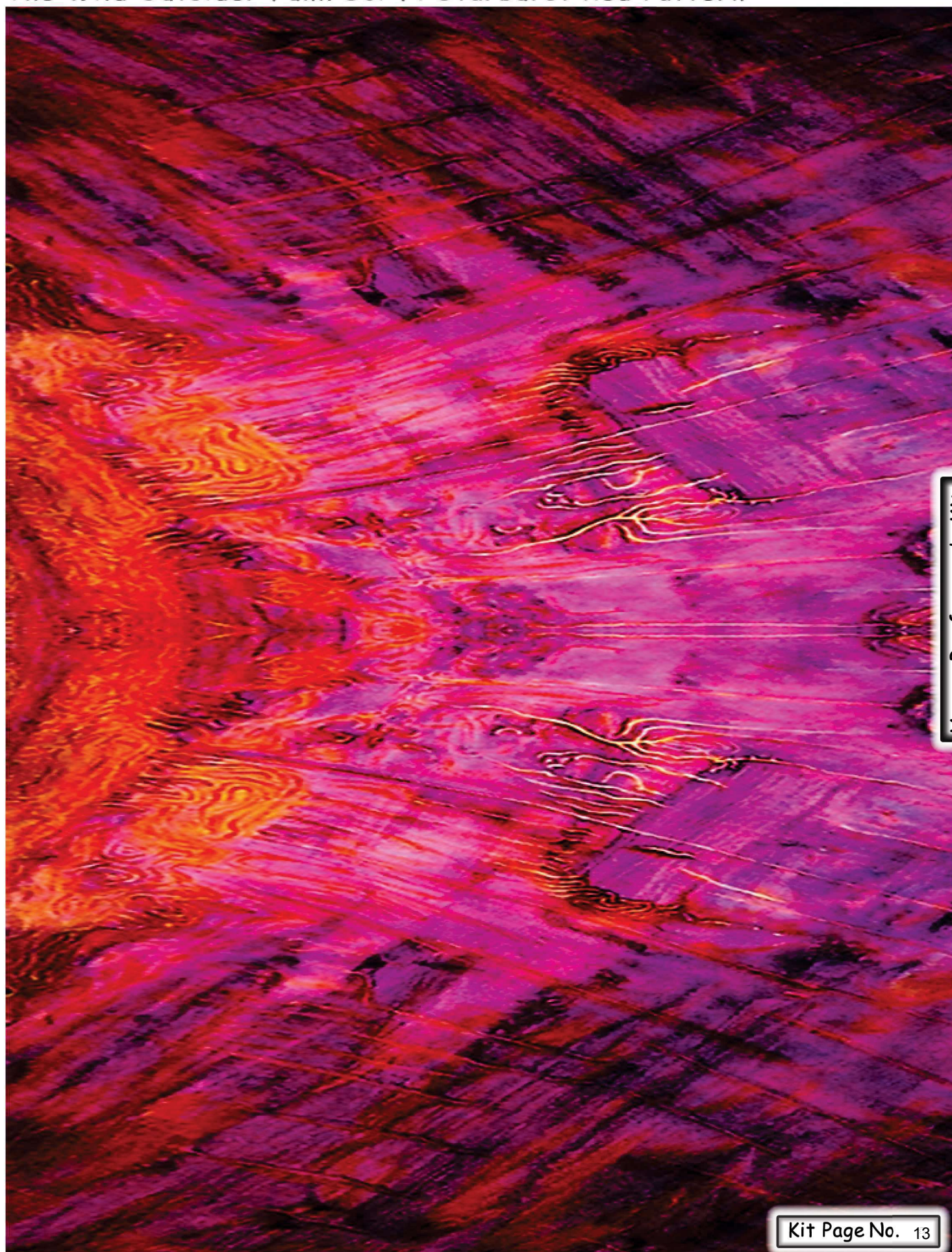


Complete Instructions... Print these 3 pattern sheets on stiff paper, or glue on stiff paper. Cut them out. Use vague hints given here to assemble, making a half-size model, excellent practice. Next make real box by assembling exactly the same shapes, but exactly twice as large, from corrugated cardboard. (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
Shops
Series
Card-
board
Box
Pattern
Sheet 3
of 3**



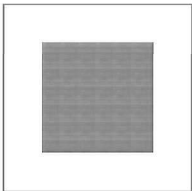




(Flip Side)**A Foreign Traveler's Visit To Korean Shamanic Dance**

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,

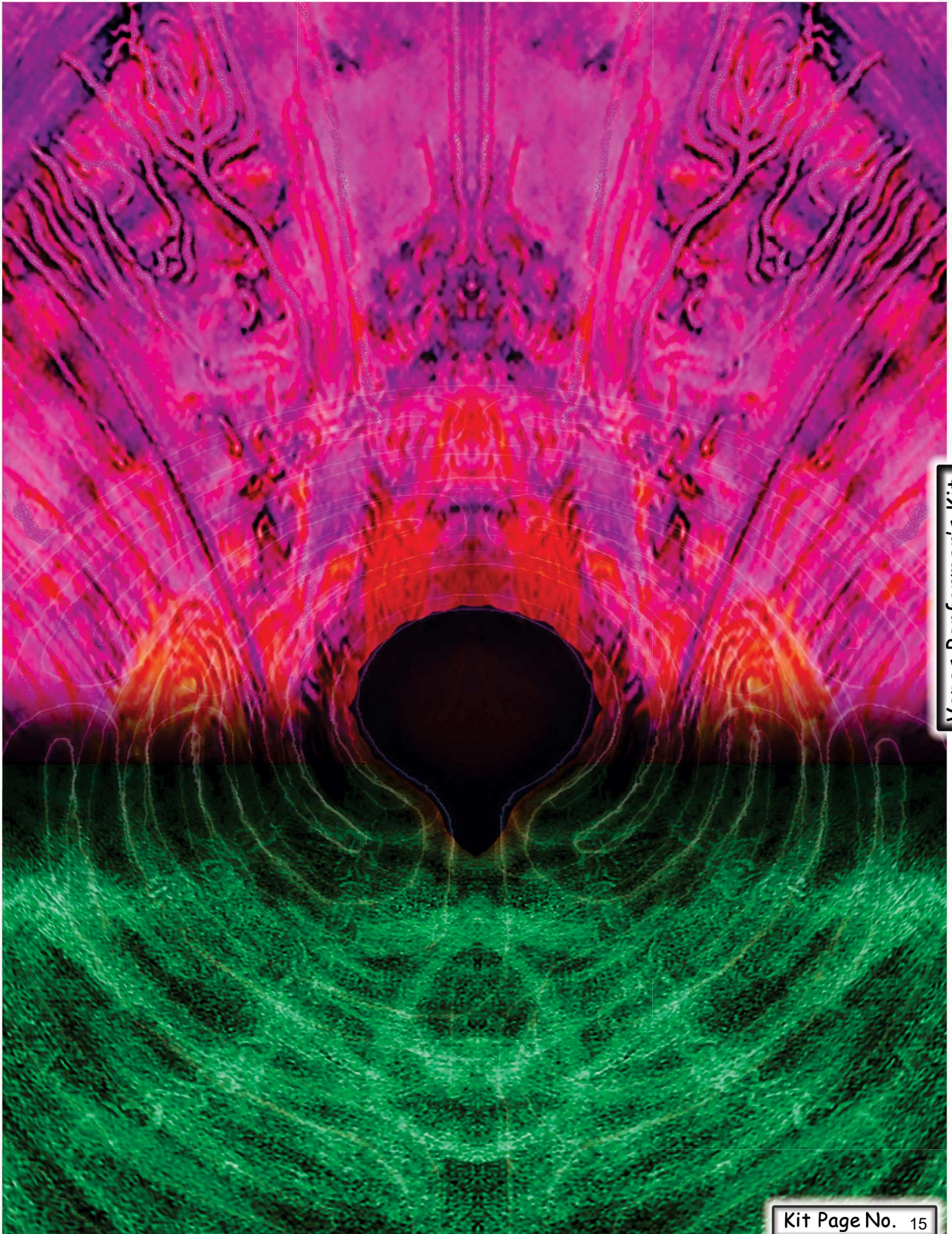
yes I do mean us there as overlords.

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



Here... www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz

I started doing this, I'm still doing this, I did it a minute ago out in the yard, and that is a fact. This is real and any human able to sing can probably do it. Don't hold me to this but I think most anybody can. Anyway, it costs nothing and it's fun. Maybe you should do this if a child or with a child???

And anyway, why not?

Talking with birds is something most people can do and I mean TALKING IN BIRD LANGUAGE.

(Obviously, otherwise what's the fun?)

HOW? You ask as if that were a difficult question. You tell them something they want to know. Give them real information that's important to them. That makes sense doesn't it?

YOU TELL THEM SOMETHING TRUE THEY REALLY WANT TO KNOW.

YOU TELL THEM YOUR BIRD NAME.

That bird over there in the rose bush looking at you is wondering who in heck you are, you know.

So that's it, there it is, that's the whole program. We're almost out in the yard trying it now.

(Sudden LOUD running footstep sounds, we hear opening screen door, it slams, more running footstep sounds on dirt, and now it's quiet so we hear a breeze.)

And there's a cardinal bird in the rose bush over there. PLUS a chubby robin bird's over there in the wire fence, the robin taking a little digestion rest from gobbling down so many dirty earth worms, pulling worms out the ground to eat, and the robin's looking at you too.

So what you going to say??? It's your turn to talk.

Don't just stand there looking silly, like a silly human.

Silly human, you're in the birds' world now.

YOU WANT TO TALK WITH THEM.

So what's your real bird name????

You need your real bird name so the birds will know who you really are. And of course it is you who says what it is.

After you decide what your bird name is, then you will need to sing out because you're the only person really knows exactly how it's supposed to sound. Or at least I'll bet you know how your bird name sounds today.

But really how can you find it???

{{zzz

Coach the reader thru a spot of soft yoga, finding appropriate voices inside their body then putting them together in a brief trill.

Consider using Chinese idea: body is bundle of conscious threads vibrating notes. Have reader imagine flying like the birds while listening inside and imitate what notes are brightest.

zzz}}

Special Note for fans of "Natural Human Anarchist Martial Spirit"... That's a philosophical inquiry I am personally conducting, with hopes we can train our children for a less warlike future, and so they may be better people than we are... So here's something special along that line...

I've discovered another small theory on that subject. I like this new theory. It says back in Paleolithic times, which I write about a lot, like with the Cave Men and Early Indians for example, as in the very oldest dynasty of Egypt, and at the oldest campfires of Ancient Greece.

In those Paleolithic times people did theology along completely different principles, and yes that's obvious, But I'm saying exactly what they did was this: They distributed fear differently in their lives back then, differently than we do now, fear.

Because any human children coming into teenage strength surely feel strong bold urge they must fight to death in our defense if we tell them to. And they quickly replace us as the Elders. So therefore...

That's likely how our current plague of wars has come about and how it keeps going ... We are likely still sending our children off to war in a sketched-up blisht fictional defense of their

great- great- great- great- great- great- grandparents. So now, how can we quit doing this?????

(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,

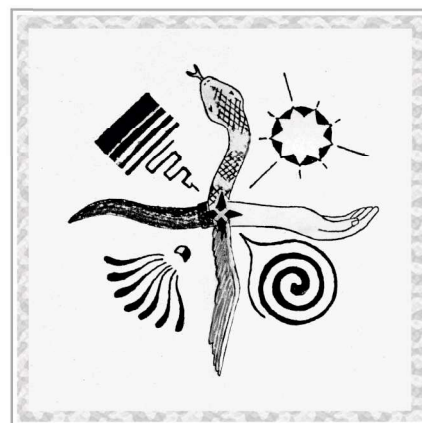
That's how this small depression in the deep leafy dirt, :: a sponge nest same size as my body coincidentally, :: over there a dappled shady few yards off the forest path, me walking up over small wooded ridge top, :: with army gear of some kind on my shoulder I was humping over to somewhere it wasn't 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



A Spirit Hill Studio Publication
- T-Shirt Transfer -
Corporal Tolkien In The Trenches



Corporal Tolkien In The Trenches A Part Of Vapes Shops History Fact: Tolkien, who
World War One Somme France Series New England 2019 at the Somme had a field
telegraph platoon strung wire across the whole dam' trenches, then hunkered into strong
point tellegraph station, making sparks among ammunition crates, but was jr sub Lt not
Cpl.

