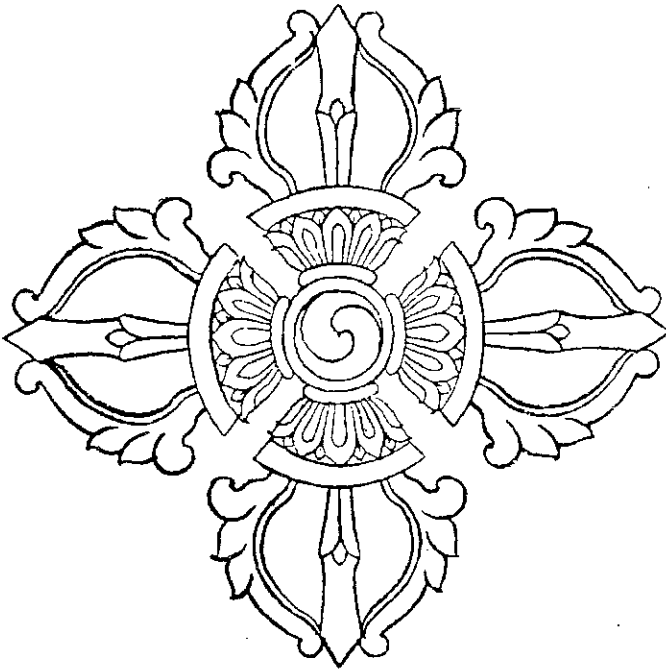


# cloud-hidden friends letter

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Issue #13, April-May 1985



The VISHVA-VAJRA (*rDo-rje rGya-Gram*) consists of two thunderbolts crossed. As indicated by their name, 'Diamond' or 'King of Stones', these thunderbolts are the Tantric symbol of the indestructibility of the essence of all phenomena. Thus it is the symbol representing the highest comprehension of the diamond-clear truth. In the centre of the thunderbolt-cross a three-footed spiral can be seen or—as here—a Swastika (*gYung-drung*), or sometimes, analogous to the Chinese yang-yin symbol, a circle with the Two Luck-bringing Jewels (*Nor-bu dGah-hKhyil*): this is the emblem of the unity of man and woman, which, on the philosophical level, is again a symbol of the Twin-unity of the Relative and the Absolute Truth.

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."

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

1. This is the spring issue, the second of 1985. The contributor-subscriber list continues to hover at around 50. For those of you who are interested, arithmetically this would work out to on the average a 1 or 2 page letter from each contributor-subscriber per year. That might be quite enough, considering how much effort it can take, both obvious and hidden, to actually put one's thoughts on paper in a satisfying way. I'd say our standards here are probably much too high. Again I call for a few volunteers to write some bad letters in order to set a good example for all of us.

If any of you happen to know of any old-time Nyogen Senzaki students, I'd greatly appreciate it if you would let me know. I've been trying really hard to drum up some communications in that direction, but with very little success.

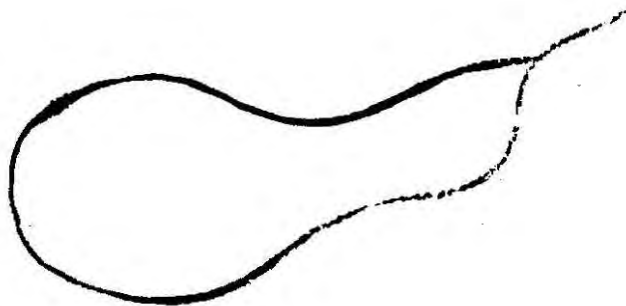
The next issue will probably be out about the first of June.

2. Barbara Hirshkowitz is putting out a news-journal devoted to long distance peace walks, in case anyone is interested. Note her letter in this issue.

Toni Packer has an independent Zen group that may be of interest to some of you more independent-minded types. Their address is Genesee Valley Zen Center, P.C. Box 969, Rochester, New York, 14603-0969.

Ananda Claude

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cucumber  
unaccountably  
cucumbering



Paul Reps

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"Zen Telegrams". Published by Tuttle, 1962

Homestead, FL  
28 January 1985

To Cloud-hidden ones,

There are no clouds in today's sky but hesitation is clouding my heart. Can I call you 'friends' - you who have given out thoughts, feelings, art, prayers so generously to the unknown readership of this amazing publication? Which slanting ray shall I slide my words along to illuminate something of my character? Yellow Mouse, among the other explanations/possibilities I want to add; dialogue is dangerous. And, I've come to feel that it is the positive consequences of dialogue which we fear, not the fear of failure. Thus, I hesitate to begin what I know can be an enriching experience, for I feel too rich already and I feel out of my depth.

Buddhism has flitted in and out of my philosophical concerns since 1967, altho I had been a pacifist before that time. I made no serious attempt to practice until 1982 when members of Nipponzan Myo Hoji marched thru Davis, where I lived, on a cross country pilgrimage for world peace. Tho they left the next day, the chant NA MU MYO HO REN GE KYO and especially the drum beat accompanying their every step, lived on in my dreams. A quiet, very private person, I was seeking ways to make peace actions more a part of my life. Confronting the universe - plants, animals, friends and foes alike with a continual LOUD prayer for world peace completely captivated my imagination. It took 5 months, but I untangled myself from my life and joined the last 5 weeks of the World Peace March then in Buffalo and proceeded to walk with them to NYC for the opening activities surrounding the United Nations Second Special Session on Disarmament.

In 1983 I spent 6 months in Japan under the sponsorship of Nipponzan Myo Hoji, 1/2 of it spent on the annual peace pilgrimage which begins on sacred Mt. Kiyosumi. April 28 is the anniversary of Nichiren Dai Shonin first chanting NA MU MYO HO REN GE KYO to the rising sun and the pilgrimage begins with a similar ceremony. It ends on Aug. 9 with the March of the Cranes thru downtown Nagasaki where 10,000+ people join for the last few kilometers. During this time in Japan, I was regarded as a disciple tho I did not adopt that label for myself until much later.

The infamous 1984 caught me walking again, this time across the USA. At different times I walked sections of the country with each of the 4 groups that organized themselves (completely independent tho not unaware of each other) to make such pilgrimages for the sake of peace, ecological sanity, the native peoples and the healing of our planet. Journeying in this "Christian country", as it was often referred to, made me more of a Buddhist than ever, tho not so faithful in practice as to chant every step of the way.

The founder and elder of this active but tiny sect, the

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Most Venerable Nichidatsu Fujii (known also as Guruji) spent the last year in retreat and died early in 1985. I had the great good fortune to meet him on several occasions and thus have known the presence of an enlightened being. He was also a courageous peace maker and thru his inspiration and dedication and that of his followers, more than 80 peace pagodas have risen in the last 40 years. Stupas are not so unusual in Japan and India but are now also appearing in such unlikely places as London, Vienna and Massachusettes. They are built by monks, nuns, disciples and volunteer labor with whatever skills and donations are available. Some are quickly erected with hundreds of skilled hands, others take more than a decade, and several are the work of a single person. Perhaps the most unusual Peace Pagoda was fashioned in the women's detention center following a nonviolent civil disobedience action at Vandenburg Air Force Base in California. It was tiny, being built from white bread and eggshells, available because most of the prisoners were fasting. The stupa was dried, varnished and enshrined by a sympathetic guard. Guruji praised this first American pagoda at the dedication ceremony of Tama Peace Pagoda (just outside of Tokyo), a glorious event attended by 1000's of people including dignitaries from many nations. Guruji spoke that day about the prison pagoda as being equally valid and capable of purifying the land and hearts of the people as the splendid shrine before eyes.

So I begin this year mourning Guruji, meditating on how to best keep up practice and peacemaking as one action (or non action) studying Gandhi and thinking about home, wherever that might be. Since I am still itinerant, my mail is forwarded to me by a kind friend located at 1149 Alice St. Davis, CA 95616

I welcome the opportunity to peak among the clouds and await the next opportunity to listen, learn, and dialogue with you. Peace be.

Gasshō,

*Subara Hirschowitz*

January 26, 1985  
3217 Humboldt Avenue South  
Minneapolis, MN 55408

Dear Cloud-Hidden Friends,

Ananda Claude's and Robert Aitkin Roshi's brief exchange in the 10th and 11th issues raises two questions I'd like to see discussed further.

The first is whether practitioners should "criticize" each other. Of course the 7th Bodhisattva precept that one should not "proudly defend oneself while criticizing others" is very important. But can this mean that we shouldn't discuss issues and explore disagreements? I suspect one reason this newsletter came into existence is because the 7th precept and similar injunctions in Buddhism have been used in Zen Centers to discourage discussion of controversial aspects of their practices.


A second question is raised when Aitkin Roshi writes: "Sectarian paths exist because people want them. Even a so-called non-sectarian path, like that of Krishnamurti, is quite sectarian. . . . Let one-hundred sectarian flowers bloom!" This response to Ananda Claude's uneasiness with the "sectarianism" of "patriarchal" Zen as currently practiced in organized Zen Centers seems to me to avoid the real issue. The usual definition of sectarianism is not just any group or organization, but a group which displays "excessive devotion to or zeal for" itself--that is a group which has become self-concerned and feels perhaps indifferent or hostile or superior to "outsiders."

I think those of us who want Zen practice to flourish in America must honestly address the question of whether Zen in this country is moving toward sectarianism in this negative sense--toward a self-consciously "oriental" practice that excludes from itself the vast majority of Americans. If such exclusiveness is intended, so be it. If it is not, then we must ask questions such as how a Zen Center can encourage ordinary Americans to practice zazen, how a Zen center can encourage the practice of people who have families and who work, and how a Zen Center can check its authority so that harm is not done to individuals in the group.

I have seen too many sincere, long-term members of Zen Centers drift away because of organizational exclusiveness to feel that all is well.

Powdery snow sifts through the cedar tree  
Standing at my window.

HO HO HO,



Erik Storlie

1302  
LETTERS RECEIVED

Last year Marian Mountain shared excerpts from letters received from Henri Begonia, a lay Zen student who had been training in a Japanese Zen Buddhist monastery. Several readers of the CHFE have expressed interest in hearing how Henri is doing. Early in 1984 Henri was forced to leave the monastery because of a serious and painful case of sciatica in his left leg. He visited various Japanese physicians and alternative health centers in Japan before finding a treatment that cured his sciatica. Then Henri studied this remarkable treatment so he could bring it back to California. Here is an excerpt from a letter from Henri dated Dec. 22, 1984:

"...I have been working hard to start a health center based on the treatment I received in Japan that cured me of sciatica. I leased a beautiful property near Sebastopol for 5 years. I've been building the structure since November with some carpenter friends. It's coming along well and should be completed in one month. I've been learning all about the business world, accounting procedures, how to use a computer, arranging financing, etc. It's been interesting, exciting, exhausting at times. I've been going in overdrive on this project since mid-August. It's all quite a change--suddenly back in the USA in the mainstream activity rush, feeling all the stress and hurry-energy that seems to be the background of American life. I definitely notice the absence of Zazen foundation as it erodes away in the tide of activities, money concerns, responsibilities, but it seems good to be back in a familiar environment among a network of supportive friends who understand me and lend help in various ways. I can function creatively here. In Japan (except for the temple time) I was eking out an existence..."

Warmest wishes

Henri

Dear Cloud-Hidden Friends:

The essence of Quakerism is perhaps best summed up in the motto "There is that of God in every one." As a Buddhist I am heartily in accord with such a spirit. Indeed I think Buddhism could be well summed up in a similar way, as "There is that of the Buddha-nature in every one", although "and everything" should perhaps here be added. However I would here rather emphasize some universal truth in which they seem to share.

Ideally such a motto could be kept quite simple, unencumbered by some elaborate theology or moral code. It would nevertheless naturally bear fruit in myriad different ways. It would become a practice and not a mere belief, and it would apply to real life in both an inward and outward sense.

In Buddhist and Hindu terms such a practice might be thought of as being a yoga, or a "yoking" of one's life with some ultimate ideal.

I would say the Quakers are aiming at such a practice, or yoga as I would have it. The ideal of their motto is applied in many different ways. At a social level a host of concerns naturally arise. From their motto follows a great concern for the suffering of oppressed peoples everywhere. Take for example their early work in the abolition of slavery, and in trying to improve the subhuman conditions that often exist in prisons. Working for peace would be another concern naturally arising, not just in terms of ending wars, but also in laying the groundwork for peace by making friends.

The same kind of thing is I think also true about Buddhism, even though it has undergone extensive and elaborate doctrinal development. There is no question however that "The Buddha-nature of all sentient beings" is a central teaching, and that it bears fruit in myriad different ways.

Take Soto Zen for example, and the importance of the practice of bowing. Here bowing has the sense of a kind of salute to the Buddha-nature present everywhere. Since the Buddha-nature is then within each one of us, to greet each other also means to bow to each other. Indeed one would go on to bow to flowers, a teacup, or maybe even the peanut butter jar, and of course when faced with the great matters of life and death. This is not an easy practice. It is often somewhat lacking in real spirit, and it may be especially difficult when it comes to recognizing the Buddha-nature as one's own true nature. It has the danger of becoming a mere empty belief, instead of an ever ongoing yoga.

There are many other examples of the same kind of thing in Buddhism, such as in Buddhist schools and education, in kindness to animals, and in a general sensitivity to nature such as is so apparent in Chinese art. There also has never been a war fought in the name of Buddhism, although there were warrior monks in Japan during one period. The altruistic ideals of the way of the Bodhisattva would be another example of the mutual interdependence of all sentient beings. All of this can be thought of as naturally arising from the central teaching, as I might say, "There is that of the Buddha-nature in every one".

I think of this Quaker and Buddhist motto as reflecting some universal truth, which in one way or another is present in all religions. I just happen to be more familiar with Buddhism, and to some extent Quakerism, and so use such a language. I might then expand the application of such a motto to include "There is that of the Buddha-nature in every religion". This I take quite seriously and as a part of my own yoga. At a minimum it means for me that I should have some real knowledge and basic respect for all the major religions of the world. This for me would include something like communism, which I understand to be a religion at least in some important sense.

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Somehow I find it very helpful to think of religion more in the sense of a yoga. It is interesting how similar the meaning the roots of the two words are, namely "to yoke" and "to re-bind". I take both in some wholistic sense, where that of this world and that of the ultimate are again bound or united as one.

In any case surely it is clear that we simply must have some basic respect for each other if we are to live together on this planet in this day and age of one world. We can no longer afford to indulge in merely parochial, sectarian, and nationalistic concerns. We need to be world citizens, facing together such issues as peace and nuclear war. I'm not trying here to suggest some solution at a political level. Surely it is clear we can't leave such matters up to politics. Although sometimes I feel baffled as to what then can be done, if I can stand up on my own two feet and declare "I am a world citizen", it at least begins to make some sense, and this at a level deeper than the political.

All of this means for me a yoga, in which we respect the Buddha-nature in ourselves and in others, in all of nature, and in all the religions of mankind. Furthermore that is something I can actually try to do.

I don't mean to suggest here that such concerns are found only in some Quaker or Buddhist motto. Rather I think of such a motto as reflecting some universal truth. It points at something beyond mere doctrine. As Zen would have it, when a finger is pointing to the moon, don't focus on the finger and forget the moon.

What I do mean to suggest here is a kind of universalist yoga. I generally tend to be wary of a universalist approach, since it so often seems to end-up with vague nice-sounding generalizations having no real fire and substance, and no moon. But that certainly would not be true of universalist yoga in the spirit of the Quaker and Buddhist motto. As a matter of fact I am more concerned here that there may be a few of us who may become a bit too enthusiastic on the subject.

Om, Santi,

Yog-Ananda-Claude

P.S. I am often surprised at how somber and serious zen groups seem to be. Somehow I don't think it was like that in the old days. There is joy but it seems to remain somewhat hidden. I thought then I might add a quote from the incomparable Paul Reps, when giving a lecture to a group of Zen students:

"WHO SAYS we zen students can't have fun, Huh?"



Klaus Gehrman  
1373 Utah Street  
San Francisco, Ca. 94110  
(415) 824-6224

January 19, 1985

Dear Cloud-Hidden Friends,

Let me introduce myself. My name is Klaus. I came to live in San Francisco about 1½ years ago, leaving a good job in Hamburg, Germany, to look for a spiritual adventure which I thought might be easier had in Dharma bum California than anywhere else. I was burnt out with my job as a journalist and dissatisfied with the way my life was going, plus I had always wanted to live in San Francisco, so I just split.

Well; after a few months, just when I was beginning to question the wisdom of my decision, I met that wonderful woman who has just recently become my wife. Thus, it was revealed that it had been a good move after all. I had been an ardent admirer of Alan Watt's books for a while, and was delighted to find that she shared my enthusiasm, so we decided to join forces in our spiritual quest.

Then, due to my persistent efforts to get in touch with some of Alan's friends, I finally found Ananda. We met at the San Francisco Zen Center one day and discussed the prospects of reviving the discussion group on the philosophy of Alan Watts in San Francisco, which had gone out of existence for a while.

I am interested in sharing some ideas about the Dharma with kindred spirits in the way the Alan Watts Fellowship in Massachusetts does; so please consider this letter as an invitation to join our efforts to revive the group. There should be sufficient spiritual and intellectual potential for this in the San Francisco Bay Area.

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We thought that it might be helpful to give a reading or listening assignment for each meeting and have each participant take turns giving an introductory lecture, followed by a discussion; it helps avoiding embarrassing silence that we might get if we just get together to talk. This is just an idea; any suggestions on how to successfully run the group are welcome. Maybe our cloud-hidden friends around Boston are willing to share their experiences with us. If you have any ideas - please let me know.

Yours in friendship,

Klaus

---

115 Blue Rock Rd  
So. Yarmouth MA 02664

Dear CHFriends,

Having just moved here after 35 years in the Cambridge area I'm coming to realize just what culture shock is and what is said to be "middle America".

Naturally I am missing the many conversations in the coffee houses of Harvard Square and much of the retired population here appears as living dead as they drive to their malls in Detroit's finest chariots. Rather heavy doses of alcohol add their clouds to the ocean fog that rolls in along Route 6. Wow! But as Ananda wrote me: "How it all changes, who knows what changes 1985 will bring."

During my transition ( and it was only my blindness that prevented my seeing it in the coffee house) I've come to appreciate our CHPL more than ever. I remember that Nyogen Senzaki called his first groups the Mentorgarten Zendos both in S.F. and L.A. in 1920 and 1930. Much gratitude to Ananda and all of us of our scattered Mentorgarten with whom we can share bits of our life and thought.

My favorite Lao Tse poem has helped in past transitions and I trust will again :

The student learns by daily gain  
The Way is gained by daily loss  
Loss after loss until at last comes rest  
By letting go all gets done  
The world is won by those who let it go.

Much peace,  
Richard

THE 10 UNCOMMANDMENTS

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN -

- 1 You've watched Jesus Christ suffer on the cross for our sins long enough?
- 2 You've adopted the Buddha as your personal savior because he had a better sense of humor than Jesus?
- 3 You've sat too long meditating with Maharishi until you've developed sores on your ass?
- 4 You've studied Zen so long until you finally discovered there was NOTHING to study?
- 5 You've listened to Werner Erhardt call you an "asshole" for the last time?
- 6 You've followed Rajneesh right into his sexual prison complete with machine guns?
- 7 You've wondered why Alan Watts was so playful, then discovered he was an alcoholic?
- 8 You're afraid to touch another glass of purple Cool-Aid?
- 9 You've never smoked a cigarette in your life and developed lung cancer anyway (or) gave up eating meat and developed an ulcer because you're bitter towards those who do?
- 10 You've taken every drug to alter your consciousness until there isn't any consciousness left to alter?

So...now that you've read every book, followed every guru, quoted every quote, and swallowed every pill - WHAT NEXT?

\* \* \*

IT IS TIME TO THINK FOR YOURSELF  
AND CREATE YOUR OWN MYTHOLOGY

\* \* \*

- Anonymous

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Dear Friends,

This, that and other sundries I have used to avoid doing that which I have really wanted to do, ie: to sit down and write. I find I am very good at doing the "shoulds" and cheat myself on the things that I really want and enjoy. I heard a lovely song the other night, attributed to Carl Sandberg, "I've been a Good Boy" and it tells about how good a boy he has been indeed, and - ooh! what a stinker of a bad old man he intends to be! Wanted: a self confessed Puritan looking for some help in becoming, perhaps I should write that "Be-ing, Be-coming..." a heck of a lot more hedonistic. "If it's not fun," says Seth, "stop doing it."

Anyway enough excuses for not writing, sooner.

There seems to be an echo, here. There I am, in meditation, coming to the conclusion that I am sick and tired of my old persona. I have had it. It's been done and overdone. I've outgrown it. I'm willing to let it go. And the a flash effect of beginning fear -- if I let go of it, what will I have left? Never fear, Inner Self to the rescue with a distracting thought/question --Who is the Me that creates these personae, anyway? And there in CHFL #11, Yellow Mouse, "...just WHO? are you, ANYWAY?"

Now I've heard of double vision, but double hearing?

Listen, Yellow Mouse, if I knew would I be asking?

Of course on the other hand, the very fact of the question implies the answer. Or, I know. In this case however I may know but so far I don't know what it is that I know. Perhaps it is in the phrasing of the question. Krishnamurti has pointed out that when the question is correctly phrased, it contains the answer.

An image has recurred since. It was a lovely summer day, one or two years ago when I stopped to look out my kitchen window. The sky was blue with fluffy clouds floating by. The brook that runs past was bubbling along. The sky was reflected by the surface of the brook. The reflected patterns changed from second to second by the changing of the flow of both water and breeze. "A perfect metaphor for Self!" I thought and laughed, "if I would hold Self, then all I need do is grab a handful of water!" and laughed harder.

So there it is: Who is the Me that creates these personae? = a handful of water. !!! Yes, says the monoliner, "rational" thinking part of me, all very pretty, but hardly The Answer. Ah me, I can please some some of the time, but not all all of the time.

I had wanted to respond, and at length to the issue of individual growth versus social consciousness. Originally I'd had a fine structured sermon to deliver. Nuts to that, I've done too much intellectualizing and analyzing. Suffice it to say that individual growth is most probably not opposed to social consciousness, nor social consciousness opposed to indi-

vidual growth. Instead of either/or, it is most probably either/and. Both are necessary and useful to growth and development and probably serve as warp and woof of the weave of the fabric of life. If the impulse arises to become involved in something, go with it. If the experience satisfies, stay with it, if not, drop out. Learning can and does take place anywhere.... As long as I am willing to look at what is...


Dear John, Perhaps some of the difficulty of looking for The Authority has to do with the old bugaboo, responsibility, usually employed with heavy, heavy connotations and with an implied judgementalness. And without the concomitant gift that the Universe supplies with the responsibility, that of Power to be. It seems easier to play a game with ourselves and pretend that we didn't do it -- s/he made me do it. Forgetting of course, that if I choose to take and follow your directions, I am choosing to that. If it turns out good, (as I see it) then, Wow! You're great! If it turns out bad (as I see it) then, Wow! Your fault!

As I've grown older and have taken on some maturity, I find I can't really castigate the charlatans as I used to. (Darn! and it used to be so much fun, gettin' a Real Anger on!) As Pearl Baily points out: "It takes two to tango." No Yin without Yang and no Yang without Yin. We each of us play those games that we want. When they are no longer fun then we can stop.

Full circle. And Stop.

A Happy New Year - Perihelion to you all.

Love,



Maggie Novack  
1651 St. George/E-2  
Roselle, N.J. 07203

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FOR THE CH FRIENDS, &amp;

DEAR BANANA CLAUDE:

1/16/85

"My" dialogue is, by construct, at an individual level. But the issues met by each of us are vital instruction to the rest of us at all levels of our pilgrimage. Even though we can't use it now, we WILL remember when the time is ripe. So, I resist the individual "counseling" seance.

The search for word meaning IS "peculiar" because it challenges the deepest beliefs of man: usages learned at our mother's breast before the age of 8.

Trying to answer two of yours and one of mine: (1) is this word work peculiar, (2) is it being formed in a book and (3) does it really challenge at such depth?

OBEY, OBEDIENCE = OBOEDIENS (Lat), OBOEDIRE: to listen to, to hear = OB: (intensive), to, towards, in front of, against, on account of + AUDIRE: to hear, attend to

= AW, AU: to hear + DHE: to put, place or set

= AUDHE (Grk): to feel; AUDIRE (Lat): to hear

= the power to place one's perception or attention.

THUS OBAWDHE, OBAUDHE, OBeD (where e is the neutral sound OBAHD): to intensively place one's perception or attention steadfastly at, against, towards, on or over something and feel and perceive it with that same intensity. THUS OBEY: to have such an intense conscious control of one's organs of reception that he is able to take a thorough conceptual hold on something.

Thus "Wives OBEY your husbands" does not mean they should follow his orders or his lead. It means that they are to pay attention to, see deeply and hear the center and the fulness of what their husband is ABOUT.

Thus "OBEY the Lord's Will" also does not mean to await God's orders and then blindly follow them to the letter. Conversely it means to have at YOUR command the power of steering your attention and to steer it toward (OB) God.

Thus the required "Obedience of the monk" is not slavish adherence to "orders" but to the practice of a discipline which yields a controlled attention-awareness-consciousness.

All three of these points out that "OBEDIENCE" as a "Christian" idea is NO DIFFERENT THAN BUDDHIST. And I have NOT merely stated an OPINION. The word work makes it clear that, insofar as this issue is concerned, Christianity and Buddhism ARE ONE. Thus much is being said about Buddhist literature as a Way to clearing "Christian" word corruption.

To Elston BE SNOWED: "HEROES": I saw in Wagner's SEIGFREID: the god WOTAN, accused of loving Siegfried, says: "Those that I love, must fend for themselves; Heros are what I use." And your "Le Boulevardier" is GREAT !!!

To Tom Thompson: thanks much for the invite. Might even take you up on it one day. "-don't mistake the finger for the moon it is pointing to !" But the Finger IS the perceiver. Without an observer, THERE IS NO "MOON".

to Johann daBODID: You put some of my own thoughts into words that enlightened me - thanx. Let me add to: "It is within these comfortable security structures that we generally seek

asylum from the fear of non-being - void" But it only works for children. "- but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

to deNeal Amos: concerning THEWAY versus the Way:  
 PREDESTINATION = PRAE (Lat): before, in front of from PER (PIE): in front of, before, forward, through, thorough, toward, against, near to, early, first + DESTINARE (Lat): to determine from DESTINE: make firm, determine, establish from DE (Lat): down, firmly + STA (PIE): to stand (erect), placed, standing = DESTINE: placed firmly in position = determined, established. THUS to PREDESTINE is to establish, make firm and determine that which is directly in front of one: his path; his pathWAY.

"Just WHAT is pre-destined?" Our "WAY". But "WAY" is ambivalent. Naturally, "way" indicates "path", "road", "route", "career": THUS our future "course" or the "road of life" which lies before us. This is the usual concept which we argue is (or is not) predestined by the fates. But "WAY" has another meaning: "method", "process" (the way we do), "manner", "condition", "mode of living". It is psychological place or path - not external but internal; not a future event predestined, but a behaviorism habitually practiced until it becomes predictable: THUS seemingly by the fates predestined.

II Samuel 22:33: "God - maketh my way perfect."  
 "Perfect": PER: thoroughly + FACIO, FACERE: made = thoroughly or completely made: completed or finished. THUS God has (past tense) completed my WAY. This does NOT refer to the pre-destination of one's future route or career: the events which will occur, including death. But this DOES refer to the pre-destination of one's mode of living, manner of behavior, habits, conditioned responses. This tells us that it is GOD who has MADE COMPLETELY one's personality.

to NORMOS-er: "What the dickens could be accomplished in only one moment?" Wah-cha-wahnt? Still tryin' tuh make sumpin' happin', hey?

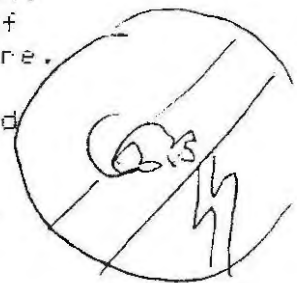
to Mik-a-el Dixon: you are down in donJuan country where all the Brujo's, whether Jap or Yaqui, sorce.

to Lor in pau (small, few, little, poor, child): You're right, Crabbed comes from the crab apple tree and arises out of the sourness of that fruit; Fusty indicates the smell of an old wooden barrel. "position": what, when - tell us more. Can I help? "Is the main purpose of religion (- either) personal growth and spiritual development or submission and external control." Of WHAT?

to Silas Hoadley: BEAUTIFUL: merely one breath at a time - THANK.

to ALL: My problem is "the white man's burden"; the messiah compulsion to combat evil, reform social institutions. I have reached the abyss, Khasm, Khaos of depression. Anybody know how to get out?

*yellow mouse*



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December 13, 1984

CRFL  
753 44th Ave.  
San Francisco,  
California 94121

Greetings Cloud Hidden Friends,

I have, through the kindness of a friend, read all of the past issues; now I have received my own. It is time for me to come out of the closet, I can no longer be a voyeur.

Let me introduce myself. I am 55 years old and live in Eastham MA, just beyond Orleans where the land turns North, on Cape Cod. I'm a doctoral student in Union Graduate School, my field, the Psychology of Human Development. My specific interest is to understand the factors that facilitate an individual's growth, after their decision to change. In addition to school I have committed to work for peace.


I too have struggled with the problem of how best to work. Do I march with a sign or try to become peace. Since I am small and somewhat timid, I have decided to live peace. Currently I am working with a program called Beyond War, attempting to spread the message:

War is obsolete

We are one

I am neither practicing Buddhist nor Quaker, but I have been tempted by both. My current spiritual practice revolves around The Course in Miracles and a tentative return to the Congregationalist Church of my youth. I'm not sure it makes much difference. Once one clears away the mist the light is everywhere. Strange, I know that, but it is so hard to see.

In Peace and Love,

  
Bob Smith  
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- Joel Weishaus

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SHIVA and DIONYSUS  
by Alain Danielou  
New York: Inner Traditions  
International, 1984. \$8.95

When Alain Danielou returned to Europe, after more than twenty years in the traditional Hindu world of India, he "was amazed at the childishness of theological concepts, and the barrenness of what is called religion. (He) found a rudderless humanity, clutching the dying tree of Christianity, without understanding why it was dying." To which Danielou adds that "the profound message of Shivaism (is) the only message which can help us face the divine reality of the world and cooperate with the work of the gods. There is no other true religion." (Italics mine)

This is from the author's Foreword to the book at hand, which is quite different from the ecumenical language he used in his Foreword to HINDU POLYTHEISM (New York: Bollingen Foundation, 1964), the work that established him as a first-rate scholar in the field of Hinduism. Here he wrote: "The mystery of creation and the destiny of man can be approached from various points of view. All religions are based on cosmological and metaphysical theories attempting to offer some explanation of the riddle of the universe."

From the tone of SHIVA and DIONYSUS, it seems the author's position has narrowed from a sense of desparation over events, mainly ecological, during the past twenty years. It may also be that he is attempting to offer a "popular" book, which is somewhat like an opera singer being booked into a Michael Jackson concert. Though many of the subcategories (like song titles) are juicy—"The forest spirit, the lustful and naked god," "The God of the humble," "The mistress of the animals," et al.—the text is mainly didactic. This is not a book for Carlos Castaneda die-hards.

In spite of the author forfeiting an objective viewpoint, in the clinches the scholar still prevails, making SHIVA and DIONYSUS a valuable introduction to a tradition dating back to at least 6000 B.C., the time when "The first true Shivaite images (were made) at Catal Hoyuk in Anatolia." "Shivaism," Danielou says, "is closely linked with the very beginnings of civilization."

Danielou does not make a clear distinction between Shivaite and Dionysian traditions, but feels they stem from one complex, and it is "with the Minoan civilization and its Greek heritage that Shivaite rites and myths, in their Dionysian version, make their real debut into what we know as the religious history of the Western World." Indeed, when it comes to the iconographic history of Europe and Asia, we don't have to posit a "collective unconscious," as we may have to, for instance, when we include Mesoamerica, et al. "The symbols of the swastika, the double axe and the labyrinth derive," as Danielou reminds us, "from Indian ideas related to Yogic experience and the Earth Cult."

So: Shiva/Dionysus, the bull-god, or horned god, the Lord of the Animals, ithyphallic, ecstatic. It is not all light, however; "certain rites and practices of ancient Shivaism or Dionysism, such as human sacrifices, could not be contemplated nowadays." But "they reflect tendencies of the human being and aspects of

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the nature of the world, which it would be imprudent to ignore."

The projection of women (in the minds of men) in Shivaite thought and society is as reactionary as most anywhere else. "Women are light-minded. They are the cause of all trouble. Men who seek liberation must avoid attaching themselves to women..," one text is quoted. And prostitution "is a beneficent and sacred profession." Danielou says that "When the Nehru government tried to prohibit prostitution in India, a delegation of strict Brahmans went to Delhi to protest and to remind the government that, according to the sacred texts, 'In countries without prostitution, every house becomes a brothel.'"

Danielou, enthusiastic as he is about the place of Shivaite and Dionysian traditions in our modern world, is honest enough to give us a pragmatic picture. As with all religions, the actual practices cannot be separated from the politics of power. Yet these ancient traditions, in their purity, are the coals of our hearts---and they are still, hopefully, alive.

Joel Weishaus

SOME "MOSERISMS" FROM NORMAN

Norman Moser  
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Reality is a Western word.

-0-

Boredom is always Self-boredom.

-0-

The first time a man was called an atheist it was not by the disbeliever himself; he would not have thought of it (unless of course he was a fool). It is merely a term thought up by 'other' men in order to label the infidel despicable, or u n l i k e t h e m s e l - v e s.

Make no mistake, it is always another man who calls someone an atheist: Thus the term has its use.

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And likewise, a philosopher is merely a man who, after having lived his life and been so great or elusive as to pass through many a spectrum unlabeled or unobserved, finds at last his 'place' in the eyes of his contemporaries or successors. If one may not call him this or that, he or she may then be called a philosopher. In this way the name serves many uses too.

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FINIS