

cloud-hidden friends letter

ISSUE #16. FIFTH ISSUE OF 1985.



Bodhisattva flying on a cloud. Ink painting on hemp preserved in the Shosoin, Nara, Japan.

The "Cloud-Hidden Friends" are a small non-sectarian religious correspondence group. "Our pages are your letters", so we ask as our "subscription fee" that you write us a letter now and then. Letters should be in the universal spirit of the Dharma, and we would emphasize practice more than mere belief.

We look to Daisetz T. Suzuki, Alan Watts, Nyogen Senzaki, and Shunryu Suzuki as our "honorary founders". They are usually associated with Zen Buddhism, but the Dharma spirit they represent was a free-ranging and universal one, going quite beyond the usual sectarian confines of

Zen. They were pioneers in a Buddhism for the West.

Thomas Merton might be another example of the kind of spirit we have in mind. In his later years he commented that he could see no contradiction between Buddhism and Christianity, and that he had "determined to become as good a Buddhist as I can".

It is hoped that our letters will somehow help us open our hearts to each other, and deepen our sense of the Dharma. It is also hoped that in this way more than a few real friendships might develop.

CHFL, 753 44th Av., San Francisco
CA 94121

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1. This is Issue #16. The next issue is planned for late December, just in time to catch the year-end Holy Days. Those of you owing us a letter might consider such a topic.

2. Jerry Bolick, a CHFL contributor, has begun a similar Letter for those interested in Pure Land Buddhism and nembutsu. If some of you are interested, write him in care of the Buddhist Church of San Francisco, 1881 Pine, San Francisco, CA 94109.

Also Robert Glenn Beckenridge is helping to start a Taoist Letter along similar lines, which will hopefully begin soon after Stillpoint is able to recover a bit more from the death of its founder, Gia Fu Feng. Write Stillpoint, Wetmore, Colorado, 81253.

We would encourage the starting of many such Letters, and perhaps can be of some help. It is not at all difficult. A dozen people really interested is enough. There is some danger in becoming too big and professional about it all, in which case the tone would surely change. Anyway for us size is no measure of success.

3. Some Clerical Matters: Please leave margins of about one inch on your letters, in order to avoid photocopying and stapling problems. There is no great need to use a big stiff envelope for mailing. If your letter is lightly folded around a few extra sheets of paper, it seems to be satisfactory. Perfectly typed letters are not expected. It might even be better if there were an error or two, thereby perhaps avoiding the dangers of perfectionism. Note that colored paper often comes out terribly when photocopied.

4. Several of you have commented on letter-writing as a kind of practice and discipline. It seems some of us don't really know what we think about something until we try to put it down on paper. The process itself then might be quite rewarding, apart from winning any popularity contest.

5. Note the pages from Paul Rebs in this issue. They are from a book that will hopefully soon be published, and will then be more easily available. For publication information watch future issues of the CHFL. The pages in this issue are from the first several pages of the book.

Ananda Claude Dalenberg
Clerk, CHFL

Tom Thompson
Woodbury Yoga Center
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Sept. 30, 1985

Dear Cloud-hidden friends:

I've just returned from fulfilling a life-long dream of going high into the Himalayas to study with a master of Yoga. In my particular case, I didn't have to seek the master out as she was travelling with us in the form of Asha Devi. On our way to the mountains we were able to spend several days with "Guruji", or Dhyanyogi Madhusudandas, a 105 year old master of Maha Kundalini Yoga and the inspiration behind the Woodbury Yoga Center. He spent some time here in 1977/78 initiating people and training them in Vajra Panjar techniques. He is too old to travel now, (although he may return to the U.S.A. someday); but Asha Devi is his spiritual successor and she went everywhere with us showing us all the places that Guruji did sadhana 60-70 years ago, including the place on Mt. Abu where Guruji met his guru and attained God-Realization.

I especially loved Badrinath way up in the mountains. I wanted to go into Tibet and had someone who would take me in, but the border situation is pretty intense and the Indian military wasn't real happy with us wandering around the mountains anyway, so considering the fact our 8 year old daughter was with us, we decided to pass on Tibet until the Chinese seem a touch more friendly towards spiritual aspirants.

I ended my pilgrimage with a week stay in Ganeshpuri at the ashram of Baba Muktananda, who was my Guru. (Please don't be confused, the WYC is directly influenced by both Muktananda and Dhyanyogi as their teachings are very similar in that they are both Shaktipat Kundalini Yogis, Janaki, my wife is a direct disciple of Dhyanyogi while I'm a disciple of Baba's). I came back home to run the Center and get Kelly in school. Janaki is still in India, probably with Asha Devi and Guruji. She'll be back eventually.

So what did I learn in India? Absolutely nothing. In the spiritual sense, that is. That which we are searching for (God, Self, Buddha-nature, Christ-consciousness, what-have-you) cannot and will not be found anywhere other than where

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we are. And it doesn't matter where we are. Seeking itself is an indulgence, a perpetuation of that which prevents us from knowing our true nature. True meditation is not doing. It is interesting. I have taught various forms of meditational therapy as a form of stress management for many years and almost all A-type personalities strongly resist the actual process of meditation as it takes away that sense of urgency and frantic doing...and that sense of urgency and doing is exactly who those A-types think they are. If it disappears, they disappear. In the same way, as long as we seek, we are doing, and as long as we are doing, we are! In meditation, the doing stops and pure Being rises up! What we really want is to become "Buddhas" and yet have our individuality intact enough to enjoy being a Buddha. This is why most people begin to have difficulty in meditation. It becomes apparent that sooner or later they are going to have to let it happen and go off the precipice.

Dogen and Shunryu Suzuki are spiritual geniuses. What they say is so simple and obvious that we feel there must be more, there is some hidden teaching or secret. Not so. Just sit. But we can't "just sit" because we want to do something...anything to keep that little voice inside going, the internal dialogue that we think we are going, otherwise, who knows what will happen. Just sit. Zazen. When we sit Zazen we are Buddhas. And when that is truly realized, all life is Zazen. But we resist just sitting. Why? We know why. Do we want to do it, or do we want to play we want to do it. Being Buddha is an incredible responsibility. We talk, we read, we write, we intellectualize and rationalize. All O.K. Do we also sit?

"Buddha is what Buddha does; Buddha doing, is." (Doug Danielson)

We had a wonderful hurricane here the other day. After it became clear it wasn't going to kill us or blow the Center away, Kelly and I went outside to watch, feel and be in it. Absolutely awesome. Like the Himalayas. A good hurricane now and again helps to remind humans that there is more to reality than technology, tv and a neatly ordered life.

And a friend brought a clipping about a bus of pilgrims going off the cliffs and getting killed on their way to Badrinath. There were many times we thought it was going to happen to us. It could have happened to us. Makes you think...

With Love-
Tom

Yellow Mouse

CHFL LETTER 10/11/85:

Response to Alan Watts newsletter: the myth of ego: there is no such thing as ego; that one "part" of the body can control us is absurd. True BUT until we waken, that "fictional being" ego DOES control us in fact.

Klaus Gehrman: You recommend "sitting", with or without meditation, relaxing. Good, BUT WHO? is sitting there relaxing?

THANXTHANXTHANX Glenn, Robert, Breck for sharing with us !!!! Can I be of help (in the legal mess)?

Greg Gibbs: "- the resentment and frustration foaming out of (my words)." Being expert in these, I advise sitting in the midst of it until you cross the impasse (Gestalt) boundary.

What we need - and sooner or later will receive - is the translation of all these truths into easily grasped and persuasive metaphors relevant to our lives and present reality-world (wer-alld): America of 1930-2030 not Europe or Japan of the 17-19th century. We must educate each other until it is actualized.

Ananada Claude: THANX for the serious deep heart communications. "'Bo's' then are DOers." Jesus: DO unto others! According to what standard? According to one's own values.

DEAR MARIAN MT: "I'm no longer sitting on top of a mountain." Oh yes, you are ever on Mt. Meru, Marry, Mary, Merry. Now you have come down from "Nirvana" to join the rest of us. Now you can start to learn the ways of your new human neighbors.

BUT BE CAREFUL, sweetheart, you're in Mountain-Man country, now. Hayden Lake is Richard Butler's (66) Aryan Nations headquarters - KKK factions, Poses Comitatus, neo-Nazis and other paramilitary radical right revolutionaries who hate blacks, Hispanics, Jews, Communists, Orientals, Evolutionists, humanists, gays, liberals, the media, anything other than their own brand of "Christianity" and anything else strange. Butler recruited Keith Gilbert now neo-Nazi leader in Post Falls, Idaho. Kootenai County is trying to cope with it. Butler's stormtrooper's frightened the State of Idaho into passing a new law against intimidation based on race, creed, etc.

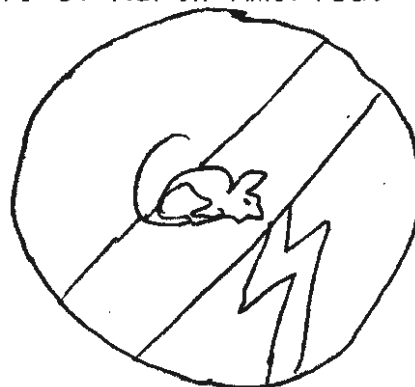
These people are armed and dangerous and pose a threat to all law-abiding citizens or civilized men (and women) everywhere. 4/29/84, the Congregation Ahayeth Israel synagogue in Boise was bombed minutes after a Sunday school class left the building. 6/18/84, Alan Berg, the radio talk show host was murdered. 12/9/84 Robert Jay Matthews, leader of the "Silent Brotherhood", was killed after a 36 hour gunfight with the FBI on Whidby Island in Puget Sound.

BE CAREFUL, PLEASE. These people aren't kidding. Don't even talk too much. Learn to listen deeply to the projections. I know from personal experience after ten years in Montana.

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My rich friend Boerstler: the joy at receiving the CHF letter in the mail. I, too, love the connection. But isn't that a form of attachment? And THANK for the Book title.

For all: I attended the 3rd annual Bear Tribe Medicine Wheel Gathering and Equinox Celebration in the Shenandoah Valley this Sept. FANTASTIC !!! So many knowledgeable people with such fantastic backgrounds. Sun Bear's vision is for the gathering of Earth People (as distinguished from Black, white, red or yellow people) to reverence, respect, remark and commune with the 6 directions; to make remembrance of the sacredness of life and being itself. The mag is ManySmokes P.O. Box 9167, Spokane, Wash. 99209. They use the word METIS (french meaning mixed) to indicate that 97% (or better) of our people are not pure-blood: it is about time that Americans recognize their true heritage (not Ger, Eng, Slav, It, Jap, Chin, Hisp, etc): The Metis Earth People of North America.



THE CLOUD HIDDEN FRIENDS LETTER

Our phrase "Cloud-Hidden" is taken from the title of a book by Alan Watts. He in turn borrowed it from a ninth century Chinese poem by Chia Tao. Lin Yutang translates it as follows:

SEARCHING FOR THE HERMIT IN VAIN

I asked the boy beneath the pines.
He said, "The master's gone alone
Herb-picking somewhere on the mount,
Cloud-hidden, whereabouts unknown."

(A.C.D.)

Klaus Gehrman
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Oct. 21, 1985

Dear Cloud-Hidden Ones,

This letter is devoted to the musical aspect of the Dharma, which I have found sadly missing in our pages. This need not be so. I am asking for support from those of us that feel musically inclined.

I am presently working on the idea to put the spirit of Alan Watts into music. If you already have an idea of what it might sound like, I'd like you to send me your tapes, musical notes, words, poems, or whatever you think should be included in what may eventually become an album to honor the spirit of Alan Watts. You may also use our pages to have your ideas publicized.

If you are not a musician/poet yourself, don't be intimidated - contact people who are and let them know about the project! I have already started working on my own musical contribution, and I'll be open to any suggestions that will help to make this musical dream come true.

Thank you for your cooperation -

HO !
Klaus

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Dear Fellow Pilgrims:

It has been quite some time now since I had the good fortune of knowing Nyogen Senzaki, a quite extraordinary Zen fellow. His "floating zendo" way I take quite seriously, and I'm half-inclined to try to start something like a "Mentorgarten" myself.

Now however most of his students have gone on their own separate ways. There are two other teachers who were profoundly important to me, Alan Watts and Shunryu Suzuki, but they also are now long gone.

That leaves me with many unanswered questions, and I don't quite know where to turn. I do remind myself that any really important answers must come from seeking deeply within, and I do really believe that. At the same time I also believe that we are all in this together, and that there is some deep treasure we can somehow share with each other.

For such reasons I was happy to begin recently a little interchange of correspondence with Paul Reps, who was a close friend of Senzaki in his earlier years. Reps is of course quite a wayfaring Dharma pilgrim himself, mellowed by many years of experience. I even found myself thinking that he might be able to answer some of the questions I should have asked Senzaki years ago but never did. I played with that possibility for a while, but it soon became clear to me that my real questions were actually of the nature of a koan, and so had no answers- at least not in an ordinary sense. Whatever answers there might be would have to come from deeply within.

That left me somewhat baffled about it all, and not knowing where to go next. I found myself thinking I might be just as well off if I asked a potato about it all, and a lot less complicated. Why potatoes occurred to me I didn't know, although I did recall that there was a Zen book with some such title.

Somewhat to my surprise, I found myself thinking more and more about potatoes. They began to symbolize for me the natural world around us, in contrast to the self-centered concerns of ourselves and our species.

One of the Buddhist teachings that I take quite seriously is that the Buddha Nature is in all things. Not just people, but also things. This suggests some deep communion with Nature, and it was this quality that I initially found to be so attractive in Zen. Today I find it as refreshing as ever.

Usually we are so utterly convinced of the superiority of our own species that we seem blinded to everything else. We can't even imagine a meaningful universe existing without us. Even so, such extreme self-centeredness gets to

to be a little too much for all of us some times, and we hunger to have some communion with Nature.

In Zen, such a communion might mean quite common things, such as rocks, morning glories, and maybe a bowl of rice. As a matter of fact, rice has some very special place in Zen. Even one little grain is revered and respected. I don't know if anyone has ever attained satori while bowing to a bowl of rice, but I wouldn't be at all surprised.

While ruminating on all of that, I recently found myself thinking that this might actually be the kind of universe where you can ask a question of a bowl of rice and expect some real answer. That being true, and it is in some sense, then why not ask a potato?

My insight, I found somewhat astounding. I began to see that potatoes are not cold unanswering objects as I had presumed. On the contrary, they are in some way great compassionate beings offering themselves up for the benefit of all sentient beings, and this in numerous creative ways. They come baked, mashed, boiled, roasted in an open fire, french-fried, stuffed, scalloped, as potato chips, potato salad, potato soup, pan-fried with onions, and in many other ways. Furthermore they are inexpensive, can be stored through the winter, and grow under very adverse conditions almost anywhere. Indeed, in comparison one might wonder about the virtue of our own species on this planet.

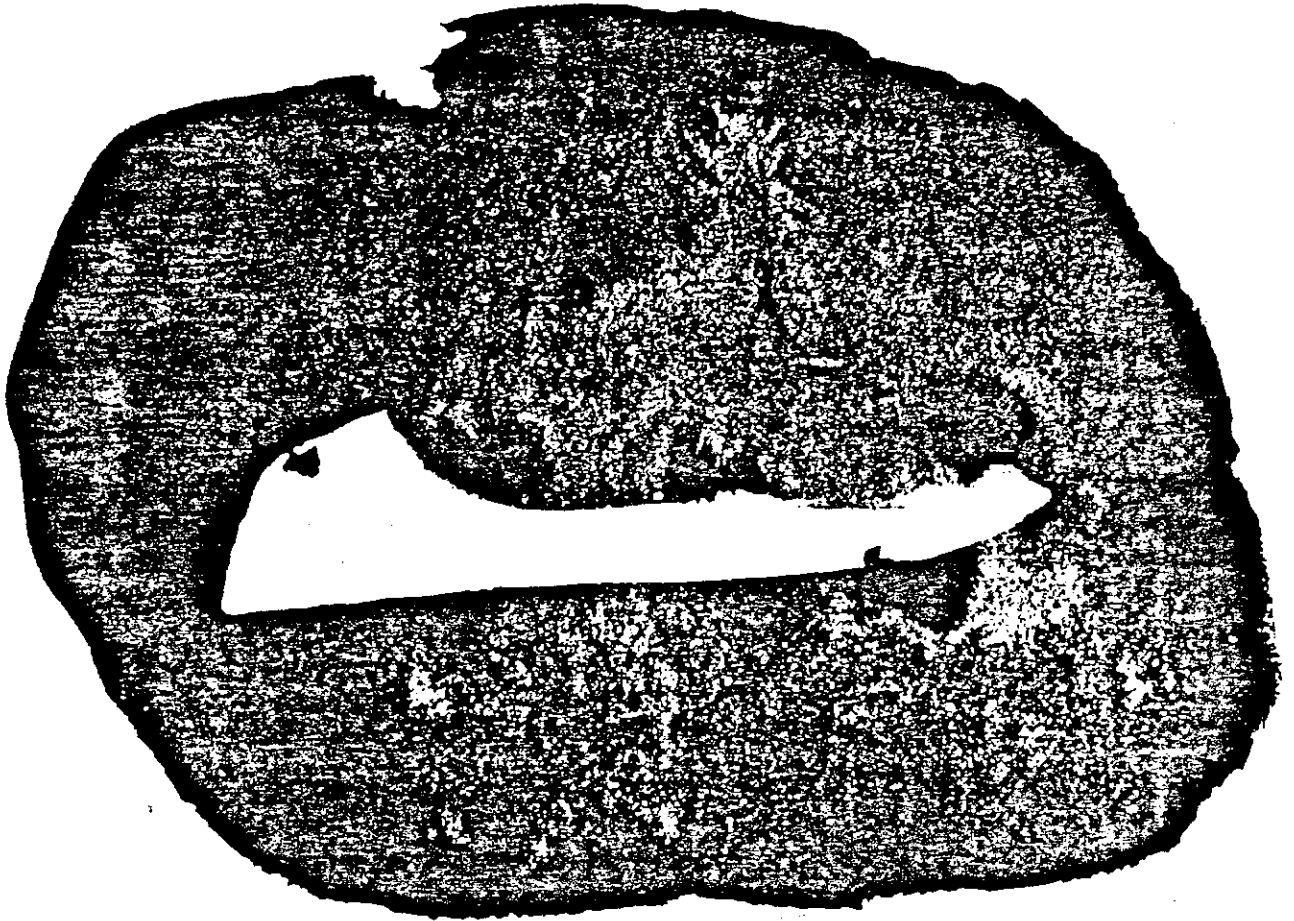
I do feel a little bit silly in taking such an insight so seriously, but I attribute most of my embarrassment to the incredible chauvinism we have in regard to our own species, as if we were the only thing worthwhile going on in the universe. But it has not always been so. There was a time not very long ago when we bowed to and sang sacred hymns to deer, corn, and great mother earth.

I then boldly began trying to compose a "Hymn to a Potato". It soon became clear however that my talents do not actually lie in such a direction, and that I had better leave that up to someone else.

My patience was soon rewarded however, for Lo and Behold what should appear in my mail box one morning from Paul Reps, but a copy of his book "Ask a Potato". Amazing! It is enough to make one believe in synchronicity and all. It is just the kind of hymn to a potato that I was looking for!

Om, Santi,

Ananda



ASK
a
Potato

reps

this book takes you in and through the do-it-yourself world. our tiny planet needs a complete transforming, a new orienting. this means you, me.

what are you living for? to eat, drink, entertain yourself? only half alive?

STOP still. SEE inclusive. IN-LISTEN insing. SHAKE free. until you guide you, who will? how about some directives to wake with?

the coming here world of the pre-conceived must be incomprehensible, overwhelming. this birth fractions our pre-conceiving life to put us in a bind. have we a pre-conceiving life? yes, free mind. no, it has us.

ask a potato. why? unhlinking, it lets you find your answer. potato grows by itself in stupendous well-being. it does not grow for itself. it does not know how many lives go into its making.

nor do we. until we know: all lives. we too live underground in a low layer of air, latent. the day comes we see light.

potato knows how to potato. we know how to me. each pres-
encing says "here" "here" opening a thousand lightpoints.

Potato shows how to do it.
Do nothing, nothing at all
for 5 or 10 minutes a day.

To loose every self-made stress
of body or mind introduces
the condition of true.

The immense freshing of deep sleep
double-doubles in this deep wake.

Hurry worry transmute into
whole being.
It is like turning inside out.

overlooked fact: no one ever finds a potato, person, pebble, place, pause,
snowflake the same as itself or as another. as it dawns in me in unquity
that no two this's, that's, concepts are the same, then delight I with and
without them as no doubt they are in-viting me to delight.

From "Ask a Potato"
by Paul Repts

Deneal Amos

Dear Ananda and Cloud-Hidden Friends,

I figure it's about my time to write again and about time to acquaint those of you who are unfamiliar with our work, with New Canaan Academy. The Academy grew out of a series of meetings, mostly of grad students from San Francisco State who were interested in finding ways to get a real education. These meetings took place in the 'beatnik' days of the late Fifties when it became apparent that schools were becoming factories for producing marketable skills and filtering plants for producing acceptable candidates for union cards in the Establishment. We had just reached the point where anyone who had the desire could go to school, when the price started going up and the quality down. The Academy, literally and figuratively, grew out of the discussion groups that came from these original meetings. (The meetings are still going on every Friday night.) It was neither engineered, manufactured, not invented, but grew itself--like a culture. The basic philosophy of the school is that education/liberation is the heart of community--any community.

In our community what we teach is meditation (centering), leadership, communication, and creativity. The tools are zazen, Tai Chi, Zen Basketball, English, math, music, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, mechanics, plumbing, gardening, etc.

The emphasis is on practice and training rather than on materials and technology. We have just completed our tenth year and we are ready for a new batch of students.

So far we have managed with a donation-only policy. Students (and teachers) have just done whatever is necessary to keep the school going. Basically it costs up to about as much as it would for room and board anywhere. Local employers consider Academy students to be good prospects for jobs, so making ends meet hasn't been a problem for students.

Students can come for three months or three years. They can develop work/study skills, recover lost skills, or simply study to their hearts' content. The goal of the program is enlightenment and self-realization--to come to know your life's work and be prepared to embark on it.

I write to you about the school for two reasons. One is that we are ready for a new crop of students. (Anyone over 18 can come, including families.) Many of you know people who would be interested in this approach to education and community, for themselves and their children. We don't advertise in the ordinary way and this kind of word of mouth is our principal means of meeting new people.

The other reason is that we feel that this approach has given us some new ideas about the way to live in community. Some of the difficulties that have recently affected other communities across the country had to do with the mixing of secular and monastic life. People have been flocking to monastic communities

seeking refuge from the conflict of values and customs that must surface in a 'melting pot' society. We believe that these differences are only apparent and that "spiritual practices" are the language of reconciliation and the means to effective and creative community. We do almost all our own work and treat our daily lives as the response to our efforts, as the key to the next area of study, and as the medium in which practice and application are not two.

So far, working on a small scale, our method has been pretty effective. I'd be glad to go into more detail with anyone interested.

Til the next time, I remain

Yours,

New Canaan Academy
Canaan, New Hampshire, 03741

Deneal Amos

3 Canterbury Road,
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Canada. M9A 5B2

25th September 1985.

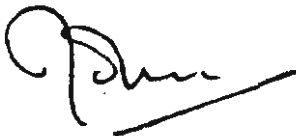
Dear Cloud Hidden Friends,

How mysterious and yet simultaneously simple, is the way of our cloud hidden friendship! That Richard Boerstler's great Yarmouth shout should reach out to me here in Toronto with such a compelling clarity that I questioned not for one minute his commanding plea. I was at the book store the very next day in search of "Questions to a Zen Master", and what an incredible treasure you have placed before me dear brother Richard! Thank you for knowing with such certainty that this collection of Taisen Deshimaru's reflections on life, would be so appropriate and timely for me (and for others no doubt)... you were absolutely right.

I returned to the book store the following day and bought the last copy in stock, for a friend who was also meant to hear your timely shout from me. To comment on the specifics of this book would somehow be to risk diluting the experience of its importance ...like a good wine it needs to be sipped and appreciated for its many extraordinary qualities... a must for all who are ready to drink and give thanks.

Nothing to do with the above, but I have a question for us ALL to ponder and comment upon. How come that, with the notable exception of Marion(welcome back) Mountain, our hidden fellowship seems to be pretty denuded of female representatives? Where are the women within the larger body of Zen Buddhism? Is this but one more sign or example of male exclusivity? ...a three in one question!

Gassho



(John Boyd)

Elson Snow

TRISVABHAVA

"that which split into subject and object

Dear Hoboes:

becomes appearance"

This poem would not have been made if there were no dispute raging in the Buddhist Press of how the restoration of the Sakyamuni's birth place should be carried out, and how it was to be administered. The

The park will emerge
around the asoka pillar
bordered with flowered
walkways where we can
come to rest, temporarily,
in the mundane world:

"I am cool"

declares the buddha;
and our daily life
has become mystical,
entwined,
and we now see the world
as a boundary.

only conflict in the poem that I can see, however, is the choice of title; the poem itself does not breathe factional discord. Should it be titled, Mandala? The Yellow Mouse could say something about the words used in the poem. Others in the hidden cloud assembly might say, "What is this---an English garden to replace a koan?"

It is obviously an urban poem. There is not even the image of two strangers brushing sleeves on a misty mountain side; instead, a city dweller's vision, the only place where a buddha casts a long shadow. "Being cool" is not a mid 20th century-american-free-wheeling buddhist-on the road again expression. It is one of the words of the buddha showing the nirvanic quality of everyday life (which in his case consists of the blown out hot flames of the klesas. What we might say of any maker of poems:

"Whose disciple are you Chih-k'ai? You dare to disapprove of the Buddha's teaching with your three-inch tongue." *

* Nyoraimetsugo Go Gohyakusaishi Kanjinhonzon Sho

edward hiles star
1280 N. Glenn
Fresno, Ca. 93728

Dear Friends,

For the sake of something to do (the main goal of my two dogs every moment of every day), i'd like to ferret out a problem i have with Plato; by drawing out a loose parallel to the Tao, to Plato's three divided lines of BEING and BECOMING (hey, i did say loose).

On the side of BEING, uppermost corner, is Agathon the Creator (First Cause, Absolute Good), followed by Noesis (Pure Intelligence), and next in descending order Dianoa (to deal with things as abstractions). On the other side, in the territory called BECOMING, we have Conjecture (Opinion and our Psyche in interaction with the World). Maybe. My problem with Plato's system and even other systems, is that to divide God (to Tao or not to Tao) and non-God is by the very nature of things un-Godly (uh oh, back to the dog house, airedale air head). My meaning here is that if Agathon is the First Cause, the Pre-Original Spark, the Supreme Tao, then Noesis, the Pure Intelligence is the Two of the Tao (Yin & Yang), and has the 10,000 things as part of its state of BEING. Why? Because it is by Man's perception alone (ALONE) which gives Creation the concept of endless BECOMING. Yea, well, maybe, sounds too naive. But, if change is a tight unity (beyond man's limited ability to perceive) then might it be actually in a state of BEING, constant, unchangable, as everything which seems to change really fits tightly into perfect slots of BEING, and that the only thing that ever changes is our (our?) mind? Likewise Dianoa, instead of being a state of BEING, is really a state of BECOMING. For isn't Man the original abstractionist? i mean, God (Supreme Whatever) doesn't need to abstract, and animals don't need to abstract, they're already Pure Intelligence, isn't that what instinct is truly about, or do my dogs dream of Dharma bones? And as far as Conjecture is concerned, it truly belongs in a state of BECOMING (but not for the same reason), as it is less mental, but also more emotional, more of a follow the leader, opinionated type thing, and for those messy reasons with all it's problems (greed, lust, anger, greed, lust, envy, etc...) has the greatest potential to reunite with the Primal Nature of the 10,000 things and the Absolute Good of the Tao that can't be spoken. Sorta like the way Buddhist are more interested in supposed bad people.

Whew. Boy is i glad dat's over, now if only i could figure out why i needed to say it. My old metaphysics of the past tent to color my present, though extremely subtle (sneaky !) in their liquid like movements. Actually (apologies to elton hall) all i've ever wanted to do is be a Tibetan Cowboy, you know; "get along little Lama, and a happy Nirva-Kulpa-Samadhi to you, too! "

Some Moserisms, for the CHF

Zen has become so broadly interpreted as to cease to apply to any one part of the world. Once more broadly defined, it would seem to include those persons who, though seeing into them as well, 'see beyond' their present bounds; who are not fooled by forms, fashions and modes, but ride with life "on the wing" so to speak. As such, it was possessed by all the truly great, from East and West. It is only that in the East they have a name for it.

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Sex is the very last and most tragic illusion of all; it is the one that almost allows us to believe, indeed momentarily convinces us, that we do not live in the human condition, i.e., being paradoxically bound to our selves yet seemingly capable of transcendence, as expressed so well in Hesse's remarkable short poem, "Alone." We each must overcome this condition as best we can and in our own way; some are even unaware of it, so benumbed are they. Well, what would we do without our illusions anyway.

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Semantics is that philosophy which begins by fearing (recognizing) man's capacity for almost never accurately communicating. Semantics is of the very origin of philosophy.

-0-

The only good Freud ever did was to suggest that those who grew up with their parents spend the rest of their lives trying to symbolically disown them, while those who never had them spend the rest of theirs in search of their symbolical parents.

oOo

Explosions will occur one way or t'other; better they should happen in bed, wouldn't ye say?

16-17

FINIS