

Who is Stone Riley?..

www.stoneriley.com/whoisriley

Want to book a poem/story performance?..

www.stoneriley.com/sendemail

This Climate Art Project's front page..

www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz

All of this art project's documents...

www.stoneriley.com/zallcomics

This document...

www.stoneriley.com/zsalonproposal

=== **What is this unusual document,**

... and why would the reader of it be interested to have me perform,

..... with their people, small group in New England probably,

... brief philosophical discussions, poems, stories, hour more or less, as we agree.

... me play harmonica maybe,

... and I bring a full decorated box of literary material as talking source,

... and it's **comic books etc.** from a recent

Climate Catastrophe Art Project???

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Hey, I'm Stone Riley.

Starting very young,

I was a US. Army soldier for nine years.

I'm old now and I have found my tongue.

I have something to say.

For months I incessantly thought, wrote poems, essay, memoir, set memory and understanding straight, and of course a great load of shadow stuff rose up into new clarity of mind.

I ask, with Empire crumbling in our eyes, this ordinary customary story of abuse, vast institutional treacherous deceit, for me chiefly deep moral injury, young conscience bent into deformity, plus physical death for some I loved and love yet, I asked this be heard. And asking, much more appeared.

With Empire, thank Gd, crumbling at last, my experiences might be heard, no longer slapped with patriotic paint and fake idolized.

It was the huge grief of Nature Dying now, that gave me this reverie, that broke me open.

That broke me open. Here Nature Dying.

Among the Monster Shadows risen up, to mental clarity today from long ago, This self-same Monster was encountered by me there on different dancing ground is self-same Monster eating Mother Earth.

Look, recognize now, it's just a lie we're told about ourselves, the modern military lie about our Selves. We're not its slaves.

The whole vast filthy edifice of modern war, of what we just call WAR, is just a lie about our Selves, about our inborn Humanity, a lie about our wish to do our True Duty, a lie to play upon the natural wish of youth, arousing courage, to do their True Duty, but a lie and lie and lie and always lie.

Thinking deep, adding up, I wrote a science theory on this. Simple essay, science theory, fine print I'm sorry, but it's written for Young Adult and Adult.

It's in the project documents, that essay. Big variety of written material in there, rushing to comprehend shadows rising into mind interpenetrated by the military abuse my country habitually inflicts on our youth for loving sake of World-Killing Empire.

That science essay says something you might observe yourself, about the modern military lie. Says, entirely contrary to that lie, we have from our ancient ancestors, Human Natural Soldiering, being when you steady, bravely, with your comrades, all at risk, strive to save the world.

Such revelations of our nature tell much.

We have a rich instinct of how to walk
a Good Soldier's Path,
to strive to save the world,
which Modern Times disastrously pervert.
They even need to tell us Youth's fervent wish
to save the world is childish nonsense.

That's among the Art Project's many documents.

My whole half-year reverie,
my whole remembering of things far past done,
of things done and gone,
example my war theory,
a document of my entire experience of armies,
it's in the Art Project's many-variegated pile
of interlinking poem-story-memoir papers.

After all, I am a Major Artist of these Strange
Times, therefore this shadow stuff risen into
consciousness for me is broad and complex.
As the very likely death
of Living Mother Earth
holds together and permeates
all of this reverie's ink and paper.

Of course it does, this is who I am.
I love our lovely Goddess Living Earth
who is my breath and blood and flesh.

I am a major artist and a Rousing Storyteller
too. Have you heard from my booking agent?

My Poem/Story Performance Credentials:

1. Bona fide Druid Elder...
Fifty years Pagan movement poet/teacher/activist.

2. Public Education History-Teller..
Five years a world-great living-history museum
just a pleasant drive from my house, visitors by
thousands, Old Sturbridge Village. Worldwide
thoughtful tourists and every nearby schoolchild
visits. Built my own curriculum on histories of
current vital topics. Learned the Sturbridge way
of seeking truth thru true story.

3. I was a New Hampshire Stand Up Storyteller
Champion in 1990's, doing Greek and British
ancient epic classics.

And now I'm here,
with a whole box of poems and poetic stuff.
A big candy box of poetic snapshots for us to
wander thru, finding a true story for us today,
you and I tell a story you and I should hear.

That's what I'd like to do, the Sturbridge way,
for the rest of our allotted time in this room,
If this is okay, I'll read a few selected shorts from
my reverie project's stack of papers, and then I'll
ask for your thoughts,
and given that I'll quote others.

I need your thoughts.
I need your thoughts to keep writing fresh stuff,
while the rush of things around us here evolves.

So let's work together like that, okay?
Let's wander thru this project's stuff,
successfully find a story
we ought to hear.

Okay? You have my e-mail.

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**(Sidebar)** The Climate Art project's Beginning  
Purpose Statement was really much too far non-  
specific. And yet somehow its Final Purpose  
Statement was even more obscure.

#### **Art Project's Final Purpose Statement..**

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Osiris Rows Into The Water (poem)
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.

~~~~~  
I want many, many more people to become good  
kitchen-table psychic advisors for their friends and  
neighbors. Learn to soothe wounds in a stranger's  
soul by means, maybe, of some colored pebbles  
tossed on the park bench between you. You'll be  
glad you did. I want angel cards, or gazing  
crystals, or etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., in 51% of  
America's bedside tables.

~~~~~  
Project Goal: Help facilitate a creative and joyful
reality-transition for our fellow human beings and
any others who request our help. ~~~~~