

cloud-hidden friends letter

89.

ISSUE #1 WINTER, 1983

OUR PAGES ARE YOUR LETTERS

Cloud-Hidden Friends
753 44th Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94121

The "Cloud-Hidden Friends" are a small non-sectarian religious correspondence group. We meet mostly by sharing our thoughts on the Dharma together in our "Letter".

Rather than giving some definition to the word "Dharma", we would rather emphasize the freedom of the individual to come to his own understanding about such. As a group we would aim more at a dialogue, and would emphasize the spirit and practice of the Dharma rather than some doctrinaire or sectarian formula.

In that spirit we look to Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki and Alan Watts as our "honorary founders". Although they are usually associated with Buddhism, and Zen in particular, their spirit was also a free and universal one, including Christianity, Hinduism, and Taoism etcetera. Their Dharma then seems to somehow belong equally to us all.

In a more universal spirit then we are a zen group. However we might also turn to someone like Thomas Merton to exemplify the kind of openness and dialogue we have in mind. In his later years, he commented that he could see no contradiction between Christianity and Buddhism, and that he had determined "to be as good a Buddhist as I can".

Since our pages are your letters, we ask as our "subscription fee" that you write us a letter now and then in the "spirit of the Dharma". Poems, songs, tales, drawings and such are all more than welcome. We will try to publish everything we receive, but this might not always be possible. Letters should be of a reasonable length, and if you so request, we will type them up for you. It is presumed we will forgive each other a few typing errors etcetera, since perfectionism could easily paralyze us.

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

It is our intention to be as democratic in spirit as is possible. It does seem that we do at least need a "Clerk" of some sort to do the photocopying, coordinating, and mailing etcetera. This role might be thought of as similar to that of the "Clerk" in Quakerism, and it seems a good model for us to follow. Your comments on these matters would be appreciated.

Our phrase "Cloud-Hidden" is taken from the title of a book by Alan Watts. He in turn borrowed it from a ninth century 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., Clerk

90

did he call out
to the head of the village,
to the foot of the village.

Then
from one house
a woman
came out
in this way:
she came out
carrying
a pot full of dirty water,
and she threw out
that dirty water while
uttering
these words:

"What if it be a god?
Does that mean then
that we are not
to cook meals?" so

saying,
she threw out
that dirty water
and went back inside.

From one house
a woman came out
in this way:
she came out
carrying
a handful of rushes.
That handful of rushes
she dipped in the water
and shook it
straight at my face,
saying these words:

"Suppose it be a god!
Does this mean that
one is not allowed
to weave mats?" so

saying,
she shook
that handful of rushes
straight at my face.
Then
she went back inside and was gone.

Marian Mountain
Coastlands
Big Sur, CA 93920

91,

Dear HoBo Friends,

Practicing alone doesn't provide much feedback. That may be one reason why the HoBo dream so charmingly expressed in Ananda Claude Dalenberg's "Open Letter to the Children of Bodhi" caught my fancy. There was something fresh and innocent about this manifesto. There was also something courageous in the call to join a spiritual revolution in which transmission is done away with, where there is no separate priestly class and there are no dues or conditions for membership. Still I must admit I had a few reservations about joining. For the last 12 years of my life I've shied away from group projects.

(During this period my husband Jack and I have lived a semi-recluse life. Summers usually find us on the road where I sit in zazen on the cramped floor of our trailer Samsara. Winters when we are hole up in Nirvana--a small cabin in the Ventana Wilderness behind Big Sur--I spread out my straw mat in a spacious 10-X 10 foot sitting room. In the distant past I raised a large family, pursued a number of minor careers, and devoted a half-dozen years to traditional Zen Buddhist training under the guidance of the late Shunryu Suzuki Roshi.)

It took several months of gentle nudging by the editor before I was finally persuaded to write "a little something" for the first issue of the "Cloud-Hidden Friends Journal". Since I tend to ramble, and have already used up more space than I intended, I'd just like to offer one suggestion here for your consideration:

In the "Open Letter" Ananda gave tribute to a few HoBo spirits to whom he felt indebted: Alan Watts, D.T. Suzuki, Jack Kerouac, Lew Welch, Saint Frances, Pu-tai, and Han Shan. It seems to me that this list might make a good start for a HoBo Dharma Linage. Drawing up our own Dharma Linages seems to fit in nicely with the practice of self-ordination. One name I'd have on my list of HoBo Patriarchs is Shunryu Suzuki Roshi. Although most of Suzuki Roshi's last life was devoted to transmitting the traditional form and spirit of Japanese Zen Buddhism, Roshi was open to other possibilities. When I confided once to Roshi my dream of someday living in the mountains as a Zen hermit (a practice not encouraged by most

contemporary Zen masters) Roshi clapped his hands delightedly and said he thought that would be a wonderful life. Anyone who has read Shunryu Suzuki's book, ZEN MIND, BEGINNER'S MIND, can get a sense of Roshi's HoBo spirit. For instance, on page 32 he says: "The best way to control people is to encourage them to be mischievous. Then they will be in control in its wider sense."

Another name I'd choose for my Dharma Linage is Nyogen Senzaki, a Zen monk who brought Zen to California in the days before D.T. Suzuki and Alan Watts popularized it. Senzaki refused to hold the position of a Zen priest or to have any connection with Headquarters in Japan. When an abbot of a Japanese Zen monastery criticized Senzaki for ordaining Americans without a license from the Japanese government Senzaki upheld the principle of self-ordination which he said had been practiced by the first Zen monks and nuns in Japan. Senzaki believed in dealing with Buddha directly without the necessity of middle men, high priests or temples. "The ordination of a Buddhist," Senzaki proclaimed, "is not under the control of any sect. Anyone who has been ordained a Buddhist for ten years, no matter what sect, has authority to ordain others."

And finally (for now) to my list of Dharma Heirs I'd add Tosui, an eccentric Zen master Nyogen Senzaki and Paul Reps introduced to America in their wonderful book, ZEN FLESH, ZEN BONES. (If I had to choose just one Zen book to take with me to a desert island it would be this one.) Tosui was a Zen master with a large following but one day, at the height of his popularity, he quit the lecture business and retired to live with some beggars under a bridge. When my Dharma brother, Ananda, wrote me that he had retired from Zen Center and planned to devote his time to the spiritual support and encouragement of an assortment of religious dreamers, malcontents, visionaries, squares, kooks, saints, poets, bums, Boes, and ne'r-do-wells I had the strange feeling that Tosui was alive and well and living in San Francisco.

With Gassho,

Marian Mountain

Robert Breckenridge
1315 Spring
Calistoga, CA 94515

93,

Dear Friends:

Ananda has suggested that I might write something about "practicing the Dharma at a Hot Springs Commune".

Everything in our life is, in one way or another, a practice of the Dharma, of course. Mostly we have the unfocussed messing around in Samsara. Fearful and believing in our separateness, we gradually educate ourselves struggling with illusions. At times we concentrate our study with the ways of religion, meditation, yogas, psychology, etc. which are more direct.

So I could write about all the things of my life at Harbin Springs (Heart Consciousness Church Inc.). Most of it would be details of my involvement with illusions and I don't have the literary skills to make them worth telling, but I'll mention a few events because they point towards reality and then I'll get into what I call my practice.

Julie, my daughter twelve years old, lived with me the past year and a half. Now I am in my cabin at Harbin Hot Springs surrounded by boxes and bags, packing my stuff, leaving. I have found photos of Julie: Julie on the porch, Julie in the swing, Julie holding her stuffed unicorn, Julie naked by the baths, Julie smiling, Julie, Julie, Julie. Memories of our year here fill my mind. Things we did together, the school we made for ourselves, cooking, eating, studying, playing, laughing, fighting, walking talking swimming, crying..... holding, hugging and saying again and again: "I love you!" "I love you too!" "I love you, so much!"

Last week she went to Calistoga to live with her mother and attend a regular Junior High School. We will see and visit and call each other saying "I love you!" "I miss you". I have been grieving, of course, for it is this year with Julie that I have remembered how to love and be loved and I miss her very very much.

Now, I am packing to go to Denver to visit my 82 year old mother who lives alone and has become ill. She needs help but won't ask for it. Doesn't want to be a "burden" on her children. It won't be easy. Like most Americans of my time I found it proper to go off and leave my parents, visiting only occasionally for short periods, putting an end to that parent-child kind of love that I have shared with Julie. I guess I did it so I could grow up or something like that. I have followed a way quite different from theirs.

So it has come full circle: Mother/Son-Father/Daughter. I have learned that those words "I love you" can be true and that love is not an illusion but real. And I go to Denver to do what is right.

Ananda and I became friends at the Academy of Asian Studies in 1955. We talked and talked and adventured our way together at the Academy and then at the East-West House until we parted ways (not without resentment) in Japan in 1959. I pushed away from him as I had my parents because he was a big brother figure to me and I wanted to go my own way. We saw each other only occasionally over the years and were not close. Joining with him then in the Bodhi-Friends Mission is like another return, another full circle. We have had these discussions and board meetings and there is a kind of light that emerges: Brotherhood, a manifestation/creation of Love which is real. And so I say "Ho" to you "Bo".
hello Brothers.

The Bodhi Friends Mission U.L.C. is a Zen Buddhist Quaker-Christian organization with room for a few other traditions and practices, no doubt. How does one get into the focussed and concentrated with this kind of organization?

"Buddha loves me this I know, 'Cause the Sutras tell me so."

???????

Or perhaps we could let the inner light speak out as we sit lotus position in the Zendo ??? We could write scholarly works on the relation of Buddhist and

94

Christian philosophy. There are probably unlimited ways to follow the ULC creed of doing what is right and fitting that within the Bodhi Friends Mission.

Even before Ananda came to me with the Bodhi-Friends idea I had happened upon a Buddhist-Christian sort of way called the "Course In Miracles" (\$30 post paid from The Foundation For Inner Peace, P.O. Box 635, Tiburon, CA 94920 , allowing for a few weeks for delivery). There are three volumes: Text, Workbook and Teachers Manual (we are all Teachers). The course is Christian- Quaker in the sense that it uses terms such as God, Holy Spirit, Atonement (At-one-ment), Peace, Happiness, Love, Grievance, Forgiveness, etc. It is Buddhist in the sense that it emphasizes that ego and the world are illusory. The workbook is a progression of meditations with statements that could be called mantras designed to lead one toward the realization of illusion, and toward reality. From ego to Self or, as some say, from mind to Mind. There is no dualism of God and Devil good and evil. God is love, light, truth, peace, freedom, happiness. Everyone is totally forgiven in eternity. Suffering, fear, time, darkness are not real. They are illusions that we have made.

There are 365 lessons. The course would last a year if you did one a day. I miss days fairly often, get stuck, forget, etc. I'm on lesson 96 today. Readers of my letter are no doubt spiritually inclined, so I'll share parts of this one with you. This is from the Workbook:

"Spirit makes use of mind as means to self-expression and the mind which serves the spirit is at peace and filled with joy. Its power comes from spirit, and it is fulfilling happily its function here. Yet mind can also see itself divorced from spirit and perceive itself within a body it confuses with itself. Without its function then It has no peace, and happiness is alien to its thoughts..... Our hourly five minute practice (today) will be a search for Him within your mind. Begin with saying this:

Salvation comes from my one Self. Its thoughts are mine to use..
Then seek its thoughts and claim them as your own; real thoughts you have denied, and let your mind go wandering in a world of dreams to find illusions in their place. Here now are your real thoughts. Salvation is among them: find it there."

(Readers can now do a five minute Course In Miracles with me. Any comfortable position is good. Repeat the underlined statement, close your eyes, listen for the thoughts of the Self.)

I'll close with a statements directed to all the Bo's who read this:

Fear is the opposite of Love
It arises from the illusion of separation
And can be put aside
Time and Death are illusions
We are eternal
Peace Happiness and Truth
Live within us.
We are totally forgiven
Salvation is guaranteed
and Ho! to you all BO-Brothers

Breck

c/o C.H.F.
753 44th Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94121

LETTERS RECEIVED

Y.M.
9-1-82

95

Dear A.C. (as in athletic club: Jock), and the Cloud-Hidden Friends:

1) thanks for the Brief on Quakers - appreciate!

2) True Quakerism and Zen are not necessarily, by definition, liberal. Quakerism has always been strongly conservative (in its core meanings) and Zen is extremely disciplined. (the Sufii can be added to this list also.) They advocate, stand for, symbolize and are - unstructured, each in their own way. They all reach for the truth hidden within (exotericism versus esotericism).

EXO- outer
terotic (study): tero- to break through, to get away
ESO- inner as in determine or terminate

ESO TERO : to break through to the inner (hidden)

EXO TERO : to finalize: determine, to terminate the search:
to find (break through to) the terminus, boundary, parameters
to get away from the inner (chaos) to the outer definitive
(order).

3) You cited Bishop Hensley, ULC, concerning real freedom. The advent of the age of Aquarius to the Western World was heralded by the impact of Freud on the scientific mind. Like Kepler and Darwin, in their respective fields, Freud was the Harbinger of the truth that command of the human organism does NOT lie in the human mind: that we do not consciously control our behavior.

The dominant concepts of the Victorian age follow from the Reformation, the age of Reason and the advent of science: das intellekt uber alles. This dependence on the brain, reason and the mind and the coordinate ignorance of the unconscious, archetypes or heart has led to ideas, then ideology, then propaganda and to today's ultimate disillusionment. We are now in the midst of a conflict between those who adhere to the conscious, exoteric, dogmatic, ideologic, cold intellectual way and those who FREE up their intuition, study and examine their own unconscious, see into the esoteric and who have freed themselves from dependency on any ideology or dogma, NO MATTER HOW TRUE.

Psychology and Zen (Buddhism) therefore come together in this new age with the joint saying that true freedom can come only after dealing in the depths of one's own unconscious. This requires leaving ALL ideologies and dogmas behind. To be free, we must cultivate the "skills" required to look (see, perceive) beyond, to look within, to perceive at depth. Martha Graham advocated discipline to the point of slavery and when we have trained the body to obey our command accurately, we will then be finally free to perform anything we WILL."

4) It seems to me that one requires tools in order to become free. Meditation is one tool, reading scriptures is another, having a guru, teacher, master, guide is a third. But none of these is of use to he who is ignorant of the basic tool: how to look under the surface. This skill resides in every child but is conditioned out of him by the agents of his culture-society. He is taught, in the Western world, to accept the surface-image (exotericism). And his skill at IN-SIGHT atrophies. In many cases, fear is instituted, inculcated and indoctrinated: fear that peeping under the dogma or ideology is unpatriotic which earns the crucifixion (pardon the mixed metaphors).

I am talking about LIFE as distinguished from EXISTENCE (can YOU SEE into the hidden difference?). The skill is the ability to be the tracker. one must be ready to track down the devious trails of truth that starts with any overt evidence. Let me give you an instance: RED MEANS DANGER. That

96 is an exotericism. How did RED get to mean DANGER? The exoteric answer is: "Look it up in a dictionary.": i.e.: somebody (authority) said (dictated) that red means danger. That is slavery. To the free man, the SEEKER, the tracker, Quaker, Zen master, Yogi, SEE-ER knows that all meanings come because something deep inside man (esoteric) knows and accepts the intuitive truth.

So what does Red mean? My "religion", if I really have one, says that the adept should never tell the answer to anyone. Why? Because all these answers lie always within the looker, the seeker, the perceiver, and not external to him.. If I tell him, I am external and lead him to think that I can tell him the answers. But I can use this as a teaching tool to demonstrate the skill of which I speak. It is not something which I ever learned from a person directly or from books. It has taken years to FREE this innate aptitude which I had, all the while. SO: FOLLOW - the tracks that I leave here.

First red is an abstract: it does not exist. A cardinal exists and has a distinctive color, but the color is an abstraction taken from the bird. So if red doesn't exist, where in life can it be found? Any "savage" or "primitive" knows the answer: FIRE. But for modern man, fire is hidden in the depths of our centrally heated buildings. Even a gas flame is blue. But sit by a fire every day of your life and the question "Where is Red found?" is hilarious. And in addition, why red indicates danger follows from the "hot" in fire.

So - FIRE. Where else is red found in life? Answer: BLOOD. But be careful. Blood is invisible - until it is spilled. And blood splashed on the ground quickly turns black. It is fresh and only fresh blood that is red, and arterial blood is redder than venous blood. It is venous blood which we shed in our daily scrapes, bumps, cuts, and knocks in life. But the bright RED shed by a cut artery signifies (symbolizes, indicates, means) DANGER. And the injury which fire can do means that red flags our caution.

So we have two steps so far: RED and I have added "life" as a step from blood. BLOOD and FIRE. LIFE DANGER CAUTION. Now let us take some more

steps. When blood and fire appear together, is there a joint meaning? What DOES "life" mean? Is a sedate, sedentary, cold unemotional existence what LIFE is? Or does LIFE, by definition, require passion. What is the color of emotions when we use the word "passion"? And a passionate person is always a danger to his environment, whether love or in the realm of ideology and belief.

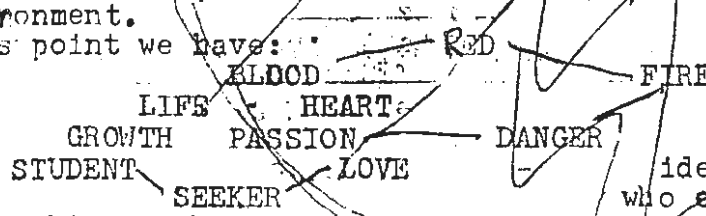
And I slipped one in there. Did you take the step or must I still spoon feed you? LOVE follows from the sanguine (bloody) LIFE full of fire. One who is ALIVE WILL LOVE passionately. The RED HEART of our valentine symbol is not accidental. HEART is the central organ of the BLOOD system. Fresh blood is still hot with the Fires of Life.

Any being alive must grow. Life equals growth for no growth is only death (which is cold - without fire). Thus life is dangerous for even yeast will grow and conquer the earth (unless it overpopulates its nutrients or pollutes its environment). Passion activates the SEEKER to experiment with his environment, thus learning and thus growing. Red is the color of the student, the learner, the SEEKER. And his experimenting can be dangerous for the environment.

At this point we have: RED and when the SEEKER becomes the passionate SEEKER, he will look within all the dogma and ideology and become the one who exposes the exoterics; and they will see him as their enemy: he is in DANGER.

This is not the end of the trail, it is only a beginning. This technique of tracking, this skill of searching for the logic behind the surface is the first requirement to learn anything.

YELLOW MOUSE

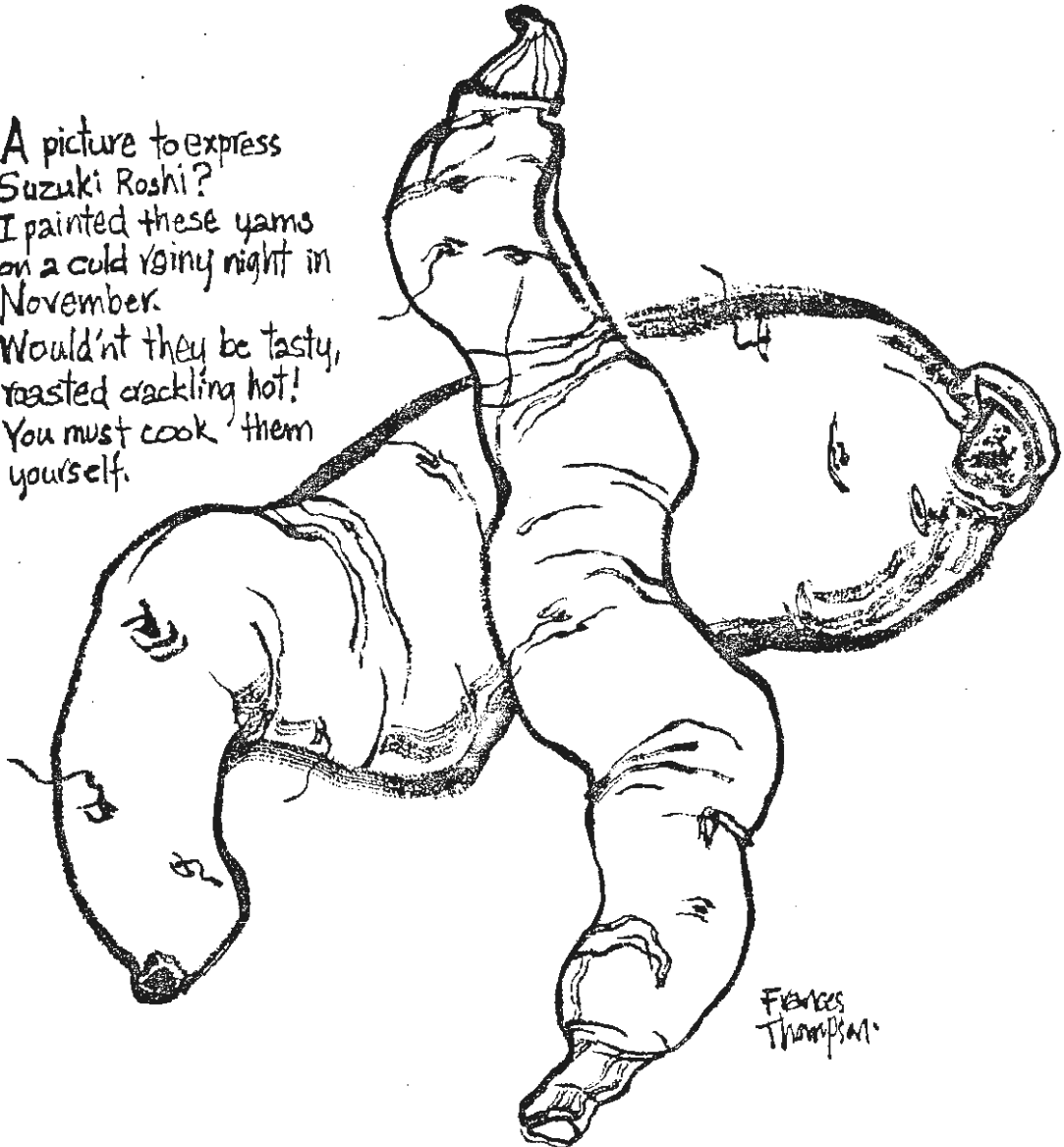


Dear Friends:

I've been considering painting a picture of Suzuki Roshi, and it made me think of- a cup of tea, a rock, a bamboo rake, and the sweet potatoes. At Tasajara monastery when I first began to clear the land between the swimming pool and the cabins for a garden, Roshi came out and stood in the dirt and the sunshine and said that it was a very healthy place for plants, and let's grow sweet potatoes, so I planted some. But there is not a long enough hot season at Tasajara, and the nights are too cold to provide the even heat sweet potatoes need, so all we grew were lots of green vines.

I bought some sweet potatoes from the store to draw, but their shape is not as interesting as yams, so yams turned out to be the picture. Roast yams are big in Japan, I hear.

A picture to express
Suzuki Roshi?
I painted these yams
on a cold rainy night in
November.
Wouldn't they be tasty,
roasted crackling hot!
You must cook them
yourself.



Frances
Thompson

98

Leon Johnson #C 37890
Box 2210-21801
Susanville, CA 96130

Dear Friends:

The good news that our Letter would soon be a reality leaves me with eager anticipation to satisfy a desire I have had for a long time- to learn more about zen experience.

Quite a few years ago I was introduced to Zen and Eastern Religious Philosophy through reading the "Way of Zen", by Alan Watts, and through a course "A Survey of World Religions". Herman Hesse's "Siddartha" and "Steppenwolf" further stimulated my interest, and I feel that zen is more suited to my religious temperament. So, being a novice to zen ways, I shall studiously look to each of you, as a zen companion, through each Letter circulated.

Oh, but I didn't introduce myself did I? Well, my mother chose to name me Leon, which in Spanish translates into "Lion". It is beyond me why she thought of me as a Lion. Perhaps I let out a mighty yell at being expelled from the tranquility of one world into another which is full of sound and fury.

It does suggest Africa though, don't it? Maybe that was her intent? On the other hand, my last name, Johnson, is a reflection on man's inhumanity to man, bound in the epic called "Roots". So there, now you know me. But what's in a name.

Affectionately.... Leon J.

Trying to touch myself

1. Clerk's Corner: Several of you have asked if there is any formal connection between our Letter and some Zen group, or perhaps the Universal Life Church, of which several of us are ministers. No, there is none, although admittedly there is some confusion on the subject. At the moment we are being sponsored by the "Bodhi Friends Mission, U.L.C.", but that is mostly for tax-exemption reasons. In any case our future is wide open, and what happens next is mostly dependent upon what all of you want.

We have extra copies of this issue, so if you would like to send a copy or two off to friends, let us know. We probably do need to spread the word a little bit, although in our own case size may be a dubious virtue.

One of the advantages of our kind of group is that our expenses are minimal. We even have the luxury of not having to always be asking for money. This is quite unusual these days, when every religious effort seems to be almost immediately translated into endless appeals for more and more money. Let us all give away something instead.

We have a kind of "equal time" policy for our Letter. As clerk then I must apologize for taking up so much space with my own Bodhi letter etcetera. In part this was unavoidable since we had to start with something. What we intend however is a more communal effort, so please consider my own opinions in that light. I'm sure our sense of community will quickly grow, and you might help by addressing your letters and thoughts more to all of us, and less to just the clerk. I might add however that our Letter is indeed intended to encourage a personal level of correspondence. So why not drop someone a line, even if just to say hello.

We hope to have an issue out every month or two, depending upon your response. The next one then might just possibly catch the New Year.

2. Book Corner: If there is some book that is important to you, and you want to recommend it to us, why not send us a few lines.

We might begin with a book several of you have mentioned, "The Zen Environment" by Marian Mountain (see her letter). It is an absorbing account of her own life in zen. Since we are interested in zen practice outside of monasteries and institutions, and here in America, it can be a very rewarding book indeed. Huston Smith refers to it as "the Dharma Bums updated for the 1980's". It seems a natural for us. Published by William Morrow and Co., New York, 1982.

3. Gary Snyder is not a subscriber but our friend. The poem included here is an Ainu favorite of his, sent to help launch our first issue. Gary by the way is an original "Dharma Bum". He now heads a small zendo near Nevada City, where he lives with his family.

4. If you haven't included some brief biographical note of your own, this might be the place for it. A few follow:

Leon Johnson: Through the ULC newspaper I became aware and interested in the formation of a zen friends group, by Ananda Claude, through which I may learn something of zen philosophy and practice. I understand the Letter is almost a reality now and herewith is my introduction to all Cloud-Hidden Zen Friends: I am an Aquarian Black Male, 47 years old. I was born and raised on the Southside of Chicago, where, if there were any zen devotees, they certainly kept it well hidden from my enquiring forays into consciousness raising activities. But I read somewhere that when the student is ready the teacher will appear. I'm quite outgoing and intellectually aggressive; that is I'm a Humanist in my approach to all, and think of myself as a professional student in quest of the center of that larger part or experience of the Self expressed in wholistic human terms. Please allow me to companion you along some part of our human experience.

Ananda Claude Dalenberg : I was born on July 2, 1927. I was brought up in the Dutch reformed Church, but was not a very "religious" type. Later I met Alan Watts, and that was a big change for me. I studied philosophy and religion for a number of years and then went to Japan in 1957 to study Zen. A year later I met Shunryu Suzuki at Zen Center in San Francisco, joined the priesthood, and practiced there until recently. I am now married, and am the proud father of twin daughters.

In 1981 I became a minister in the Universal Life Church, not as a rejection of zen, but as a natural next step on my religious pilgrimage. In a deeper sense I believe the ULC is quite harmonious with zen. In such a spirit, together with Robert Breckenridge and a few friends, we have started a small group in the ULC called the "Bodhi Friends Mission". It seems to be the right thing to do.

Frances Thompson was born in Japan, came to the U.S. as a little child and forgot all about it. She drew pictures all her life and studied art; she looked at bugs in ponds and studied biology; she read about Zen and Buddhism and was deposited at the door of Sokoji Temple in San Francisco by a miraculous series of events. She was at Tasajara for the first training period and stayed three years, being a gardener and a temperamental Tenzo. Thinking of her training makes her burst out laughing. Now she lives in Monterey County and is mainly interested in fame and gain. She practices brush painting, grinding her inkstone to powder while gazing at the mountains and rivers. She grows flowers, publishes books, gives tea parties, wastes time and stares out of windows a lot.

6. The "Cloud-Hidden Friends Letter" lettering and drawing that appears on our front page is the art work of Frances Thompson.
7. If you have any smaller things, such as a haiku or a little sketch or two, please do not hesitate to send them in. Such would be ideal too for filling in a bit of empty space here and there. I suppose we could borrow from things in print, but it would be much better if it were our own stuff.

A.C. Dalenberg, Clerk