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In a deserted warehouse on the outskirts of Earthport, housing a forgotten collection of priceless pre-Fuzzy documents.....



KRATOPHANY 10

December, 1976

KRATOPHANY 10 is the special Fifth Annish of an irregularly published journal of Taoism, whimsy, and bad puns. Kratophany is available for a show of interest, editorial whim, or \$1.00 (no subscriptions: money will only be accepted for the current and immediately subsequent issue). A show of interest includes, but is not restricted to: contributions of art or material, letters of comment, trades, and avocado recipes. Edited and published by Eli Cohen at:

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CONTENTS

Chonhyfur.....	editorial by Eli Cohen	p. 2
Zen:Center.....	article by Susan Wood	p. 8
Theons of the Gods.....	article by David Emerson	p.12
Wendy and the Yellow King, part 6.....	written by Mike Mason drawn by Judy Mitchell	p.15
The Adventures of Grayson Greensward.....	by Yarik P. Thrip	p.23
Taoism and Dialectical Materialism.....	article by Angus Taylor	p.24
The Sound of One Coin Dropping.....	column by Jon Singer	p.28
The Food for Thought Restaurant (reprint).....		p.32
Branches.....	letter column	p.33

ARTWORK: Judy Mitchell -- Cover, p. 2, 15-22, 46; Alexis Gilliland -- p. 4, 24, 25, 26, 27; Ken Fletcher -- p. 5, 12, 13, 14, 30, 45; Jim McLeod -- p. 10; Stu Shiffman -- p. 28, 36, 38; James Shull -- p. 33; Freff -- p. 44.

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CHONHYFUR

by Eli Cohen

"Don't bother reaching for a dictionary. 'Chonhyfur' is a loose transliteration of a Karok expression, and Karok is an American Indian language with only about 200 extant speakers. Should you happen to find yourself, though, through some fortunate chain of circumstances, in the company of one of these 200, and desire to express your camaraderie by showing that you know something of his language, let me warn you: 'Chonhyfur,' as nearly as I can tell from context, is an exclamation advising the listener to perform upon himself an anatomically impossible act, which, even if it could be committed, would not normally be done in polite company."

-- KRATOPHANY 1, December, 1971

Those words, five years ago, began the first issue of KRATOPHANY. Five years. In some ways that seems such a long time ago ... Watergate was a hotel then, Richard Nixon was the nation's leader, you could buy Ballantine's India Pale Ale in the supermarkets -- it's almost like it was another country (Wait a minute. This is Canada. It was another country!)

"KRATOPHANY comes to you from the Avocado Pit, an apartment I share with David Emerson, an ex-physics student who, when he's not pretending to be a gargoyle or writing letters to Rolling Stone, can sometimes be persuaded to whistle Back's 3rd Brandenburg; Jerry Kaufman, known to many of you for his articles and loc's, not to mention his recipe for chili; a kitten named Snap (for Snub Nosed Avocadivorous Pussycat); and five avocado plants." -- KRATOPHANY 1

The Avocado Pit, a hotbed of fannish activity ("David! Have you been smoking in bed again?"), had fannish connections ranging from Pittsburgh to Toronto, from the Bronx to Darkest Brooklyn. People as far away as California mailed us avocado pits; people as far away as Edgewater, N.J. brought us their surplus cats.

As our reputation grew, so did our population. In April, 1972, Suzle Tompkins moved in. By December, 1972, Asenath Hammond (now Asenath Hammond-Sternbach) had moved in, and we had acquired another cat and two more avocados.

And from that fannish retreat atop Morningside Heights there poured forth an incessant stream of KRATOPHANY's, one after another:

"There were times when I didn't think this issue was going to come out. But here it is, only seven months after KRAT 1, just barely on schedule."

-- KRATOPHANY 2, July, 1972

"This is by way of explanation as to why it's taken me almost nine months to produce this fanzine. (No, I did not change the method of reproduction!)"

-- KRATOPHANY 3, April, 1973

"Once again I've failed to get two issues out in the same calendar year. I have, however, managed to maintain my schedule of an issue every nine months. (My roommate Asenath says I'm the only fanzine editor in the world that gets morning sickness.)" -- KRATOPHANY 4, January, 1974

Five years. Ten issues. Of course, people like that Terry Hughes chap will brag about 19 issues in the same period. But I ask you: Consider the number 10, its round perfection, its numerological significance, its even divisibility by 5. 19? Bah! 19 is an ugly number, uncouth, and a prime example of vulgar ostentation. Ten is far more Significant.

But how did this Significant event come to be? What caused a decent, well-brought up science fiction reader to turn into a (shudder) faned?

For the answer to this we must search back, back into the mists of time, back to Labor Day weekend, 1967, in New York, back to: NYCON 3.

Imagine, a real science fiction convention only a subway ride away! (Two subway rides away if you went to the wrong Hilton first.) Of course I went; I got John Brunner's autograph, and listened to Isaac Asimov, and watched as Harlan Ellison talked with a bunch of awestruck high school kids (despite all the Harlan Stories I've heard since, that first impression is the image of the man I retain: Harlan Ellison, the famous science fiction writer, surrounded by a horde of tongue-tied teenagers -- joking with them, getting them to talk about themselves, putting them at their ease, and generally treating them as, well, fellow fans).

However, historically speaking, the significant thing I did was join the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

During the next year, my Neffer membership got me involved in correspondence with other neofans like Richard Labonte in Ottawa and Linda Eyster (now Linda Bushyager) in Pittsburgh. By the time Fred Lerner arrived on the Columbia campus, Linda had already sent me a copy of a "fanzine" called GRANFALLOON, and my doom was sealed.

The Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University (FSFSCU), founded by Fred Lerner in the fall of 1968, had by February 1969 shaken itself down to a hard core of dedicated members. The flightier of the original 27 people in the club had long since departed; the remaining three of us (Fred, my roommate Joe Gerver, and me) were having a typical meeting staring at the empty chairs, when suddenly the Door Opened: In walked a 5' tall blonde by the name of Janet Megson, and Ricky Kagan, her enormous boyfriend.

(I must digress here for a Typical Ricky Story: Columbia had a student-run coffee-shop called the Postcrypt -- it was in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel -- at which Janet worked when she first met Ricky. It was quite usual for the regular customers to help the staff clean up, which Ricky was doing one night. "Sponge," said Janet, and Ricky handed her a sponge to wipe off a table with. "Towel," said Janet, and Ricky handed her a towel with which to dry the table. And then, as people will do in such situations, Janet said, "Scalpel." And Ricky handed her a scalpel. "But I always carry a scalpel," he explains. "You never know when they might come in handy.")

"AKOS is the magazine of the Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University (FSFSCU) ...

Eli Cohen and Janet Megson, Editors-in-Chafe

Joseph Gerver, Science Editor

Yarik P. Thrip, Nome Rath-in-Residence"

-- AKOS 1, May 1969

Before I knew it, I had committed fanac, and in public yet. At least it wasn't solitary fanac -- I had a co-editor. A co-editor who worked down the

hall from a certain aspiring artist by the name of Judy Mitchell. ("I think the cartoonist, Judy Mitchell, who did the next to the last cartoon (come to think of it, she did almost all of the illustrations) should be chained to a desk and forced to do others as funny." -- Jerry Kaufman loc, AKOS 2, August 1969). I do not mean to imply, by the way, that Janet's only contribution to AKOS was getting Judy to do artwork for us; my co-editor was also a talented writer, had an uncanny ability to, er, solicit material, and above all, her sweet, gentle, angelic manner was a source of joy and comfort to all those around her. ("All the rest of us are very much alive and bitching (I admit that Eli's existence is a tenuous one, as I threaten to eliminate him about once a week -- but so far Ricky has prevented any real mayhem and mutilation by sitting on me. Don't count on it, Eli!).") -- Janet Megson, AKOS 2).

It was at that year's DISCLAVE that I first met the people I had been reading about in GRANFALLOON (I had met Linda briefly at Baycon the previous year) -- people like Suzle Tompkins, Jerry Kaufman, Ginger Buchanan, Genie diModica ... the whole WPSFA crew. (There came a point in my fannish career when I was so closely associated with WPSFA that Charlie Brown would jokingly wish me "a safe trip back to Pittsburgh" after LUNACON.) That DISCLAVE was when I first began to feel truly a part of fandom: I had found a congenial bunch of friends to hang around with at conventions (the "Pittsburgh fans," a misnomer, as it came to include colonies in Ann Arbor, Columbus, New York, Philadelphia, and even Toronto), I had a secure niche in FSFSCU (well, it was secure enough, if you disregard Janet's intermittent homicidal attacks), and, best of all, I was no longer a neo. No sir, I was a faned.. Co-editor of a truly unique magazine -- why, AKOS 1 had fan fiction, a science article, poetry, book reviews, and even an SF Trivia quiz! Yes, indeed.

No one, however, can say that we did not mature: Our second issue had fan fiction, a science article, poetry, and a con report (on the aforementioned DISCLAVE). Janet and Ricky and I were now hitting the East Coast con circuit, and I was meeting lots of people I had hitherto only known through print. I believe it was at PgHLANGE 1 that year that I first met Richard Labonte and

Mike Glicksohn, who had come down from the Frozen North to thaw out. PgHLANGE 1 remains in many ways the most enjoyable con I've ever been to, and I think I will indulge myself by reprinting a paragraph which recorded some of my impressions of it:

"...one thing must be said -- PgHLANGE was great. It had a flavor all its own, from the Welcoming Committee Incident to the, uh, Banquet? (Sorry, Suzle ...) The former more or less set the tone. Three carloads of Committee took off to the airport to welcome the Silverbergs, the del Reys, Charlie Brown & Co. to Pittsburgh. Elliot Shorter spied Charlie Brown around the motel. 'What happened to the Welcoming Committee?' 'There was a Welcoming Committee?' At which point Bob Silverberg walked by in swim trunks with a towel draped around his neck, dripping wet from his swim in the motel pool. Something had obviously Gone Wrong. Grasping the situation, Tom Bulmer, Barbara Silverberg, and your humble narrator hopped into a car and headed for the airport. When we got there, Barbara ran up behind the poor committee and gleefully shouted, 'Welcome to Pittsburgh!' The con committee might have



gone through hell, but the rest of us had lots of fun." -- AKOS 2

Due to an unfortunate series of mishaps and delays, we wound up actually collating AKOS 2 at the Worldcon in St. Louis, which nearly put me off fanzines forever. (I remember enticing a nubile young femmefan up to my room to "help collate a fanzine." As I recall, she got the strangest expression on her face when I started laying the pages out on the bed. She was kind of clumsy and awkward at it, and after collating a couple of copies she mumbled some excuse and left. Must've been a fringe fan ...)

That fall, FSFSCU really started going. Our meetings began to attract local fans, and even some new people -- such as Jon Singer (who introduced me to avocados), Maggie Flinn (who introduced me to kumquats), April Kihlstrom, and David Emerson.

In April, 1970, we produced the third and last issue of AKOS. Of course, in any co-edited publication there has to be some give and take, and one must occasionally compromise one's principles (particularly when one's esteemed co-editor threatens one with being folded, stapled, and mutilated); but AKOS 3 was pretty good if I do say so myself, especially with its blazing red and black dragon cover (by Judy Mitchell, of course).

Having burned ourselves out with this superb issue, we took a break. Janet and Ricky moved across the river into New Jersey; I moved across 113th St. into a graduate dormitory, and for a year my fanac was confined to running FSFSCU and writing locs to ENERGIUMEN. Janet and I would occasionally mutter about doing AKOS 4 (I think we even went so far as to put together the lettercol), but nothing seemed to come of it.

In June of 1971 David and I (joined by Jerry a month later) moved into the Avocado Pit.

So there I was: Living with two fan writers (to be accurate, David at this point was merely a latent fan writer), a file of leftover AKOS material in my desk, Judy Mitchell 5 blocks away, access to the LOCUS mimeos offered by Dena and Charlie Brown ... There was only one thing standing between me and the perfect fanzine: ~~NO~~ A title.

You can't have a fanzine without a title. I confess I am not good with names -- AKOS was an accidental product of one of my linguistics courses. (Over the years people have come up with many inventive exegeses of AKOS, ranging from Attic Greek to Basement Tenement. It is actually a transliteration of a word from Tonkawa, a now-extinct American Indian language, and means, roughly, "I become sick.")

One day, as I recall, Jerry came into my room waving a letter from Sandra Miesel. "What does 'kratophany' mean?" he asked. We scoured our dictionaries. Nothing. Then we tried a little detective work, and came up with: "-crat: from the Greek kratos, meaning power" and "-phany: from the Greek phaneia, appearance, manifestation, as in epiphany", hence: Kratophany - a manifestation of power.

*Z*O*T*!

And so it came to pass that KRATOPHANY was born.

I would like to express my gratitude and appreciation to all those who helped produce this fanzine during the last five years: To Jerry Kaufman, David Emerson, Charlie and Dena Brown, Judy Mitchell, Suzle Tompkins, Brian McCarthy, Asenath Hammond-Sternbach, Debbie Notkin, and Susan Wood; to all the artists and writers who contributed; to all the readers who sent locs; and above



all, to Yarik P. Thrip, without whom.

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"I have to tell you a Con Edison story. Everybody knows how inefficient public utilities are. Well, we've had our little troubles with the gas and electric company over the past year and a half, some minor problems that only necessitated three changes of my account number, some Xeroxes of cancelled checks, and a call to the Vice-President in charge of Manhattan.

"I could understand this. I could almost understand their deciding to suddenly close my account and start sending my bills addressed to W. F. Mitchell, who if he exists at all is Peggy Mitchell's divorced husband (she lives two floors below us) who hasn't lived in this building for four years and has never lived in apartment 63. As I said, I can almost understand this, and in any case we straightened it out except for that \$63 payment they "lost" in the process, but that sort of thing is expected with a big company, and everybody knows what terrible times we live in and so forth. But, you see, in the course of all this, they mis-typed my name, and started referring to me as Eli Colen... The last straw, as they say.

"So I sent back their computer card with 'Colen' underlined and a note to the effect that 'There is no such person at this address. If you wish to receive payment, kindly bill Cohen.'

"They did eventually straighten out the account (following that call to the Vice President), and after a year of struggling we finally got a bill with the correct amount.

"Addressed to 'Bill Cohen.' "

-- KRATOPHANY 3, April, 1973

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It may surprise those of you who have followed the story of my, um, interactions with Canadian Immigration, but I no longer consider what I had to go through unreasonable. In fact, it seems I got off rather easily, considering a recent case. Following is the text of an article (sent to me by Susan Wood) by Doug Collins, which appeared in The Vancouver Sun, Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1976:

"You are not going to believe this, but I have in front of me all the documentation showing that a Canadian mother cannot get her son into the country as an immigrant.

"The mother is Caroline Stacey of 2960 West Forty-first, Vancouver. She was born in Canada, is a registered nurse, and served overseas in the Canadian forces in the Second World War. She also has a letter from her doctor which states she is suffering from severe emotional stress as a result of the immigration department's refusal to admit her son.

"Apparently, none of this counts with officialdom. Her son Norman, who is 22 years old and a graduate geologist, asked to be admitted on compassionate grounds, and was refused.

"That was after his application to be admitted as a landed immigrant in the normal way was turned down by the Canadian immigration office in London. Somehow, he didn't qualify, even though he is healthy, has a good education, was bringing \$1,000 with him, and is bilingual in English and French to university entrance level.

"....The story began in New Zealand, where the mother lived for many years and brought up her family. She retained her Canadian citizenship and returned to B.C. in May, 1975, bringing her two young daughters with her as dependents. Norman went to Australia, and eventually to London.

"She asked him to come to this country because she needed him both for economic and moral support. He is now here on a visitor's permit.

"The letter of refusal from the manpower and immigration division of the Canadian high commission in London is dated June 14, 1976, and states that 'while our decision may be disappointing to you, it has been taken in accordance

with our requirements and what we believe to be your own best interest.'

"....Earlier, Mrs. Stacey could have 'nominated' Norman for entry, meaning that as a relative she could have got him an immediate 30 points out of the 50 necessary on the immigration department's scorecard. But at that time she had broken her leg, was unable to work, and had been obliged to go on welfare. So the immigration department told her that nomination was out because she could not support him. (Ed. note: This too is farcical. Immigration officials have admitted publicly that thousands of immigrants who come in via the 'nominated' route never see those who nominated them, and that nominators cannot be held legally responsible for them.)

"Last July, in response to pleas from his mother (he is the only male in the family, and his grandmother is terminally ill with cancer) Norman Stacey arrived in Canada via the U.S.A. on a three-month tourist visa. On Aug. 9, an immigration official told him that if he could find employment, he would be granted a temporary work permit.

"He found a job with Tyee Lake Resources Ltd., Vancouver, as a field geologist, and was to have worked on an exploration project in the Kelowna area. The letter the company wrote to manpower and immigration stated the company had not been able to find a Canadian suitable for their particular requirements, and they said they found Stacey 'entirely satisfactory.'

"When he went back to the department with this, he was seen by a different official. This man said in effect: 'Thanks for finding this job, but we can't let you go to it because we want to give it to someone else.'

"Meanwhile, Stacey applied to be allowed to stay in Canada on compassionate grounds. He was informed by phone that his application was refused.

"The family got into touch with Robert Wenman, MP for Fraser Valley West. He wrote to Immigration Minister Bud Cullen on Sept. 28, and on Oct. 1 Stacey was issued a temporary work permit.

"So now he has a work permit, but no job. Canada's very own Catch-22.

"Furthermore, Mrs. Stacey could now nominate her son, because she is back at work as a registered nurse at the Holy Family Hospital.

"But she can only nominate him if he is outside the country, and for him that means either Britain or New Zealand. He could not go to Seattle and apply from there, for example, because in order to get a U.S. visa he would have to have an onward air ticket to New Zealand. And because they wouldn't let him take the job he found, he doesn't have the money."

* * *

"We generally lead dull, normal lives. I asked Asenath what we had done recently that was weird.

"She looked up and said, 'Weird? Us? We never do anything weird.' And went back to drawing the pentagram on her floor."

-- KRATOPHANY 4, January, 1974

* * *

The Saskatchewan Corrections Information System is finally far enough along, I think, that it might just be able to totter on without my presence (even though it's still not fully implemented, nine months after the deadline), and I therefore feel relieved of any moral obligation to remain in Regina. Consequently, I am moving to Vancouver on March 1 (see the colophon for the new address). I'm sorry to leave my job, because I really have enjoyed it -- but I'm afraid Regina is just lacking too many of the necessities of life:

"We were sitting around in the cafeteria one day, wishing we could buy bagels in Regina ..." -- Susan Wood, KRATOPHANY 5, May 1974

* * *

And finally, a belated season's greetings, and a Happy New Year to all of you.

Zen: Center

by Susan Wood

My Zen story begins with the San Francisco phone book, in which, right above "Zen Hair Styles" you find a listing for "Zen Center, 300 Page St."

In July, 1975, John Berry and I spent over a month visiting friends, and exploring little bits of the San Francisco Bay Area. Even with a month, we seemed never to have enough time to do everything, see everyone, write, rest before going to Australia -- and just sit contemplating all the information coming in our eyes and ears, all the thoughts and feelings bubbling up inside. That whole summer i. summed up for me by the day we spent with Jerry Jacks and 5,000 other people, being herded past the travelling exhibit of Chinese art treasures. They had endured, serenely beautiful, for centuries, but between the pressure from the crowds, pushed through in groups of a hundred every five minutes, and the chivvying of the guards who nearly threw me out when I sat down on the floor to rest, we could manage only thirty seconds to glance at each. In the restless, relentless stream of bodies moving past display cases, images moving past eyes, I stopped: rocklike: to see -- an urn (who made it?); a pair of playful gold leopards, ruby-eyed (sophistication, suddenly, amid the clay pots -- from where, for whom?); a cup (whose?). In the movement of days, too, there were a few hours, a few places, where we stopped to contemplate: silence, in silence: Muir Woods past the tourists; the hills near Stanford; the ferry across the Bay; the Zen Center.

Now I know as little about Zen Buddhism as any reader of KRATOPHANY. Aside from Zen masters beating obtuse disciples, however, the little I know of the practice of contemplation appeals to me -- to me as a squirrel, "caught up in mock progress, which is just going on toward going on, what Buddhists call samsara -- squirrel cage of birth and death," as Alan Watts describes it. At the same time, my own ignorance, or my inhibitions caused by an over-awareness of my Presbyterian hyper-active attachment to the squirrel cage would have kept me from wandering into the Zen Center to ask questions.

But Andrew Main wanted his fanzines back.

Fanhistory: Andy Main, BEM, early 60's BNF, dropped out of fandom and most of his rather varied past in 1970. He divested himself of most of his possessions, his links to the past -- including a cardboard box of his own fanzines, which he gave to John Berry. Now, in July 1975, he decided "it was time to get back in touch with that part of myself." When John phoned him at the office of the CO-EVOLUTION QUARTERLY and suggested a meeting, Andrew asked us to dig the zines out of storage, and come to visit him -- at the Zen Center, where he lived.

A wheezing, grubby MUNI bus carried us through some of the city's grubbier streets, down the hills to an undistinguished block of nondescript buildings. One looked larger and more institutional than the rest; on the front steps, a bearded figure leaned on a crutch. "There's Andy -- I guess. He looks different," said John.

Andrew Main turned out to be slight, dark, quiet -- with an air of great energy held firmly in control. Or mostly in control -- he was limping badly because, hurrying to get to the opening of the Zen Center's new grocery store, he'd dashed down the polished stairs, slipped, and fallen. So much for the contemplative life.

The center itself was large, cool, quiet: a complete contrast to the streets outside. We cached the fanzines in a corner of the wide, white-painted hall, and accompanied Andrew at crutch-pace, past the closed glass doors of the main ceremonial hall (empty except for rows of mats facing a

statue of the Buddha, flanked by flowers and candles), and out into a courtyard, where fuschias bloomed and sun splashed over stone walls and balconies, decorated incongruously with the Star of David. More polished, slippery stairs took us down to the zendo, the meditation hall. We were between hours for zazen -- sitting meditation, practiced at least twice a day -- and the hall was deserted. A huge bronze signal-bell hung in the corridor. Andrew struck it, to let us hear its tone (who can resist ringing a handy bell?). The muted, deep note emphasized the silence: a companionable peacefulness, not the oppressive hush of some churches, which tells an insignificant mortal to be quiet or else. We took off our shoes, and stepped into the zendo.

Raised platforms of polished light wood, about two feet high, circled the walls; another long, rectangular platform occupied the center of the room. Low wooden screens separated the platforms into cubicles, perhaps six feet deep and wide. Each cubicle was, like the floor, covered with light straw matting; each contained a square mat, some topped by a little round cushion -- a zafu, said Andrew, a cushion used during meditation, at which I began to see how sitting zazen for several days, or even forty-five minutes, might physically be easier than I had thought. As for the surroundings: I wouldn't want to be a traditional Zen monk, who spent his life sleeping, eating and meditating in his allotted body-space in the zazen, separated from his fellows by a low screen and the inward direction of his thoughts; but a chance to sit in this quiet hall, breathe and be still, was appealing.

Light poured in from the high windows onto pale surfaces of wood and straw; a peaceful energy welled up into the still air. "This used to be a Jewish girls' school," Andrew explained, "and this was the gym, where they held dances." John and I imagined lines of well-bred, well-dressed young women lined along one wall, men along another, all shy and uncomfortable; nervous tension filled the air, along with banal music. Andrew grinned. "Yes, it's a change."

He talked a little about meditation, and the Zen Center community. "In traditional Zen practice, each person faces the wall -- we sit facing each other. The traditionalists say theirs is 'warrior Zen,' ours is 'farmer's Zen' -- it makes us more of a community, we share our energy meditating the same way we do in anything else."

The Center welcomes students. Members of the community who live elsewhere, as Andrew had done, come in for zazen periods; and the Center accepts guests for up to six weeks of meditation, study, services, and community life. There are fifty people in residence: priests, guests, lay people. Some work outside -- Andrew was a typesetter for the CQ; others work in the store, which sells organic produce grown by the Zen community at Green Gulch farm near Muir Woods, or the Center's bakery, or its bookstore, or Alaya Stitchery in the basement where cushions, mats, and the loose pants worn for meditation are made, for the community and for anyone who wants to order a violet zafu, or perhaps six royal-blue zabutans for a Japanese-style dining room.

I learned all these practical details of who does the work (the members of the community) and who pays the rent (ditto -- there's a \$160/month "teaching fee" for room, board and instruction, since this is basically a school) much later, from information sheets prepared by the Center, and from Andrew himself. At the time, I thought of questions, but something -- probably the serenity of the Center itself -- kept me from pelting Andrew with chatter. Besides, I wanted just to stay quiet, absorb my surroundings.

In a huge, institutional kitchen, we filled bowls with soup, rice, vegetable stew, and various delightful things. Reclaiming the box of fanzines, we moved back into the courtyard. While Andrew rediscovered bits of his fan self, and talked quietly with John, I watched: bright splashes of flowers,





statues, a mosaic fountain; and, on one side of the courtyard, the city below, its noise and smog remote under a shield of glass. In the courtyard, people in floppy, comfortable clothes gathered, ate, sat sewing, moved quietly and purposefully. There seemed to be none of the austerity and regimentation which most of us would associate with a "monastery"; the life of the place was evident everywhere, moving with that same controlled energy apparent beneath Andrew's quiet surface. People smiled, seemed serene; no-one spoke loudly -- or laughed aloud.

The residential parts of the school, too, were white-painted, light, simple: life reduced to a tatami mat on the floor, personalized and enriched by books, a vase of flowers, whatever one needed -- even a place for fanzines.

I contemplated the contemplative life. I was living, at the time, out of a backpack, all my possessions stowed a thousand miles away with spiders in a Vancouver basement. I was discovering, to my pleasure, how few of those "necessities" I needed, day by day; and here, I began to remember the pleasure of living in a supportive community, one's minimal needs for food and shelter met by shared effort, with time to study and explore. That serene atmosphere refreshed me, as we sat talking with Andrew about this, that and the CO-EVOLUTION QUARTERLY.

Yet how could I accept the shrine room where candles burned beside the picture of Suzuki Roshi, the Center's first abbot; or the tiny shrines along the halls, with their flowers before picture-postcards of the Buddha?

Again, something stopped me from asking Andrew, "Aw, c'mon, how do you believe in all this?" It was easier to ask in a letter, to which he replied: "It might be difficult, actually, to separate 'purely religious aspects' out of any way of life that is seriously and completely lived. Such a life, it seems to me, is basically religious in its entirety to begin with. In other words, for one who is really practicing, there is no aspect of life that is not 'religious' -- the impulse toward practice is a religious impulse to begin with. Regarding the Buddhas and traditional eastern 'clothing' of this practice, it's just that this is the form in which the practice came here, and it seems pretty much as good as any other. Some people really get into it, some all but ignore it. Most people, I think, find as they get deeper into practice that it is helpful to have forms and objects, specific places and rituals, which serve as focuses for practice. Buddhas are not gods in the western sense, nor are they worshipped. One of the Tassajara brochures has a note about 'Altars and Buddhas' which I think expresses this very well: 'The Buddha is strictly a reminder not only of the historical person who realized this practice, but also of the unconditioned nature of ourselves beyond thinking and acting as well as the unity or interdependency

and relatedness of all things; both of these aspects are also called Buddha. But altars and Buddhas are not necessary; one's own location in time and space is enough."

Time: a timeless few hours on a summer day in San Francisco. Place: a quiet oasis, a courtyard filled with flowers; a helpful monk with a shaven head and a cup of coffee at his elbow, who helped me rummage through the bookstore's collection of translations of the Tao Te Ching (since I didn't find one I liked more than the two I owned, I bought Gary Snyder's Earth House Hold instead); candles in a shrine; and a quiet person moving purposefully down a path leading to Tassajara monastery, far removed from this busy, no-time-to-think world of mine. I wanted to ask Andrew several hundred questions; I wanted to ask him how he'd, apparently, found such serenity after upheaval; I wanted to bridge the gap between my world and his, as he sat two feet away eating soup, beneath the hanging flowers. I didn't.

Andrew later wrote: "Actually, all discussion aside (which is where it ought to be) the best way to find out about zazen practice is to sit. Your own experience will teach you. If zazen is good practice for you, you will clarify all the other details for yourself."

One can write and ask to be accepted as a guest student at Green Gulch Farm or the Zen Center, 300 Page St., San Francisco, CA 94102. One can call: the number's there in the book, 415-863-3136. You can: I doubt I will, even though these days the squirrel cage revolves with a thousand tiny, petty problems, leaving (it sometimes seems) no room for me. Or perhaps, some day ... In the meantime, there's a place, in my memory, filled with sunlight and energy -- like a clear stream flowing over smooth stones, dappled with sunlight, under the patient redwoods. In the meantime, it's enough to know that such places exist: quiet, and at the center of things.

"Anybody who wants to repeat an experiment in modern subatomic physics has to undergo many years of training. Only then will he or she be able to ask nature a specific question through the experiment and to understand the answer. Similarly, a deep mystical experience requires, generally, many years of training under an experienced master and, as in the scientific training, the dedicated time does not alone guarantee success. If the student is successful, however, he or she will be able to 'repeat the experiment.' The repeatability of the experience is, in fact, essential to every mystical training and is the very aim of the mystics' spiritual instruction.

A mystical experience, therefore, is not any more unique than a modern experiment in physics. On the other hand, it is not less sophisticated either, although its sophistication is of a very different kind. The complexity and efficiency of the physicist's technical apparatus is matched, if not surpassed, by that of the mystic's consciousness -- both physical and spiritual -- in deep meditation. The scientists and the mystics, then, have developed highly sophisticated methods of observing nature which are inaccessible to the layperson. A page from a journal of modern experimental physics will be as mysterious to the uninitiated as a Tibetan mandala. Both are records of enquiries into the nature of the universe."

-- Fritjof Capra, THE TAO OF PHYSICS

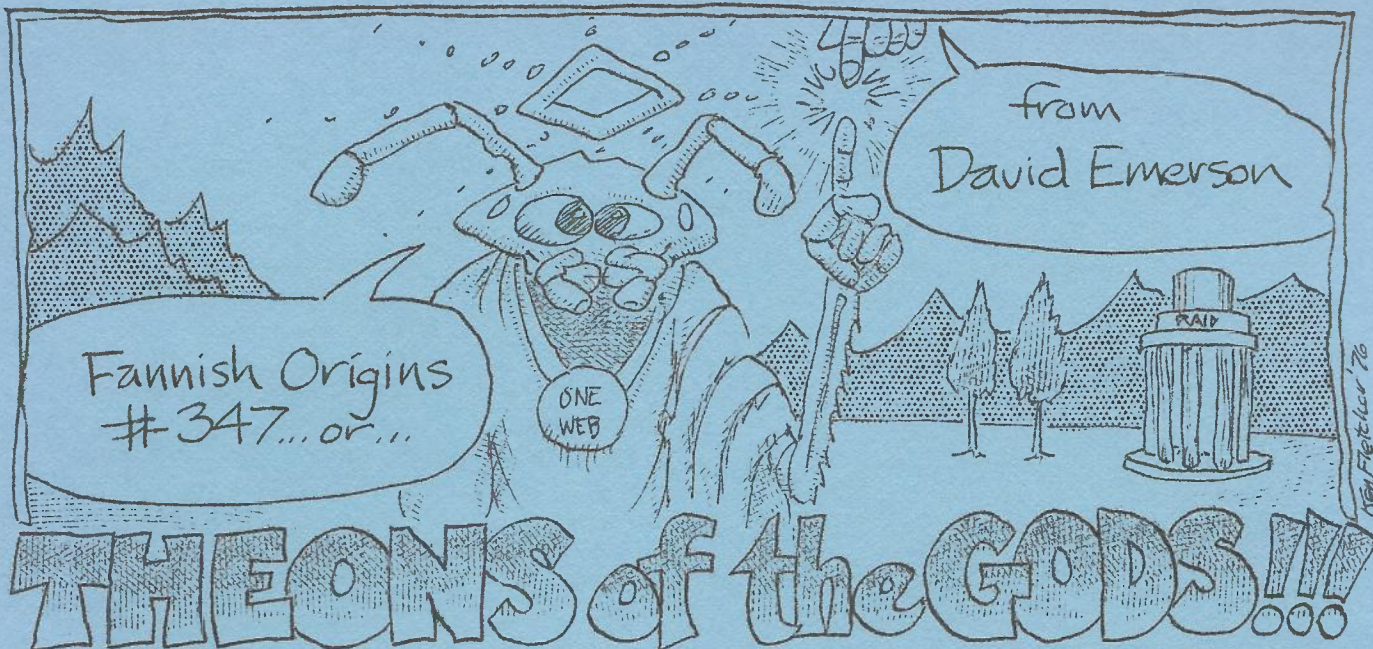
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"...every plant that is to come to its full fruition must be embedded in the soil, so that as its stem ascends the whole earth reaches up to the sun."

-- Alan Watts, PSYCHOTHERAPY EAST AND WEST



When I saw the envelope from Eli, my first thought was "That can't be a new KRATOPHANY -- it hasn't been a year since the last one." Then I thought, maybe he's being deported to Minneapolis and is checking out the zeppelin schedule ... But it turned out to be a thinly disguised plea for material. It's been quite a while since the second and final installment of "Life With Uncle" appeared, and withdrawal symptoms must have been setting in. The faned's occupational hazard -- no Emerson material. What a tragic state of affairs.

So naturally, being the ~~slacker~~ benevolent sort that I am, I agreed to write something. He even suggested a topic, to wit: theons.

Theons!

My, my, but that does take one back. Nine or ten years, in fact. In those vague, dim days before I discovered fandom, I knew a fellow named Chris Hasty, who propounded to me a theory that bridged the gap between quantum physics and theology. He said that, just as the number of electrons in a body determined its overall charge, a body's holiness was a result of the number of theons it contained, a theon being the elementary particle of holiness. He used this theoretical framework to explain the "obvious" phenomenon that large people are more holy than small folk -- because they contain more theons. He may have been a bit biased toward this conclusion, being 6'2" himself.

Quite some years later, I left the small-town college where I'd known Hasty, moving to New York City and the hallowed (or hollowed, after the student riots) halls of Columbia University. There, on the bulletin board in the lobby of the physics building, my virgin eyes beheld an announcement: "The Fantasy and Science Fiction Society of Columbia University meets every Thursday in the PostCrypt, St. Paul's Chapel." Thus did I find FSFSCU and consequently, Fandom.

Eli was, I think, the first fan I ever met. Not that I realized at the time that he was one of an extensive network of people calling themselves "fans." In fact, it wasn't much of a meeting. He wrote down my name and address, took my dollar bill, and gave me a copy of AKOS #2.

I attended FSFSCU off and on for a couple of semesters, occasionally wondering why I bothered going back, except for the egoboo (which I didn't know was called "egoboo") Eli gave me by acting overjoyed every time I showed up. That spring I attended the programming at LUNACON, bought a couple of fanzines (ik), followed around behind a few FSFSCU ilk for a while, and went home early.

The following year I attended FSFSCU more regularly, going again and again on the off chance of seeing strange people like Carl Frederick the bagpiping physicist or Fred Phillips the human movie soundtrack (ever seen him do "God Is My Co-Pilot", dialogue, sound effects, and music, all by himself?) or Janet Megson (later Kagan) Whom I Lusted After or the ineffable Jon Singer. That year I attended not only LUNACON but also MONDOCON -- tho I still cut out after the programming was over.

At the end of that year, I grew tired of my bachelor pad (koff, koff) and wanted some company. So did Eli. The two of us secured a low-priced 3-bedroom apartment near the University, moved our stuff in, imported Jerry Kaufman from the wilds of Ohio, and named the place The Avocado Pit.

That summer -- 1971 it was -- I finally Became A Fan. Looking back on it, I see it was mostly Jerry's influence (aha!). He brought with him a choice selection of fanzines, which I leafed through and wondered over. His close contacts with the WPSFA crowd put me into contact with fans from outside of New York. His contacts with the faaanish element in New York got me invited to Fanoclasts and Insurgents. I began to realize that there was a lot more to fandom than I had suspected.

At the end of that summer I finally broke down and agreed to go to a convention that wasn't held in The City. Somehow the idea of packing into a less-than-trustworthy automobile and driving for eight hours or so to, of all places, Pittsburgh for a couple of days of hobnobbing with people I mostly knew already, didn't faze me in the least. The blood of a trufan was obviously flowing in my veins. Probably from that transfusion at St. Luke's, tho I was thankful they didn't give me bat's blood.

Now, all this time I had been insisting to all and sundry that I was Not A Fan. My idea of a Fan was a pimply teenager with a Lin Carter paperback in his back pocket, sitting in the hallways of the Statler Hilton and making obnoxious comments about Harlan Ellison. Clearly, I was not one of those. However, I was spending my time reading Jerry's fanzines; I was living in an apartment with two fans; and every other Sunday I took the subway up to the Bronx to help collate LOCUS.

And there I was at PgHLANGE III, at a party in Ginger Buchanan's room, flinging fannish terms into my conversation with mad abandon, bubbling over about having just met Mike and Susan Glicksohn and Richard Labonte, and talking about what a great fanzine STARLING was. And it came to pass that Charlie Brown motioned me over, and I went to him, and he said unto me, "David," and I knelt solemnly for I was in the presence of a BNF; "David," he said, "you're a fan."

And so it was.

Wait a minute. What am I doing in Pittsburgh? I was talking about theons. Ah! Quick, cabbie, get me back to KRAT -- just follow that blue Canadian mimeo paper. Ah, that's better.

Yes, well. Some time after that FSFSCU resumed for the fall, meeting in the Avocado Pit -- the PostCrypt having been denied us by the Powers That Were. A new group of people started showing up, mostly from Queens College: Barry Smotroff and Moshe Feder, among others. They brought with them a crudzine of no uncertain terms -- PLACEBO.



Little did we all know One night we were sitting in one of the back rooms at the Pit and idea-bripping, and came up with the idea for the Hula-Hoop Mythos, which I detailed in PLACEBO many years ago and am not about to recall now. I must have mentioned theons somewhere in there because they wanted me to write it up for them, too. But I never got around to it.

I'm sure, though, that we bandied the idea around for a while, because I remember all sorts of aspects of the theory that Hasty never told me. I had done a couple of years of graduate-level physics by then, so the theory got a bit abstruse, but I'm sure Carl Frederick would've understood. We came up with details like:

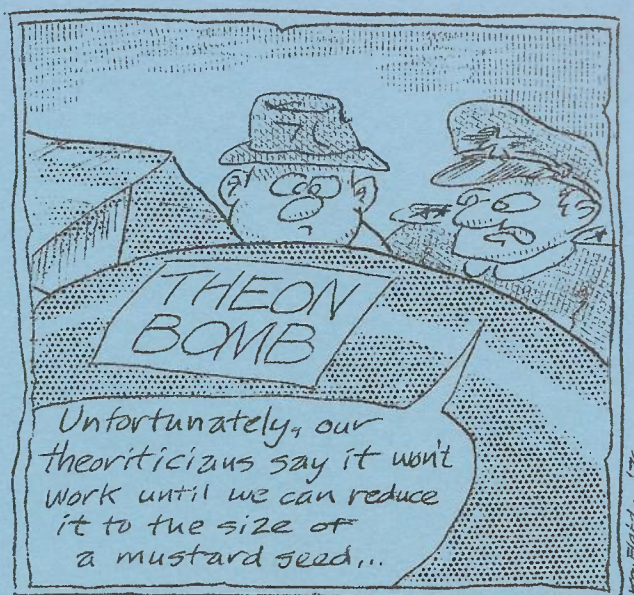
- a quantity called "grace," analogous to "spin"; a theon could, of course, be in a state of grace up or grace down -- with obvious consequences to holiness on the macroscopic level. Furthermore, large numbers of theons in one particular state would tend to force a similar alignment on their neighbors, i.e. touch someone in a condition of extreme holiness and zap! instant conversion. Naturally, by symmetry, someone in a condition of extreme unholiness ...
- the gravitational theory of theons, deemed obscure, but with empirical evidence that a large quantity of theons in a state of grace up enabled one to walk on water ...
- the by-this-point inevitable Trinity of quark-like particles that made up a theon ...
- some speculations on the nature of theonic theory in a non-Christian context, such as, in analogy to the creation and destruction operators of regular physics, the creation, preservation, and annihilation operators of Hindu theonics ...

Also around that time, we of the Pit were getting a fanzine called THE BUTLER'S PET MOLE from Dan Goodman in California. This carried a lot of the sort of idea-tripping that I mentioned earlier, so I enjoyed reading it and occasionally got ideas of my own generated from some spark in its pages. At one point somebody (Larry Nielson?) was trying to reconcile a couple of disparate points about magic, and I got drawn into the conversation. Something to do with an assumption that magic won't work in the presence of magnetism (see Poul Anderson's Operation Chaos).

What more likely to explain the relationship than theons?

So I wrote Dan a letter, attacking the problem in true stuffy-academic style, and deriving the existence of theons from a proposed solution to the problem. Light produced by magical means, you see, is not electromagnetic radiation but theonic radiation. All becomes clear, from magic-induced invisibility and materializations, to the reason vampires don't cast reflections.

So you see, theons are handy little buggers. They're good for theological debates, fantasy discussions, nonsense raps, and disguising How-I-Got-Into-Fandom stories. Not to mention padding the page count of a certain Regina fanzine



WENDY and the YELLOW KING

Our story Thus Far: About 2001,
the Fuzzies

a mercantile space-faring race who administer the Galactic Trade Consortium, came to Earth and signed an agreement with

SPOKESMAN COFFIN

of the U.N., guaranteeing to rescue our teeming masses from nuclear death, famine, disease, and disastrous population growth, in exchange for certain monopolistic perquisites ~ including alien tourism and the export of trees, gene-altered indentured workers of earth "stock," and handicrafts produced in "trance factories".....



☆☆ In 2040, When Our Story Begins,

the agreement is in effect but Earth is in the process of becoming a docile colonial culture. UN Cyborg Police, the Peacekeepers, quell any serious civil disturbance, and action against the Fuzzy regime is punished by Rehabilitation.....



Brilliant, ravishing

Wendy Wudy~

girl anthropologist
of the Criminal
Cultures, is secretly

contacted by an alien creature she nicknames —

Bubbles

disaffected elements.

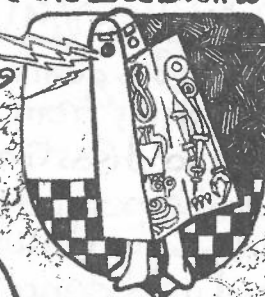
who wants to alter the Fuzzy
arrangement and is looking for

Dismayed, Wendy contacts former associates, the sinister **Castor and Pollux ICE**, separated Siamese twins who are experts in electronic surveillance, security, and **Crime**.



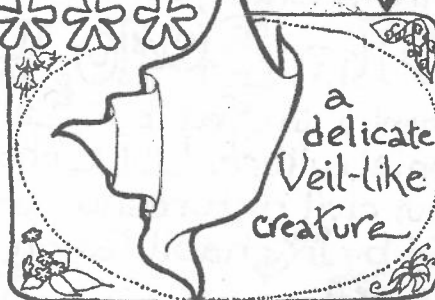
Accompanied by her "personal" robot

Cyrano, Wendy rendezvouses with the Ice Twins and their robot, **BOX**, at Bubbles' suite at the **E-T Hilton** where they all meet his entourage:



1. **Thunderfoot**
a small genius-handiman creature resembling a bunch of limp celery

2. ***

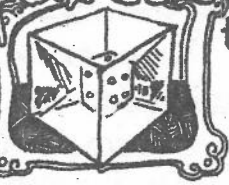


3. **Llewellyn**
ponderous son of indentured parents, gene-altered to work on a high-gravity planet

UNoCyborgs arrive soon after in a patent attempt at intimidation, before Bubbles can reveal his intent to Wendy and the Ices, and his visitors are only saved from discovery by the Veil Creature (***)'s ability to blank electromagnetic emissions selectively... i.e., to make them invisible. Thunderfoot disables several bugs the Cyborgs

leave behind, and finally Bubbles expatiates.....

The Buzzies have been exporting **Gustibles** from Earth for 38 years; these are extremely expensive delicacies, popular throughout the Consortium. Bubbles proposes to smuggle them, creating a black market with the help of Earth natives.



To his surprise, Earth natives have apparently never heard of Gustibles. But when the Twins call Earthport Central via a phreak circuit for information about Gustibles, they trigger a full-scale alert, suggesting that a total blackout on Gustible information is in effect on Earth.

Wendy and the Twins assent to Bubbles' proposal, while seeing Rehabilitation as a certainty should their participation be discovered. Their apprehension is well-advised, for the exits to Bubbles' suite are at that moment under intensive surveillance by the Consortium - U.N. Gov't. Authority. All movement or communication will be observed.

Soon an aircar is in fact observed leaving Bubbles' suite, carrying Bubbles, Lewellyn, Thunderfoot, and ***..... Spybees watch and listen as Bubbles and his entourage land, debouch, and begin sightseeing.

As the "empty" aircar automatically returns into the centrally-guided traffic patterns, we discover Wendy and the Ice Twins still within, hidden from surveillance till the last minute by the veil creature's hallucinatory electromagnetic emissions.

Wendy, in disguise, visits her old nefarious haunts, seeking information about Gustibles from her old associates, members of the Criminal Cultures. They know nothing; one Oriental ex-criminal, Rehabilitated for attempting to rob a trance factory, throws a sort of fit when Wendy shows him a picture of a Gustible.



Meanwhile, on the same mission, the Ices fly remote-controlled spybees into local centres of fuzzy power and activity, with no greater success. Their bees set off alarms and must be abandoned as they attempt to trace the circuitry in the ceiling of the Recupe Dorm of a trance factory, where, in happy sleep, workers rest from their labors.

All this while, Bubbles and his group, under intense and unremitting surveillance, view an endless series of local tourist attractions, while Llewellyn reads lengthy excerpts aloud from a scrupulously detailed guidebook.

And so..... our mettlesome investigators are so far foiled at every turn. Have their persistent researches come to naught?

READ ON and SEE!









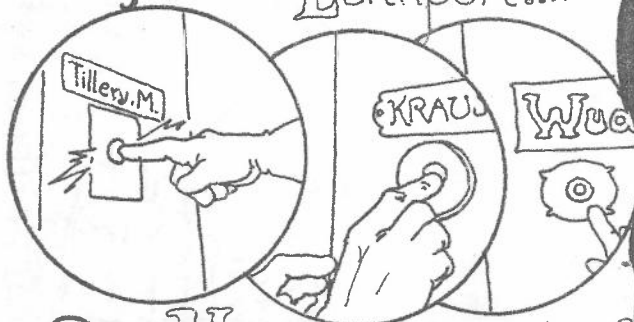
But what happened to that...

Poor Billie?





Description which fits very few people in Earthport....



Our Heroine among them!



Trance Factories? But Wendy is in Danger....

THE ADVENTURES OF GRAYSON GREENSWARD

It had been decades since the legalization of religion. Those religions which could prove they were legitimate and serious were now hardly persecuted at all by the World Government; however, the Committee for ENquiry into the Seriousness Of Religions (CENSOR) was still the final arbiter as to the legality of any new cults. Ordinarily they had little difficulty making decisions, but the Church of the Worshipers of the Great Foot presented far from ordinary problems, and they were eventually forced to call in Grayson Greensward, well known as the world's foremost authority.

"We thought, Dr. Greensward, that this case required a person with your, er, peculiar talents," the CENSOR chairman explained. "We will delegate full authority, and the final decision will be yours to make."

Greensward was conducted to the Museum and Temple of the Great Foot, the home of the cult and its founder, Pedro Pediphilious.

"But Professor Greensward," explained Pediphilious, "as I told your Committee, far from being a 'nut cult' as you suggest, we are in fact an old and venerable religion, with antecedents going back for thousands of years -- as the Museum clearly demonstrates. Allow me to take you on a tour."

The first room had a life-like exhibition of a robed monk in the lotus position, next to a familiar rotund idol. "Here," said Pediphilious, "is one of the early Worshipers of the Great Foot: A Bootist monk."

Greensward said nothing, but his lips tightened.

The next room showed a group of people kneeling and praying to a rising sun. "These are nothing but sun-worshippers," exclaimed Grayson. Pediphilious smiled. "We prefer to think of them as Heeliolaters."

Red spots appeared in Greensward's cheeks.

The next room had a large yin-yang sign covering one wall, and in front of it rested an uncarved block of wood. "And here," said Pediphilious, "we have the room of the Toe-ists." Greensward was now livid.

"Now let me show you our Reincarnation Room."

"Don't tell me," groaned Greensward. "Transmigration of the sole?"

"Why, yes. And in this room ..."

"Don't bother," snapped Greensward. "I've seen enough!" Grayson had already pushed the police call-button on his communicator, and within minutes Pediphilious was surrounded by security forces.

"You're nothing but a phony foot-fetishist!" Greensward yelled. "Officer, arrest this man on charges of Attempting to Peddle a Spurious Religion."

A change seemed to come over Pediphilious as he was handcuffed. He suddenly seemed to grow in stature, and his eyes took on a strangely religious glow. "Fools!" he cried, and his voice now resounded with prophetic fervor. "Though I be cast into chains, still the Great Foot shall conquer. I shall be tried, and condemned, but the Word will be spread to all the people. My trial will be broadcast throughout the world, and I shall be a living example, an example of the reward the Great Foot gives to the Faithful: I," he now trans-fixed Greensward with a fiery glare, "I shall become a leg-end in my own time!"

-- Yarik P. Thrip (with thanks to Alexis Gilliland)

"The total electrical output of the human body is about one two-thousandth of a volt.

That isn't quite enough juice to light up Broadway, now is it, folks?

Hell, it isn't enough to fry a frankfurter.

No wonder God never bills us for electricity. He wouldn't collect enough to pay for the postage."

-- Tom Robbins, Another Roadside Attraction

Taoism and DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM

BY

ANGUS TAYLOR

"More than two thousand years ago Lao Tzu said: 'Good fortune lieth within bad, bad fortune lurketh within good.' When the Japanese strode into China, they called this a victory. Huge parts of China's territory were seized, and the Chinese called this a defeat. But China's defeat contained the seeds of victory, while Japan's victory contained the seeds of defeat. Has not history proved this true?"

-- Mao Tse-tung (1893-1976)

Mao Tse-tung died today. That's not what made me decide to write this article, though it is what made me look through some of Mao's essays, where I found the above quotation. Actually, I had been thinking about this subject rather vaguely for some time, and then when KRATOPHANY 9 arrived, with Eli's article on Taoism, I decided to plunge ahead.

At the risk of offending Taoists by suggesting they are ~~proto-Marxists~~, and of offending Marxists by suggesting they are crypto-Taoists, I want to run-up-the-flagpole the idea that "dialectical materialism", the basic philosophy of Marxism, has a lot in common with Taoism. Not that the two are identical -- they aren't, and I'll get around to what I think the difference is later. And a warning, and apology, first: my knowledge of Taoism is very limited, being cribbed mostly from sources such as THE LATHE OF HEAVEN and KRATOPHANY 9 and a few paragraphs here and there in various books. So I may be completely up the creek. If I am, I'd like to know.

I'm not going to talk about Taoism much, then, for obvious reasons. Instead I'm going to lay out the basic world-view of what's generally called "dialectical materialism" and let you judge for yourself what similarities may exist.

I suppose that to most people, the idea that "dialectical materialism" may be something like Taoism must seem pretty strange. After all, Taoism is some mystical oriental philosophy about getting in tune with the flow of the world, and dialectical materialism is some jargon-laden Marxist ideology about the iron laws of history and armed struggle against capitalism ... isn't that right?

Where should I start? I think maybe with the words "dialectical" and "materialism". What do they mean? Marx and Engels, who started this thing, never called their philosophy "dialectical materialism", but they did call it "dialectical", and they did call it "materialism", and if other people came along later and called it "dialectical materialism", I guess we can't blame them too much.

First, the "materialism" part. I don't know what you imagine "materialism" to mean. Probably it conjures up the idea that only matter exists, or consciousness can't change anything in the world, or that everything is just hard little atoms knocking into each other. Well, put that out of your head. "Materialism" here doesn't mean anything like that. In fact, Marxist materialism perhaps shouldn't even be called materialism. But it is, so we'd better stick with the label. Marx and Engels called their philosophy of what the world is like "naturalism" or "the new materialism". It was "new" because it wasn't like the old materialism. The old materialism was all that hard-little-atoms, consciousness-doesn't-count stuff. And the new materialism was "materialism" because it said that consciousness or God didn't invent the universe -- the universe just always was. And is. And always will be. The new materialism didn't deny consciousness, mind, or "spirit". It just said that nature didn't need any outside force to explain or justify its existence. Nature invented us; but nothing invented nature.



"Man lives on nature -- means that nature is his body, with which he must remain in continuous interchange if he is not to die. That man's physical and spiritual life is linked to nature means simply that nature is linked to itself, for man is a part of nature."

-- Karl Marx (1818-1883)

Nature came first, that's basically what Marxist materialism says. Lenin thought this point was so important that, in the middle of trying to get a revolutionary movement together, he wrote a whole book of over 400 pages (MATERIALISM AND EMPIRIO-CRITICISM) defending the concept of the primacy of nature.

"Dialectics is the teaching which shows how opposites can be and how they happen to be (how they become) identical -- under what conditions they are identical, transforming themselves into one another -- why the human mind should take these opposites not as dead, rigid, but as living, conditional, mobile, transforming themselves into one another."

-- V.I. Lenin (1870-1924)

That may sound mysterious, but it's not really. The Marxist idea is that everything in the universe is connected with everything else. Nothing happens in isolation. And because everything is connected, everything is always in motion, changing. Sometimes slowly and subtly. Sometimes quickly and obviously. More than this; it is impossible to understand something properly unless you realize its connectedness with the things around it, and the connectedness of the parts that compose it. This means that there is a "contradiction" in everything. It's important to realize here that when Marxists talk about "contradiction", they don't mean formal, logical contradiction -- the kind where one assertion about the real world totally negates another assertion. Marxist contradiction refers to the idea that every state of affairs contains the seeds of a different, perhaps opposite, state of affairs.

"The fact is that no contradictory aspect can exist in isolation. Without its opposite aspect, each loses the condition of its existence. Just think, can any one contradictory aspect of a

PACIFISTS ARE OFTEN
VIOLENT, WHILE
MACHINE GUNS SAY:
"BHUUDDA-BHUUDDA-BHUUDDA!"
THAT PROVES IT. ^{1/}



^{1/} TO C.S. SNOW WHILE
DRUNK ON CAPTURED
SAKE, DECEMBER 31, 1943.

thing or of a concept in the human mind exist independently? Without life, there would be no death; without death, there would be no life. Without 'above', there would be no 'below'; without 'below', there would be no 'above'. "

-- Mao

And he might have said, without light, there would be no darkness; without darkness there would be no light ... Which is cause and which is effect? But to ask such a question is to imagine that things exist in isolation from each other, and not in systems. The real cause of events is the mutual interaction of things, even though to deal with certain concepts we may have to think in terms of A causes B causes C ;...

"...reciprocal action is the true causa finalis of things. We cannot go back further than to knowledge of this reciprocal action, for the very reason that there is nothing behind to know ... In order to understand the separate phenomena, we have to tear them out of the general inter-connection and consider them

in isolation, and then the changing motions appear, one as cause and the other as effect."

-- Frederick Engels (1820-1895)

Let me try to outline very briefly the main features of the dialectical materialist world-view:

- (1) nature is eternal and is eternally in motion; it is the beginning and end of all things;
- (2) there is no fundamental dichotomy between man and nature, between mind and matter, between knowing and doing, between the subjective and the objective -- although there are distinctions between things within an essential unity;
- (3) everything is connected to and related to everything else;
- (4) nothing can be truly understood in isolation, although it may sometimes be necessary to think of things as separate from each other.

I could rearrange these points, put them down in different combinations, etc., but that will do for now. From the little I know of Taoism, it seems to me that it is a form of "dialectical materialism" -- that is, it is "dialectical", and also "materialist" in the sense of asserting the primacy and self-sufficiency of nature. Now, according to Mao:

"The dialectical world outlook emerged in ancient times both in China and in Europe. Ancient dialectics, however, had a somewhat spontaneous and naive character; it was not yet able to form a theoretical system, hence it could not fully explain the world"

Engels said essentially the same thing about the philosophy of the world-in-flux expounded by the ancient Greek, Heraclitus. But I don't think he mentioned China. When Mao refers to ancient China I suspect he's talking about Taoism.

What's the difference then between Taoism and dialectical materialism? Well, Taoism strikes me as being basically a passive philosophy, a contemplative philosophy; the dialectical materialism of Marxism, on the other hand, is definitely an active philosophy. Marx's most famous line, and the one that's on his tomb in Highgate Cemetery, London, is "The philosophers have only interpreted

the world, in various ways; the point, however, is to change it." (Actually, there are two famous lines, and they're both on the tomb -- but you already know the other one.)

The ingredient that dialectical materialism adds to Taoism is this: there is something that joins man to nature, and mind to matter, and knowledge to reality -- and that is practical activity. Human beings do not merely contemplate the world, they touch it, experience it, they work in it, and in so doing they change it, and they change themselves.

"Labor is, in the first place, a process in which both man and Nature participate, and in which man of his own accord starts, regulates, and controls the material re-actions between himself and Nature. He opposes himself to Nature as one of her own forces, setting in motion arms and legs, head and hands, the natural forces of his body, in order to appropriate Nature's productions in a form adapted to his own wants. By thus acting on the external world and changing it, he at the same time changes his own nature."

-- Marx

Man is part of nature, but he is a conscious part of nature; through his conscious practical activity he changes nature and changes himself. He sets in motion a process of historical development. This is what Taoism cannot explain: historical development. Taoism says: everything changes and a historical development occurs. Society and even the physical world are not the same today as they were two thousand years ago.

Taoism plus history equals dialectical materialism.

Once you recognize that practical activity (eating, ploughing a field, writing a book, making love, building a dam, clearing a swamp, reforming a prison system) is the missing link between thinking and being, between the subjective and the objective -- then you're on the way to understanding history, and the fact that human beings are not only shaped by nature, but that they also shape nature -- and that whatever the future may be like, it will be different from the past.

P.S. -- I like putting historical figures (dates) after the names of historical figures (people) because it helps remind one that they are -- historical figures.

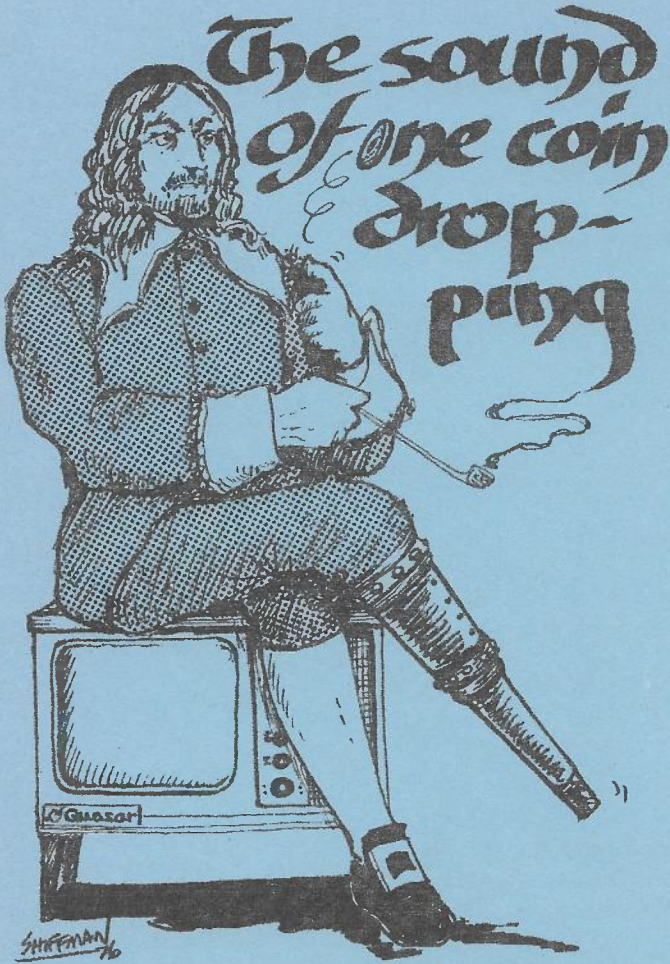
"The Chinese sage, however, does not dwell exclusively on this high spiritual plane, but is equally concerned with worldly affairs. He unifies in himself the two complementary sides of human nature -- intuitive wisdom and practical knowledge, contemplation and social action -- which the Chinese have associated with the images of the sage and of the king. Fully realized human beings, in the words of Chuang Tzu, 'by their stillness become sages, by their movement kings.'"

-- Fritjof Capra, THE TAO OF PHYSICS

DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM
IS NATURALLY CONTAINED
IN TAOISM...

1. OPPOSITES ARE CONTAINED
IN EACH OTHER
2. 'TAO' MEANS TRUTH
3. (SMIRK)





BY JON SINGER

((Editor's note: The title is based on a famous incident in which the author of this article, when challenged to do so, not only pronounced the sound of a quarter dropping on a metal tabletop, but then proceeded to spell it.))

When I was a callow youth (also a tallow youth -- I tended a bit to overweight at the time) I burned my candle at both ends. I also attended high school, at a special science-oriented place named after the one-time governor of Nieuw Amsterdam,¹ Pieter Stuyvesant. He is shown in

a striking portrait on one of the main staircases, wearing a Yarmulkeh,² which seems odd in view of the fact that he was reported to be rather antisemitic. At the time I went to Stuyvesant, the student population contained a fair number of Jewish kids with grandmothers named Cohen.³ All of us were boys, because the people in charge of the school at the time did not believe in girls. They have since been encouraged (perhaps forcibly) to change their provincial and restrictive outlook, and one imagines that instead of spending their off time smoking in the bathrooms, Stuyvesant kids now do much healthier and more interesting things somewhere else.

Be that as it may, one of the other fellows who had a grandmother named Cohen is Wild Bill Cthulhu,⁴ the editor of this magazine. We were acquainted in those dim and distant days, fortunately long gone (it was terribly frustrating, not having any women around except the teachers, and they were uniformly uninteresting, with perhaps one or two exceptions who were married and one or two other exceptions who were interesting in highly unpleasant ways), and each of us knew that the other was a devoted reader of "that Will Rodgers stuff",⁵ and had seen Forbidden Planet at least twice.

As it happens, we were moderately good friends, partly because we read the stuff, and partly because we had other people in common: Steve Gelb, for example, who is now making about \$35,000 a year programming computers, grrr, and Steve Blau, who disappeared into the maw of the medical profession, and Yuval Peduel, who was last heard from at Harvard, and Fernando Reich, who was last heard from at MIT, and Robert Frankston's older brother⁶ (Robert Frankston is STILL at MIT, and goes to the Boskone every year), and Roy Auerbach, who is

now (wonder of wonders) at Wesleyan (where also am I, only he's in Chem, and I'm in Physics). There are others, but memory fades, and nobody knows where they are, now ... sad.

Ahh, the lack of persistence of memory ... anyway, along about the middle of Junior year, I had to do a report for physics class, and since the topic was about wide open, I decided to do it on JWC's current or previous pet, the Dean Drive. Now, I never was and still am not much of a collector. Junior year was '64-'65, and I had no idea where the hell I was going to find the June 1960 Astounding/Analog, until Wild Bill (we called him "Eli" then, possibly out of a mistaken belief that he would end up in New Haven) came up with the fact that he had something on the order of a 16-year complete run of the aforementioned magazine, with scattered issues going even farther back. I thereupon requested of him the loan of his June '60 issue. In fact, it may even have been he who remembered that that was the particular issue in which the article had appeared.

So, there I was with the little darling red-hot in my hand, and I read the article, and gave the thing to my father to Zerks for me. Whereupon I did the report, and got the usual shitty A+ or A++ (from ***Doctor Efron*** anything less than an A+++ was considered mediocre), and that was that. My father eventually did Zerks off the copies I wanted.

I can see the cover of that ish, even now: a Submarine, outfitted with Dean Drive (the perfect thing, a pressure hull, and all that, don'tchaknow, course it never occurred ta tha poor idjits that ya'd hafta turn the dam thing inside out ta git tha advantage uv thet kina pressure hull, think abaht it fer a minnit...) just floating in space, with a nice planet behind it ... think it was maybe Mars or something.

A lovely doohickey, the Dean Drive. I won't go into the physics of it here, but if you think about it, and if you read the patent, it looks sure as hell like utter crap.⁷ Anyhoo, the rest of Junior year fled, and Senior year came, and that left too, and I went off to Shimer College, a haven in the midwest for early entrants, National Merit Finalists, and other such besotted flotsam and (more likely) jetsam, which was, after all, not a bad place. It had women, a fair library for such a small school, drugs (that was an important part of my education. I was very lucky: no speed, no cocaine ... I learned a lot without getting any bad habits, and without losing my shirt.), a rather interesting outlook on education, and many other underachievers like unto myself. End of digression. "Eli", meanwhile, went to Columbia.

After a year, I found myself (not completely of my own volition, but that's another story) at CCNY, with 12,000 day students instead of 524 total student body. What a shock! I saw people there every day whom I knew I would never see again, and usually I was right. Ghu alone knows how many Jewish kids with grandmothers named Cohen went to City. Ghu alone knows how many potential friends yet await Debbie Notkin.⁸

I continued at City for some time, not knowing that "Eli" was a mere mile or so away, slaving at Columbia. One day I was prowling about the Physics department (I was an undecided major at the time. Later I switched to Chemistry.) and I saw an electrifying announcement on a bulletin board. Stereo Slides from the Moon!, it said. Tom Gold Lectures on Pulsars. Wednesday, 3 PM, NASA, 112th St. and Broadway. I hurriedly consulted my internal chronometer, and discovered that it was about half-past Wednesday. Then I looked at a wall clock, and discovered that it was about 1:30, and abruptly took my leave of that place.

The preferred route to Columbia (Columbia is between about 114th and 120th, on Broadway) is the IRT. I jumped onto the first available downtown train at 137th Street, and hopped off two stops later, at 116th.⁹ I was a naturally hurried sort at the time, and I tore up the stairs (deciding that they needed the repair anyway) at a violent clip. I was out the door in a flash, and as I ran past the token booth to the second stairway, which led to the street, a slight figure with blond hair ran past me, at a violent clip.

Lightning bolts to the brain (Klankk!)

My earlids frazzled.

I saw spots before my eyes.¹⁰

Then I noticed that the blond person looked vaguely familiar. Thinks, "Hee look vaguely familiar. Yeehee!"

We both turned around.

JON!, he said.

"ELI"!, I said.

I WANT MY MAGAZINE BACK!!!!, he shrieked. Lousy ingrate.

Then the sonofabitch proceeded to extort money from me. He took a dollar to join a club with an unpronounceable name (PSPSCU) which, he told me, met the following night, and also sold me the club crudzine (I can just see the irate editorial comment which immediately follows this parenthesis), AKOS, then in its second issue, if I recall correctly.

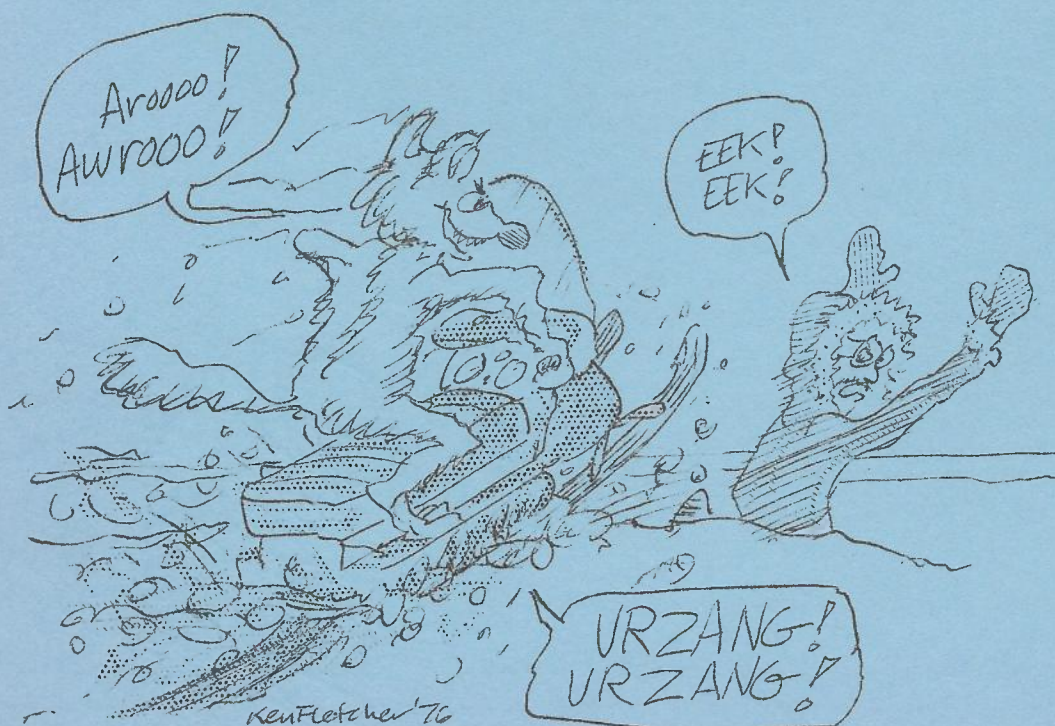
Ah, sweet mystery of life.

So, I went off to my stereo slide show (I think I will make another digression for it), feeling all sorts of strange. Here I had actually run into a guy I had known from high school, and the bastard had TAKEN MONEY FROM ME!!.

It was a fine lecture. Tom Gold knew (I assume he still does, but I haven't seen him speak since) a hell of a lot about pulsars. The slide show, well, these were very nice color slides, and they weren't about to play any stupid games with them, so they used the ordinary method of stereo projection, in which the slides are essentially superimposed on the screen, but projected in polarized light, and each member of the audience wears a special pair of polaroid sunglasses. Obviously, the polarization of the right beam is at 90 degrees to that of the left beam, so you don't tilt your head, but all in all it works fine. (If you see me, ask me to show you MY stereo slides.) The unfortunate fact, however, is that the polaroid shades, see, are made out of cardboard, and they aren't designed to go over glasses ... imagine if you will, a room full of perhaps 250 astrophysicists, physicists, graduate students, engineers, and 8, count them, 8 visiting fire-eaters from Russia (I guess they were astro people of one sort or another), trying to put on these idiot shades over their glasses. I particularly remember Gerald Feinberg (inventor of the Tachyon, a particle which travels only faster than light), whose glasses fell off at least six times. The only one who looked reasonable suave was Tom Gold.

Anyway, aside from the mass hysteria, it was one hell of a slide show. These were pictures taken with a "walking-stick" camera, so they were very close up, and had incredible detail.

The next evening I rode the iron monster to the hallowed halls (hallowed indeed: the meetings of the Fantasy and Science Fiction



Society of Columbia University were held underneath the University chapel, St. Paul's, in a coffeehouse known universally as the Postcrypt) and attended my first SF club meeting.

Some time later, I took the liberty of introducing "Eli" to avocados, to my immense and permanent regret: he called his apartment the Avocado Pit, thus stealing the best apartment name I have yet seen. Lousy ingrate.

Feh.

At any rate, FSFSCU was at the time a fine club, attended by such lights as "Eli", David Emerson (current editor of RUNE), Janet and Ricky Kagan, Fred Lerner (who had founded the club, though that is another story, which also, if memory doesn't fail me, involves the aforementioned Kagans), Steve Eber, Gary Tesser, Maggie Flinn, April Kihlstrom, Joe Gerver (who was "Eli"'s roommate when I met him, and who later was married to April and now lives with her in Honolulu, some people are just lucky), Carl Frederick, Fred Phillips, El Shorter, and a host of other people whom you probably know.

Anyway, that is the real and true story of my entry into fandom. The first con I didn't go to because I thought I didn't have the money was Philcon of that year ('69), the one at which Flo Newrock was besieged in the lobby by the K-9 corps of the Philthydeftware police; the first con I did go to was a tiny one-day affair at Harpur College (now the Binghamton branch of the State University of New York), at which I met Hal Clement, George Zebrowski, another friend of Debbie Notkin's named Les Schachter, and many and various others.

No shit, that's really the way it happened. Maybe if Wild Bill is real nice, someday I will tell the real and true story of the Lyman Blakelee award.

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NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES

1. Niw Yrch

2. A tiny frisbee which Jewish men wear on the backs of their heads to protect them from the wrath of god or perhaps from the grapes of wrath -- when the grapes are thrown at the Jew, he either allows them to splatter harmlessly off the little friz, or else shoots them neatly out of the air with a backhand hook, taught to Jewish boys starting at the age of 10.

3. All of whom later went on to become acquaintances of Debbie Notkin

4. That's actually Wild Bill Colen, but don't let me tell you. Ask him about the electric bill story sometime.

5. Oh, will

6. Or maybe Robert is the older brother ... the sands of time, you understand.

7. Those of you who are familiar with the theory of finite covers of logical algebras will recognize the Boole Sheets you deal with in your work.

8. Ya see? If you haven't been reading these notes, you don't know what the hell I'm talking about.

9. See the cover of the new Stanley Clarke album if you don't believe me. I'm hiding behind the cracked tile above the can of yellow paint, lower right.

10. They were dim-sum. I was hungry.

11. There is no ... note 11.

***** ***** ***** ***** ***** ***** ***** *****

"The normal rectal temperature of a hummingbird is 104.6"

-- Tom Robbins, EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES

((The following is principally the fault of Jon Singer, Bridget Dziedzic, and the members of the Avocado Pit. However, accessories include Jon's parents and most of a Fanoclast meeting.))

THE FOOD FOR THOUGHT RESTAURANT

(Table d'Hôte, or À La Descartes)

Appetizers

Chicken Nietzsche Soup	Hegel with Lockes
James Juice	Niels Bohrscht
Chopped Chicken Livy	Kanteloupe
Stewed Proust	Hillaire Belly Lox
Antipicasso	Bartlett's Familiar Pears

Entrees

Alfred Lord Venison	Keats Lorraine
Broiled Lobster Thales	Sweet and Sartre Chicken
Steak and Kinsey Pie	Pascal Lamb (Sunday only)
Jack London Broil	Spinoza Cheese Pie
Wor Shu Oppenheimer	Kentucky Fried Dickens
Pheasant unter Grass	Blue Plato Special
Shakespeare, Lettuce, and Tomato on Toast	

All of the above served with choice of potato (Boyled, Blaked, French Freud, or Hume Fries), B. Russell Sprouts, and Alfred North Whitebread

Special Salads

Avogadro Salad
Hearts of Archimedes Salad
Marquis de Salade
(Hoyle and Wigner dressing -- 35¢ extra)

Beverages

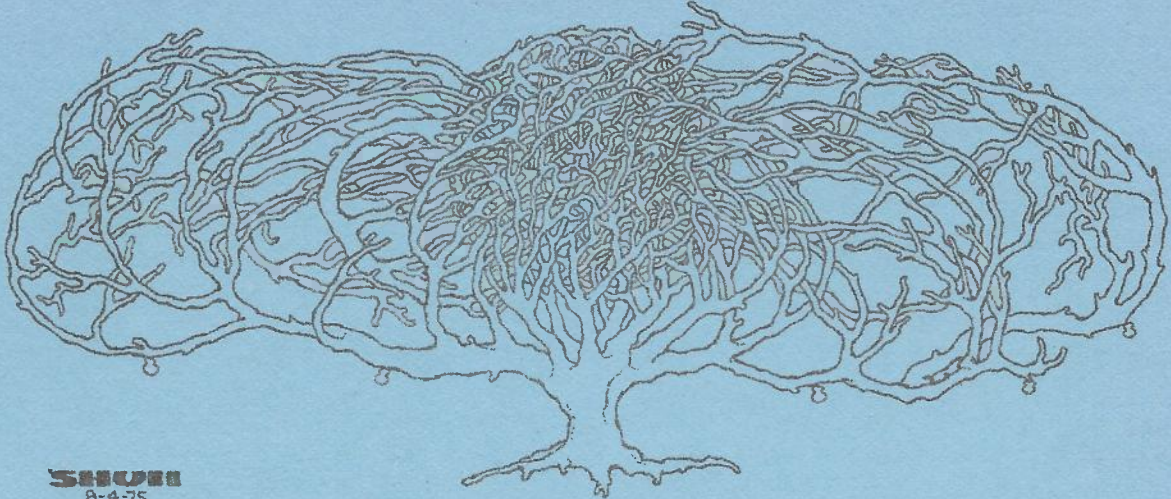
Margaret Mead	Malthus Milk
Galileo Hearty Burgundy	Choice of Socra Teas
Hot Rum Ptolemy	

Desserts

Charlotte Rousseau	Ezra Pound Cake
Marxipan	Camusbert Cheese
Engelsfood Cake	Frisch Fruits (in season)
Lenin Meringue Pie	Assortment of Wines and Jesus
Goedel's Pudding	
(The proof is in the pudding)	

((Reprinted from KRATOPHANY 4, January, 1974.))

BRANCHES



Mike Glicksohn
141 High Park Ave.
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3

Congratulations on achieving a satisfactory resolution to the fascinating fable of Eli and Goliath and may your stay as a Canadian be ~~short~~ a happy one. Susan has already pointed out many of the advantages that will now accrue to you in your new and exalted status as a member of the only country in the world to have a national animal symbolic of a woman's sexual apparatus and even though she missed a few, I'm sure you're already excited about your new life. Please try and stay awake during the swearing-in ceremony.

((Gee, I never had a swearing-in ceremony. Perhaps it's because they threw me out after the swearing-at ceremony.))

Nice-looking issue of "that attractive blue Canadian fanzine with the funny name" as fans from Butte, Montana all the way to Bayport, Florida are calling it, undoubtedly confusing it with XENIUM. Splendid cover! Nice Shulls, good mimeo work. Laid out as one expects from a student of the Wood Fanpubbing Academy with Graphics by Greensward that wouldn't look out of place in a CNIB fanzine. Top stuff.

I didn't understand the feghoot. Does one need specialized knowledge of Seattle (which I don't have) or just generalized knowledge from a normal education (which I don't have.)? Since the joke did not seem to have anything to do with snakes, scotch, or Bill Bowers, I did not find it amusing.

((Here I was impressed with the cleverness of concocting a pun on Wagner's Der Ring Des Niebelungen; but a depressing number of readers said they didn't get it. And I'd even planted the name of the opera cycle in my editorial, so no outside knowledge was needed. Unless ... could it be people don't read my editorials? No, that's obviously ridiculous. People are just unobservant. Could it be ...?))

I did find your various mathematical remarks droll however. I was going to have Susan tell you that but decided to tell you Dirichlet. (Damn, this typer is still sticking. Singer was supposed to have fixed it too. I'll have to get an euler for the keys; I think that's the problem, but it's just an educated gauss.)

((Gee, Mike, I sympathize; if you're wrong, you'll have to try a noether approach, and it'll take a weyl to solve your problem.))

The tales of the use and abuse of statistics are legendary, of course, and

it's usually pretty easy to fool the general public by manipulating statistics to give the impression you wish to convey. Most people don't know the difference between average, mean, mode, etc. and don't care. Dave Locke is an exception, though: references to testicles always did make him boil.

Ben P. Indick Your article on Taoism was interesting, if difficult. I
428 Sagamore Ave. don't mind the latter in the presence of the former. Some
Teaneck, NJ 07666 years ago I went deeply into it -- on my own, and only for
 such surface pleasure as it might afford. I was crazy about
Japanese art, particularly Zen art (cf. Sesshu, a master in anyone's league).
Still am, but more restrainedly. I read that text on Zen Buddhism, read Haiku,
finally faded away from it all. I did not know Taoism, whose name was less
known then, is more or less synonymous with Zen. Indeed, it still seems strange;
you are certain? In any event, I am too cynical perhaps to believe any of
these regimens (I use that word rather than "faith" for, as you indicate, they
are not religions per se) can solve our problems. Or am I too busy to wish to
discipline myself? Does it matter? We live one lifespaces, and try to make it
enjoyable and interesting without doing harm to others, so how urgent is it to
follow esoteric paths promising ... what? Inner peace? Knowledge? ... I'm not
making sense. If the path was genuinely useful, it would indeed be worthwhile
and everything else one did would benefit thereby. Lazy, that's the word I was
looking for: lazy. I am lazy! Let's face it. These are not easy disciplines
at all. So, I'll go on as I have been, listening to the sound of one tongue
wagging. At home, anyway ...

((I like that line. Actually, I sometimes think that Taoism is the
lazy man's religion; it's certainly far less rigorous than, say,
Orthodox Judaism, to pick the one rigorous religion I'm most familiar
with. Obviously, what could be lazier than floating along with the
current of the world? From some reading I've done since the last
KRAT, I would say that Zen is very heavily influenced by Taoism,
but might as well be considered a discipline aimed at a specific
goal, namely the achievement of enlightenment. Whether or not the
rigor is essential probably depends on the individual, just as in
the achievement of any skill. From my own experience, I would say
the "discipline" aspects are only essential if you wish to perfect
and control the skill of achieving inner peace, or whatever you want
to call it. That is, once you have achieved satori, or enlightenment,
it is not that hard to recall the feeling when things are going well.
However, I would say it is only through a lot of practice and, well,
conditioning, that one can learn to recall this feeling under ex-
tremely trying circumstances, which is, of course, precisely when one
needs it. In that sense, a profound feeling for the Taoist world-
view, or much practice in Zen, can serve one of the purposes of
religion. Unfortunately, I, too, am extremely lazy, and there are
lots of things I ought to do along these lines that I never get
around to. As the story goes, "Cain't fix the leaks in the roof
while it's rainin'; but when it ain't rainin', the roof don't leak."))

Stuart Gilson The day you mistake a one for a twenty dollar bill
745 Townsend Ave. while paying at some cash register is the day you
Winnipeg, Man. R3T 2V5 will become a true Canadian (a digression: however I
 might regard Canadian currency now, I remember there
was a time in my early, pre-puberty years when all the kids on the block would
extract secret thrills by folding the Queen's picture on a bill in such a way
so as to produce a shape that bore a suspicious resemblance to her posterior;
now, I bet you couldn't do the same with George Washington ...).

Ronald M. Salomon
1014 Concord St.
Framingham, MA 01701

As for your essay, I plead ignorance. I always catch the tail-end of the late Alan Watts' lectures on NPR radio. Whatsa difference between faith and belief (p. 12)? I've always thought of them as synonyms, not antonyms. Anyways what I dislike about so many religions (you say Taoism is a religion -- it's also a philosophy? and for that matter can a philosophy be differentiated from a religion, teacher) is the way they try to foist themselves on ya. (But foist a word from our sponsor ...).

((I didn't mean to imply that faith and belief are opposites -- in the context I was using them, I suppose I meant "belief" as a lesser, low-key form of faith, as opposed to a more dogmatic brand: A belief in the inherent harmony of the Universe is more implied than demanded by Taoism, I think. I admit, though, that it was fuzzy language. As to philosophy vs. religion, well, religion is a pretty fuzzy word in itself. I'd say anything involving god(s) is for sure a religion, though if religion is restricted to such, Taoism certainly doesn't qualify. In a broader sense, a religion might be considered any philosophy or code of living or world-view that fulfills people's spiritual needs, a definition which does include Taoism.

"For an understanding of any of the philosophies to be described, it is important to realize that they are religious in essence. Their main aim is the direct mystical experience of reality, and since this experience is religious by nature, they are inseparable from religion."

-- Fritjof Capra, The Tao of Physics)

Liked every illo this time, specially the Jeeves.

Lord Jim's artiloc obviously is the high point of the section. Was the intruder at the end using charcoal, oil, acrylics or what? Also enjoyed Leigh Edmonds' tale of Steve the Skydiver. I don't even like to take the train 'cause I get a nosebleed just thinking about getting off at the local station by taking that one big step down.

Sean Summers
3019 Charles St.
Bacliff, TX 77518

On your skydiver in Regina: We have run into a bunch of people down the street who are sky-divers. These fellows are apparently very good sky divers. Charlie was the Captain of the #2 Team in the Nationals last year. He and his brother are both at the Nationals this year (right now in fact) and they may even be competing. Jump stories galore and lots of interesting tales of some of the crazys who do that sort of thing. I have been out watching some of the jumps, and the diamonds, snowflakes, and circles that those people can form without killing themselves is incredible. Also, some of those square parachutes can fly, do about 30 MPH so I hear, and very maneuverable. We even went out and watched a Night jump. It was cold but calm on the ground. They tell me that about 100 ft. up it got pretty windy. Everyone had flares, but they were still hard to follow, once they had broken off from their circle. We could hear them hollering as they came down, and the sight of those silent canopys swooping in to the Drop Zone was well worth the slight cold discomfort.

Oh, apparently in sky-diving around here, one does not "hammer in"; one "bounces."

Die, n. The singular of "dice." We seldom hear the word, because there is a prohibitory proverb, "Never say die." At long intervals, however, some one says: "The die is cast," which is not true, for it is cut. -- Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary

Susanna R. Jacobson
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Berkeley, CA. 94707

Elizabeth Kimmerly's letter in the latest Kratophany reminded me of the first version of "Eenie Meenie Miney Moe" that I heard (Woodward, Oklahoma USA) -- It corresponds closely to hers, with a different end:

"Eenie meenie miney moe
Catch a nigger by the toe
If he hollers, make him pay
Fifty dollars every day"

followed by a sequence of couplets of the form "if he _____ make him _____". (I don't remember any of these.) Being innocent of obscenity then (I was seven years old) I heard the crucial word as "sneaker" since that was the only noun I knew that corresponds to an object or person that possesses a toe. (A sneaker is a canvas shoe with a rubber sole.)

Housemate Jim Killus tells me that he heard the version above, but the amount extorted was fifteen dollars rather than fifty. His childhood was spent in Tennessee. We also both remember the term "soda pop" for carbonated beverages (or soda as in "cherry soda" or pop as in "orange pop")(but never "tonic").

While we're on the subject of whatever this is, I would like to know if anyone else of your acquaintance learned to pronounce "pizza" as PIT-SA rather than the accepted PEET-SA. My father always insisted it was pronounced that way (PIT-SA) in Italy, but the only other person I have met, outside my immediate family, who says PIT-SA was a waitress in a pizza place. You were there, too, remember? The night we saw "Inspector Hound" -- the waitress sat on Debbie's shoulder -- anyway I'm wondering whether that pronunciation is regional or an extremely localized phenomenon.

((I don't know anybody who says it that way, and that waitress was certainly far from typical ...))

Don D'Ammassa
19 Angell Dr.
East Providence, R.I. 02914

The two variants of
"Eenie Meenie" that
I grew up with were
"catch a rabbit",

and "catch a bunny". I heard after adulthood
"catch a monkey."

I remember reading somewhere that the standard typewriter key board was designed early and with the clear intent of slowing the typist down, because primitive machines were unable to react fast enough and became jammed. This may be apocryphal, but sounds plausible.

Jodie Offutt
Funny Farm
Haldeman, KY. 40329

Susan's article is uncommon-
ly funny. Truly inspired!

In the South it was -- and
still is in many parts, I've
no doubt -- "catch a nigger by the toe."

In parts of the South where we have a country accent (as opposed to a southern accent), parts of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas, for instance, we add extra words to help ourselves along. We pronounce pin and pen the same: pin. Only we say "stick pin" and "ink pen." We also say "sody pop" or soft drink and soda water. More often than not, though, we just go ahead and say brand names: Coke, 7-Up, Pepsi, Dr. Pepper, whatever.



Tom Digby
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On rhymes, I didn't say that "spring" and "bring" didn't rhyme with each other, but that neither of them rhymed with "thing", which is unrhymable like "silver" and "orange" are supposed to be.

When I was in grammar school/junior high either others didn't make any distinction in pronunciation between "pin" and "pen" or else I didn't hear the difference. Whenever anyone asked me for one I would usually ask back "Straight or fountain?" In a similar vein, I remember one English teacher who kept telling the class that "get" rhymed with "bet". 'Nobody seemed to believe her since at the time it rhymed better with "it".

My earliest memories of "Eenie meenie miney moe" used "catch a German by the toe". After Hitler & Co. were fafiated this changed to "catch a fellow by the toe," but I do remember that a lot of my schoolmates in Florida where I lived from about 1947 on did use "nigger". But I wouldn't be surprised if Yankees didn't use the Southern version.

Did any of you learn it with "My mother told me to pick this one" or some variant appended after the first four lines?

((I learned it with "My mother said to pick this one and out goes Y-O-U", with, sometimes, still another line added after this.))

Soda pop? I remember seeing that term in books (including comics) when I was a kid, but the general term we used for Coke, Pepsi, Nehi Grape Soda, Orange Crush, etc., was "soft drinks".

George Flynn
27 Sowamsett Ave.
Warren, RI 02885

I think you're giving metric conversion a bum rap in complaining about the wind-chill factor in watts/m². The objectionable thing here isn't the metric system but the use of literal rather than temperature equivalent units. To see this, just consider whether you'd rather have it in horsepower per square foot.

It occurs to me that Grayson Greensward's role as arbiter between Seattle and Bayreuth might be described as Lord of the Rings. But I suppose there's no point in tolkieng about that.

((Well, in the immortal words of Stu Shiffman, "Bayreuth is stranger than fiction."))

Curious, I never heard the "tiger" version of "Eenie, meenie, miney, moe"; but I don't know if this indicates a regional variation or merely that the language has gotten more genteel since I was a kid. Speaking of regional language, "tonic" for soda is strictly limited to the area around Boston (not even reaching as far as R.I.); probably the result of the whim of some 19th century wholesaler(s).

Steve Fahnstalk
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Pullman, WA 99163

The artwork was generally of good quality; the best being Judy Mitchell's piece on p.2 and the Shull throughout; the worst being ... well, none was bad enough to be called "worst". Generally good, anyway. The Gilliland was quite funny.

You have it almost right -- I talked to Lester del Rey for about half an hour at MidAmeriCon this year about that selfsame subject. We were sparked by the recent Hildebrandt covers for THE EARLY DEL REY books; Lester wanted two of his favorite typewriters on the covers and he said he'd not only designed, but had himself unsoldered all the keys on one of his typewriters and replaced them (well, not the keys, actually; the letters that strike the ribbon) in his own preferred order. He made a careful study of combination frequency, and

claims (with my typing "skills" I have to believe him) that his speed and accuracy went up by a couple hundred percent. He is now thinking of having a special Selectric ball made up to his needs; the original cost will be high, but duplicate balls will cost very little and he can carry one or two wherever he goes -- there is always a Selectric nearby if he feels like doing a little writing. I think that's a great idea.

The pronunciation discussion hit me in a sore spot. Up till I was a junior

in High School, I had always pronounced "been" and "again" as "bean" and "agayn" -- but after several hundred arguments with my friends I gave up (you see, I learned my speech habits in Suffolk, England ... but that's another tale) and have pronounced those words as "bin" and "agen". What the hell. "Marry" and "merry" have two different sounds for me; so do "ruin" ("roo-in") and "June"; "pin" and "pen"; also "Barry" and "Berry" (John).

Hal Davis
26 W. 95th St.
New York, NY 10025

Laurie has decided that my pronunciation of "gas" and "singer" (as in crooner, not Jon) mark me as a heathen. ~~Not~~ a heathen, just a lout (as in Lao te shlump) -- Laurie

For reasons lost in the dismal recesses of family lore, I pronounce the former gaz and the other scene-grr, pivoting on a hard "g", when apparently one is supposed to elide swiftly off it. As in seeng-r. "Had it bin another day I might have looked the other way



and I'd have never been aware ..." (John Lennon, 1967)

I suppose they talk that way in Illinois, but I don't see how "then", "again" and "been" can rhyme. What about "rain," Jackie? And hen? And seen? And thin?

Reminds me of the time someone put out a Strine dictionary 'bout 10 years ago. Included phrases like "Rise Up Lides" -- flat metal sheets you shave with.

Angus Taylor

((Loc on KRAT #8))

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Is KRAT still on the subject of languages and pronun-
ciations? Just thought you might be interested in this:
Did you know that "jaw" rhymes with "war"?

Well, it does here among the "propah" -speaking
classes of southern England and on the BBC.

Did you know that there is no difference in pronunciation between "former-
ly" and "formally"?

Yup. That's what the BBC World Service informed its vast world-wide
audience this evening on a program(me) called "Speaking in English" -- design-
ed to tell foreigners how to speak propah. Yup. Heard it with my own ears.

Bloody 'ell, as the English say.

I think I've noticed three principal differences in pronunciation in the
time I've lived in England (about one year) between the language as it's spoken
in England and in North America. (Actually, that should really be "southern-
propah-England-and-BBC".) The differences are:

- (1) The English don't pronounce the letter "r".
- (2) The short "a" sound (as in ladder) is more muted than in North America
(say "hat" and "hot" and then try pronouncing "hat" as if it were half-way
between those two words).
- (3) The English don't pronounce the "aw" sound the way we do. "Law" and
"caught" sound differently than they do in North America.

Points (1) and (3) bring us around to why, in southern-England-BBC, "jaw"
rhymes with "war". Say "war" with a silent "r". Now pronounce "jaw" to rhyme
with "wa-". (Not with "was", mind you, but with "wa-".) Similarly, pronounce
words like "caught" with the same "a-" sound.

Awful, isn't it? Thank God I'm leaving the country before I get infected.

((I learned, in one of my linguistics classes, that the "r"-less
dialect used to be considered the "propah" way to speak in New York
City, back in the 20's. It's only since the 40's that the Midwest
has become the prestige dialect, and "r"-lessness is now confined
to lower class New Yorkers (New Yawka's, see, say "god" for guard,
"bawd" for board, etc.) In fact, my linguistics teacher did a study
of three New York department stores of varying prestigiousness --
Saks Fifth Ave., Macy's, and Klein's (respectively high, middle, and
low), and there was a sharp, significant difference in the number of
r's dropped by their respective sales clerks. (He did things like
inquire about something he knew was on the fourth floor, to elicit
spontaneous samples) Klein's, of course, dropped the most r's.))

((loc on KRAT #9))

I thought Susan's piece was really excellent, and very amusing. She prob-
ably could have sent it to MACLEAN'S and got money for it, but, loyal friend
that she is ...

Anyway, I see this language thing is not dead. I was under the impression
that a fairly standardized version of the English language existed in North Am-
erica -- and I still think that's more or less true. But some of these KRAT re-
velations (isn't that an underground comix, KRAT REVELATIONS?) are shaking my
faith. I mean, there's that "pin"- "pen" bit, and then there's that fellow who
thinks "again" and "been" and "then" all rhyme. I mean, Jeezus Kratophany, fel-
low, I know some people do such things, but I didn't imagine they'd actually

admit it in public! (Stunts your growth, doesn't it?)

Here's one for your files, though. I was in Canada in July with my Dutch girlfriend. One lunchtime I figured I'd fix something to eat. "What would you like to eat?" I asked her. "How about cooking some mice?" was her reply. At least, it sounded like that to me. I was almost about to say, "Ha! I thought you said, How about cooking some mice!" But then I didn't. I mean, obviously, what she said must have been "rice". There was a lot of rice left over from supper the previous evening. So I spent ten or fifteen minutes cooking up a quick rice meal. Then I brought the stuff out to the other room where she was sitting.

"What's that?" she sniffed.

"It's what you asked for, of course -- rice."

"But I said I wanted mice."

Well, it turned out that what she was really saying was "mais" (pronounced, roughly, "mice"), which is Dutch for "corn". I suppose if I were English I might have understood -- the English say "maize" for "corn".

((I am amazed; it's no wonder people can barley understand each other.))

Harry Warner, Jr. The new issue of Kratophany was mimeographed on lovely
423 Summit Ave. blue paper when I started to read it. But the paper
Hagerstown, Md. 21740 looks awfully green right now, because of the jealousy
 that I began to emanate by the time I got two-thirds of
the way down the third page. I mean, I've resigned myself to the fact that I'll
never see Wagner's Ring all the way through in proper order in a live performance, in view of my age and my dislike of travel and the absence of a resident opera company in Hagerstown. Here you are, probably less than half my age, and you've done it. You are doubly to be envied because the Seattle production seems to have used traditional elements in the staging, rather than the almost-empty stage and barest minimum of props which have grown popular with Wagner productions in many cities in recent years, even in Bayreuth. I know there must be change in ways of producing stage works. But I've seen all those operas so often in my mind's eye, while blundering through the music at the piano or listening to records or hearing excerpts at live concerts, and my imagination has always supplied literal stage pictures, not just one phallic symbol standing all by its lonesome out in the middle of a bare stage. I think it's significant that you enjoyed yourself after cramming on Anna Russell. It goes to prove my theory that the fact that something can be parodied or mocked usually signifies that it's something splendid or important or otherwise worthy of attention in its own right.

I wish people wouldn't compare CB terms and fannish slang. Almost all fannish words have been invented and put into common use because no words existed in the English language which denoted exactly what the fannish words do. The CB slang is just a case of using different words or numbers to express the same things that perfectly adequate words already signify. In some cases, the CB terms take longer to say or are harder to hear distinctly than the words they replace. A whole essay could be written about how the art of abbreviating has been degraded in the mundane world, as in the case of VW, an example of an abbreviation which takes longer to say than the word it's supposed to shorten.

Gloria Andersson You know, I never could get terribly excited over the monumental operae of R. Wagner. I prefer instead the operae of
2109 E. 2nd St. that tiny land-locked country Czechoslovakia. Half of the
Tucson, AZ 85719 reason I like them so much is no one here plays them -- even
the classical music stations. Perhaps my favorite is Dvorak's Rusalka (The Mermaid), but others which I enjoy almost equally are Leos Janacek's Jenufa,

The Macropolous Case, and Katya Kabanova. Then there are Smetana's operae: Libuse, Dalibor, and The Bartered Bride.

Even if people only heard the beautiful aria "Mesicku na nebi hlubokem" (Fair Moon in the Great Sky), I know that they would start to get hooked on Rusalka and maybe from that to all the Czech and other Slavic operae! Personally, I find them much more to my taste than Teutonic blood-and-lust spectaculars. But then I don't read Conan et al either.

Only Janacek has some of the overpowering orchestration that one finds in Wagner. The Glagolitic Mass by Janacek should keep the attention of even a hard-core Wagnerian (though in a different vein).

I just wanted to pen a few of my thoughts on my exotic opera favorites, because seldom do I get a chance to speak of them. They are not on any W. European label. All records of them must be ordered through Supraphon, the Czech recording company. As far as I know, there has been one production of Rusalka in the US with the San Diego Opera (around 1973 or 74).

Very mysterious stuff but rewarding, I think.

((The preceding has been brought to you by the Stop Harry Warner complaining That Nobody Discusses Classical Music in Fanzines Committee. Forgive me, Gloria, for any spelling errors I made in the course of deciphering your handwriting; and also for giving up on typing the diacritical marks. And hi to Leif.))

Terry Carr
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I liked the latest issue, which was one of the few fanzines I managed time to read this year. Don't have it handy for comment, but I remember I thought Susan's piece looked funny but who could tell since it was full of Canajian in-group jokes. You oughta tell your contributors to write about things we'll all understand, like The Rooster That Wore Red Pants or Who Sawed Courtney's Boat.

Lee Hoffman
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I have been following your adventures in achieving status as a landed immigrant and have been absolutely fascinated. And slightly appalled. Like Jessica Salmonson, I have long labored under the delusion that Canadians somehow had things more together than us U.S. types. Even a couple of brief visits to Canada did not dissuade me of this idea. But you have convinced me. To quote you: "People is people all over, I guess."

John D. Berry
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I just reread your essay on Taoism. Actually, I started rereading it, and midway down the first page I put down the fanzine, got up, and practiced T'ai Chi very slowly for a few minutes. It was the first time I had done any T'ai Chi in quite a while, despite my intention to find a class and practice again, and I thank you for the inspiration to do it. When I sat down again, much refreshed, I finished rereading your essay.

And I have very little to say. Nothing to add -- it's a marvelously clear, evocative essay, so much so that I feel like showing it to friends of mine and saying, "See?" It was well appreciated.

I am only just reading Psychotherapy East & West, inspired by the use that Theodore Roszak made of it in The Making of a Counter Culture. I have read a good deal of verbiage by Alan Watts, but I think only one complete book: In My Own Way, his autobiography. As he says somewhere in that book, all of his works are like points around a wheel; each of them approaches the center from a different direction, but they all point to the same center. The way that spoke to me

most directly was autobiography: I am most touched by a personal story, if it's a true personal journey, an odyssey with meaning. (Another powerful autobiography, which is linked with Watt's in my mind, is Carl Jung's Memories, Dreams, Reflections.) I highly recommend In My Own Way to you if you haven't read it yet; you'll be delighted. There are numerous passages in there that I would like to publish in a fanzine, but they are usually too long and entwined..

I came to Watts only secondarily, after the basic ideas had filtered into my mind through other sources, so I didn't have the strong first impression of recognition that you and others have reported. But I do feel that he is a kindred spirit; all during my reading of In My Own Way, I kept thinking how much I would like to meet this man, and I would get frustrated at the knowledge that he had just died a few months before. I especially identify with his inherent laziness. Sometimes I think that the only real differences between me and Alan Watts are that I am not English, I do not have his gift of gab, and I am not dead.

And yes, cats are all natural Taoists.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson My step-mother is Thai, spent some years of her childhood in a Buddhist temple, and has many wonderfully supernatural tales to tell, of which she claims all are true. I studied Buddhism with her for a while, but found it full of the same fallacies and contradictions as the Christianity I rejected when I was ten. It did, however, put me in contact with Taoism, the study of which frightened my step-mom Lek. She did not approve at all of my interest in that realm. The Taoists are, to her, almost legendary; the Shao Lins mighty magicians to fear and respect. She never met a Taoist in all her years growing up in Thailand. I met one in the Seattle International District, an innocuous old fellow who loved to laugh at my conceptions of the Tao. Lek refused ever to meet him. He had a mystery about him even for me. I'm sure it was entirely projected on my part. I don't "believe" the Tao -- it'd be counter-Taoist to do so. But reading Lao T'zu and other Taoist scholars repeatedly gives me a feeling of "almost" grasping something that'd put everything together. It's always just out of reach. But it's there, and it never is with religious doctrine.

Mike O'Brien I read The Lathe of Heaven when it was serialized in AMAZING, and my main impression was that the lathe could have used a few more turns. I read the book much more recently, and found it much more readable. I certainly can't claim to have gotten a religious experience out of it, however, or out of any Zen lore I've seen so far. I did become a convert, however, to the philosophy of Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance. This is not surprising, as it simply put in crystal-clear perspective the sort of attitude I've had all my life. It is still a fairly heavyweight book, since it sent my good friend to the emergency ward with a severe case of the twitches. He's still in analysis. Seems he identified a trifle too closely with the protagonist.

A wind-chill index in watts per square meter is very sensible, if you just take it in terms of how many light bulbs it would take to make you feel less miserably wind-blown. Just be glad they didn't give it to you in kilograms per second cubed, which is the same thing without the handy units. If there's one thing I hate it's dimensional analysis.

((Yes, I shudder at dimension of it.))

"Knowing enough to stop when one does not know is perfection." -- Chuang Tzu

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As I recall, Byron rhymes "Don Juan" with "moon," meaning that not only was he anglicizing it to "Jew-an," but he was slurring it to "June," like New Yorkers do with "ruin."

Well you might hate to fault my research, since I'm always right, at least in essence. The 1812 date merely reinforces my case. The point is that "soda" means 1) carbonated water, or 2) a confection made with ice cream and carbonated water, while "pop" is a flavored carbonated (non-alcoholic) beverage. Except on the East Coast of the U.S. (However, the CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY and the OED both say that in England champagne is also called "pop," which must confuse things.) (Attempts to flank the matter by looking up limonad and gazirovannaia voda -- both of which really mean "pop", despite what you'd think -- in the Oxford Russian-English Dictionary flounder on the inadequacies of that work. The Russian Bol'shoi anglo-russkii slovar' gives "sparkling beverage" as one definition of "pop," but only "carbonated water" as the translation of "soda." This is doubtless a failing on its part, as the Commies will on occasion come across East Coast dialect and be confused, but it does confirm that the effete Easterners are in the minority on this question.)

((We may be a minority, but by logic and natural descent from the earlier "carbonated water" definition, we're right! There's no use weaseling out with your "pop" definitions.))

The way I learned it on my father's knee was "catch a piggie by the toe," but this may well have been commendable censorship on my father's part. When I got to school the version in circulation (in suburban Chicago) was "nigger." (I looked up "nigger" in the OED in the hope that they might have cited the rhyme. Nope, but did you know that a nigger is an impurity in the insulating covering of an electrical conductor?)

Note to Ms. Salmonson and other offenders: the whole point of replacing "Negro" with "black" was that "Negro" sounded condescending (as "colored" had before it). It was circumlocuting, as if there were something to be ashamed of in the real name. (So also "Hebrew" for "Jew" in the last century, still enshrined in the YMHA like the "Colored" in the NAACP.) But for the condescension to come to an end, the word has to be treated analogously to "white." "White" is not capitalized in this context, and neither should "black" be. Goddamn look-down-your-nose bleeding-heart white liberal hypocrites, and similar sentiments. I take it that "Native American" is entrenched in Canada, but I hope we can avoid it down here. I was born here too, goddamnit. Why not the anthropologists' coinage "Amerind" if after four hundred years the confusion with the real India has started to grate?

((I plead guilty to the capital charges laid above. Guess I'm just a running-dog capitalist... I am reminded of the old Feiffer cartoon: "We are now called 'blacks'. Which replaces the word 'Negroes'. Which replaced the word 'colored'. Which replaced the word 'darkies'. Which replaced the word 'blacks'." // As to Natives, first of all, the word Indian is in perfectly good use in Canada. It refers to Status or Treaty Indians, mainly those having treaty rights, living on reserves, and so forth. It doesn't, however, include Metis, those of mixed ancestry, who are not legally Indians, but tend to get lumped together under "Native" for certain purposes, and probably outnumber Indians in Saskatchewan two-to-one. As to "Amerind", I dunno, but it probably smacks too much of United States Indians. Despite what I came to Canada believing, almost every Canadian I've met uses "American" as synonymous with "person from the U.S." There's very little of that "We're Americans too" attitude I had been told existed in the rest of the New World.))

When I was taking Russian classes in the Soviet Union every so often we



would come to an instance where analogous distinctions existed in English and Russian (e.g., between "ordinary" and "usual") but did not in other languages from which the Russians get students, meaning that we had drills -- or had to persuade the instructor to skip drills -- over things that were "obvious". Or the time it was carefully explained to us that you can't use dangling participles, which aren't good English either, but apparently are good French. But some distinctions are real. There are two words in Russian for competition, one for competition in capitalism (konkurrentsiya) and one in "socialism" (sorev-novanie). There are probably sound etymological reasons for this, but on its surface it sounded so hypocritical that it broke us up for hours. (Well, minutes?) Or the fact that in Russian the "red-head" is sort of an insult, and in polite society you're

supposed to say "dark chestnut" or something.

I enjoyed your "Essay on Taoism", and I think it may have given me some more insight into the tradition.... I remember once looking at an entire book arguing that virtually all religion was attempts to trigger psychological reactions. But this was written in the tradition of British "analytical philosophy" and I thought it was sort of extreme. (Something in the line of: Q. You can't point to God, and therefore statements with "God" in them have no referent, and must be meaningless. A. Strictly speaking, this is true, but they serve to inspire personal, incommunicable reactions.) ... I think, however, that the thing about Zen in particular (not I think Taoism in general) is that it so much stresses this psychological reaction at the expense of "surface meaning". All or most Christian paradoxes can be "decoded" (definitely only "most," on reflection: things like the Trinity, predestination vs. free will, and others defy such treatment). Your "to him that has" quote obviously has something to do (without having to go into just what) with some notion of critical mass or of a necessary balance of ingredients. I don't get the impression that this sort of interpretation is encouraged in Zen. (Or am I wrong? On reflection I note that the saying of Baso you quote might mean something like "I will confirm you in your possession or non-possession of a staff" hence "accept things the way they are.")

((Actually, I thought both quotations were alluding to that critical mass concept, the fact that he who has, gets. But of course, there is also in Baso's saying the paradoxical element of taking away something that is non-existent, which leads me to meditations on the concepts of existence and non-existence, reminiscent of Joshu's

koan "Mu", which in one place is translated as "un-thing" -- a lovely concept. But you're right. This sort of interpretation is not encouraged. According to Fritjof Capra in THE TAO OF PHYSICS, "A well known Zen phrase says 'The instant you speak about a thing you miss the mark.'" See also the walking stick story I once printed.))

Possible logical fallacy: "Taoism is the perfect religion for a scientist:" (Which I've also heard about non-Tao-influenced Buddhism.) Ah, but the scientist already has science. If he still has needs, they may well have to be met from some other quarter, on some extrascientific basis. And in fact Chinese Taoists were often simultaneously Confucianists or Mahayana Buddhists. For that matter, the quote at the bottom of p.12 seems to urge accepting the whole as the whole, without trying to slice it up (to analyze is etymologically to divide into parts). Genesis says the sun and the moon are just lamps: you may well be curious about how lamps work. If they're Manifestations of the All as Taoism would have it, why bother? And where, empirically, did science originate? Either in Renaissance Europe or in the Hellenistic world, depending on your definition of science. Definitely not in China or Japan.

((Well, you make some good points. But. First of all, I doubt that science by itself is adequate to meet anyone's emotional needs, except in the sense that one can make it an idol to worship -- Science with a capital S. Taoism, as I said, isn't terribly useful as a day-to-day guide for living, so if you want to spend your days analysing, there's certainly nothing wrong. Just remember that according to Heisenberg, not to mention Mach, it's all got to be put back together again, because all the arbitrary pieces you look at interact. And yes, I grant your remark about the invention of science. The fortuitousness/inevitability of that invention fascinates me. Is it possible that without that Christian element of God's natural laws (is that from Aquinas, or where?), we might never have had Galileo and Newton? Clearly, you can't leap straight from Lao-tzu to Einstein and Heisenberg without at least a short stop at differential calculus. ("Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night/ God said 'Let Newton be'/ And all was light/ But then the Devil shouting 'Ho,/ Let Einstein be' restored the status quo.") But see, now we can put away these intermediate world-views and return to the underlying Tao, since wave/particle duality (to borrow again from Fritjof Capra) is certainly as paradoxical as any Zen koan. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." -- I Corinthians 13:11))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Laurine White, Eric Lindsay, Carl Frederick, Gary Tesser, Cathy McGuire, Dave Piper, Jennifer Bankier, and Rosemary Ulliot (who, after an eight month silence, managed to call me while I was taking a shower).



Ken Fletcher '76

WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- ☐ Trade and/or review
- ☐ It seemed like the thing to do at the time
- ☐ You know what "kratophany" means.
Say, you must be Sandra Miesel!
- ☐ You are mentioned
- ☐ There's a certain koala-ty about you
- ☐ You paid
- ☐ You LoCed
- ☐ You contributed
- ☐ You never do anything weird
- ☐ You know someone who went to Stuyvesant
High School
- ☐ You think Saskatchewan is a kind of Chinese food
- ☐ Sometimes you get the elevator, and
sometimes you get the shaft

