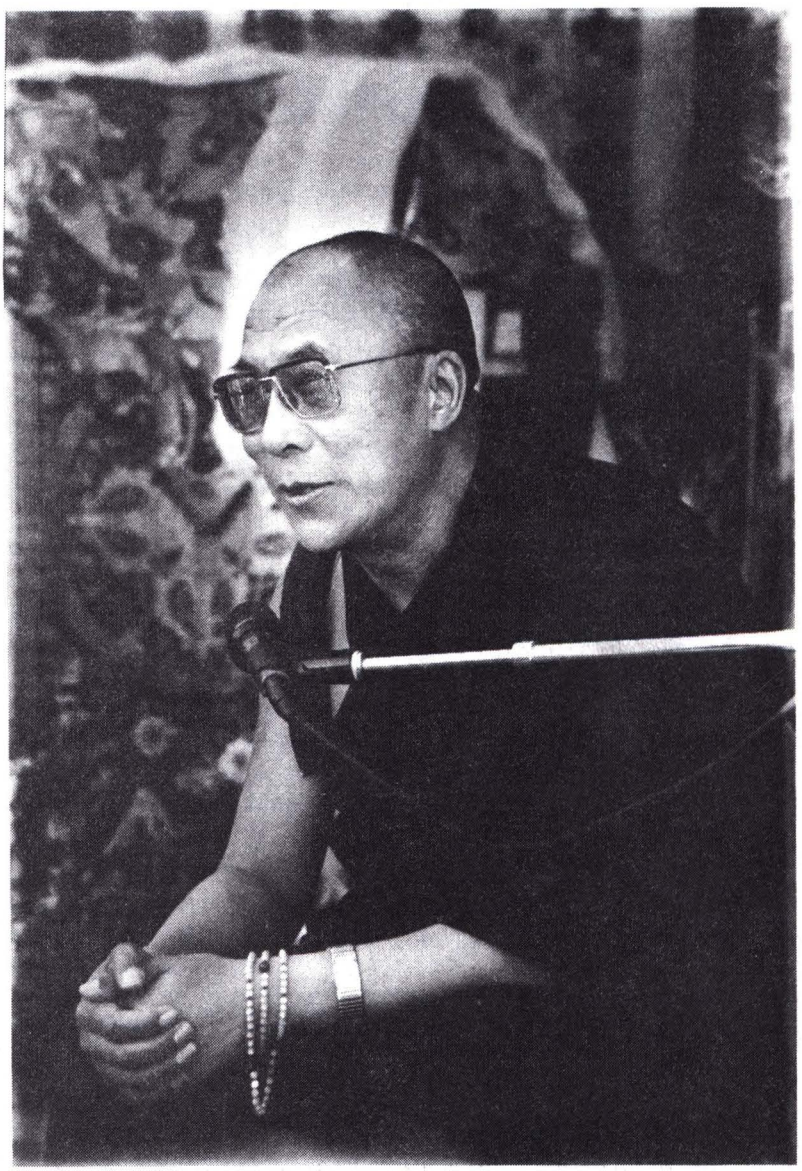
BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP

NEWSLETTER OF THE BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP, FALL 1989

The 1989 Nobel Peace Prize Announcement



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The Norwegian Nobel Committee has decided to award the 1989 Nobel Peace Prize to the 14th Dalai Lama, Tenzin Gyatso, the religious and political leader of the Tibetan people.

The Committee wants to emphasize the fact that the Dalai Lama in his struggle for the liberation of Tibet consistently has opposed the use of violence. He has instead advocated peaceful solutions...

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FROM THE EDITOR

When you publish late, it's a good idea to have an excuse; we have a couple. For starters, the Dalai Lama won the Nobel Peace Prize a week before his arrival in the Bay Area. A person who braids together Buddhism and peace work with the conviction the Dalai Lama does, and on the scale he does, deserves to be celebrated. That the Nobel Committee should honor him before the whole world is further cause for celebration. On this visit, His Holiness also received the Congressional Human Rights Award, and participated in many conferences and teachings, both secular and religious. We delayed publication 10 days to attend his public events here, and to rearrange our material accordingly. With this issue, we only begin to report; we will carry it forward.

The only other excuse we can offer is the 7.1 earthquake here. What delayed us is not so much the obvious tragedies but the subtler problems, not reported much in the media: hours and days were spent simply getting in touch with family and loved ones; priorities were called into question, and with them, the arrangements of daily life. In some cases, new employment, new transportation and new schooling for children had to be worked out. A certain psychic undertow now pulls at us as well. For no clearly rational reason, it seems harder to accomplish anything. But we will be back to nearly on time with the next issue (knock wood). Apologies to any who were inconvenienced by the delay.

As if one Nobel Laureate per quarter weren't enough, an excellent interview with Archibishop Tutu graces this issue. We express our indebtedness to Catherine Ingram and to Parallax Press for permission to print it. As South Africa heats up again with the governmental changes (or lack of them) Desmond Tutu will surely continue to be crucial to the establishment of basic human rights there.

We also present personal accounts witnessing the struggle for human rights in Central Americal: excerpts from Aitken-roshi's travel journal, and from Joe Gorin's letters. We will continue to report on Buddhists and their adventures abroad in subsequent issues. Bon voyage & don't forget to write.

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The Buddhist Peace Fellowship was founded in 1978, as a network of individuals and local chapters, to bring a Buddhist perspective to the peace movement, and to bring the peace movement to the Buddhist community. Membership and subscription information are on the back cover. Single copies $4.00 postpaid from the BPF National Office,

continued from Page 1 ... based upon tolerance and mutual respect in order to preserve the historical and cultural heritage of his people.

The Dalai Lama has developed his philosophy of peace from a great reverence for all things living and upon the concept of universal responsibility embracing all mankind as well as nature.

In the opinion of the Committee the Dalai Lama has come forward with constructive and forward-looking proposals for the solution of international conflicts, human rights issues, and global environmental problems.

His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet on being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize :

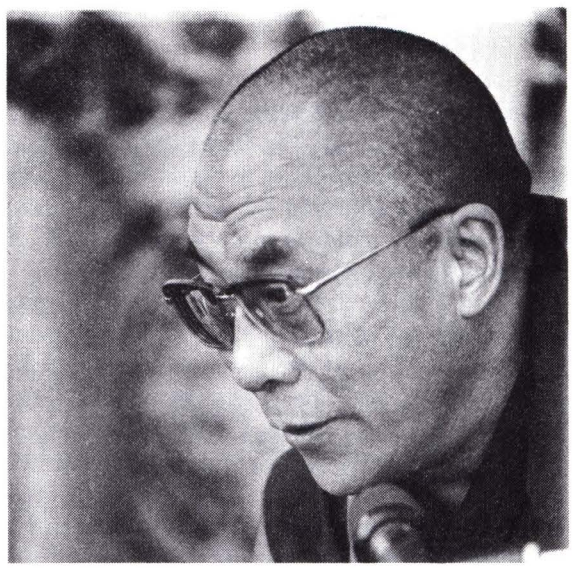
I am deeply touched to be chosen as this year's recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize. I believe my selection reaffirms the universal values of non-violence, peace and understanding between all members of our great human family. We all desire a happier, more humane and harmonious world, and I have always felt that the practice of love and compassion, tolerance and respect for others is the most effective manner in which to bring this about.

I hope this prize will provide courage to the six million people of Tibet. For some 40 years now, Tibetans have been undergoing the most painful period in our long history. During this time, over a million of our people perished and more that 6,000 monasteries — the seat of our peaceful culture — were destroyed. There is not a single family, either in Tibet or among the refugees abroad, which has gone unscathed. Yet, our people's determination and commitment to spiritual values and the practice of non-violence remains unshaken. This prize is a profound recognition of their faith and perseverance.

The demonstrations which have rocked Tibet for the past two years continue to be non-violent despite brutal suppression. Since the imposition of martial law in Lhasa last March, Tibet has been sealed off, and while global attention has focused on the tragic events in China, a systematic effort to crush the spirit and national identity of the Tibetan people is being pursued by the government of the People's Republic.

Tibetans today are facing the real possibility of elimination as a people and a nation. The government of the People's Republic of China is practicing a form of genocide by relocating millions of Chinese settlers into Tibet. I ask that this massive population transfer be stopped. Unless the cruel and inhuman treatment of my people is brought to an end, and until they are given their due right to self-determination there will always be obstacles in finding a solution to the Tibetan issue.

I accept the Nobel Peace Prize in a spirit of optimism despite the many grave problems which humanity faces today. We all know the immensity of the challenges facing our generation: the problem of overpopulation, the threat to our environment and the dangers of military confrontation. As this dramatic century draws to a close, it is clear that the renewed yearning for freedom and democracy sweeping the globe provides an unprecedented opportunity for building a better world. Freedom is the real source of human happiness and creativity. Only when it is allowed to flourish can a genuinely stable international climate exist.



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The suppression of the rights and freedoms of any people by totalitarian governments is against human nature and the recent movements for democracy in various parts of the world are a clear indication of this.

The Chinese students have given me great hope for the future of China and Tibet. I feel that their movement follows in the tradition of Mahatma Gandhi's ahimsa or non-violence which has deeply inspired me ever since I was a small boy. The eventual success of all people seeking a more tolerant atmosphere must derive from a commitment to counter hatred and violence with patience. We must seek change through dialogue and trust. It is my heartfelt prayer that Tibet's plight may be resolved in such a manner and that once again my country, the Roof of the World, may serve as a sanctuary of peace and a resource of spiritual inspiration at the heart of Asia.

I hope and pray that the decision to give me the Nobel Peace Prize will encourage all those who pursue the path of peace to do so in a renewed spirit of optimism and strength.

Excerpts from the Dalai Lama's Address to the Conference on Seeking the True Meaning of Peace in San Jose, Costa Rica, June 27, 1989

Visions of Peace

...Our world is becoming ever more interdependent,

yet as nations seek to fulfill the increasing needs and expectations of their often expanding populations, it is worthwhile to consider means for achieving and preserving world peace. Everyone wishes for comfort and happiness, but it is a mistake to feel that these can be gained by aggression and force. It is important that we employ peaceful means in achieving our aims, and this conference is valuable in providing an opportunity for all of us to meet and exchange our views and experiences.

...It seems these days that although the intellect, the "brain" aspect of human beings, has been developed and put to use, we have somehow neglected the development of a good heart, the humane feelings of love, compassion and kindness....Material development is necessary and beneficial for mankind, but it provides us mainly with physical comfort, not with mental peace. Such good human qualities as openness, kindness and respect for others can neither be bought with money nor can they be produced by machines. They can only be generated in the mind itself.

The question of real, lasting world peace concerns human beings, so basic human feelings are also at its roots. Through inner peace, genuine world peace can be achieved. In this the importance of individual responsibility is quite clear; an atmosphere of peace must first be created within ourselves, then gradually expanding to include our families, our communities and ultimately the whole planet.

...It is both morally wrong and pragmatically unwise to pursue only one's own happiness oblivious to the feelings and aspirations of other members of the same human family. The wiser course is to think of others, too, when pursuing our own aims. If we adopt a self-centered approach to life, and exploit others for our own self interest, we may gain temporary benefits, but in the long run we will not succeed in achieving even personal happiness, let alone world peace.

The development of a kind heart and a sense of universal responsibility is for everyone regardless of race, religion or political affiliation, who considers himself or herself a member of the human family.

...Since present-day governments in general do not shoulder such moral responsibilities, humanitarian and religious leaders must strengthen existing civic, social, cultural, educational and religious organizations to revive human values. Only in doing so can we hope to create a more stable basis for world peace.

We are destined to share this planet together and as the world grows smaller, we need each other more than in the past. But, whether we are trying to reduce the nuclear threat, defend human rights, or preserve the natural environment, it is difficult to achieve a spirit of genuine cooperation as long as people remain indifferent to the feelings and happiness of others. What is required is a kind heart and a sense of community, which I call universal responsibility.

Remarks by the Dalai Lama on Accepting the Raoul Wallenberg Congressional Human Rights Award June, 1989, New York

...I am a simple Buddhist monk. I try to follow the Buddhist ethic of justice, love and compassion. This ethic was not set down in an openly revolutionary way, and so we did not develop a language of human rights. However, Buddha did imply them in his Law of Karma with its commandments not to kill but to save life, not to steal but to give gifts, not to misuse sexuality but to channel it properly, not to lie but to tell truth, not to cause conflict but to make peace, not to accept prejudice but to foster realistic views. Here are the human rights to life, property, privacy, liberty and education. The Buddha had been a prince, so when he became enlightened he skillfully established effective institutions to protect the individual against the unjust use of power by the state. That was the seed of the human rights tradition which has always inspired my acts.

Now in modern times, the power of great states is unimaginably greater, so the need to protect the simple human being against their unjust use of power is greater today than ever. I am a great admirer of the human rights movements and of human rights organizations as the Congressional Human Rights Foundation, Amnesty International, Asia Watch, and many others. If we are going to solve the problems at the heart of the present global crisis, we must begin our work on the level of the single human being. We must protect him or her from real suffering. Only then can we extend such protection to other living beings. And eventually the whole planet.

...We must complement the human rights ideal by developing a widespread practice of universal human responsibility. This is not a religious matter. It arises from what I call the "Common Human Religion" — that of love, the will to others' happiness and compassion, the will to others' freedom from suffering. We are all born from love and compassion. We all draw our daily sustenance from it in the thousands of little helps we get from the vast network of people our lives connect with.

...Our global crisis has come about due to our own ignorance, our not knowing the long term and long range consequences of out thoughts and deeds. As we seek to survive, to preserve life for our children and future generations, then even our selfish actions, if their long term consequences are understood, will be most practically based on love and compassion. So I believe this common religion is not something unrealistic. It is simple. It is correct. It is our only way. This is my humble belief.

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Dole Pineapple: The bitter fruit

The BPF groups of Cambridge and Minneapolis are calling for support in their effort to boycott the Dole company. Dole products include fruits, vegetables, nuts and frozen snacks. The BPF is primarily concerned with pineapples Dole grows and packages in Thailand and the Philippines.

Traditionally, Dole's pineapples have come from Hawaii, but in recent years the cost of labor and production in Southeast Asia has become economically

attractive to Castle and Cooke, Dole's parent company. North Americans may already be familiar with the exploitation of workers and land under the United Fruit Company's banana-growing industry in Latin America. Similar patterns of exploitation are now emerging in the pineapple industry in Thailand.

Last spring, the Cambridge BPF had the opportunity to watch "The Bitter Fruit," a slide-show produced by Thai workers documenting the history and current conditions of the Dole pineapple plantation in Southern Thailand. A summary of problems confronting the Thais working for and living near Dole Thai includes:

- A decrease in land available for subsistence rice farming.
- An increase in pineapple planting resulting in severe top-soil erosion and flooding.
- An increase in chemical pollutants in local water supply, causing skin disease and unsafe conditions for wet agriculture.
- An increase of economic dependence on the Dole company despite its poor labor record. This record includes a total lack of job security, 10-hour or longer work days, inadequate medical coverage for on-the-job injuries and a deflated pineapple market.

After watching "The Bitter Fruit," the Cambridge BPF discussed how to respond to the suffering in Thailand. We realized that American consumers who purchase Dole pineapples directly participate in creating conditions for the suffering in Thailand, and that those who purchase other Dole products participate indirect-

ly. We pledged to boycott all Dole products.

Sulak Sivaraksa, the well-known BPF Advisory Board member from Thailand, endorsed the boycott when he was visiting the United States last spring. He also encouraged the Cambridge BPF to broaden the campaign by enlisting the support of BPF groups across America.

Research on Dole is currently being done with the assistance of the Action for Corporate Accountability in Minneapolis. Action has reactivated the Nestle boycott, and is willing to share its expertise in investigating multinational food corporations.

Work is also being done to explore alternatives to non-native fruit consumption in the U.S. As the harvest season draws to a close, we are considering canning fruits and vegetables from local Farmers' Markets. Canning is time-consuming, and requires an initial start-up cost for jars and a large boiling-pot, but the results are worthwhile.

The Cambridge and Minneapolis BPF groups are asking other BPF members for support. You may want to initiate your own Dole boycott, talk to friends and family about Dole, or do some autumn canning. For more information about the boycott, please contact Nora Murphy, 2220 Emerson Ave. South #3B, Minneapolis, MN 55405; (612)-377-1251.

Unlikely Places

Engaged Buddhists with a taste for rock and roll will have seen a thorough, three-issue article on peace (or rather, lack of war) in the modern world in their copies of *Rolling Stone*. For those of us who missed it, check July 13/27, Sept. 7, and Nov. 16 for the piece by Lawrence Wright. Comes highly recommended.

Abortion

Several BPF members have expressed the desire to see something in the newsletter on abortion. The fact is that the Bush administration has made abortion a big issue, one that is not likely to go away soon. A socially engaged person should have thought about it, and Buddhist precepts throw interesting wrenches into the works.

I'll take a risk by opening the dialogue with something controversial. From an interview with Norman Mailer by Carole Mallory, printed in Smart Magazine:

Mailer: I think women have rights over their bodies. I'm on the side of legal abortion. However, I do think there's an awful lot of vapid liberal thinking on the question. Let's not pretend that it isn't the most serious single thing a woman can do. There's a tendency to look upon it as murder. This is going to make a lot of people unhappy, but I would say, yes, it is murder in a sense, but when we go to war we murder. Harry Truman signed an order that made him a murderer of one hundred thousand people when he dropped the bomb on Hiroshima. If we're going to

call women who seek abortion murderers, then let us call our presidents murderers, and our governors when they confirm a sentence of execution.

Every thing in the universe shows us that slaying is a profound part of the continuation of the wheel of life. Now those ways in which slaying is acceptable and those ways it is not is a mind-boggling question. Nobody can come up with the answer. We're all terrified of it. But if you have the right to extinguish anything at all, it has to start with your own creation, because that's what you know most about. ...

Of course, when people say "Oh, abortion, there's nothing to it. The embryo is not alive" — Mailer sings sarcastically "It's a simple medical practice," I think that is as bad as the bad stuff that the conservatives get into when they say "We want government out of our audits and out of our taxes. But we don't care if the government tells a woman that she must have her baby." That's hypocrisy carried to the end. So, whenever I get sick of the vapidity of liberals, the right wing pushes me back to the Left again by its outrageous greed and hypocrisy. If I have to choose between the two, I'll stay on the Left. An unhappy choice, since there's such self satisfaction on the Left and refusal to grow up and face deep and terrible questions. The left is too interested in answers. The Right is unconscionably hypocritical. Greedbags. ❖

Gratitude

The Buddhist Peace Fellowship Board gratefully acknowledges generous donations through Sept. 1989 from: ◆ *Lois Adams* ◆ *Laura Adler* ◆ *Ronald Alexander* ◆ *Karen Anderson* ◆ *Marsha Angus* ◆ *Linda Ballantine* ◆ *James Baraz* ◆ *Jeffrey Barret* ◆ *Hathaway Barry* ◆ *Bruce Baylock* ◆ *Henry Tudor Beeny* ◆ *Gary Bravo* ◆ *Harry Brickman* ◆ *Ed Brown* ◆ *Nancy Brown* ◆ *Laura Chasin* ◆ *Frederick Cloyd* ◆ *Barbara Collier* ◆ *John Cooper* ◆ *Jean Cooke* ◆ *John Cserny* ◆ *Anne Dorsey* ◆ *Allan Durrant* ◆ *Dian Ericksen* ◆ *Krista Farey* ◆ *Steve Feldman* ◆ *Nancy Ferro* ◆ *Virginia Flanagan M.D.* ◆ *George Fleck* ◆ *Dot Fisher-Smith* ◆ *David Frenzel* ◆ *Margaret Gage* ◆ *Sheila Glover* ◆ *Paula Green* ◆ *Marianna Greenwood* ◆ *Judith Haggar* ◆ *Katherine Haimson* ◆ *Katherine Hansen* ◆ *Dr, Frances Harwood* ◆ *Elizabeth Hearn-Pratt* ◆ *Nancy Heil* ◆ *Gene Knudsen Hoffman* ◆ *Sandy Hunter* ◆ *Michael James* ◆ *Gary Janka* ◆ *Michael Jones* ◆ *Michael Kaemerer* ◆ *Mel Kaushansky* ◆ *Nancy Ketchum* ◆ *Dennis King* ◆ *Terry Kinzel* ◆ *Lynda Koehler* ◆ *Nick Kokoshis* ◆ *Kenneth Kraft* ◆ *James Lane* ◆ *Jack Lawlor* ◆ *Bill Lee* ◆ *Susan Le Grande* ◆ *Ed Levin* ◆ *John Lowney* ◆ *Neil Malarkey* ◆ *Nancy Mayer* ◆ *Scott Mayer* ◆ *Madeline McAlister* ◆ *John McAndrew* ◆ *Pat McCart* ◆ *Mary Jo Meadow* ◆ *Jacques Miller* ◆ *Marianne Miller* ◆ *Ceci Moffitt* ◆ *David Moore* ◆ *Felicia Murray* ◆ *Mayumi Oda* ◆ *Maria Olohan* ◆ *Irene Inizuka* ◆ *Valerie Palms* ◆ *George Patton* ◆ *Sharon Pines* ◆ *Bill Powell* ◆ *Howard Press* ◆ *Christopher Randoll* ◆ *Darcy Reynolds* ◆ *John Robinson* ◆ *Rochester Zen Center* ◆ *Michael Roche* ◆ *Joyce Sebert* ◆ *Maylie Scott* ◆ *Margaret Sharp* ◆ *Allen Sherman* ◆ *Larry Simon* ◆ *Gigi Sims* ◆ *Somers* ◆ *Samuel Smith* ◆ *Gary Snyder* ◆ *Judith Stronach* ◆ *Terry Sutton* ◆ *Nancy Tamarisk* ◆ *Nancy Taylor* ◆ *Jeff Thieret* ◆ *Jordan Thorn* ◆ *Gordon and Margo Tyndall* ◆ *Karin Verhaest* ◆ *Marcia Wansen* ◆ *Joan Ward* ◆ *Sybil Cooper Ward* ◆ *Desiree Webster* ◆ *Sukey Wilder* ◆ *Beverly White* ◆ *Allan Wilkinson* ◆ *David Williams* ◆ *Gregory Willms* ◆ *Do Won* ◆ *Phil Wood* ◆ *Sybil Wood* ◆ *L. Hallman Woods* ◆ *Denoya Wyatt*

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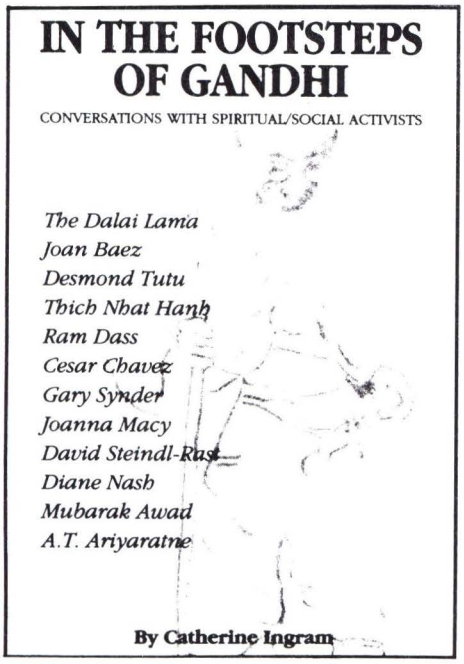
INTERVIEW WITH DESMOND TUTU

by Catherine Ingram
from the forthcoming Parallax Press book
In the Footsteps of Gandhi



The Newsletter wishes to thank Catherine Ingram and Parallax Press for their kind permission to print interviews from "In the Footsteps of Gandhi". Our last three issues would have been diminished without these pieces. The book itself is due soon and obviously, we think it's terrific. Go out and buy some copies. Thanks.

Although Desmond Tutu had never met Steve Biko, he was asked to give the funeral oration for the slain black activist who suffered a brutal death in 1977 while in the custody of the South African Security Police. A crowd of 30,000 attended the service, their mood volatile with sorrow and barely contained anger. In Steve Biko they had lost not only a leader who had organized them, but one who had uplifted their spirits, given them pride in the color of their skin, and reminded them of their illustrious heritage.

Desmond Tutu spoke that day on forgiveness, as he had on many days before and has on many days since, at funerals for martyrs and traitors alike. He exhorted the mourners to "...pray for the rulers of this land, for the police, especially the security police and those in prison service that they may realize that they are human beings too. I bid you pray for whites in South Africa."

In the tradition of Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Steve Biko, Desmond Tutu understands that "oppression dehumanizes the oppressor as well as the oppressed." He counsels his people to maintain their dignity, reminding them that no one can forcibly take that from them. And he continuously advocates nonviolent resolution of the freedom struggle for blacks in South Africa. For these efforts he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1984.

Near each urban area of South Africa is a segregated ghetto, called a township. Here blacks live separated from the whites of the nearby city or hamlet, dwelling in primitive conditions in shelters deliberately designed to be temporary so as not to encourage the idea of permanent settlement. The township's residents are not permitted to own the land or house in which they reside. Many of the townships have no electricity, sewage system, or running water; large clouds of black smoke from burning stoves hang over the areas. An average of fourteen people live together in a four-room dwelling; disease and crime abound.

In the squalor of these ghettos, many a precious flower fades before its bloom. It is a rare being who can rise out of such an existence, and when it happens one is reminded of the millions of others who never had the chance.

Born on October 7, 1931, in a gold-mining town in the Western Transvaal, Desmond Mpilo Tutu was raised in the black townships. He was the son of a schoolteacher and a domestic worker. An exceptionally bright student, Desmond grew up speaking several African languages and eventually English and Afrikaans, "the language of the oppressor." His childhood memories include not only the usual fondness for play and mischief, but also a growing sense of apartheid (lit. "apartness" in Afrikaans) at school and on the streets. He would bristle while watching his father's humiliation at being made to produce his passbook, the document which all non-whites are required to carry and show on demand. Nevertheless, the system was so pervasive that Desmond came to accept it as normal. He would later say that one of the greatest dangers of racial discrimination is, "You are brainwashed into an acquiescence in your oppression and exploitation."

His rise out of these circumstances began with an illness. When Desmond was 14 years old he was diagnosed with tuberculosis and hospitalized for two years of treatments. During that time, a white Anglican priest, Father Trevor Huddleston, who served a large black parish, began to visit Desmond, delighting in the humor and intelligence of the young boy. Huddleston would become a leading force for change in South

Africa and a major influence in the life of Desmond Tutu. Through Father Huddleston a religious devotion awakened in Desmond, and after he left the hospital he would often steal away from his playmates to pray alone at the township's church.

Meanwhile the system of apartheid tore deeper into the soul of South Africa. In 1948 the National Party won the General Election with a promise of apartheid to the all-white voting populace. Racial segregation, already in practice, was made law.

Desmond Tutu began to personally face the vicissitudes of apartheid as he entered the career world. He wanted to become a doctor but was too poor for medical school. He married Leah Nomalizo in 1955 and became a high school teacher. Although he loved teaching and was considered "a sensation" by students and colleagues alike, he resigned when the government implemented a system of inferior education for blacks. From there he turned to the church.

Eerdman's Publishing Co.

Archbishop Desmond Tutu

In 1962, as a newly ordained priest, Desmond Tutu left his country to study at the University of London. His wife and family soon followed. For the Tutus, this was a period of exhilaration. Although England was not a paragon of racial equality, it was a far cry from South Africa. For the first time the Tutus could move about freely, not worrying about obtaining permission or carrying their passbooks. They watched in amazement as mixed couples walked hand-in-hand in public.

After four years in England earning a Bachelors and a Masters Degree in Theology, it is small wonder that returning to South Africa prompted a painful contrast. Tutu wrote: "I don'twant to sound melodramatic, but it is extremely difficult being back here, having to ask permission from various white officials to visit my parents!"

A social and political conscience began to stir in Desmond Tutu which would become an immutable force, deeply rooted in his religious beliefs. He began to speak about liberation theology, calling on ministries everywhere "to oppose oppression, injustice, corruption, and evil wherever these may be found. This could be a call to martyrdom, but if God is for us, who can be against us?" He could no longer believe that a separation existed between the spiritual and the political; indeed, he would call politics and religion "a seamless garment." He began to articulate the need for nonviolent resistance: "If laws conflict with the Gospel, then Christians not only have the right but the duty to agitate peacefully for their repeal." He began to agitate. In numerous speeches and acts of civil disobedience, he drew the attention of the downtrodden masses as well as the white authorities to "the evil system of apartheid."

Tutu sometimes found himself in danger even among blacks. During a funeral for four youths, an angry crowd turned on a black onlooker they accused of being a spy. Tutu managed to drag the bleeding man into a car when a diversion was created by two other bishops. At another funeral, Tutu flung himself onto the body of a black policeman who was being stoned by a crowd. When the crowd had quieted, Tutu, covered in blood, returned to the podium. Tragically, the crowd later killed the policeman.

Difficulties with the white authorities mounted. They clamped down on him in every way they could, often revoking his passport, harassing his organizations, his friends, and sometimes, his family.

But it was not easy to silence Desmond Tutu. The church had power, and Tutu's rise within the church was meteoric. In 1975 he became the first black Dean of the Anglican Church in South Africa. He became Bishop of Lesotho in 1976, and returned to South Africa in 1978 as General Secretary of the South African Council of Churches. It was in his position as General Secretary that he began to feel the power of prophetic vision. He started to talk both at home and abroad about disinvestment in South Africa. He pleaded with white audiences to "throw off your lethargy and the apathy of affluence." He steadfastly maintained that whites could never be free unless blacks were also free. To blacks his rallying cry would be: "Nothing you do is insignificant. Everybody is a somebody." Desmond Tutu was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1984. He learned about the award on October 15 of that year while on a three month teaching sabbatical in New York City. He immediately flew home to share the award with his people. Greeted by hundreds of jubilant celebrants who defied orders to disperse, Tutu told them, "This award is for you mothers, who sit near railway stations trying to eke out an existence, selling potatoes, selling meali, selling pigs' trotters. This award is for you fathers, sitting in a sin-

gle-sex hostel, separated from your children for eleven months of the year. This award is for you mothers, in the squatter camps, whose shelters are destroyed callously every day and who have to sit on soaking mattresses in the winter rain, holding whimpering babies and whose crime in this country is that you want to be with your husbands. This award is for you, three and a half million of our people who have been uprooted and dumped as if they were rubbish. The world says we recognize you, we recognize that you are people who love peace."

While the world rejoiced for the oppressed people of South Africa, the white authorities and media within the country did their best to ignore the award and to discredit Tutu's winning of it.

Shortly after learning of the prize, Desmond Tutu became Bishop of Johannesburg, the second most influential position in the Anglican Church of South Africa. He has since become Archbishop of Cape Town, considered the most important position within the Church. His stature in the world, his unflagging commitment to justice, his religious faith, and his oratorical skills have inspired comparisons to Martin Luther King, Jr. It has been said that Tutu, like King, could "hew a stone of hope from a mountain of despair." But beyond personal likenesses, Tutu is quick to point out one outstanding difference in the freedom struggles of the blacks of America and those of South Africa: in the United States, blacks fought for what was guaranteed in the U.S. Constitution; in South Africa, the law itself is against them.

... if we do not bring about an end to the violence of apartheid soon through the intervention of the international community, as some of us want, then obviously there will be an escalation of violence which will spill over from South Africa into other countries.

Desmond Tutu fights his battles with remarkable wit and humor. He jokes about God looking despondent and lamenting that he has lost his copy of the Divine Plan, and about missionaries coming: "We had the land and they had the Bible. Then they said, 'Let us pray,' and we closed our eyes. When we opened them again, they had the land and we had the Bible. But maybe we got the better end of the deal."

His is a personal God, one who takes the side of justice — one who hears, sees, acts, and has a purpose for all things and creatures. Yet even in this faith, there is room for Desmond Tutu's wry wit, such as when he says, "All shall be well and all things in all manner shall be well. If not it will all have been a cosmic joke, and one in very bad taste."

In May 1989, Archbishop Tutu came to Washington, D.C. for a two-day whirlwind of speeches and meetings, including one with President Bush. I had worked on procuring an appointment with the Archbishop for more than a year, but at the last minute his schedule changed, and my time with him was cancelled. I was sitting in the coffee shop of Tutu's hotel feeling very disappointed and wondering what to do next when Tutu himself walked in, alone and dressed casually. The maitre d' seated him at the table right next to me, despite the numerous empty seats available in the restaurant. I introduced myself and told him of my efforts to see him, and he agreed to do the interview right then and there as he waited for his daughter, who arrived just after our conversation began. We spoke for about twenty minutes, and as I took my leave, thanking him for his generosity in these unusual circumstances, he said with a hearty laugh, "My dear, how could I have said no? It was preordained."

Catherine Ingram: You must feel a strong link with Mahatma Gandhi, given that South Africa was the site of his earliest battles against injustice. Do you see ways in which your life and his are interconnected?

Desmond Tutu: Well, I get very uncomfortable when I am compared with great people such as Gandhi, but, yes, most of us working in South Africa have of course been influenced by him and what he did there and in India. But I am not in Gandhi's league.

CI: Gandhi was successful in his struggle for independence. Is his success a factor in your commitment to nonviolence? If freedom does not come soon for South African blacks, can nonviolent strategies hold out?

DT: Well, of course, the fact that Gandhi was successful is very inspiring to us. But I have a theory that nonviolence requires that there is a minimum moral standard which is accepted by all the players, as it were, in the game. I think Gandhi himself said that if he had been operating in Nazi Germany, he is not quite certain that the method would have succeeded, and that his way did succeed because the British were under a kind of moral imperative. I don't know whether this is a valid theory, but it is one that I have had.

Now with what has happened at home in South Africa, if we do not bring about an end to the violence of apartheid soon through the intervention of the international community, as some of us want, then obviously there will be an escalation of violence which will spill over from South Africa into other countries. That is why, when the United Nations says that apartheid is a threat to world peace, it is not just an empty slogan. Therefore the world is bound, in a sense, to be involved in apartheid, even if merely out of self interest.

CI: Watching from the outside there seems to be a growing disunity among the black community now given this recent situation with Mrs. Mandela and her soccer team, or her bodyguards, or whoever they were. I wonder if you are finding the walls of solidarity cracking inside the community.[1]

DT: No, there is a remarkable level of consensus and agreement. When you look at organizations such as the United Democratic Front in South Africa, the level of consensus is quite considerable. Of course, when you look at political groupings anywhere in the world, you find that they are really coalitions. I mean, the Democratic Party here will say that it has a conservative wing to stretch from the radical left wing. The same is true for the Republicans. The leader is the one who is able to hold together these disparate parts in one group.

We've certainly been deeply distressed and affected by what happened with Mrs. Mandela, but I have said that it is important for people to realize that the remarkable thing is not that this happened, but that it took so long for someone placed under such very considerable pressure by the system not to have succumbed earlier. Now, one is not minimizing the seriousness of what happened when one suggests that people remember that Mrs. Mandela has been a tremendous symbol — twenty five years without her husband, having married young, and having to look after the children all this time. And she's not the only one. Some people have other resources to handle this kind of pressure — internal resources — and maybe what we have to ask ourselves is how can we help to rehabilitate her. That is what I've been saying we need to do.

As to differences in the anti-apartheid movement in South Africa, by the nature of the case people are going to have different perspectives, different strategies. I, myself, am actually surprised that we can have as great a measure of agreement as we do. You know, when you look at the situation in places like Ulster, those who are seen as traitors to the cause are given very short shrift.[2] The so-called black on black violence that is happening at home is not a phenomenon peculiar to us. We need to remember that the primary cause of all of this is the apartheid system, and until we remove the source and cause, we will be constantly dealing with the symptoms or the consequences of a very serious evil.

CI: I've read that you pray everyday for Pik Botha and his colleagues. Where do you find your source for forgiveness for those who are considered the oppressors of the black people of South Africa?

DT: Well, you can't pray for someone and also not be prepared to long for the best for them after awhile, because otherwise it affects your prayers and you get uptight. It is not a matter of personal achievement in this regard, it is just something which has to do with the dynamic of prayer. If you are praying to God, then you are in the paradigm of prayer, and we are told that God will forgive us only to the extent that we are willing to forgive others. It isn't easy. I mean, you can get very, very upset, especially when you see that the system of apartheid attacks not just you but your family. I'll tell you, recently my wife was handcuffed and really sort of humiliated. Now whilst it is possible that this could happen to any of us, the minute they discovered that she was my wife. . .well, people would expect that they would have been apologetic and tried to redress, but they didn't. And it does get at you, which is what they want to happen. So when you think of things like that, you get angry.

If you are praying to God, then you are in the paradigm of prayer, and we are told that God will forgive us only to the extent that we are willing to forgive others. It isn't easy. I mean, you can get very, very upset...

CI: And of course, we can imagine what might have been her fate had she not been Mrs. Tutu.

DT: That's right. And you know that happens all the time.

But, I belong in a community that prays for others. And I myself would not be able to survive without the intercession of other people. So the resources are not personal resources. I mean, there is from God and other people a very, very significant input into the kind of person I am. There is no personal glory. It is not a matter of personal achievement. It's that I have been influenced by many people, and I've also come to realize that I couldn't survive without prayer. After all, God is in charge of this world.

CI: What would you say is the lesson that South Africa offers to the world?

DT: I think that there is at least a two-fold lesson. The first is that the methods of the South African government are not the way in which to solve problems. Their way relies basically on using force and refusing to realize that it is possible to sit down and actually discuss and sort out difficulties. The Rhodesian/Zimbabwe experience shows this.[3] They might have gotten to where they are now without the trauma of the several thousands of deaths that happened and all the tensions and alienation that have been part of the very high price paid for the liberation of Zimbabwe. We in South Africa ought to have learned from that. But don't the cynics say that we learn from history what we do not learn from history?

And the second thing is that despite what the government may be seeking to do, South Africa is going to

demonstrate that it is possible for people of incredibly different cultural, racial, ethnic, and religious backgrounds to cohere as one people.

CI: You think that the whites and blacks will live happily together if blacks get their freedom?

DT: They're doing so already in Zimbabwe. And beautifully so despite the way in which Zimbabwe got its independence. I mean, whites left Zimbabwe out of fear when it became independent, and they came to South Africa. Now they are returning in droves to Zimbabwe because they are saying that they don't want to go through that a second time. And in Zimbabwe they have discovered that actually very few things change, in a sense. Human beings can adjust to very many things. There are quite a few Rhodesians who probably were rabid racists who are now saying, "You know, our children died for nothing because we were trying to prevent a situation about which we were grossly misled based on the propaganda of a state-controlled communications and media system." As in South Africa. The perceptions of South African whites are being formed by a really evil and biased system, and they believe certain things about certain people which are totally at variance with the truth.

CI: Archbishop, we are facing a world in which there is tremendous despair and threat from environmental problems, violence, overpopulation, a taxing on all the world's resources, and so on. You talk and write a lot about hope. What hope do you offer for our world?

DT: The fact of the existence of human beings is the one wonderful sign, you know. I mean, when you can have an earthquake in Armenia, and all ideological, political, religious and other differences are forgotten as people are thrown together out of compassion and a desire to help; or when the tragedy of Ethiopia happened, you had concerts making people remember that We are the World. Yes, you can say that perhaps it's expensive if these are the only times people realize that we are human and therefore that we ought to be humane, but these are not the only times.

When you have young people committed to the struggle for world peace, and, as happened in England, you have young people who walked on a pilgrimage from Scotland to London in order to celebrate Nelson Mandela's birthday; when you have young people who are very comfortably off leave their homes and say they want to work in the Peace Corps in some of the most, inaccessible parts of the world; when you have, such as in South Africa, white young people saying they refuse to serve in the South African Defense Force and this refusal is at great consequence to themselves — such as a young 18-year old man sentenced to six years imprisonment for refusing the draft — you sit back and you say, Well yes, maybe God looks on the world and there are many, many times when he sees holocausts, genocides, and all kinds of extraordinary sufferings which have been done. You can imagine he might think, "I don't know what got into me to create that lot!" But, then he looks again, or she looks again, and sees all the compassion and caring and sacrifice and all the incredible things that people do, you know, and he must rub his hands in glee and satisfaction and say, "Aren't they neat? Aren't they a justification for what I did when I took the risk of making them?" ❖

1. Winnie Mandela is the wife of Nelson Mandela, the imprisoned black nationalist leader in South Africa who is head of the banned African National Congress. Mrs. Mandela and several of her bodyguards, members of the Mandela United Football Club, are at the center of an investigation involving three murders and a number of beatings of black South African youngsters. As a result, the two largest anti-government organizations representing blacks in South Africa have called on the black community to "distance" itself from Mrs. Mandela.

2. Ulster, in Northern Ireland, is a community well-known for violent clashes between Irish Catholics and British Protestants. Numerous murders of "traitors" within these communities have occurred over many years.

3. A seven-year civil war which took place in what was formerly Rhodesia brought down the white minority rule of Ian Smith in 1980. Rhodesia became the independent country of Zimbabwe. The civil war took 30,000 lives.

Catherine Ingram

WOMAN SHOT IN TIBET

by Canyon Sam

A Dutch medical translator working for the Swiss Red Cross in Tibet was caught in gunfire in last December's demonstrations in Lhasa. She was in the U.S. to attend — with about 2500 others — an initiation for world peace with His Holiness the Dalai Lama in Los Angeles this summer.

Christa Meindersma from Amstersdam stopped briefly in San Francisco to tell her harrowing story for the first time in America.

A fluent speaker of Tibetan, the slim, chestnut-haired Meindersma had been working in Tibet for four months doing medical education work with the Swiss Red Cross at the behest of the Chinese government. On December 10, 1988 — International Human Rights Day — she was in Lhasa' s market circle when a group of about 30 nuns and monks walked by her and circled the central temple in Lhasa behind a Tibetan flag, which is illegal under Chinese rule. They were completely peaceful and unarmed, "not even chanting slogans," she recalls. They were "very scared...some weeping...but determined..."

The lead officer approached the monk carrying the Tibetan flag, raised his pistol and shot the monk through the head, and again through the chest - the second bullet passing through the man's body, striking and killing a Tibetan woman standing behind him..

When the group spilled out into the open plaza in front of the Jokhang temple, battalions of Chinese paramilitary soldiers suddenly emerged from the police station on one side of the square and marched towards them in formation. The lead officer approached the monk carrying the Tibetan flag, raised his pistol and shot the monk through the head, and again through the chest - the second bullet passing through the man's body, striking and killing a Tibetan woman standing behind him. At this signal, Meindersma said, the contingent opened fire on the demonstrators with automatic weapons. Half the soldiers broke off and trotted down a side street.

Meindersma feels certain the soldier's maneuvers were planned and pre-meditated. "Their movements were so well-organized, and they moved so fast, they had to have planned their actions in advance." No tear gas was released, there were no warning shots, and no verbal warnings were issued before the troops fired, she noted. "They didn't try to arrest anyone, they didn't try to disperse anyone, they just opened fire."

Standing about 150 feet away in a sidestreet used as a daily market, Meindersma, a crowd of Tibetans, and about 10 Western tourists were caught in a hail of automatic gunfire when the soldiers ran up the narrow, fifth-century street towards them, shooting. "Bullets were flying everywhere....it was like an ocean of bullets," she recalled. Everyone turned and ran from the advancing soldiers, but Meindersma was hit from a distance of approximately 15 feet away, as were about 100 Tibetans caught in the melee. She estimates eighteen Tibetan people died on the spot, and 70 were injured, with many of the wounded dying later from their injuries.

At the large city hospital where she sought medical attention, Chinese government officials interrogated her, demanding a confession of her involvement in the demonstration. Police and security officials "tried every means" to intimidate and scare her, including brandishing a pistol over her head as she lay on a stretcher, screaming in her face, refusing her medical treatment, and trying to separate her from her friends. "In the West you are innocent until proven guilty; in China if you are arrested by police, or if you are injured in a demonstration, you' re guilty. That is why the Tibetans who were seriously hurt probably died; they did not dare seek medical help from authorities," Meindersma explained. Hours later, after being told that her wound was potentially fatal and would require five hours of surgery, Meindersma was prepared for surgery and given a local anesthetic.

While lying on the operating table half-naked in the 15-degree weather except for shreds of torn clothing , Meindersma was tipped off by a sympathizer on the hospital staff that the bullet she had taken in the left upper arm had exited cleanly out her back, and the injury posed no threat to her life — contrary to what the Chinese had told her. Risking his own safety, the worker further warned her that he'd heard the Chinese planned to inject her with drugs during "surgery". He cautioned her to flee at once. Right then and there, Meindersma's friends — Canadian professor Dr. Ron Swartz, and a traveler from Sweden — unhooked her IV, wrested the guerney from the hands of the lone Chinese policeman guarding her, and whisked her into the elevator beginning a "Monty Python-like," several-hour chase and confrontation with Chinese police on five floors of the hospital and through pandemonium in the building' s corridors.

Meindersma settled into a hotel room, and the next day her friends tried to purchase a plane ticket for

her to leave Lhasa, only to find that the government had sealed borders around her and would not allow her to leave the country. Police barged into her hotel room and confiscated her passport, and in the ensuing days entered her room arbitrarily and repeatedly to interrogate her. They attempted, in vain, to extract written and verbal confessions from her, and they detained and interrogated her friends. At one point their accusations so snowballed that by the end of the session they charged her with masterminding the entire demonstration. Officials shrugged off any wrongdoing on their own part, justifying their shooting of her with the claim that she was wearing Tibetan clothing, and they'd mistaken her for a Tibetan when she was shot, even though photographs bear out the fact she was wearing blue jeans and a parka at the time. Her gunshot wound was eventually treated by her coworker, a Swiss Red Cross doctor who came in from another area of the country.

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In the next few days, Western correspondents from Beijing called Lhasa in a flurry of international media publicity. When the Dutch embassy, already outraged that they had not been alerted one of their nationals had been shot by Chinese forces, discovered Meindersma was being kept in Tibet against her will, they lobbied for her release. The fact that word leaked out, she feels, is what saved her from this "kind of house arrest". Even so, the Chinese continued to withhold her passport for two days after they agreed to release her, as they tried in vain to force Meindersma to sign a written admission of guilt for breaking a new law which prohibits foreigners "from watching, photographing, or being in the vicinity of demonstrations."

Meindersma eventually traveled to Hong Kong, where a veteran military doctor examining her nine millimeter bullet wound — which narrowly missed both her lungs and spine — pronounced her "lucky to be alive."

In the six months following her departure from Lhasa, Meindersma, who has permanent nerve damage in her arm as a result of the injury, traveled in Europe and Canada speaking about her experiences. She hopes they may shed light on the plight of Tibetans under Chinese rule, and the treatment of demonstrators and prisoners of conscience in Tibet, which has been occupied by China for forty years. "If they do this to me, you can imagine what they do to Tibetans," she mused. The only Westerner ever injured in demonstrations in Tibet, Meindersma, who claimed she was "not surprised" by what happened in Tiananmen Square six months after her experience, traveled to the U.N. in Geneva in August to offer a statement of her experiences.

In the 1960's the International Commission of Jurists deemed China's policies in Tibet "the worse genocide since World War II." China strictly denies entry into Tibet for fact-finding committees from international human rights monitoring organizations and for Western governments seeking to investigate alleged human rights violations, such as the U. S. Congressional team denied visas last year. Reports from credible human rights organizations such as Asia Watch and Amnesty International confirm however, the existence of gross human rights violations, including random mass arrests, summary executions, torture, long term detention without charge, and use of deadly force against unarmed demonstrators. Sources inside Tibet compare the situation there today with the Cultural Revolution in that mass segments of the population are being relocated to remote areas, the remaining population are afraid to leave their homes and thousands have been arrested by police. Lhasa has been under martial law and news blackout since March of this year. ❖

Canyon Sam is a San Francisco writer, and host of 'Tibet Alive' a new TV program which airs the last Monday of every month on Cable Channel 25 in San Francisco.

GUATEMALAN JOURNAL EXCERPTS

by Robert Aitken

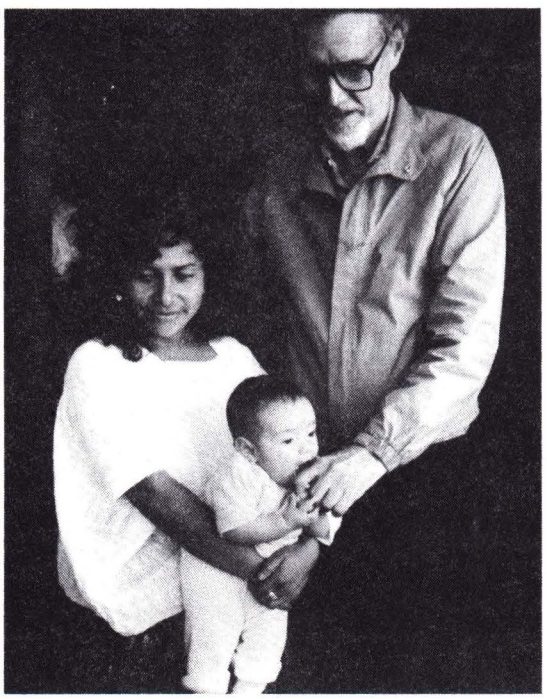
January 30, 1989...Guatemala City We went to explore the possibility of an apartment for Joe [Gorin] and visited this incredible woman of German extraction who was raised in Honduras and speaks English and Spanish and German and French and is a professional translator. She entertained us with an account of interpreting for the American FBI at seminars with the Guatemalan police on interrogation techniques. She had us driven to her house. We saw this rather nice place, filled with servants and their families, and saw the apartment which Joe liked and is probably going to rent. After lunch at a vegetarian restaurant we called on another friend of Joe's, a man named Byron Morales who is active in the food workers' union of Guatemala. I heard about the various struggles, particularly the strike on the South Coast among agricultural workers.

...Generally I get the impression of political oppression here. People are disciplined never to utter the word Nicaragua. They always say, "Down south — How are things going down south?" which is where Joe has just come from. Things are not going well down south, we hear: 23,000 percent inflation in 1988, if you can imagine that. People don't have enough money for food, much less rent. They can work full time and still not have enough money for food. It's a very grave situation.

My impression after coming from Argentina is that it is pretty grave here also. Argentina is really prosperous compared to Guatemala. Here we have hundreds of street vendors, and beggars, including mothers with children.

The traffic is just as bad here as it is anywhere. The busses have, it seems, fewer emission controls than they do in Argentina. It's really stinky in the streets. Our bus ride out to visit Joe's friend this morning was quite an adventure; teeny — weeny busses all smashed in with people very considerate of each other, zooming around Guatemala City which is built on hills and ravines.

Hotel Spring is an old-fashioned Latin American hotel with inner courtyards and broad galleries, high ceiling, large rooms, unreliable plumbing, unreliable lighting, and lumpy mattresses. But I'm not complaining. I'm enjoying my stay so far, though feeling a little bit out of it because I don't speak Spanish, and because I'm not up on all the political things people are alluding to in their oblique way without putting them into words.



Genera Lopez is a Pounchi Indian weaver, active in the organization of women whose men have disappeared...I was able to hold the baby and have fun with him..... She's a very spunky courageous person. She knows she's being followed all the time; she's been arrested, and declares she's not afraid of the authorities, and I believe her.

February 1, 1989

...To backtrack a little, first thing yesterday morning Joe and I went out again to see his friend Genera Lopez, and found her at home this time. She is a Pounchi Indian weaver, active in the organization of women whose men have disappeared. She's in her middle thirties, has a baby; I was able to hold the baby and have fun with him. She has other children. Her husband is also a weaver. She's a very spunky courageous person. She knows she's being followed all the time; she's been arrested, and declares she's not afraid of the authorities, and I believe her.

There's a lot of talk about revelations by an informer named Angél Reyes who has implicated people, mostly falsely, as being associated with the violent insurgency. Among those implicated is a man we will see today: Amilcar Mendéz. He is a Ladino who is active in the protest of the civil defense patrols. These patrols are a central factor in the counter-insurgency. They're supposed to be voluntary, but in fact all of the men in the highlands are obliged to be members. It's a way of controlling them for they have to report for duty every seven days or so. They don't like it at all,

and they found Mendéz to be one who listened to their troubles. Before he knew it he had a network of men who were resisting the civil patrol system. Mendéz has already been under death threats, and so he and his wife are just living from day to day, they and their family of three children.

...Well, anyway, we came back from seeing Genera and packed up our stuff and took some suitcases to Karen's office. She is a person I like more and more every time I see her. I met the director of that office, a man named Rodolfo Robles, who is one of the few survivors of the executive board of the union that was successful in the Coca Cola struggle a few years ago, a very interesting guy, a bit like the man that I met the day before, Byron Morales. These men are in their middle or late thirties — older people in the labor movement are mostly dead.

February 2, 1989

...It was a long bus ride to the home of Amilcar Mendéz, with one transfer. The transfer was quite difficult because the bus was completely full. The buses look like American Bluebird school buses with the usual school bus capacity of thirty-three: seven rows on each side and a back seat. They have put in wider seats, so that the aisle is only about seven inches wide. Three people crowd into each of the seats, and then one person parks his fanny in the space. So, the result is that they crowd in seven time eight — 56 people and any number of children sitting on laps.

These men are in their middle or late 30s— older people in the labor movement are mostly dead.

We got on the bus with our bags at the transfer point and had to squeeze back through the people. The racks overhead were completely full, so I had to hold my bag on my lap. then, up hill and down dale, mostly up hill, we rode the two-and-a-half hours from the transfer point to Quiché.

People were very patient — some of them going to sleep, even those who were sitting part of their fanny on one seat and part on another; the bus driver was very skilled. We finally arrived here and walked to Amilcar's house through the narrow streets. His wife was here and his children, two pre-teen children, one boy and one girl, and one little girl about three. Three members of the Peace Brigades were spending the afternoon in the compound. Because of the direct threat to Amilcar and his family, the Peace Brigades have established a house here in Quiché. The three were a Spanish woman, an American woman and a Dutchman, the latter quite a linguist. They hang out here at the house and live nearby. Just by their presence, they offer a certain protection, and one or more of them accompany Amilcar or his wife when they leave the house.

After some political talk, Joe and I went for a walk and visited the Peace Brigades' house, then delivered some materials that Joe had in his pack to a couple of people around town. One place that we visited is an agricultural co-op, where there was not only weaving, but spinning. So I saw the huge spinning wheel that is used in making the thread from the wool. We walked back through the streets of Quiché, lots of little houses crowded up on cobblestone streets. We passed many police who eyed us tentatively, with some bemusement, I think.

...Two days before yesterday was the ninth anniversary of the Spanish Embassy in Guatemala City. Some 25 or so campesinos [indigenous peasants] occupied the Embassy, and the Guatemalan government troops burned the Embassy to get them out. All of them were killed, except one person who was taken to the hospital and killed there. A number of Spanish Embassy personnel were also injured, and some lost their lives. This led to a break in diplomatic relations, and you can imagine. It's an historic event in the history of the struggle here in Guatemala, and Amilcar was quite misty eyed when he told about it. He played a tape of those who were killed singing songs of non-violent struggle.

Apparently, the Embassy was occupied because the Ambassador had shown some interest in the struggle and they wanted to be able to communicate with him. He was injured in the fire and it is said that his wife was killed. In succeeding years there have been demonstrations to mark this anniversary, but this year conditions are so tense they decided not to have any.

Amilcar's wife is obviously distraught by all the pressure brought by the informer and his story. She wasn't able to eat last night and she doesn't look well...

February 4, 1989

I'm in Nebaj [say "Nebach"] which is some 80 kilometers north of Santa Cruz del Quiché, where we spent two nights with Amilcar Mendéz and his family...I bought quite a lot of stuff, wandered around, took pictures, and visited the church, which shows a wonderful mixture of indigenous and Catholic faiths. We saw men swinging cans of incense on the porch of the church, and groups of campesinos at their prayers within. Then we came back and I did an interview with Amilcar, and this was really quite wonderful.

Mendéz is a Gandhian leader of indigenous people. I was impressed by the way his mildness in ordinary conversation changed suddenly into passion when he talked about his work — in particular when he talked about sources of his inspiration. He spoke of Jesus Christ and his support of the poor and of social injustice, and of Gandhi and Martin Luther King. Mentioning King in particular, he quoted his well known saying that the worst and most immoral people are not those in power who are oppressing the poor

but those who are honest and intelligent and who keep silent and thereby are accomplices...

That evening we went over to the house of the three members of the Peace Brigades. They are living in a house about a block from Amilcar and his family. In addition to looking after the Mendéz family, they are also helping an organization here of widows of those who have been disappeared.

Amilcar has been obliged to stop working as an elementary teacher because he can't go out on a regular basis every day. It's much too dangerous. So, low and behold, as we were finishing our dinner the whole Mendéz family showed up. They walked the block over to the Peace Brigades house. There was lots of good talk – a most enjoyable time. I'm very impressed with the professionalism of the long-term Brigadiers — disciplined and very careful. Peace Brigades is legal in this country but it is less public about its presence in El Salvador.

February 7, 1989

...We went to bed to the raucous broadcast of a Pentecostal minister haranguing the whole town by loudspeakers from the local church. He is from Puerto Rico, the Jimmy Swaggart of the Spanish-speaking world. There was something so awful in his voice — it sounded so angry. It was very difficult to fall asleep. You could hear the campesinos respond "Amen" in a chorus to his words. Both Joe and Amilcar have made the point that the Pentecostals have a terrible effect on the campesino culture. First of all, they divert the people's energy from social action, saying that it's politics. They are also very anti-Catholic, and claim that the people who have been disappeared like Tina's husband and father were not really killed by the military forces but were killed by warlocks because of their participation in the Catholic church.

The whole family went to church to hear this firebrand, and the children came home just as we were going to bed and this is when we had the costume party. Tina and her mom and sister and the cook stayed for the whole service, an all-night affair with prayers after the sermon, if one can call it that.

I heard at one of our suppers in Guatemala City about these services. It seems that the indigenous people take to them readily, falling into trances, rolling on the floors, and calling out in tongues.

[later, traveling] We laid over for half an hour, and as soon as we started up, the headlights went out. The driver stopped, and he and his assistant tinkered and fussed and nothing happened, so we went the rest of the way by flashlight. What an experience! After a few minutes of feeling nervous I just sat back and thought, "This guy is probably the best mountain driver in the world and his assistant is probably the best assistant in the world, so let them charge through the darkness if they want to." And that's what they did — they charged through the darkness on these dangerous roads.

I was dead tired, feeling toxic with a cold, but I couldn't really sleep, bouncing around in that rickety bus. I found myself in a deep state, looking at my brain, I think — many bits of colored stones fitting together, washed by clear shallow water as if they were in a stream. Every once in a while a mist would pass over the water, and then it would clear, and I would see the stones again. After a while the stones became living bits of matter, still tightly fitted together, but soft looking and organic. Again, the mist would cover the scene periodically, and then clear. I was entertained.

I was dead tired, feeling toxic with a cold, but I couldn't really sleep, bouncing around in that rickety bus. I found myself in a deep state, looking at my brain, I think — many bits of colored stones fitting together, washed by clear shallow water as if they were in a stream.

[On a different route] we were stopped by military. All the men were made to get off the bus and as we got off the back end we could see that one campesino was under particular scrutiny. He had his papers out and they were examining him and questioning him closely, and he was looking pretty miserable. Then they saw us, and so they immediately closed up everything and ordered him and the rest of us back on the bus. I guess their P. R. requires that they cut short any such investigation as soon as they see that Americans might be involved.

February 10, 1989

...We had a nice talk with Genara Lopez and her two friends on the last day in Guatemala. Genara lost a brother, an uncle, and a cousin to assassination. One of the other women, Catalina Ferrer, lost a husband and the other lost an son. Ferrer is having an especially tough time supporting her two children. I'm changed for life by encountering all this at first hand. Human beings can be unbelievably ruthless and cruel.

In fact, Karen told us at supper the night before I left that she had seen a video, apparently from the College of the Americas in Panama, which had included a clip from a film designed to show people how to torture better. There were scenes from Vietnam and from various other countries. It turned her stomach and she couldn't look at it anymore. But apparently it was for real. She doesn't know how to trace this clip, because it didn't have any credits. It was apparently for police and paramilitary people from various countries who were training at the College...❖

Robert Aitken is a Zen roshi living in Hawaii.

JOE GORIN'S LETTERS

We have excerpted here from the long and immensely readable letters of Joe Gorin (former BPF Board member). The assembled collection of letters from this Buddhist peace-worker is on its way to becoming a book. These passages are from the early letters. If you would like to write to him, his address is: 106 Jackson Hill Road, Leverett, MA 01054.

Guatemala, 1987

One of the most important factors in the conscientization (I'm not sure if this word exists in English, but it should) of Latin America is the reawakening of the Catholic church, or at least parts of it, rediscovered the idea that spirituality should have something to do with life as it is. For example: this past month landless peasants in Guatemala were greatly heartened by a letter from the Episcopal conference of Catholic bishops which called for an an agrarian reform. This was not an abstract discussion of some vague and toothless notion of justice, but a call for a concrete and dramatic social program. In his campaign, Vinicio Cerezo (now President of Guatemala) had called agrarian reform "Marxist" and "irresponsible." But one cannot throw such words at the church, so he mumbled something like "..er..uh..very interesting... further investigation...outside their area of expertise..." The entire elite sector of the country began to squirm in their easy chairs. When I speak about the reawakening of the church, this is the kind of action I'm talking about.

Ixil boys carrying wood in Acul

The pie in the sky is now stale, after being on the shelf for 400 years without ever actually being tasted. But the pie is making a big comeback, being sold once again. The salesmen are invading North American evangelists and the buyers are those who are tired of living off the crumbs of society's table; people to whom a pie in the sky, stale or not, looks a whole lot better than an empty plate on the table.

During my recent visit to Nebaj and the Ixil triangle, I stayed at the home of a family with whom I am friendly. The entire family (grandmother, her two daughters and their six children ages 3, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12) have all converted to the evangelical, fundamentalist church in the past two years. I spent much time with the kids and much time with my friend Julia, who is the mother of three of them. When I was with the kids we would do things like go to an old waterless cement swimming pool type thing. They would swim through the pool's air, throw each other's hats in the pool, wrestle in the grass pretending to be angry with each other and saying things to one another in Ixil that I could not understand but that made them laugh. The 3 year old, who spoke no Spanish and couldn't pronounce my name (Jose) would look at me every now and then, smile broadly and shout his attempt at saying Jose — "Otchay!"

Their mother Julia, is one of my closer Guatemalan friends. She and her sister Juanna (all names of people and small towns are changed) are all that remain of the 7 children to whom their mother gave birth. The rest died at birth, in childhood or early adulthood from various illnesses and malnutrition. Julia's father, like her husband, had been executed by the army. Julia has fared better than her mother — she has given birth five times and still has three living children. It is very important to bear in mind that families with murdered loved ones and dead children are the norm amongst the Ixils. The example of Julia is in no way unusual. It used to be that she felt the reason for the deaths of her siblings and children was lack of adequate medical care and the poverty that lead to malnutrition. Since she converted from Catholicism to Evangelism, she has come to believe that the cause of these tragedies was witchcraft and the only way to fight witchcraft is through the church. But it is not just the church or Jesus, but the very particular interpretation of the Bible that her church gives, that offers the only hope.

One night after dinner, we were sitting in her kitchen which is illuminated by a single exposed light bulb and the fire by which she cooks.

"Jose," she says, "I really believe that the world is going to end in three years. Maybe five." She went on to explain how all the righteous (which means loyal

evangelicals) will go to heaven and live with God for a millenium of peace. All the evil will burn in hell for eternity with no hope of forgiveness. Later, when I was to meet a North American evangelist, I was to become thoroughly confused when he explained that Jesus loves me and was going to see to it personally that I burn forever. What is even more disquieting is to know that, what for most of us is the bad news (i.e. the end of the world) is, for many evangelicals, the good news. The suffering of this life does not matter because soon all the righteous will be hanging out on clouds, with harps, haloes, and mango juice.

The fact is, I know very little about the essence of Evangelism and am not trying to condemn it as a whole. Like any other religion, world view or spiritual path, it has its abuses. Unfortunately, I have only seen the way in which it is abused and I imagine that there are conscious evangelicals out there who care about justice, suffering and don't pray for the end of the world.

Also unfortunately, the religious abuses I have just described fit well with the thinking of counterinsurgency strategists. Julia had cared about the structural oppression to which she and her people were subjected. While there is still some caring, her attention is clearly focused on the next world. At this point, Nebaj is about 50% evangelical. Religion, combined with other factors, has succeeded in anesthetizing the city and there are few signs of rebellion...

An afterthought about the religious stuff: In the U.S., black people were able to take a religion that was imposed on them and turn it into a dignified spirituality. But this process, just as in the case of the reawakening of the Catholic church, was aided by women and men who integrated religion with the actuality of people's lives....

I was able to get a ride with a North American to a hard to get to place where I was going to visit a friend. The North American, who I will call Sam, is a friend of my friend's brother.

We hadn't met for more than a few minutes before he was talking about his love of Jesus and his disdain for liberals, humanists, communists, atheists, homosexuals, etc. Because he knew my organizational affiliation, I didn't feel free to speak my mind openly. I tried questioning him on his views, but I suddenly found myself feeling like part of the international commie-Jew conspiracy. Now I don't know what it is that commies and Jews are conspiring to do or even if such a conspiracy exists, but I felt part of it and I felt guilty for having done whatever it is that participants in such conspiracies do. This feeling descended on me after he referred to the "godless communists who have just invaded Honduras."

"There is considerable evidence that no invasion has taken place," I responded, unable to totally shut up. "And besides, there are priests in high positions in the Nicaraguan cabinet."

"It's just a show to hide their secular humanism."

"Okay, okay," I said to myself. "Just retreat. Maybe you can avoid politics with this guy."

Later on, perhaps sensing that he won round one, Mark brought up the topic of Nicaragua again. I saw no purpose in talking to him about it, because I didn't want to make it seem that my organization is filled with left-wing nuts. But we were alone in a room and there was no escape.

Every now and then I can meet someone I view as an oppressor and I can see their humanity. I can see the pain they suffer which leads them to unwholesome activities. I can see the hurt, the joy, the fear, and the dignity that are inside of them and I can feel my kindredness with them. More often however, I want to strangle the motherfuckers.

He returned to his Sandinista bashing and I continued questioning and offering minor disagreements. I also pointed out that very few of the nearly 100,000 North Americans who visited Nicaragua agree with him.

"Those delegations are completely staged. They burn people's homes just before the delegations arrive so that they can say the Contras did it. Even the people you usually meet in the street have been put there."

"Do you actually believe that?" I asked incredulously.

"I believe that those godless communists would kill, lie, steal — anything to achieve their aim of world domination."

Every now and then I can meet someone who I view as an oppressor and I can see their humanity. I can see the pain they suffer which leads them to unwholesome activities. I can see the hurt, the joy, the fear, and the dignity that are inside of them and I can feel my kindredness with them. More often however, I want to strangle the motherfuckers.

My reaction to Mark fit in the later category.

Some words formed in the pit of my stomach. They forded the fluid in my spinal column, reaching my brain stem. In a flash, they charged over dendrites, leapt across synapses in a single bound, hitched a ride on the first neurotransmitter that went by and launched themselves out of my mouth directly at his world view.

"That's absolutely preposterous," I heard the words say.

I knew it was serious because "preposterous" is a word which I rarely use except for times when some-

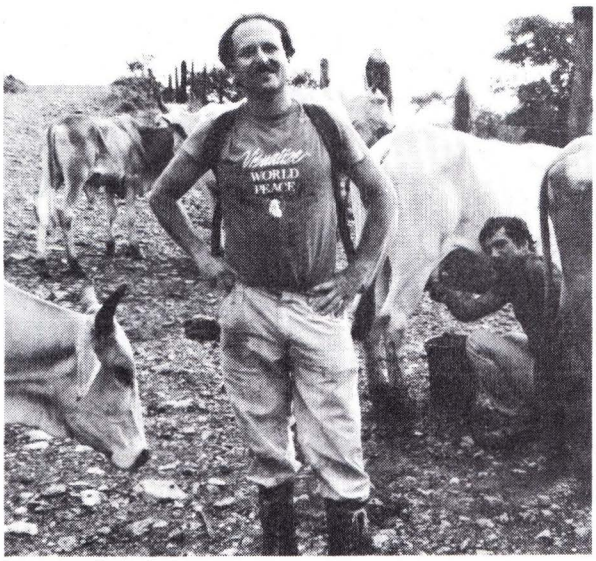
one who should know better is having a psychotic type delusion which they are taking seriously.

I began to politely, but viciously thrash him about the head with information, hurling heavy, solid facts at his frontal lobe, like stones from the slingshot that my vocal chords had become. After about a minute, someone knocked on the door and called him away. As he was leaving, he asked how long I'd be in town for and that hopefully we could talk again. But I knew that he would avoid me as if he had a case of gringo stomach and I were a large bowl of prunes.

It was very clear to me that my behavior with this guy is the stuff that holy wars are made of. The limits of my own patience and my own ability to remain emotionally nonviolent were quickly discovered in this interchange and I could see that I have many miles to travel before I understand what non-violence is about....

8 Oct. '87

I have accompanied a threatened person who not only successfully refrained from showing any gratitude, but actually treated me with a degree of disdain, principally due to my Northamericanness. (Not all Guatemalans distinguish between our government and our citizenry).



Joe Gorin, BPF member, Witness for Peace, correspondant extraordinaire, witnessing.

It was somewhat disillusioning to me to discover how much I missed the gratitude and to further realize that not all my behavior is motivated by humanitarian idealism. Thoughts like, "This fucking ingrate doesn't deserve me," indicate that there are parts of my being that are considerably less than noble. The fact is, that for whatever personal obnoxities there might be, the above mentioned person is a courageous individual who risks a great deal because of her active participation in the popular movement. While being with such a person is in no way pleasurable, it is certainly a great opportunity for me to look at my motivation...

El Salvador, 3 Feb 88

It took me less than 24 hours in E.S. to have my first brush with U.S. sponsored repression. I arrived Tues. evening. On Weds. afternoon, I passed by the fortress-like U.S. embassy. I was captivated by the graffiti written on the embassy walls and decided to photograph it, knowing that such photographs are not kosher. I looked around, didn't see the fuzz hanging around and took a few photographs of graffiti, one of which stated (in Spanish) "The massacres of the Salvadorean people are planned here." I put my camera in my pack and walked off feeling pretty smug about having gotten away with something. Just then, a Salvadorean cop materialized and informed me that I had just commited a serious no-no and would I be so kind as to fork over my passport. I opted to be so kind. He disappeared with it for about 20 minutes during which time I sat down on one of the concrete barriers designed to protect the embassy from truck bombings, alternatingly reading *On the Road* and contemplating how I would adjust to prison life in El Salvador. I then saw the cop in question speaking to two stereotypes of U.S. undercover employees. I say "stereotypes" only because they were casually dressed and looked like they had spent hours preparing themselves to look casual. They approached me and reminded me of the lack of kosherness with which I had just behaved. Together, with the cop at their side, they asked me if I'd be willing to step inside and meet with the Consul General to answer a few questions. (I don't know if Consul General should be capitalized, but when they spoke, they used capital letters.) It was clear to me that they were offering me a choice of speaking with the consul or speaking with whoever the cop would take me to. I told them that I'd be willing. I knew that my embassy wouldn't mistreat me, so I wasn't worried about myself, but I felt a need to protect my organization, which is reportedly on various shit lists in E.S. I needed to be careful with what I said, so as not to make known my connection.

I discovered that the Consul General was actually a human being. He wore a tie. (I had recently had an insight which helped me overcome my prejudice towards men in ties. I was in a bank and saw the young tellers who took their ties very seriously, as a symbol of something perhaps. The bank also had a number of young armed guards who, with their hats, looked more like armed bellboys. It seemed to me that their guns meant to them precisely whatever it was that the tellers ties meant to them. In a process that I can't quite explain, I realized that I should shift my prejudice from "men who wear ties" to "men who wear ties and take it seriously.") Much to my surprise, it was clear to me that the consul general didn't take his tie seriously. He tried to act as if he did, but he wasn't that convincing.

"I see from your passport you've been to

Nicaragua," he said fishingly.

"Two times," said I, responding with the known.

"You've been in Guatemala a long time," he said, pulling out the old fishing pole once again.

"Yes, I really love it there. It's quite a beautiful country," I said touristically.

We went on to have an interchange of about a half hour in which he found out that I am a psychologist who was taking an extended vacation and was visiting friends in El Salvador. Though I hated to do it, I did my best to bore him with details about psychology as a profession, in the hope that he would want me out of his office fast. Unfortunately, he seemed interested and every time I tried to escalate the boredom, he seemed more interested.

It turns out that the consul general used to be a probation officer which helped to explain why he didn't take his tie seriously and why he was interested in psychology. I liked him. I bet he sincerely believes he's helping and that the Salvadorean people just don't understand the communist threat. I sensed that the Consul General, who by this time had become Tim Finelli, was a good father and if I had kids, I'd let him baby sit them any time. I felt that at least part of his concern was for my safety. (I was doing my best to appear as a likeable but oblivious tourist.) Of course these feelings about Tim are a little hard to put together in the same mind with the fact that the man is a mildly important cog in one of the world's most repressive/oppressive situations. I accept it as a koan. (An unanswerable question on which to meditate. The answer brings enlightenment.) Anyway, at the end of our conversation, Tim invited me to join his employees in a small wine and cheese office party they were having. (I declined the offer, concerned that my recent attack of indiscretion would not be helped by wine.)

When stuff like this happens I try to remember my precept about right speech and not lying.

The Buddha had two guidelines for right speech, although it would be equally valid for me if the guy sitting next to me on the bus had said it. They are that what is said be truthful and that it be useful. I intensely dislike misleading people and yet there are situations when truthfulness and usefulness don't seem to go hand in hand. If I had told Nick exactly what I was doing in the country, it might have been useful to him, but not to the Salvadorean people who are served by my organization. Somehow, the Buddha's formula seems almost right, but that it's lacking something. Perhaps if he had lived in a violent and repressive country dominated by low intensity warfare, he might have included something about discretion. By the way, I found it distressing to see how easy it was for me to act like a likeable but oblivious tourist. ❖

GLOBAL SERVICE INSTEAD: INTERVIEW WITH KAZ TANAHASHI

by Tensho David Schneider

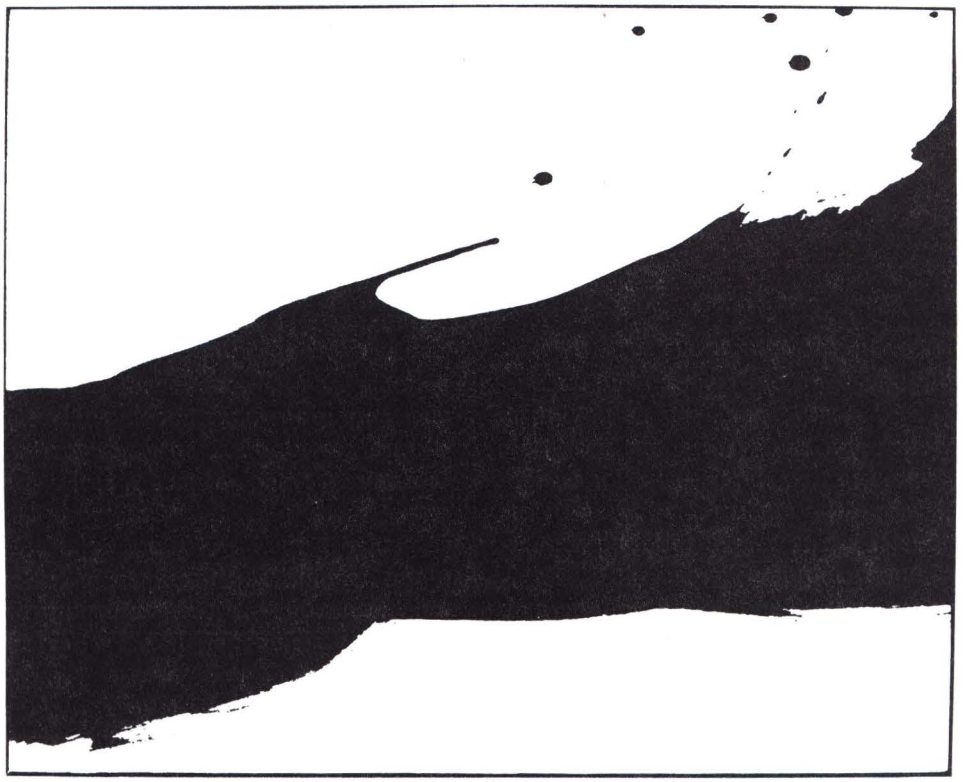
September 11, 1989

Kaz Tanahashi: Of course we are all concerned that the human race is going toward self-destruction, and if we don't do something, we'll be a lost species on a jagged planet. Everyone of us needs to do something imaginative, so we can reach a great number of people, change our consciousness and change the course of the world.

Of course there is the argument that we have to first take care of ourselves, and our own community. I think that's very true. That has to be the beginning of any peace work or any environmental work. Also though, the other side of the truth is that things are happening so quickly, that if we aren't imaginative enough, we can't really change the world, and be on time.

I think artists — whether we are musicians, poets, sculptors, whatever — have this imagination. Not all of their ideas come to fruition, but I think often that the

Carol Rankin



Mountains and Waters 16 by Kaz Tanahashi

most profound effects are invisible. So we don't always know whether what we do has an effect or not. But my feeling is that we artists have to work together and support each other to create all these crazy ideas, and find some way to stop, or at least reduce the speed of our destruction.

I have been thinking a lot about what the basic problem of our contemporary world is. And I think the basic problem is that we are so efficiency-oriented. Of course, we benefit in many ways from this efficiency — this computer, many things. But at the basis of it is a competition-war-oriented system. We have to find, maybe the opposite value system to efficiency. What do you think? What would help to change this?

BPF: The opposite to efficiency?

KT: Yes...?

BPF: Well, that would be tradition. Ethnic cultures seem to be based in many ways on the opposite of efficiency.

KT: I've been thinking the opposite is attentiveness.

BPF: Mindfulness...

KT: You know, I'm a calligrapher; I do brushwork. And a brush is much less efficient than a pen. That's why pens and pencils took over — in the East Asian world too. On the other hand, if we use a brush, we have to be very, ...it slows down the process. We use the brush very slowly. And when we learn things, we just repeat, trying to do the same character, over and over again. We just repeat. This repetition, and slowing down the pace, can really change... it's a very important part of our life. Then we are more mindful, more bodyful — we have attention on our body, and the line we make is organic. Each line we do is different. It has personality; it shows a person. I think it's one way — to go back to traditional crafts and art. Through that perspective we'd review this world of efficiency, and find some way out.

BPF: How would that work on more than just a small scale? I agree with you, that's necessary. But as I understand your description of the competitive, war-oriented efficiency, it's made its mark very broadly, and would seem to require a very broad and rapid response. What I'm saying may be antithetical to slowing down the pace; it may be impossible, but...

KT: I don't know. Again, I think we have to find a way to slow down drastically, and be attentive to people's feelings and situation.

Of course in Buddhism we talk about wisdom and compassion. but the Japanese Buddhists didn't really oppose materialism, imperialism, nihilism, militarism, and war. They had all this compassion and wisdom, as tradition, but...

I think we have to be very careful. We need some new interpretations of Buddhism. "Engaged Buddhism" is one. And I like Joanna Macy's "deep ecology." Instead of using the word 'wisdom' which is static and could be interpreted in many ways, "deep ecology" is more precise, and contains a challenge to change the world.

'Compassion', also — it's less confusing than 'love'

— but still, we could be compassionate to servants or something. It doesn't contain the challenge to change the existing value system. We need to have new interpretations, or new words.

I think Buddhists have to find ways to include other people — maybe by not calling ourselves 'Buddhist'. We need some other words. I think Buddhism will be most powerful when it is no longer Buddhism.

BPF: What do you mean by that?

KT: It's the way of understanding, and acting that is important, not the labels. Gautama Buddha didn't call himself a Buddhist; Jesus Christ didn't call himself Christian. Then what?

I'm not sure, but how about "globalist"? People who are concerned for the world as much as for themselves. Who are willing to perhaps get rid of wisdom and compassion, to go beyond wisdom and compassion.

My recent thinking came from my concern about Japan. Japan, after World War II decided to become peaceful; to work hard, and become prosperous. These two goals — peace and prosperity — have seemed to work very well. But now, destroying environments, not only at home, but all over the world, and becoming a threat to the world economy — these two goals don't seem to be sufficient. Now, the Japanese don't have any higher value system, and that seems to be a problem in the present situation.

BPF: You mean nothing higher than peace and prosperity?

KT: That's right. Nothing by which they might review their policy of, say, producing more and more automobiles. So I have been thinking of maybe one precept (laughs). What would be one precept that would be vital for the Japanese? And I thought of something like "global heart." "Listen to the global heart deep within ourselves, and act better accordingly." That's my working precept. (Laughs)

BPF: This implies taking the whole world into consideration when you act.

KT: That's right. I went to Europe, after being in India, and I got this idea of global service. This, as opposed to military service. If young people go into the military service for six months, then they would do global service for three years. That rate would be pretty good.

We could rate nations by this ratio: how much global service in relation to military service. Instead of rating them by how many bombs they have, or how powerful they are, or how large their consumption is - all the ways we rate nations now — instead of that, we could have this enlightenment rate.

BPF: There is, you know, the United Nations, and they do have the Peacekeeping Force — which is a military body — I guess I'm asking how you would put your idea into effect.

KT: Well, to do that, first of all you have to have a vision. If we have the vision, we can realize it.

Global service is something we have actually already been doing: environmental work, social work, and peace work. We get all confused because we think "Why do I have to do this, and that, and that..." But if we redefined these, to think of them as different departments of global service, it would be less confusing. We could do it individually, according to how much concern you have about environmental, social or peace issues. It's like a tax, but not according to income — according to concern. If we are more concerned, we donate more time.

I think it would be nice to involve the corporations and industries. We can't stop them, or destroy them; we have to work with them in a healthy direction. We could ask them to donate one hour a week, or a month, of all the workers' time where they could think of, discuss, or do some environmental work. They may like it. They might want to do more. They might become better people and build better bombs, I don't know. (laughing) But it's important to involve corporations and increase their contribution to the environmental, social and peace issues.

Who knows, maybe this would be adopted at the level of nations first. But if there is an idea, and a vision, then there is the possibility that it could be realized.

BPF: What might be some steps we could take?

KT: We should put the information together and become kind of global service consultants - ask people questions about which issues concern them, and how much time they would like to put toward it..

BPF: Kind of a clearinghouse...

KT: One level would be just to think about it — that's also global service. Then some people would want to become part of an organization. Another level would be to initiate some movement. We could help each other educate ourselves.

BPF: Are there any specific steps you see that we could take right now?

KT: You know, artists should do something crazy, always. Something imaginative. That will attract attention and also stimulate people's imagination, and start them thinking and moving.

My idea of a *Stop the Arms Race* show was a very humble one. I just made some images of the end of the world, and then asked people to donate their statements. It's a humble one, but from it, I've been invited to have an exhibition, and lead a seminar at the University of Hawaii Institute for Peace. These are actually the people organizing North and South Korea peace dialogues. They are doing something essential and important. Because I had this crazy idea, now I have the chance to address my ideas to them, and see what they think. This is one humble example.

All we need to do is keep on with dialogues, and with presenting strange things, I guess (laughing).❖

PARINIRVANA BUDDHA

by Robert Epstein

In a recent exhibit at the Asian Museum in San Francisco, I walked among many wooden and bronze statues of the Buddha. They were all unique, as the Buddha appeared differently in every culture and to the mind's eye of each artist.

Some seemed more alive than others; perhaps the most vital of the representations - some of which were 1200 years old - was a four foot statue in a reclining position, the parinirvana posture which the Buddha took as he left his body and entered Nirvana. He is lying with his legs stretched out in a pose of complete relaxation with his right hand propping up his head. To the careless observer, he might very well be mistaken for Cleopatra, who is perhaps better known for this reclining pose.

But there is no trace of seduction, greed, or self-preoccupation in the Parinirvana Buddha. His bodily form and facial expression are of perfect peace. This peace is transmissible. As I stood before the glass-encased Buddha, the muscles in my neck and shoulders spontaneously relaxed and the wooly sensation in my head which I often get when walking through museum exhibits, yielded to a vibrancy and alertness. In short, I woke up.

Death, even the thought of death, scares me a lot. To my surprise, I felt no inkling of fear as I contemplated the Parinirvana Buddha. Just the opposite: I found myself intrigued by the thought of lying at the precipice of death. For this is what the Buddha was doing: lying at the edge of, not standing and trembling over, the sharp cliff of nonexistence. If this was not a pose of inestimable defiance, then it had to be one of profound wisdom and calm. Since I looked but could find no hint of hubris or arrogance in the Buddha's expression, I concluded that the artist who carved this exquisitely beautiful representation of the Buddha must have embodied in himself something of the depth of the Buddha's serenity upon leaving his body at the age of 80.

I was reminded of a painting I had seen of the Buddha's death, by an unknown artist. In it, the Buddha is lying in the same reclining position and is surrounded by hundreds of humans, bodhisattvas, birds and animals. All sentient creatures have come, as it were, to pay their respects upon the death of the Buddha.

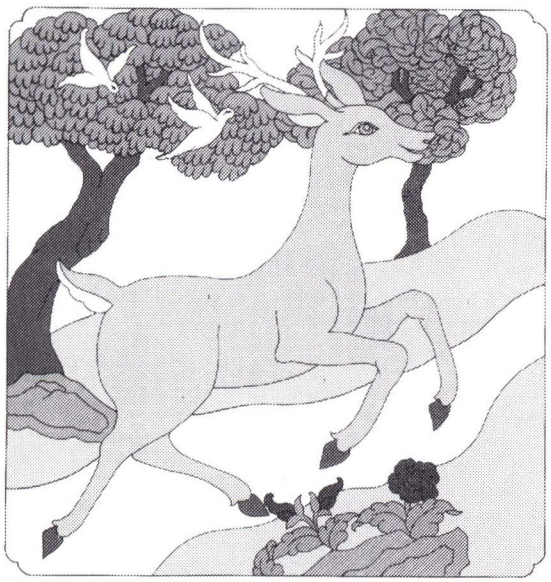
It is a gathering of all life, an intermingling of human and nonhuman alike, and while there is a solemnity and even sorrow about the event, there is no trace of inner or outer violence or struggle. In this sense, the Buddha's death stands in striking contrast to Christ's, whose crucifixion caused unspeakable pain for him and for his followers. Christ's martyrdom may have occurred on behalf of humanity, but it is a martyrdom that historically, at least, set human beings in conflict with one another. No wonder that the prospect of dying is frightening for me, since living has been depicted as so full of alienation and strife.

Returning to the wood statue of the Parinirvana Buddha, I suddenly felt a keen appreciation for the tree that gave this Buddha life. Through the skillful hands of the artist, a lifeless trunk slowly assumed human form and even now seemed to breathe as a living Buddha might.

Then I noticed a break in the wrist of the Buddha's hand which propped up his head. This greatly disconcerted me at first. I thought "Life is transient, after all, nothing lasts forever."

But this too, I realized, is only a partial view. It is true that there is a break in the wrist of the ancient Burmese statue of the Buddha as he is about to enter Nirvana. There is a break, but there is no flaw. And if I can hold my mind still for a moment, the break in the wrist opens as if one were entering the mouth of a cave or tunnel. Passing through this crack in the Buddha's wrist, I enter the time in which the Buddha himself lived; I pass on through epoches of human history to a time before the Earth itself took form.

Do I dare to hold this timeless moment in my mind's eye, or do I dash for the clock on the wall and set it (and my mind) back in motion. "Work out your salvation with diligence," the Buddha said. These were his last words. ❖



Jataka Tales for Children

Dharma Publishing, Berkeley

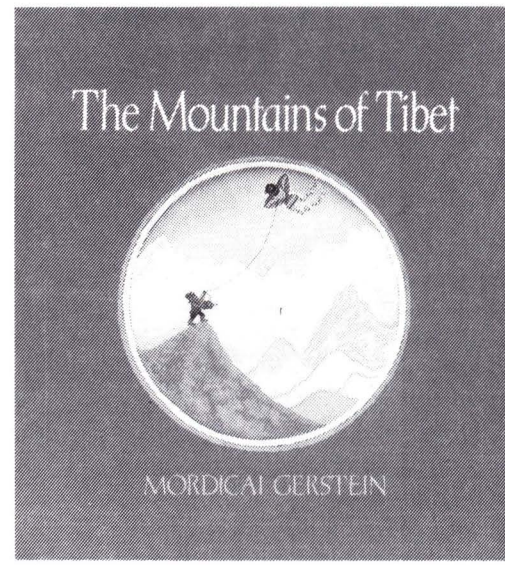
reviewed by Lee Klinger-Lesser

Dharma Publishing has printed a series of brightly colored and boldly designed books for children. The Jataka Tales find their origins in the earliest Buddhist teachings — some scholars say these ancient tales predate Buddhism entirely. The modern versions convey ethical teachings that can be easily understood by children, and are applicable to the lives of all of us.

In these tales — stories of the Buddha from former lives — the Buddha appears as the generous, inspiring rabbit we now see in the full moon each month; as a brave and compassionate deer who saves the life of his hunter; as a parrot who never abandons his friend the tree, even when it is dry and withered; and in many other forms. It is encouraging to see that the interrelatedness of all beings comes through clearly with the Buddha appearing as many different animals. The stories have been adapted somewhat for our times, and an adaptation I miss is to have the animals occasionally be female. It seems as though the teaching could and should also be conveyed through female voices.

I read the stories to my six-year-old son. Even my daughter — almost two years old — was captivated by the very colorful and engaging illustrations. My son's (and my) favorite story was *The Magic of Patience.* This story can be a tool to explore with our children how we each cope with frustration and how we can develop our patience and understanding together.

Each of these tales has its own quality, and will resonate differently with different readers. Some of the themes are quite sophisticated and perhaps not easy for any of us to practice. Yet these "teaching tools" are expressed simply and clearly. They can be helpful in raising ethical questions with our children and encouraging us all to work with these questions. ❖



The Mountains of Tibet

by Mordicai Gerstein. Harper & Row, 1987

reviewed by Stephanie Kaza

This story is set high in the mountains of Tibet, where a woodcutter longs to travel and see the world. He grows old without ever leaving his valley in the mountains. When he dies he is offered another life and presented with an infinite number of choices — which of the myriad beautiful galaxies ? which planet? which kind of creature? and how should he choose? The guiding voice encourages him to choose from his heart.

The circle comes around, and the woodcutter returns in another form. Mordicai Gerstein's illustrations are mandala-like circles full of detail and warmth. The diversity of the universe enriches every page. For Buddhist parents and parent-helpers, this story is a wonderful way to introduce the idea of reincarnation and the cycle of birth and death without using any fancy words. The emotional tone of the book is positive and straightforward. The book won the New York Times "Best Illustrated" Award in 1987.❖

The Great Turning: Personal Peace — Global Victory

by Craig Schindler and Gary Lapid. Bear & Company, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1989. $9.95

Reviewed by Ken Jones

"What is needed is both personal and political transformation — a change in both the ways we communicate and resolve conflicts in our personal lives and a change in the way we act politically and make policies."(p.19). To this end the authors have launched a movement called Project Victory, for the practice of conflict resolution at all levels, based on "our experience with thousands of people in community dialogues, national security conferences and public policy symposiums." Thus they hope to bring about a Great Turning

in the way individuals and nations manage conflicts, a "new era of human dignity, environmental restoration, and global security." They believe that this is possible by nurturing our growing sense of global interdependence and mutual dependence. Increasingly, either we will all go down together or else 'everybody wins.'

The book aims to encourage and empower its readers by offering principles, orientations, strategies and methods for getting started with mediation and conflict resolution. And conflict-resolution is, for many reasons, surely one of the best starting points for inner/outer peacemaking. It is the sharp end of many of our problems, and it involves us directly in both inward and outward exploration and endeavor. Hence [British] BPF President Adam Curle has facilitated a number of one-day introductory workshops on mediation, the most recent one being in London. (Adam would be glad to respond to initiatives from BPFers in other centers).

There are, however, many possible approaches to the inner work which can empower radical social change, depending upon individuals, circumstances and different cultures. I believe that these should be mutually supportive, and the reservation I have about this book are made in that spirit.

In the first place, the authors believe that the Great Turning can come about through the peculiarly American faith in 'the power of intention' — 'I can and I will'(reinforced by frequent strings of uplifting quotation, from Katherine Hepburn to Mother Teresa and from Aristotle to Richard M. Nixon). This does not export well to older cultures (unless already Americanized). The book is also heavy with a sense of America's 'global mission' which can be rather alarming even when it really is peaceable. It is significant that the two authors' activity seems to have been confined to the USA.

In fairness, the Power of Positive Thinking approach is relatively sophisticated in this book. The authors underpin the optimism by urging readers to internalize a number of fundamental principles having to do with interdependence, personal responsibility, and so on. They do warn against a "utopian naivete" which fails to recognize that "greed and lust for power will continue to influence human events,"(p.103). And they offer valuable reminders like: "peace is not an end; it is a process of managing conflicts constructively — a dynamic and passionate process of sustainable balance." It is not possible to eliminate conflict, but it is possible to learn to use it creatively. There is much easily digestible advice about how to go about this, though it is not as original as I had hoped.

To be most successful, the "power of intention" approach does seem to require a narrow and exclusive focus. The reader of this book is therefore left quite unaware of the other tradition of inner/outer, personal/social transformation — the way of despair and empowerment, popularized by Joanna Macy, John Seed and others, and implicit in the great traditions of spiritual practice. With this approach we seek to open to fear and negativity and the seemingly hopeless situation in which we find ourselves. Through meditative fellowship and ritual we experience a cathartic acceptance which empowers us to respond wholeheartedly to what the situation requires of us, beyond dreaming and hoping. On the contrary, the authors of this book believe it is not possible to build a positive future from "foundations of fear and images of ruin." (p.16).

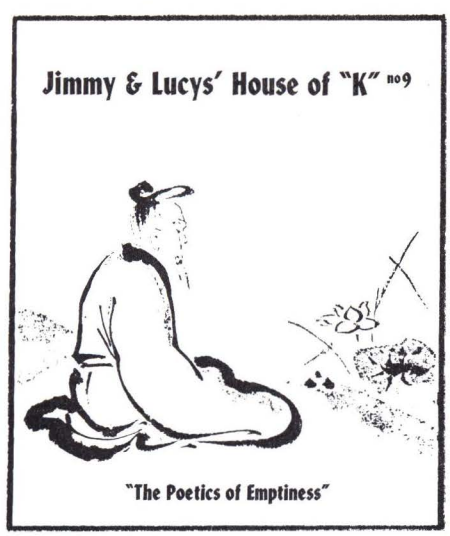
It is interesting to compare these two approaches. The "power of intention" has a more immediate and popular appeal and, at least in the short term, can demonstrate ready results. "Despair and empowerment" is an altogether more profound and subtle transformer of human endeavor. We probably need both approaches, but need to be aware of the distinction.

Some of the writing in this book does itself betray the superficiality of the "power of intention" approach. The authors believe that we can both use advanced technology to solve the ecological crisis and advance the American Dream of material progress to ever higher levels. We can "maintain our standard of living" (p.28), achieve "mutually assured development" for the Third World (p.31), as well as playing with Starship Enterprise and "large space transports" to colonize the Moon and Mars by the end of the next century. Point-

ing old values in more positive directions is always welcome, but this totally underestimates both the demands of the ecological crisis, and the human potential to evolve quite beyond more of the same.

The book not only sells the reader short on the inner work but also, through making a panacea of conflict resolution, it offers a too narrow social change perspective. This perhaps derives from the authors' experience being restricted to a more 'consensus culture' than most (though they do not report any significant policy changes arising from their numerous conflict resolution gatherings). They acknowledge that conflict resolution is only possible where Gandhian nonviolent sanctions and pressures have been needed to even the strengths of the contenders so that conflict resolution becomes mutually acceptable. Conflict resolution is only one among many radical nonviolent social change strategies, each appropriate to specific stages and situations.

Notwithstanding my reservations, this is a welcome book and it should have a wide appeal. It is a pity, however, that so many of its strengths are its weaknesses. Its comparative narrowness and superficiality are precisely what give it an immediate and broad appeal. Are we best served by this fast food takeaway or by getting down to restaurant cuisine? I believe that both can be valuable and complementary but that they cannot be combined. ❖



Jimmy and Lucy's House of "K", No. 9 "The poetics of Emptiness: a collaborative gathering of poets who meditate"

reviewed by Tensho David Schneider

Describing to me why he felt hesitant to meditate, a friend of mine at work invoked his writing. He worried that meditation would calm him excessively, and that he would no longer be able to call up sufficient "angst" to produce his art.

My own experience with meditation has not been one that threatened art. Beyond an initial slowing of mental processes, and a loosening of the sway thoughts hold over action, meditation has not had so much a dangerously calming effect, as a sharpening one. It appears we meditators feel — all the more directly for our practices — the turbulent rivers and calm pools that comprise our minds. That these rivers and pools, clearly seen, are a source for poetry and prose is a working basis of this book. That spiritual practice enriches and is enriched by mingling with composition is another such basis.

This text is a selected transcription of a conference held at Green Gulch Farm, with additional statements solicited from other writers for the book. The conference, which included formal periods of Zen meditation and Zen talks, grew out of discussions between Norman Fischer and Gary Snyder, and included a pack of other poetic luminaries: Anne Waldman, Gail Sher, Philip Whalen, Will Staple, Steve Benson, Andrew Schelling and Jane Hirshfield.

There is a lot of smart talk in this book. Many of these folks have obviously been thinking in secret about the intersection of poetry and meditation for years; now they tell all. There is a revelatory spirit running through the book which is exciting and inspiring.

✍ "For me writing was a practice from the very beginning, and I attended my writing periods with the same spirit of attending periods of zazen."

✍ "I thought that I'd write books and make money enough from them to travel abroad and to have a private life of reading and study and music. I developed a habit of writing and I've written a great deal but I've got very little money for it.

"With meditation I supposed that one could acquire magical powers. Then I learned that it would produce enlightenment. Much later, I found out that Dogen is somewhere on the right track when he tells us that the practice of zazen is the practice of enlightenment. Certainly there's no money in it. Now I have a meditation habit."

✍ "Whatever made people think Mind isn't rocks, fences, clouds, or houses? One of the ways that phenomena 'experience themselves' is in poetry. the craft steers between non-verbal states of mind and the intricacies of our gift of language (a wild system born with us)."

Beyond this sort of statement are learned essays on how poetry has been used and incorporated in the religious transmissions of Japanese, Chinese, Tibetan, and Indian meditation systems.

This is a valuable book. I hope to see it picked up and reprinted at some point by a big publisher with wide distribution. Then I can get my own copy back from my friend at work. In the meantime, to obtain one, send $6 to : Lucy's Hip/ 388 Coventry Road/ Kensington, CA 94707. ❖

Classifieds

Dig deep enough and everyone has a Buddha-nature. But what about all those layers on top? Peace comes from understanding and accepting our differences. Workshops and individual sessions teaching application of Jung's personality-type theory to peacework or life goals clarification. Call or write for brochure, of for dates of introductory talks. Clari-TYPE, P.O. Box 7312, Berkeley, CA 94704; (415)-524-2518

The inflatable zafu is actually an inflatable beachball inside a fine quality zafu cover. Lightweight — Convenient — Guaranteed. Colors: plum, burgundy, navy, royal blue, black and green. Free brochure on this and traditional meditation cushions. CAROLINA MORNING DESIGNS, Rt. 1 Box 31-B, Hot Springs, N.C. 28743; (704) 622-7329

Announcements

Thich Nhat Hanh will lead a seminar/retreat on the Satipatthana Sutta (Mindfulness Scripture) and on Buddhist psychology. The retreat will be held at Plum Village in France, June 6 — 29, 1990. For further information, contact Parallax Press, PO Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707; 415-548-3721

A Global Walk for a Livable World

In January, 1990, people from many countries will join together to form a community — to unite in concern for the fate of the planet and transform ourselves and others who witness us. By walking we will celebrate our reverence for the earth and our individual and cultural diversity.

Phase I of the Global Walk will begin in Los Angeles on Martin Luther King Day, Jan. 15, 1990. We will walk across the Native American lands of the Southwest, the Panhandle of Texas, over the Ozarks and Appalachians to Washington, DC, up the coast to New York City, where we will end at the United Nations Building on United Nations Day, Oct. 24, 1990. Those wishing to join for all or part of the walk are welcome.

Phase II of the walk will leave from London in the Spring of 1991, and will cross Western Europe to Greece, Egypt, Israel, India, China, ending in Hiroshima, Japan on Aug. 6, 1993.

To be on the mailing list for the Global Walk, send $5 to: c/o NIC, 1431 Ocean Ave. Santa Monica, CA 90401; (213) 458-3911.

Audio and Videotapes of Thich Nhat Hanh's four lectures on Buddhism and Psychotherapy, given at the retreat in Colorado in May '89 are available for sale from Parallax Press, Box 7355, Berkeley CA 94707

International Network of Engaged Buddhists

Next INEB conference is tentatively scheduled for the later part of March, 1990. BPF members are invited. Please contact Margaret Howe at the BPF National Office, and Sulak Sivaraksa c/o Prajahutanuwat Suvasivalats, 303/7 Soi Santipap, Nares Road, Bangkok 10500 THAILAND, if you are interested.

Buddhist Rights International

A group of people connected with the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, the International Network of Engaged Buddhists, and other human rights organizations propose to set up an international Buddhist Human Rights organization, and invite anyone interested in this project to plug the group into their networks, and/or write to: David Arnott, 218 Liverpool Rd., London, N1 (Tel.609 1852) England

Tensho David Schneider is seeking material for a **biography of Issan Dorsey**. He is currently soliciting everyone's favorite photographs of, and stories about Issan. Please contact Tensho at (415)-548-1910; 1331 Oxford St. Berkeley, CA 94709.

And Nothing But...

Another first for the BPF Newsletter: a corrections column. First the bad news:

•We neglected to mention that Chris Craddock helped with typing.

•We misunderstood Wing Lee. Her request to have this nom de plume attached to her fine piece on China & Tibet was not meant for our publication, but for another, larger newspaper which also ran the piece. To BPF readers she is proud to be known as Canyon Sam.

•Through computer and human error, a paragraph slid out of Ms. Holmes' piece on Tetsugen-sensei's work at Greyston. The paragraph fits neatly into the imaginary space between pps. 20 & 21 following the words "network of..." and runs:"...Greyston groups was formed to take care of a variety of needs that arose as the GFI program developed. Once it became clear that a job-training program for mothers could not succeed without simultaneously providing adequate care for their children, a childcare program was initiated. When it became clear that housing construction would be a central component of the program, a Greyston Builders group was formed. This for-profit organization is minority-run, and trains local unemployed in construction skills. When construction finally begins at 68 Warburton this fall, it will be Greyston Builders, providing on the job training..."

• and now the good news: the previous issue was printed on recycled paper. So is this one, and so, I hope will be all the others. ❖

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From the National Coordinator

After the Harmonia Mundi Conference with the Dalai Lama in Los Angeles this fall, a participant came back and told how people of peace from all denominations respected the Buddhist emphasis on peacework and social action. We spoke of how ironic this was, as 12 years ago, Western Buddhists were mostly if not exclusively concerned with individual enlightenment. About that time, the Buddhist Peace Fellowship was begun. We have grown in the past 11 years because more and more Western Buddhists want to explore the Buddhist way of peace and the implications that path has for our individual and social lives. Our membership is now nearly 1500.

Far and away my favorite activity at BPF is opening the mail. In an otherwise solitary job, it is a wonderful way to feel immediately surrounded by all the like-minded souls and good-hearted people who are our members and by those who are interested in us. So many kind, supportive words, so many interesting things people are doing and thinking, so many people who are happy to have found us. It truly feeds my soul.

We are concentrating now on expanding our membership, implementing good financial systems and networking with national and international organizations. We hope, with your help to have a new elected Board in place by Jan. 1990, and to have a face-to-face Board meeting then (don't forget to vote). At this meeting we will discuss directions for the year; please send your suggestions soon.

BPF now has T-shirts for sale! They are 100 % cotton with our beautiful logo in the middle and our name printed discreetly below it. Medium, large, and extra-large in tourquoise and white, with black design. They will shrink so order big. They are $10 plus $2 shipping. Order directly from the office. What a great holiday present! *Margaret Howe*

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Technical Information

The newsletter is a tabloid, printed on #50 or #60 stock. Please supply camera-ready art at the correct size. Halftones should be made with an 85- to 133-line screen. Xerox and laser-printed art are not recommended.

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Twenty cents per word. Count your words (phone numbers count as one word; city-state-zip also counts as one word) and send with payment.

Terms

All advertising must be paid prior to publication. There will be a 10% discount for payment made by camera-ready deadline. Artwork not provided at the right size will be corrected at the advertiser's expense. Artwork will be returned only if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is provided; however, BPF cannot be held responsible for artwork. If you are not a subscriber to the Newsletter, a tearsheet will be sent to you within two weeks of publication.

For reservations and information, please contact:
Melissa Moore (415) 548-1910

Deadlines

Space reservation	Art Deadline
December 20	January 5, 1990
March 20	April 2

BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

❖ To make clear public witness to Buddhist practice as a way of peace and protection of all beings;

❖ To raise peace, environmental, feminist, and social justice concerns among Western Buddhists;

❖ To bring a Buddhist perspective to contemporary peace, environmental, and social action movements;

❖ To encourage the practice of nonviolence based on the rich resources of traditional Buddhist teachings;

❖ To offer avenues for dialogue and exchange among the diverse American and world sanghas.

MEMBERSHIP FORM

BPF membership requires only a commitment to the general spirit of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship. Please see Statement of Purpose, above. BPF relies on members' support and suggests a minimum annual donation of $25 for U.S. residents, $30 overseas. Please make checks payable to "Buddhist Peace Fellowship." Contributions are tax deductible. Members receive a one year subscription to the *BPF Newsletter*. For contributions of $50 or more, we will send you a copy of *The Path of Compasssion.*

I am enclosing a contribution of $ to support the work of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship.

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BPF encourages members to join the BPF chapter in their area, and to join the Fellowship of Reconciliation in their home country.

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