



B U D D H I S T P E A C E F E L L O W S H I P

NEWSLETTER OF THE BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP, FALL 1990

BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP
P.O. BOX 3470
BERKELEY, CA 94703-9906

if we go to **WAR**



All of us can do something to prevent the agony of war.

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FROM THE EDITOR

This is my first issue as editor. I've come into the BPF office early in the morning, to write my editorial, and I'm surrounded by heaps of paper with post-its on them, and new (to me) computer technology, and some anxiety about whether all the wonderful words that people have written for this issue will make it to the printer in the right order. But even though I'm alone right now, I'm not alone in this job; for the last few weeks the people whose names appear on the masthead have been here with me, working hard, and comforting me when I get lost in the deep forest of Quark X-press (our software for page layout). And I feel the presence of all of you out there - you writers and readers who make the Newsletter happen.

In her article in this issue, Joan Tollifson says, "The solution to our collective fears of disability rests in... sharing aloud our histories." I would say that the solution to practically everything is in the telling *and hearing* of our personal stories. The wom-

en's movement taught me that the personal is political, and raising two sons alone in a scary world has continued to bring the lesson home. They are both of draft age. Guess who's been sending lots of post cards to the President, asking him not to go to war in the Middle East? (See p.34.)

This issue is full of personal stories with political meaning. When we read that a Burmese boy has to leave school and work repairing cigarette lighters in order to buy rice for his family, economic repression is made real. When Judy Smith speaks of the burden of having to ask for a ramp for her electric wheelchair, it brings home the meaning of accessibility. When David Schneider writes about watching the flames shoot up from the cremated body of his friend and teacher, we learn something about how to "die together," as Katagiri says.

Engaged buddhism is about the bodhisattva's understanding that no one is really free until everyone is free. Let's listen to each other's stories, so we can help each other. ❖



B U D D H I S T P E A C E F E L L O W S H I P

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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
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URGENT ACTION

Obviously, the most urgent action at this time is to stop our government from taking us further into war. This issue of the Newsletter has a section on the Middle East with suggestions for action. The more voices raised, the more powerful we are.

While this immediate crisis is important, there are other areas that call for our attention also.

1) 41 nations have called for an international conference in January, 1991, to amend the Partial Test Ban Treaty (this treaty banned above-ground nuclear weapons tests) into a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty (which would also ban underground tests.) The U.S. has consistently voted *against* a comprehensive test ban, while the Soviet Union has agreed to it. 75% of Americans are said to support a comprehensive test ban. Now is the time to write the President and your Senators and ask them to vote in favor of a Comprehensive Test Ban Amendment.

Write: President Bush, The White House, Washington, DC 20500.

2) Good news! Congress voted to pass the immigration bill HR 4300 which allows for 1000 visas for Tibetans. They also appropriated \$1,000,000 for humanitarian assistance for Tibetan refugees in India and Nepal. These are very strong statements of support for the Tibetan cause. Please write and thank:

Congressman Barney Frank (for the immigration bill)
 Congressman John Porter (for the funds)
 House of Representatives
 Washington, DC 20510

"Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful committed citizens can change the world. Indeed, it's the only thing that ever has." — Margaret Mead

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

The BPF journal is an excellent publication and plays an important function in ensuring that spiritual practices do not become alienated from the political and economic realities of people's lives. The international Buddhist community, especially organizations like BPF, can contribute to making governments, both Buddhist and otherwise, accountable for their actions.

As people committed to spiritual practice, compassion and liberation, we have a significant role to play in world affairs. The BPF is an invaluable channel to express our concerns for the welfare and liberation of peoples of the world. There is a navel-gazing tendency in Buddhism which can be at the expense of an expansive awareness and wisdom of the ways of the world. BPF is a reminder to us all that spiritual awareness includes far more than sitting cross-legged.

—Christopher Titmuss, Gaia House, England

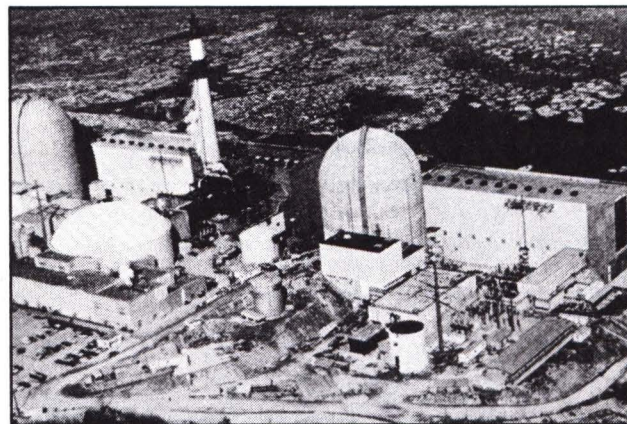
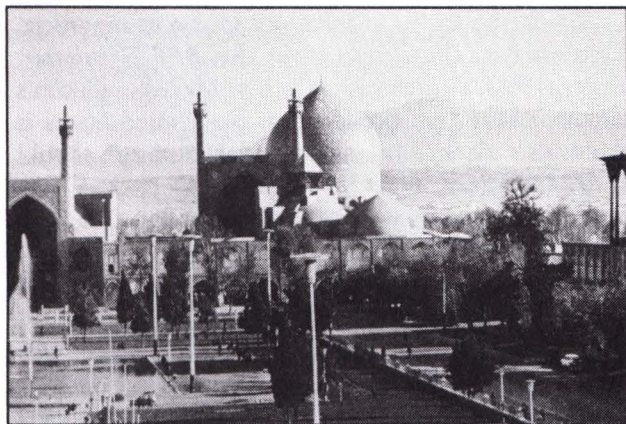
Dear Editor:

In the spirit of a statement in the article by Dr. Chatsumarn Kabilsingh (BPF Summer 1990), I would like to pass on a mantra (phonetically spelled) I use when something bothers me that should not.

Kum Sow Dow	(Vietnamese)
My Pin Rye	(Thai)
Bo Pin Yang	(Cambodian)
Pooh Yow Ching	(Mandarin)
Ti Dah Apa	(Malaysian)
Never Mind	(English)

—Bart Mann, Albuquerque, N.M.

In our next issue: The Nuclear Guardianship Project



The poison fire lasts so long, it calls us home to deep time. In the sacred act of guardianship, we honor the miracle of life. We watch over the containers of the poison fire, so that they shall not release devastation and disease.

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Dear Editor:

The latest B.P.F. newsletter is a lovely read. It's heartening to see Thich Tue Sy's work spreading farther afield.

On the matter of the imprisonment of Vietnamese monks, our Vancouver P.E.N. chapter's been receiving letters and notes from all over the place recently. It appears our Amnesty-type campaign of letters, prisoner post-cards, complaints to our government's foreign affairs service, etc., is fruitful. Thich Tue Sy now seems to be getting some assistance through our efforts, and it looks as though the hardline on his imprisonment is lessening up somewhat.

It might be worth reporting one small incident that makes these longshot campaigns bearable. We received a note from a lady in Australia who mentioned that her dad, also imprisoned in Vietnam with Thich Tue Sy, had written to her. Apparently a kindly guard in their forest labour camp had picked up a card we'd sent to Thich Tue Sy that had been thrown in the trash by a camp official. The guard secreted it to Tue Sy who still seems to be venerated by the common guard soldiers. While Tue Sy couldn't write back to us himself, through some means his fellow prisoner contacted his own daughter in Oz to let us know that Tue Sy is alive. Since that time, and perhaps through the work of Thich Nhat Hanh and Sister Phuong, we've received at least half a dozen other notes regarding our prisoner-adoptee, so there's light at the end of the tunnel, God willing. We've sent some money from a fundraiser to him via Sister Phuong, and we're also sending medicines now.

—Trevor Carolan, Vancouver, Canada

Dear Murray Reiss,

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we would find in each person's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility. — Longfellow

Thank you for your letter in response to my article, "Listening to the Libyans" in the *BPF Newsletter*, Winter, 1990. I agree with you that Mr. Aboudhzam's statement that "the president of the United States is taking his orders from International Zionism" should be questioned in most instances. It was not appropriate, we felt, to our mission to Libya. We were on another journey.

We were there to listen to the Libyans' grievances against the United States, not to challenge, discuss, or argue. We felt the Libyans had suffered much from us, and we had reached a prior agreement that we would devote ourselves to listening to those grievances without setting forth our opinions or our values.

We agreed to publish Libyans' opinions verbatim whenever we could so Americans would know what those with whom we met thought and said. We are

working to develop a permanent International team who will listen to grievances when conflict arises — and then do follow-up work which we hope would lead to mediation. We were not prepared to do the follow-up work when we went to Libya. We hope, after our September training at the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, that this will be part of our program.

We are seeking to understand the suffering on both sides of any conflict we address. The listening to the Libyans was a first effort.

We don't know what will happen to us or the people we listen to, but we hope and believe it will lead us beyond demonizing anyone into a relationship with some trust for future meetings. We realize this is the beginning of what will undoubtedly be a very long process and we feel it is important to begin now.

—Gene Knudsen Hoffman, Santa Barbara, CA

Dear Friends at BPF,

In July, 1990, I attended a seminar on Active Nonviolence that was sponsored by the Coalition for Peace and Reconciliation. The seminar was held on the Thai-Cambodian border. It felt like an historic occasion with a real international mix of Cambodian refugees, including two monks, Burmese pro-democracy student refugees, Thai social and environmental activists and American volunteer relief workers coming together to learn about active nonviolence from three teachers from the Philippines. In the midst of their suffering and struggle, the participants spent an intense four and a half days learning the principles and methods that can help lead them out of their despair into a more acute awareness of injustice and its causes and take a stand against the oppression and injustices that they face daily. One of the Khmer refugee participants was interested to join BPF after I showed him several of my journals. I am taking out a membership in his name: Sam Sopheap. It is an excellent way to link him with the outside world from within the enclosed isolation of the prison-like refugee camp.

—Corinne T. Bowmaker

American Refugee Committee, Thailand

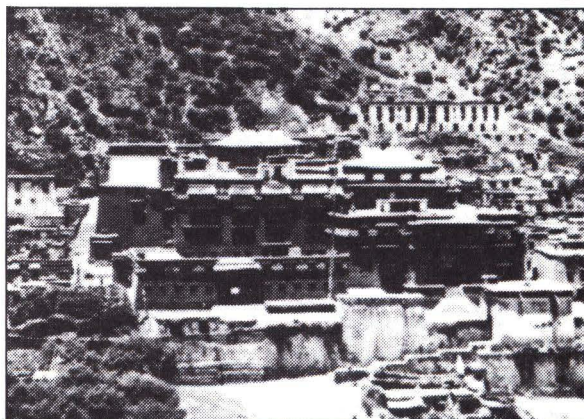
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The ARS's EZ PEACE form is a parody of the IRS's 1040EZ and calls attention to the fact that over 60% of each federal income dollar goes toward the U.S. military budget while millions of Americans are hungry, homeless, or lack funds for education and health care. Through the EZ PEACE form, individuals are able to figure out how much of their 1990 taxes went to the military and are offered the chance to redirect at least a portion of their taxes to areas of social need.

The ARS will be officially launched on January 15, 1991 when hundreds of people across the country will engage in public protests and acts of civil disobedience. Washington, D.C. will be the site of a national flagship action, while local organizers will be mounting protests in their own communities. Press conferences will be held both by national and local ARS organizers and widespread distribution of the EZ PEACE form will begin.

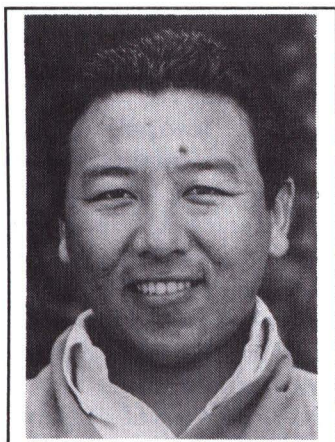
ARS activities will continue to create serious public

pressure for a 50-75% cut in the military budget until April 15, 1991, when National ARS will announce the amount of money diverted from the Pentagon. In conjunction with this announcement, major actions will be held in Washington, D.C., and San Francisco.

The War Resisters League, the Conscience and Military Tax Campaign, and the National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee designed the ARS as a public education and action campaign to focus attention on how our federal income tax money is spent and how individuals can begin to take control of it. The ARS is widely endorsed by national and local organizations and prominent individuals, including Alice Walker, Pete Seeger, Allen Ginsberg, Daniel Berrigan, and Grace Paley.

Further campaign information, articles, analyses, and war tax resistance information available from Alternative Revenue Service, 339 Lafayette, NY, NY 10012. (212) 228-0450 or, after November 1, (800) 955-PEACE.

Teachings with the Venerable Chhoje Rinpoche



Beginner's Mind, Best Mind; First Thought, Best Thought
11/21, 7:30 p.m. Positively 4th Street, 265 4th St., Ashland, OR

Actualizing Compassion: The Seven Points of Mind Training
(Teaching and Practice) From the Text by Jamgon Kontrul
11/23, 7:30 p.m. (Intro.); 11/24, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.
130 Helman St., Ashland, OR (503) 482-4470

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training under the personal guidance of H.H. Dudjom Rinpoche, including the complete transmission of the Nyingma lineage. ♦

For further information: **PADMA SHEDRUP LING,**
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H.H. Gyalwa Karmapa, head of the Karma Kagyu lineage named this magazine *Densal* which means 'the clear truth.' *Densal* is a quarterly magazine featuring teachings, news and events of the Karma Kagyu lineage of Tibetan Buddhism.

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Japanese Activists

Buddhist activists and others socially concerned in the West often hear little about spiritually aware social activism in Japan. In May Stephanie Kaza and I met for BPF with two Japanese activists visiting the Bay Area: Noriyuki and Keiko Ueda.

Noriyuki is a cultural anthropologist who has studied the Sarvodaya social action movement and Buddhist healing techniques in Sri Lanka, and has recently published in Japanese *The Awakening Network: The Making of the Global Shaman*. His book is an attempt to combine spirituality and social action, to see the root of social symptoms in our need for inner healing, and to encourage cooperation between activists across boundaries of "separate" issues.

Keiko is a staff-worker for UNESCO in Japan, and works for an organization for disabled people as editor of "Grassroots," a magazine for volunteer organizers. Like Noriyuki, Keiko became interested in the peace and third world movements during her university days, but felt there was no opportunity for participation by ordinary people.

Noriyuki and Keiko identify the anti-nuclear-power movement as a primary issue in Japan today, one which has engaged many people to participate in peaceable actions, without the angry confrontational style of earlier radical activists. They see interest in the global environment as fairly new, recently heightened by Sting's "Save the Rain Forest" concerts last year. There have been demonstrations against some Japanese companies responsible for cutting the rain forests in Asia.

Noriyuki is concerned with the effect of Japanese social structure on the possibilities of awakening and creating social well-being. He cites the prevalence and superficiality of advertising and the highly competitive but "terrible" educational system.

Noriyuki knows of very few people from the Japanese Buddhist world who are contributing to social activism, and he says most young Japanese think of Buddhism as conservative and irrelevant to current problems. But Noriyuki would like Westerners to know there is social action in Japan, that Japan is not just a heartless factory and rain forest eater. He asks Westerners to help by working with Japanese activists.

Noriyuki and Keiko can be reached at 2-5-18 Kugayama, Suganami-ku, Tokyo 168, Japan. They recommend as a source for Westerners interested in information about Japanese nuclear power and the anti-nuclear movement the magazine "Nuke Info Tokyo," published in English by the Citizens' Nuclear Information Center, 3F Watanabe Bldg., Higashiueno 2-23-22, Taito-ku, Tokyo 110, Japan. ❖

by Taigen Leighton

COMPASSIONATE LISTENING

The First Step Toward Reconciliation

by Gene Knudsen Hoffman

For most of my forty years with the peace movement, I felt something was missing; something was out of harmony. Somehow we peace people, who wanted no enemy, always seemed to have one. In our country it's been mostly our government. But there have also been: the Nazis, the anti-communists, the Military-Industrial Complex, the torturers, the Contras, and most recently, the Israelis.

Some time ago I recognized that terrorists were people who had grievances, who thought their grievances would never be heard, and certainly never addressed. Later I saw that all parties to every conflict were wounded, and that at the heart of every act of violence is an unhealed wound. I began to search for a way we peace people might help heal these violence-causing wounds.

Because of my long experience with psychotherapy (I have been a client, a group leader on a Psychiatric Unit, and a Pastoral Counsellor), I discovered that caring, non-judgmental listening was a great healer. So, about twelve years ago, I began practicing and writing about listening as a reconciling process. As I proceeded with my explorations, people began to join me. Last February I presented a proposal for a Compassionate Listening Project to the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, and last year US/FOR experimented with a modified version of it in "The Libyan Listening Project."

Three of us have been working on its development: Adam Curle, Senior Quaker Mediator, teacher, author, and President of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship in England; Herb Walters, founder of the Rural Southern Voice for Peace (RSVP), listener to the Contras and the Palauans; and myself.

The idea is adaptable to any conflict. RSVP has had remarkable experience using it in projects ranging from listening to both sides of a community about an AIDS Hospice House, to listening to the Palauans over maintenance of US bases on that South Pacific Island. In most areas where listeners go, they train the people involved in the conflict to listen to one another, and so the projects increase.

This listening requires a particular attitude. The questions are non-adversarial. The listening is non-judgmental. The listener seeks the truth of the person questioned and seeks to see through any masks of hostility and fear to the sacredness of the individual,

SAMSARA

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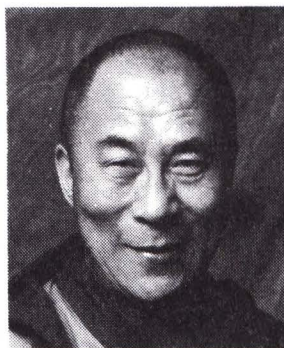


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and to discern the wounds at the heart of any violence. Listeners do not defend themselves, but accept whatever others say as their own perceptions, and by listening they validate the others' right to those perceptions.

A Compassionate Listening Team is not meant to supersede other methods of nonviolence, but it may well be a prelude to them. Hopefully, it will be comprised of people skilled in listening to grievances.

It may well be brought into play before demonstrations or other public expressions of political concern. We believe Compassionate Listening can open new avenues of communication and enable both those listened to and those listening to hear what they think and — often — to change their opinion.

I'm not talking about listening with the "human ear." I'm talking about "discerning." To discern means "to perceive something hidden or obscure." We must listen with our "spiritual ear." This is very different from deciding in advance who is right and who is wrong, then seeking to rectify it.

Here are two definitions of reconciliation we used. Thich Nhat Hanh describes it as "understanding both sides." Adam Curle says, "We work for harmony wherever we are, to bring together what is sundered by fear, ignorance, hatred, resentment, injustice, or any other conditions which divide us."

To do this work, Adam feels we must have a particular perception of human beings. He writes, "I begin with a concept of human nature based on the belief in a divine element within each of us, which is ever available, awaiting our call to help us restore harmony. We must remember this good exists in those we oppose."

I believe that all parties to any conflict are wounded, and our charge is to care for the wounded on both sides of all conflicts, just as John Woolman, the Quaker abolitionist, spoke to slaveholders with the same attitude of compassion and humility he had for slaves.

The call is for us to see that within all people is the mystery of God. It is within the Contra, the Nazi, the Afrikaaner, the Israeli, and the American. By compassionate listening, we may awaken it and thus learn of the partial truth the other is carrying. For another aspect of being human is that we each carry some portion of the truth. To reconcile, we must listen for, discern, and acknowledge this partial truth in everyone.

Here are some "partial" processes. Thich Nhat Hanh asks this of us: "In South Africa the black people suffer enormously, but the white people also suffer. If we take one side, we cannot fulfill our task of reconciliation. Can you be in touch with both sides, understanding the suffering and fears of each, telling each side about the other? Can you understand deeply the suffering of both sides?"

Longfellow wrote, "If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find, in each person's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility." In order to be an agent of reconciliation, it is essential to maintain a relationship with all sides. Compassionate listening is the way of maintaining that contact — listening to the grievances of both sides, and affirming the partial truth of each by recognizing each party's suffering and describing it to the other.

Again, Adam Curle writes, "Listening, coupled with befriending, is the unquestionable basis of all mediation efforts. When I started, I was told to 'just listen quietly.' Words like mediation and negotiation were never mentioned, and still are not in our actual dealings with our embattled friends."

Herb Walters explored such possibilities when, in 1988, he and a friend went to Honduras to listen to the Contras because they and the U.S. peace movement were not communicating. Neither of them were naive enough to think that everything they heard was true, but both were impressed with the sincerity and depth of conviction many Contras held. When he returned, Herb wrote, "The Contra Listening Project has raised new questions for me. One is: Why weren't we peace people calling for dialogue between the Contras and Sandinistas? One reason is that we didn't trust the Contra leadership. Another is that we saw the Contras only as the enemy, therefore not worthy of talking to. What we knew was part of the truth - but we failed to seek the whole truth. At least I did."

Then Herb asked a key question: "Is there a place for an organization that could be trusted by both sides, that could find the human faces of 'the enemy' and carry that message across the battle lines? I am convinced now more than ever that my job as peacemaker is not to take sides. It is to seek the truth. It is to humanize, rather than de-humanize the 'enemy'. It is to understand and seek out the best in all sides."

Adam recommends: "Do not make any rigid decisions about the design of this listening-reconciliation body. Keep flexible. Keep your eye on the conflict scene to see what is needed, then meet to see what is feasible. Do not have preconceived ideas of what you will do or the results you want. There are constantly new possibilities. What is most important is to find the people — people of understanding and compassion who are tactful and who don't talk too much!

Finally, I will give you a talisman which inspires me. Gandhi reminded us that there exists within each person an energy equal to the force of an atom bomb — a loving power, a caring power, a healing power for peace. I believe it is time to release this power in new ways, and compassionate listening is one of the new ways. ❖

IMPERFECTION IS A BEAUTIFUL THING

by Joan Tollifson

I dream about being in a world where being disabled is no big deal. No one considers it a tragedy. No one thinks you're inspiring. No one feels sorry for you. No one stares at you. What an amazing relief it would be to be seen every day as perfectly ordinary.

But in fact, I'm not seen as perfectly ordinary, because I'm missing my right hand and half of my right arm, and my life, as a result, has been different. I was born that way, and the question "what happened to your arm?" has followed me through my life like some koan-mantra that the universe never stops asking me. Total strangers come up to me on the street and ask me. Children gasp in horror and ask. People tell me with tears in their eyes how amazingly well I do things, like tie my shoes. Or they tell me they don't think of me as disabled (which is like telling a woman she's doing the job as well as a man, or like telling a black person that they don't really seem black). Sometimes I think if I have to deal with one more thing like this I'm going to get violent.

But the other side of the paradox is even deadlier. Most well-trained adults have been so conditioned not to mention disability that they try desperately to pretend that they don't even notice. Nobody says a word. People swallow their natural curiosity, their socially-unacceptable feelings, reactions and questions, and pretend that the Great Dream of Normalcy is still intact. One of the central memories of my childhood is of children asking me what happened to my arm and their parents instantly silencing them: "shhh!" Don't talk about it.

We are all in so much pain, trying to do the right thing, trying to pretend everything is okay, trying not to be bad, trying not to ask the wrong questions. If we need anything in this world, it's honesty: honest looking, honest seeing, honest speaking; the ability to be with the actual truth, which is what love really is, and that — to me — is the heart of what Buddhist practice is all about.

But people think practice is about all kinds of other things. When I first went to zazen instruction at San Francisco Zen Center, there was great concern about what to do with a single hand, since I couldn't form the traditional zen mudra while sitting. It was suggested that I talk to Baker Roshi about it; perhaps he would know. This strikes me as ridiculous now, but at the time it seemed reasonable enough. I never did

talk to him about it, though. I sat for years with my single hand suspended in mid air, forming half of the official mudra, with chronic shoulder pains as a result, until I arrived at Springwater Center in New York, where no one cares about mudras anymore and I discovered the possibility of a small cushion to rest my hand on. How simple!

My intention in writing this article is to encourage people to make Buddhist practice accessible to the disabled community, to be with their actual feelings about disability, to begin to break the silence.

Disability is usually regarded as a personal tragedy, not a political problem. A friend who heard I was

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writing an article about disability and Buddhist practice said that she expected it to be about "how practice helps a disabled person cope with disability." But if I had told her I was writing about women and Buddhist practice, I don't think she would have imagined an article on how Buddhist practice helps women cope with being female.

I do sometimes feel angry about some of the things that have happened to me and other disabled people in Buddhist practice as I've experienced it, and I'm going to speak from my own history because it's what I know. But I certainly don't want to single out any particular lineage, zen center, or teacher for criticism.

Angry fanaticism is not the way to make changes; that's an important part of what Buddhist practice is always teaching me. If we start with honest seeing, then the right kind of changes will naturally evolve.

Nor do I wish to ignore all the ways people have been wonderful. Despite all of our intense conditioning to be otherwise, people have broken through that again and again with honesty, humor and love.

The various practice communities I've been involved with, like the great majority of people I've come across in my life, have for the most part been very accepting of me and trusting of my capabilities. The zen centers taught me to eat oryoki meals, and made me a food-server at sesshins, which entails

carrying in big pots of food and serving everyone. I held practice positions, and people seemed to regard me as a capable person who could do whatever job needed doing.

When I decided to be lay ordained at BZC and began sewing a rakusu, I wasn't sure whether or not I'd be able to do all that microscopic stitching together of tiny pieces of cloth. One of the women who was sewing hers at the same time told me that if I couldn't do it, she'd give me hers, and if you know what kind of labor goes into these things, you'll understand that that's no trifling offer. As it turned out, I was able to do most of the sewing myself, and what I couldn't do, people generously helped out with. Later, I watched as various people in the sangha sewed Judy Smith's rakusu for her (Judy being a quadriplegic) while Judy did the mantra with every stitch. That kind of quiet generosity was always there.

On the other hand, there was considerable opposition at BZC to ramping the zendo. I think they thought it would ruin the aesthetics and there wouldn't be any call for it (this was before Judy came, although there had been others in wheelchairs who had tried to practice there in the past and given up). It was painful to me that people felt that way, that they seemingly cared more about a certain idea of aesthetics than about including disabled people in the practice. But there was also a persistent and outspoken group who pushed for accessibility over many years, and who finally brought it about with the help of Judy Smith.

The long struggle at the Berkeley Zen Center over wheelchair accessibility is an excellent example of how this struggle typically unfolds, so I think it's worth looking at as a way of examining frequently held attitudes and assumptions. The changes that have happened (and are happening) there have ultimately been very positive, and can in fact serve as a model for other practice centers.

People at BZC wondered if a ramp was really needed, if there would really be people in wheelchairs wanting to practice with them, and if there were, why they couldn't simply be carried in and out of the zendo. These are the questions that always seem to come up. Why don't most people in wheelchairs want to be carried? First of all, it's dangerous to the person in the chair, the carrier, and to the equipment. Electric wheelchairs in particular are very heavy; it would be quite a feat to carry a large man in an electric wheelchair up and down a flight of stairs. Finally, imagine how you would feel if every time you wanted to go outside for a breath of air, or visit the bathroom, you had to find three or four strong people with good backs to carry you downstairs, and then hang around until you were ready to come back in. It would be pretty inhibiting, wouldn't it?

After much explaining, people finally understood

that, but they still felt there was no call for accessibility at BZC. They decided to wait and see if someone appeared. If a wheelchair-user turned up who wanted to practice with them, they'd ramp the zendo. I was furious. Couldn't they see that they were creating a catch-22? How could someone in a wheelchair come to them if the place wasn't accessible in the first place? An inaccessible zendo sends out a message to the disabled community: you're not welcome here. And word gets around. Besides that, how would they feel if — back when they were first coming to the Zen Center — they'd been told that if they were really serious about this, the sangha would invest thousands of dollars to make it possible for them to be there? Talk about pressure.

They didn't get it.

But miraculously enough, someone showed up anyway. Judy Smith, a beautiful and talented dancer-artist who happens to be a quadriplegic rolled in at just that moment, fiercely determined to practice zen and radiating warm, loving, irresistible vibes.

BZC eventually built a beautiful ramp, people changed their thinking over time, Judy became an active member of the sangha, was lay ordained this spring, and continues to practice there.

When I imagine myself as a zen priest, which I sometimes do, there is at least one catch on the mundane level, namely that it would be hell trying to manage those robes with one hand. It would probably be impossible for me to get the kesa (outer robe) fastened on the left shoulder without a right hand, an operation that a zen priest has to frequently perform. It might also be impossible for me to eat oryoki meals with those big flapping sleeves. They'd probably be unmanageable, and besides my trick with oryoki has always been to wedge the bowls in under the rolled up shirt sleeve of my right arm for support, so I can hold them while I eat, and that would no longer be possible.

Now of course I know that some zen sewing angel would come up with brilliant variations on the usual robes, we'd work something out one way or another, a velcro kesa or a fastening on the right shoulder or whatever. I'd stop using oryoki if necessary or not wear robes at all. Whatever. But still, you want to be like everyone else. That's the whole point of a uniform: uniformity.

The existence of disability in the human population raises some important questions for zen practitioners. What is this zen work really all about? Is it about sitting in a certain position, in a particular posture, eating soundlessly with chopsticks out of Japanese bowls? I don't think so.

Such a vision excludes a lot of people. My mother, for example. Her hands shake. They always have. She could never eat an oryoki meal without experiencing humiliation and failure.

Here at Springwater Center there is no emphasis at all placed on posture, endurance or form. You can sit

when you feel like it, in whatever position works best, in an armchair if you prefer. You can stay in bed. There is none of the athletic endurance quality so present in zen practice, and none of the meticulous attention to ritualized detail.

I'm not opposed to rigorous formal zen practice, nor am I arguing that oryoki meals should be banned. Rigor and form are both potentially wonderful training, cultivating endurance, attention to detail and a sense of the sacredness of the most ordinary tasks, or perhaps just a chance to thoroughly enjoy a completely absurd and beautiful choreography. But what I am questioning is a certain mentality that actually mistakes these rituals for the truth itself.

After being here at Springwater awhile, I experimented with sitting in a chair. It was amazing to see the stuff that came up when I hauled that chair into the sitting room. I can remember long ago at BZC when I'd see people who had to sit in chairs because of back problems, thinking to myself that if I ever had to do that, I'd give up zen. It wouldn't be real zen if I was in a chair! And now, here I was, in a chair. Layers of self-image revealed themselves and fell away, something opened and released.

Years ago, when I went through primal therapy, we had to spend three weeks in a room without doing anything at all. We weren't supposed to talk, read, write, take naps during the day, eat between meals, smoke, bite our nails, masturbate, do yoga, or exercise. And we weren't supposed to meditate either. To confront us totally with our discomfort, everything was removed that could possibly function as an escape valve from feeling our feelings, seeing our thoughts, and experiencing our actual bodily sensations.

It was an interesting three weeks, and being here at Springwater raises many similar questions. I can see that being in that ancient, sanctioned zazen position doing something supposedly enlightening can be a form of security-seeking. I'm open to wondering about it. What *is* this practice, really?

And how does all this relate to disability? To people who are asymmetrical or unable to sit up straight or to walk or to wear robes and kesas and eat out of oryoki bowls?

By our very nature we defy the compulsion to fit people into uniform patterns. Disabled people are a great corrective for a certain strain of Japanese zen which emphasizes the details of form in such a way that correct technique becomes more important than the heart of the practice. What could be better than having a few visibly imperfect people around who twitch and drool and stumble and make noise and go the wrong way? Personally, I think it's been the saving grace of the Berkeley Zen Center having people like Judy and

me around, as well as a sangha member who has brain damage and frequently turns the wrong way, stands in the wrong place, fluffs his cushion at the wrong time. His mistakes and my one-handed gasshos (when I'm around) and the gentle humming of Judy's electric wheelchair have all become part of the morning service. Imperfection is a beautiful thing. It's the essence of being organic and alive.

I think this relates to the Buddhist wisdom of seeing *what actually is* instead of being caught up in *what we think would be better*. If someone has one hand or is paralyzed or has brain damage, can that be seen as how they are, without making it into a tragedy or an inspiration?

But if fear, revulsion, or pity are what we're feeling, then can we really see those feelings without trying to change them or do something about them? When there is real seeing, the organism corrects itself.

The next step is to get to know what you're afraid of, disgusted by, or pitying. If you actually look at a disabled body, or at a piece of unfamiliar equipment like a wheelchair, if you hang out with it and get to know it, you'll discover the horror was in your head.

I remember the first time I really looked at my arm. I was 25 years old, and sobering up from a nearly suicidal nose dive into substance abuse. It was a terrifying moment. I was drenched in sweat, literally. But the arm I saw was not, after all, the loathsome, scary object I had imagined.

For years I avoided contact with other disabled people. I wanted to pass as normal. But after sobering up, I joined a group of disabled women on the advice of my therapist. They were strong funny women who shared many of what I had always thought were my own private experiences. Suddenly disability became a political issue.

In the late 70's I participated in a month-long occupation of the San Francisco Federal Building demanding civil rights legislation for disabled people. It was the longest occupation of a federal building in U.S. history, and we won.

We were a diverse group in every respect. We had quadriplegics, paraplegics, blind and deaf people, developmentally disabled (popularly known as mentally retarded) people, people with cerebral palsy, and multiple sclerosis. We had blacks, Latinos, whites, gay people and straight people, Republicans, Democrats, communists, professionals, street people, young and old. Most of us were "crips," as we fondly called ourselves, but we had AB's as well — able-bodied sign language interpreters, attendants, lovers and friends who came along and stayed. The Black Panther Party brought in our meals.

We had strategy meetings, study groups,

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wheelchair races, church services, work committees. We created a miniature society in that building, in which you never had to worry about being discriminated against because you were disabled. No one was going to tell you that you couldn't do a job because you only had one hand, or because you were in a wheelchair. This was an amazing experience. I never realized how big a factor such discrimination was, in the world around me and inside my own head as well, until it wasn't there anymore.

If anything, the more disabled you were, the more status you had. I found myself feeling envious of the quads because they were more disabled and got to use electric wheelchairs. Walkies, like me, were definitely a notch down in this reversed hierarchy.

After a lifetime of being isolated from other disabled people, it was an amazing relief to be completely surrounded by them. For the first time in my life, I was a normal, full-fledged person. It was a coming of age for me.

After that, I took up karate and broke boards with my short arm. And after that I sat a sesshin at Berkeley Zen Center and saw my one-armed shadow cast onto the white wall in front of me, and I realized that I was perfect just the way I was.

When I began doing massage as a livelihood, I was breaking another taboo. You aren't supposed to touch people with a supposedly "deformed" body part because it may be disgusting to them. That deep feeling of being disgusting is still alive in me, resurfacing every time I touch someone for the first time with my short arm. The healing occurs slowly, over a lifetime, and collectively over many generations. Buddhist practice plays a part in it, learning to simply be there with the thus-ness of life. Healing myself isn't just about healing myself, either; it's about healing all of us, our whole collective human body that feels disgusting, that can't accept our imperfections.

The worst thing for me about being disabled is not the physical or mechanical problems of the disability, although when other people imagine losing an arm, that's what springs to mind, of course. But that part of my disability is relatively easy to adjust to. What's hard is the attitudes you have to live with every day, not just in others, but internalized in yourself as well. Figuring out how to do one-handed karate was not such a big problem, but dealing with the fears in people's heads was hell, at times.

The other painful thing for me about disability is seeing all the obstacles to inclusion that could so easily be removed if people cared enough to do it, by creating wheelchair access to buildings, and so forth. Even though I don't personally need wheelchair access, it affects me

because the attitudes behind whether it exists or not speak to me as a disabled person, too. Every time people open their hearts around disability, it's healing for me, too, and every time they don't, it re-opens those wounds. And also, of course, I have friends in wheelchairs, and when I'm with them, the lack of access does directly affect me. It would not be that hard to create a society where being disabled isn't such a big deal.

The solution to our collective fears of disability rests in non-judgmental seeing, and in sharing aloud our histories, our conditionings, our true thoughts and feelings. We all need permission to be real, and we need accessibility so we can meet each other. Accessibility is only the beginning.

Sometimes I get tired of struggling for this stuff year after year, coming up against the same questions over and over, trying to be calm and loving each time. I'm working for accessibility here at Springwater right now. The building was designed with that possibility in mind, and it seems that everyone here is in support of making it happen, at least eventually. But the other day

someone on staff was questioning it again, and I lost my temper completely and ended up calling this person, whom I love, an asshole. Then last night someone else told me that

Figuring out how to do one-handed karate was not such a big problem, but dealing with the fears in people's heads was hell, at times.

the first draft of this article sounded "bitter and accusatory." Heaven forbid! Well, sometimes I *am* bitter and angry, not at the fact of having one hand (which I'm mostly at peace with), but rather at the whole endless scenario of dealing with everyone's reactions to it, including my own, which is an endless challenge. As another disabled person once said to me, "I hate being a fucking cripple!"

The other side of the coin is that being disabled is an inextricable part of who I am, a continuing source of insight, humor and compassion, a graphic lesson in Basic Buddhism. In a sense, we embody the imperfection that everyone feels, and make visible our human vulnerability to death and change. Unlike Bodhidharma, I'm not about to cut off my other arm, and of course no one *wants* to become disabled, and when it happens, it *is* a loss. But as Buddhists know, light and dark are hard to tell apart in the long run, and I honestly don't think I'd trade this life of mine for any other.

As we make the changes in our society that enable more people to participate fully in the common life, we'll find that our world expands in ways we never dreamed of. Disabled people have a piece of the human truth, a particular wisdom that I believe can, and will, contribute significantly to Buddhist practice. All we have to do is open the door. ❖

— Joan Tollifson is a writer currently living in Springwater, New York.

ACCESSIBLE ZENDOS, ACCESSIBLE HEARTS

An Interview with Judy Smith

by Susan Moon

Judy Smith is an artist, dancer, a practitioner of Zen and of kung fu. Paralyzed from the chest down, she uses an electric wheelchair. I talked with Judy in her home in Oakland, while her golden retriever, Miracle, trained as a service dog, hung around hopefully with a tennis ball in her mouth.

Susan Moon: Let's begin with how you got started. How did you happen to find yourself at the Berkeley Zen Center?

Judy Smith: My martial arts instructor suggested that the spiritual aspect of training could be the most accessible part of the art for me, and that I deepen my training through Zen meditation. The martial arts are rooted in Zen, and in essence, of course, Zen practice is very accessible. But the problem was finding an accessible place to sit. She suggested the Berkeley Zen Center, because she knew they'd been tossing around the idea of wheelchair access there, and she has an intuition about these things. So I called over there, and I was told, "We're not accessible now, but come on over, and we'll see what we can do." I also checked out Dharmadhatu which was a little bit more accessible, except that there's one step going into the front door, and when you're in a power chair, alone, one step can make the difference between going and not going. Also, it was quite a ways further for me, rolling.

When I started sitting at Berkeley Zen Center, I brought my own ramp, a temporary one that a friend had given me. This was easier said than done. Every time I planned to sit zazen, I had to call ahead, so that four people could be gathered together to put it up for me. This was an awkward process, which put a burden on me: it was hard not to feel guilty about asking for the help each time. They didn't want to leave the ramp up all the time, because some people felt it was ugly and took up too much space in the yard. It was about a year before the permanent ramp was built.

SM: What do you see as your role in the fact that the Zen Center now has a ramp?

JS: It goes back to this problem, you know: "No one ever shows up who's disabled, so we don't need to become accessible." And yet people can't show up until things are accessible. So that's the big problem. I guess there had been different people coming from time to time in wheelchairs, who didn't stay because it was too difficult. The difference with me was that I stayed.

SM: So it was you who got everybody going.

JS: Well, I'm glad that people have been willing to do what needed to be done, to raise the money for the ramp. But I worried that people would hold me personally responsible for the expense of the ramp. And after the ramp was built, I thought, "Oh my God, now I'm stuck here. Now there's a ramp into the zendo, because of me, and so I have to stay!"

SM: Have there been other practice places, or retreats, or other Buddhist events that you would have liked to go to but couldn't because of inaccessibility?

JS: Yes, most of them.

SM: Like what?

JS: Well, Tassajara, for example. I've had friends scout it out and come back with a negative report. San Francisco Zen Center is another. Green Gulch is actually almost accessible; ramping a few little steps here and there would make the difference, although when it's rainy and muddy it would obviously be difficult. But my biggest disappointment was the women's conference this year - the Celebration of Women in Buddhist Practice. This year it was not in an accessible building. There are hardly any practice

centers around that are accessible. Most of the Buddhist community hasn't thought about it, and for the places that do think about it, the money is seen as an impediment. But it's a question of priorities. [Spirit Rock, the new Vipassana center now being built in Marin County, California, is designed to be completely accessible. — ed.]

SM: Do you feel burdened with the task of constantly raising people's consciousness? Doesn't it get tiring?

JS: Yes, it does. I go through periods where if I have to explain something politely to one more person I'll just



Judy Smith and friend in a dance performance

flip. But it's a fact of my life. And practice has helped me to realize that this is just a part of what is involved in my life. It's not always an unpleasant thing, it's not always a pleasant thing. There needs to be a lot of education, and those of us who are in the situation of being disabled are the ones who do the educating. Around Berkeley, many disabled people are out and about, and there actually is a disabled culture here of a kind that exists in very few parts of the world. I think it's very good for non-disabled people to see disabled people actually doing things. People are educable.

SM: Have you noticed a change in consciousness in the Berkeley Zen Center, since you've been there?

JS: Oh yes. I definitely feel more a part of the sangha. And I'm really glad. There were times when I was excluded from BZC activities because of inaccessibility, and that's painful. Now the Community Room is also ramped, so attending classes, afternoon tea, etc., is not the hassle it once was.

Exclusion is something that disabled people face every day. You know, there's this whole visibility/invisibility trip that goes on when you're disabled. You're very visible by virtue of being different, but in another sense people don't really see you, or even want to see you, and you're invalidated continually. I think this is often true in the Buddhist community, too, which is ironic in a practice that emphasizes seeing things as they are. So there is also an opportunity to push beyond our initial reactions and stereotyping of people who are different. And from the beginning, there have been people at BZC who have been enormously supportive and encouraging of my practice.

SM: Are you happy with the ways you've been able to be included in the regular practice and in the ceremonies and so on?

JS: Yes. I appreciate the openness of the people at Berkeley Zen Center, because I do things really differently, you know? I've had to develop my own form, and different ways of checking in with myself to figure out when I'm asleep, and when I'm awake, and when I'm sitting in my best posture.

Take my lay ordination ceremony, for example. I was really nervous about that. I thought, "Oh, Jesus, how are we going to do this? There are going to be tons of people in there." I hate feeling stuck in places, which is one reason I don't like to be carried up and down stairs to buildings. But this time I just took a deep breath and did it. I took my time, and I didn't get freaked out that people had to move their feet.

Disabled people have an incredible responsibility for making able-bodied people feel comfortable. In martial arts, for example, it's been a difficult thing for me to learn how to use my wheelchair as a weapon, because I've spent so much time trying not to run over people's feet, trying to be nice, and basically trying not to take up space.

SM: Well, it must be a great thing to get to practice

the reverse of that, then: to take up all the space you need in order to do whatever you need to do.

JS: Yes, and it's still difficult, even though practice has changed the way I deal with my everyday situation. Practice has opened up all the feelings I have about my disability. I went into practice thinking I'd be happy ever after, but instead, I've felt the despair and grief of being "different," in a world that's not accepting of difference.

I've been thinking about organizing a sitting group specifically for disabled people, because it has changed my life so much. And you know what I've noticed? Since I've been sitting at the Berkeley Zen Center, I've noticed that more people use chairs when their backs and knees are hurting. I know someone who quit practicing because she blew her knees out sitting. But one day she thought she'd just pop into the zendo and see what was going on, and when she saw me sitting there in a wheelchair, she thought, "I can do that." And she sits in a chair most of the time now. I think people are a little more accepting of their own limitations when other people who are limited are around.

SM: That's a big help to everybody. It's not as if there's a clear borderline, and if you're on one side of the line you're disabled and on the other side you're not. It's a continuum, and everybody's disabled about something. We're in the habit of separating people into categories, but really the whole thing is a big mishmash. Certain people can't sit in certain positions, some people can't stay awake, some people suffer from the cold, or the incense makes them cough.

JS: Yes, but when you have a visible physical disability you are in a different category, in the world's terms, and it's very real. You have to deal with all of the stigma and limitations that society puts on you. As a non-disabled person, you can't possibly know the impact of this.

SM: I see what you mean. When I sweetly declare, "We're all the same," I'm really denying your experience. I guess it comes out of my wanting everything to be nice all the time. Thanks for telling me.

In what other ways has practice changed the way you deal with your disability?

JS: Well, I was a very physical kid. I showed jumping horses. That's what I did, and that's all I ever wanted to do. Then I was in a car accident when I was 17 years old. That was 12 and 1/2 years ago. It's been an incredible struggle to redefine my life, to find out what my strengths, abilities and possibilities are. It's through practice, martial arts, and dance, that I've been discovering who I am.

In the last couple of months I've started looking at my disability as being an interesting challenge, instead of just a total drag. I was having tea with a friend the other day, and suddenly I said, "You know, this is a really interesting way to live." It's hard, and often unpleasant, but it's interesting.

The truth is that I have a good life, and I'm doing everything that I want to do, within the limits of my disability. Practice has helped me cut away a lot of the unnecessary activity. If you don't have a disability you can't realize the amount of time that it takes. It's really hard just to get from point A to B. I always feel like my disability is a full-time-plus job. My wheelchair breaks down all the time, and I have these events I call "disability disasters" when my body is not working the way I want it to, or transportation gets messed up, or it's raining out. And one of the biggest gifts I've gotten from practice is the ability to see that suffering is inherent in the world and not something that I cause.

Through practice I've been able to give myself permission to do what I want to do, instead of what I thought I should do in order to be acceptable. It's the "Super-Crip" syndrome, where you try to do everything. For a lot of disabled people, what feeds them is trying to be as much in the mainstream of life as they can. But that's not my goal.

My goal is mostly to find some peace with myself and with my life.

SM: How do you get to the Berkeley Zen Center, and how long does it take you?

JS: We roll: me and my dog, Miracle, and it takes just about 15 minutes. I'm lucky, because if I weren't able to get myself out of bed and dressed in the morning, probably I wouldn't be able to go to zazen at 5:40. How many attendants are going to be willing to get up at 3:30 to go get somebody else up so they can go stare at a wall? A lot of disabled people don't have the luxury I do of being able to go out the door at 5:15 in the morning whenever I feel like it.

SM: You started to talk about your posture, and how you've had to devise your own formality about sitting. I was wondering what it's like for you, since you're sitting already most of the time, how is it different when you sit zazen? Are you actually sitting in a different posture, or do you feel as though you already have a lot of experience sitting zazen, or what?

JS: My friends laugh about this. When they ask what I'm going to do, and I say I'm going to go sit, they say, "Oh. Novel idea, Judy." And another friend, when I told her I was sitting zazen, said, "That's perfect for you. If you're going to sit, you might as well sit." But there is a difference when I sit zazen, and a lot of it is the mental adjustment, the awareness: not forgetting my breath, or my posture. I do some physical adjustments. I've just had to figure out really subtle ways of checking myself. And

like everybody else, I have a lot of pain when I'm sitting zazen; for me, it centers up in my shoulders and my neck. I'm working with different ways to make my posture a little bit better, and I have a friend who's a physical therapist, and she's helping me out with different chair modifications.

I used to pace in my chair a lot. For me, just learning to sit still has been a big thing. And within that sitting still, thinking about what my eyes are doing, where my tongue is in my mouth, what my jaw is doing, what my face muscles are doing; am I falling asleep, is my chin tucked in?

SM: So you don't feel like you came into it kind of "ahead of the game" because of more practice with sitting in your wheelchair?

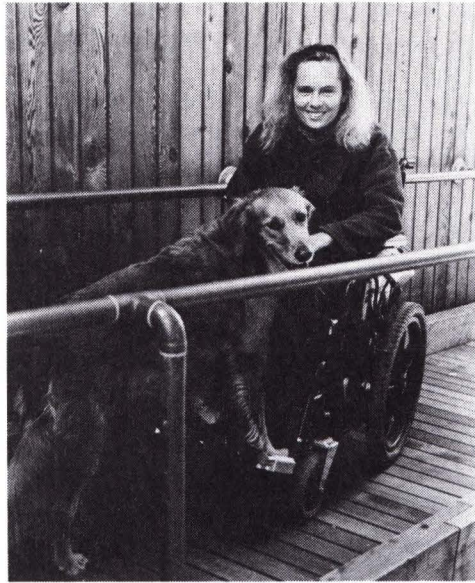
JS: No, I don't feel like I had an edge on anybody. On the contrary, Soto Zen is very form-oriented and when you're disabled, "correct" form seems even less attainable. I grew up very able-bodied and pretty good at everything I tried, and if I wasn't good at something I quit. So it's a real

challenge for me to go there and sit, with all these people who have beautiful mudras, and beautiful postures, and beautiful gasshos. But comparing myself with other people is pretty much a waste of time. I have to do those things my own way, and that's both a burden and a blessing. And the blessing in it is that I really do have to find my own way.

SM: What do you really want non-disabled people to know?

JS: Disability is not prejudiced. It crosses every class, every race, every ethnicity. And everybody alive has a chance of becoming disabled. For example, somebody who's been practicing at the San Francisco Zen Center for 15 years could suddenly break their back and not be able to practice there.

I want people to understand that it's not impossible to make places accessible. It just takes planning, and the benefits are enormous for everybody. I'm an accessibility consultant, and I'd like to make myself available to the Buddhist community. There are some really dynamite disabled people out there who have a lot to teach about how to live everyday life to its fullest in a hard situation. ♦



Judy and Miracle on BZC ramp

For information about how to make your center accessible, contact:

Access California, 300 Lakeside Drive, 15th Floor, Oakland, CA 94612 (415) 273-3723, or Center for Independent Living, 2539 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, CA 94704 (415) 841-4776

HOLDING THE BONES

The Dying of Issan Dorsey

by Tensho David Schneider

Zen priest Issan Dorsey, Abbot of One Mountain Temple (Hartford St. Zen Center) and Founder of the MAITRI Hospice for people with AIDS, died on September 6, 1990, of AIDS-related lymphoma. He was 57 years old, and had been practicing Zen for 23 years. He had been by turns a repressed young homosexual sailor, an outrageous female impersonator and singer-dancer, drug addict and drug dealer, road-weary prostitute, hippy commune leader, spiritual adept, temple cook, and zen priest, more or less in that order.

The following is an unpolished journal account of the Mountain Seat Ceremony (in which Issan's Dharma heir was installed as Abbot), and an account of Issan's death, cremation and funeral. Michael J. and Steve Allen are residents of the Hartford St. Zen Center; Steve is also Issan's Dharma heir, and as such, is now Abbot of Hartford St. Zen Center. Rick Levine was Issan's personal physician.

2 Sept 90

The Mountain Seat Ceremony took place in the dark, polished-wood zendo at Hartford St.

Steve Allen led in the procession; Issan followed, more or less on the arms of Richard Baker-roshi and Michael J. A current of shock ran through the assembly and tears formed in many eyes. Issan moved extremely slowly and deliberately. Each step took his whole attention. He looked translucent and thin, like a fish drawn from an underground river. His face, from thinness or from pain, was pulled into a sad grin. At first, it looked like he had been crying, or grimacing.

While Steve Allen wore the brown robe of a lineage holder, and Baker-roshi displayed an incredibly bright red-orange rakusu, Issan had come downstairs in a simply-patterned blue and white Japanese

bathrobe, with a brown rakusu over it. He looked terrible and beautiful at the same time.

At the shrine for Suzuki-roshi, Baker-roshi gave Issan a stick of incense. Issan touched it to his forehead, then passed it to Michael, who took it to the altar, saving Issan the steps.

Before the main shrine, there were two wooden chairs, one larger than the other. The higher seat was the Abbot's chair, and the lower, smaller chair was for his assistant. Steve did three prostrations to the main altar and Issan headed for the lower chair, leaving the higher chair for Steve, the incoming Abbot. Issan started to sit down and make his speech, but he was interrupted by loud whispering, mostly from Michael and Steve, who wanted him to sit in the Abbot's chair first.

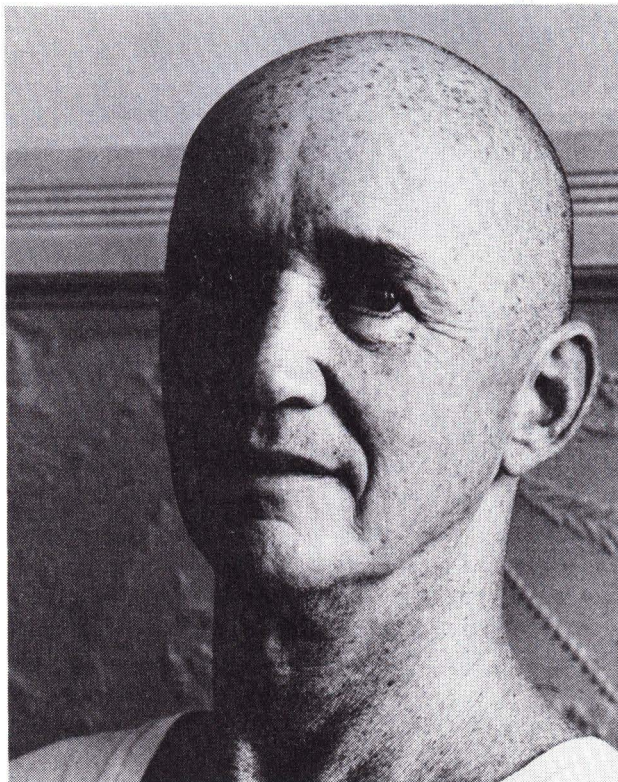
"You want me to warm it up for you a little, huh?" he said smiling. He sat in the big chair, and while Steve adjusted himself and his robes in the lower chair, Issan casually asked him, as if they were just a couple of guys getting settled at the ball game, "Where'd we get these nice chairs?"

When everyone was still, Issan began to smile. He made careful eye contact with each person in the audience. After he finished,

he spoke slowly, in a harsh, weak voice: "As you know, I've asked my best friend, Steve, to sit in this seat. It could be a pretty difficult job. But hopefully, as has been the case so far, with the help of all of you, it won't be too hard."

With that, he abruptly stood up, and crossed in front of Steve's chair. Steve stood up too, moved slightly aside and helped Issan re-seat himself in the lower chair. Before Steve sat in the Abbot's seat he turned to Issan. "Only for you would I sit here," he said.

"You're the only one I would ask to do it," Issan replied. Steve then 'ascended the Mountain Seat.'



Issan Dorsey, August, 1990

Morgan Alexander

replied. Steve then 'ascended the Mountain Seat.' Once settled, he looked over at Issan, and Issan extended his hand. Steve took it, and a moment later, kissed it.

The discreet clicking of cameras that had begun when the procession entered the zendo, now became a rattle.

"Lot of clicking going on in here," Issan said.

Steve asked for everyone's help in carrying on Issan's work, and promised to do all he could himself. He closed with a spontaneous poem:

"Sitting on this seat
is like being in a tornado
in the eye of a hurricane."

Tears were flowing very freely in the zendo now.

Two streams ran down Baker-roshi's cheeks. Handkerchiefs and kleenexes came out of robe sleeves to dab at eyes and noses; a lot of sniffing and throat-clearing accompanied Steve's short speech.

After a few people made welcoming statements to Steve, the bells rang to signal the departing procession. Baker-roshi tried to guide Issan out of the zendo, but Issan whispered "I want to bow to the Buddha." Baker-roshi stepped back as Issan made a slow standing bow, his last. He said to Issan "Now you should bow to each side," so Issan made slow bows to the east and west sides of the hall, again smiling and looking long and hard at everyone present. He shuffled out of the zendo sort of spastically — first slowly, then quickly, as if his legs were only working in fits, and working unpredictably when they did.

No one moved until the procession had reached the top of the stairs — a scant 20 minutes after it had come down, Issan repaired to his room, where Michael J. guarded him fiercely from visitors for more than an hour, while the bittersweet reception, with its line of well-wishers for Steve, worked itself to completion below.

7 Sept 90

Yesterday as he ushered me in, Michael J. said "Tell him you're here. Go up and talk right in his ear."

Issan was resting on his bed, which I saw for the first time to be a hospital bed. The part that supports the head was tilted up, and Issan sat propped, with his butt in the V of the bed. His head was lying to the right, and his eyes were closed. He breathed loudly and steadily through his mouth.

I announced myself into his ear, and held his hand. He opened his eyes for a flash and squeezed my hand, and mumbled something through a parched-sounding throat. Steve was in the room, and Michael, and Rick Levine sat on the bed with Issan. There was little to do but watch him breathe, hold his hand or

massage his feet.

Gradually more and more visitors filtered into the room. By 6 pm — an hour and a half after I arrived — 15 or 16 people stood and sat absolutely silently, as the sound of Issan's gasping filled the air. This condition of attention persisted for a solid 20-25 minutes. Occasionally a blind would flap, a floorboard would squeak, or another person would come in the door. But other than that the gathering felt like a period of meditation from nine years earlier — 1981 — when this same crowd could be found each afternoon, dressed in black robes, in the Zen Center meditation hall for a silent 40 minutes.

Eventually Issan had to pee. Steve and Rick deduced this from a series of grunts and half-formed words. "Just a second, Issan," Rick said, laughing, "You got company." Issan opened his eyes for a second, and took in the scene, but he made no effort to engage anyone. We all cleared out, except Rick, Mike and Steve. Then after a half an hour, the room began to fill again with visitors.

It went on like that all evening. At one point Rick cleared the room, not so that Issan could relieve himself, but because it was time to remove the line from Issan's chest, for good. "Because he made me promise he would die without any lines in him, and I felt I should honor that now," said Rick. I stayed about five hours, alternating silent visits in Issan's room, listening to him breathe, with talky times downstairs with old friends. I left at about 9:30.

At 1 AM Rick Levine called to say that Issan had died just past midnight. Apparently he'd gone very peacefully. According to Steve Allen, he'd had one bad half-hour, from 11:30 to midnight. Steve said, "His breathing became very heavy, very intense, and he started kicking his legs and flailing about with his arms. I grabbed his arms, and held them, and held him. He was breathing very hard. It was very intense. It was like watching someone in labor — just like labor.

"Then somehow he pushed through it. It was a tremendous effort, you could see it. He made this intense grimace, he screwed up his face terribly. And then he got very calm.

"All during the heavy half-hour, there was a kind of peacefulness in his body, despite everything. But just about midnight, he got totally calm, and peaceful. His breathing got very smooth. Michael walked in then, and no more than 20 seconds later, Issan just stopped breathing."

Issan died then, at 12:05 AM, September 6, 1990. He was surrounded by friends — Steve had been literally in the bed with him for seven hours — and the other temple residents came into the room and practiced meditation immediately after he died.

Later, Michael washed Issan with herbs, and pre-

*There was little to do but watch him
breathe, hold his hand or massage
his feet.*

pared his body for viewing. He cleaned Issan's room and the entire upstairs. When I arrived early the next morning, Issan lay on his bed in a beautiful white linen kimono, over which he wore his brown rakusu. His head was wrapped in a white silk scarf; this was removed later in the day, so I assume it was there to help keep his mouth closed. He held beads in his hands; an orange scarf, tied in an elaborate knot, kept his feet side by side. His room was cool and peaceful, and it was easy to meditate there.

The Zen tradition is not to move the body, if possible, for three days, and to keep a constant environment of meditation in the room. A continuous stream of visitors began to arrive mid-morning.

10 Sept 90

The earliest date that could be arranged with the Neptune Society for the cremation was Sunday, September 9, at 7 PM, three and a half days after Issan's death. They agreed to send a driver to the house at 6:15. The Society specified that no more than 10 people could attend the cremation (they'd been talked up from four). With nine house residents, and Kobun Chino-roshi performing the ceremony, it looked like a full house, but I decided to go along anyway thinking that the Neptune Society might not count too closely.

At 5:45 PM Steve conducted a service in Issan's room. We chanted the Heart Sutra, and the names of the lineage ancestors, and dedicated the merit to Issan's smooth passage, and to the continuation of his work at Hartford St. Each person offered a stick of incense.

When the ceremony was complete, the Neptune driver — a very quiet, handsome, efficient young man — went to get a gurney from his truck. Since I was practically the only person not dressed in encumbering robes, I helped him. He showed me which levers to push to raise or lower the gurney, and how to collapse it altogether. We carried it upstairs, wheeled it next to Issan's bed, and raised it to match the height of the bed.

At this point, Kobun Chino walked into the room. He surveyed the proceedings, and immediately started to chant the Heart Sutra again, in a deep, loud and oddly penetrating voice. Without saying a word, he took control of the situation: when there was work he could help do, he did it; when nothing more could be done, he knelt on the tatami mats in Issan's room and continued to chant forcefully and played the bells that were there. His chanting and ringing imparted a sense of sacredness to the rather gritty work of packing up Issan.

Three or four of us lifted Issan from his bed across to the gurney. I ended up with his legs. "People used to pay good money to see these legs," he'd told me once at Tassajara, as he paraded around the bathhouse. Lifting him, my hand slipped under his kimono,

onto his leg. It felt quite cold.

Steve removed Issan's rakusu, and then the man from Neptune covered his body with a plastic bag. Next we wrapped him in a white sheet, and covered that with a red velvet drape of sorts. Chino-roshi helped with all this, chanting and chanting as he worked. The body was finally cinched to the gurney with two belts, one across the chest, and one mid-thigh.

Since I had learned the gurney levers, I helped the Neptune man wheel Issan to the top of the stairs. Here we collapsed the legs of the gurney, so it became a low



Tommy Dee, ca. 1955

stretcher with wheels, and we bumped it down to the first floor, a stair at a time.

At the foot, we had to stand the gurney upright, to negotiate the tight turn around the newel-post lamp. I was on the low end, and when the Neptune man lifted his end, I saw to my horror that Issan's head was flopping wildly forward. I caught the head and pushed it back, then grabbed the velvet and the sheet to hold it in place.

Soon the gurney was level again, and at waist height. It was a simple matter to roll it out to the truck, load it in and secure it with bungie-cords. Kobun Chino continued to lead the chanting as we gathered around the truck, and he concluded it shortly after the

tailgate went up. Kobun then went back inside and got salt, which he placed in mounds to the left and right of the front door and back door. He left specific instructions as to how the living room should be prepared to receive Issan's ashes, and what should be done in terms of cleaning Issan's room.

The driver drew maps of the crematorium's location for everyone, and wrote directions down as well. We all then drove off in separate cars. Half an hour later we congregated on a dead-end street in a nameless industrial district of Emeryville. The Neptune Society turned out to be in the middle of a series of large warehouses, indistinguishable from one another. Other than the address, the building bore no markings.

Inside, it looked much like any other warehouse. To the left, pallets of pre-cut and flattened cardboard boxes stood, stacked to the ceiling, a good 30 feet up. Just in front was an open space, and on the far wall was a 4' x 8' American flag, with 10 greasy-yellow chairs below. To the right, up a gently inclined ramp, two large ovens roared. They looked quite modern: a great variety of pipes and rods and cords ran to and from them, and computer monitors overhead read out a grid of unintelligible figures. The floor on both levels was concrete.

When Kobun Chino arrived, he again took thorough control of the situation. We set up a make-shift altar according to his directions: on a big octagonal wooden table that seemed to be part of the Neptune Society's furniture we set a Buddha statue, flowers, incense and a photograph of Issan. We put Issan's body just behind it. Chino-roshi disappeared for a moment, then reappeared wearing full priest robes, purple. He began to chant again, and the last ceremony was on.

The people from the Neptune Society left us alone. The ovens roared so loudly that I couldn't hear my own chanting, but I could nevertheless distinguish Kobun Chino's astonishing voice. With a glance, or a raised eyebrow, he directed events. At one point he positioned Steve directly in front of the shrine, while he went behind it, and behind Issan's body. He uncovered Issan's head to the level of the sheet wrapping, and had us turn the gurney 180 degrees. He and Steve then faced one another across the shrine and Issan's body. Steve followed Chino-roshi's lead as he described several huge circles in the darkening air with a fist full of incense sticks. They looked like mystic railroad signal-men conducting a funeral in hell.

Finally we wheeled the body up the ramp, past the glassed-in shabby office, past the controls and monitors, back around to the oven opening. Chino-roshi gave an incense stick to everyone; the shrine flower arrangement was cannibalized till everyone had a flower too. The man from Neptune cranked the gurney up to the

proper height and opened the oven door; inside, it looked like a big pizza oven with one shelf. The oven roar increased, and so did our chanting. We threw our flowers on Issan's shroud. The Neptune man quickly pushed the gurney forward. It slammed into the oven, and Issan's body rolled straight in, head first. We all hurled our incense sticks in after him, and just before the man closed the door, Issan's body burst into white-yellow flames. Some people were crying and Kobun Chino embraced one resident who, though not crying, was shaking rather violently. Then he herded the group back down to the makeshift shrine, and concluded the ceremony. On the way past the oven controls, I noticed the temperature was at 714 degrees and climbing.

Steve and Michael had planned to wait for the ashes, but Chino-roshi insisted that since we had all come together, we should all also leave together. They could come back a couple of hours later.

After two hours, Steve and Michael did return. The oven man opened the door so they could look in, and Steve said the flames had consumed most of the body by then, but he could see that the bones of the pelvis and the spine were still intact. "I guess in the area of the organs" — here Steve motioned to his own guts — "and in the heart area, things were still burning. Because when I looked in, I could see those bones, and in the area of the organs and the heart, two distinct

*In the area of the organs and the heart,
two distinct flames were shooting up.*

White columns of flame.

flames were shooting up. They were beautiful. White columns of flame." Steve drew his hand away from his own body, as if he were pulling flames from it.

"The guy reached in there with a kind of rake and started to pull the bones toward us. They disintegrated some as they rolled. He got them to this one part of the oven, then pulled a lever and they rolled down a chute into a tray, which was kind of a tumbler. He tumbled them there a little while, to break them down further. Usually, I guess, they tumble them a long time to break them up completely, but we'd told him we didn't want that. For the ceremony later, we needed to have a few distinct pieces of bone," Steve indicated an area the size of a thumbnail. "He dropped them into another section and put a fan on them to cool them, then gave them to us in a box.

"They were so white. I picked one up and touched it to my forehead. Then another and another. I couldn't help it; I was just grabbing them and pressing them to my forehead.

"Then he raked up all the rest of the ashes and dropped them through the chute, and added them to the box."

17 Sept 90

The funeral was held at the San Francisco Zen Center (to accommodate the huge crowd) and was an

extravagant affair. The Hartford St. crew had worked for several days to prepare food for the reception, and before the ceremony the dining room looked like a cornucopia, with rounds of cheeses, loaves of bread, platters of fruit, hors d'oeuvres, cakes, cookies, spreads, juices, waters and teas, all bordered with flowers and flowering herbs.

When the ceremony began, a crowd thronged the Buddha Hall, and spilled out into the front hall and courtyard. By conservative estimates, between 3 and 400 people were on hand. Objects from Issan's life were arranged on a shrine, including two large pictures of him: one from the ceremony a few days before his death, in which he was smiling, bald, and fading; and one from his years as a drag queen. In this latter, he looks beautiful; he's dancing in a long gown and high heels, and holding a champagne glass.

The ceremony was led by Richard Baker-roshi, in his first official visit to Zen Center since his resignation as Abbot seven-and-a-half years earlier. He was flanked by Zen Center Abbots Mel Weitsman on his left, and Reb Anderson on his right. Chino-roshi directed the proceedings from another seat, angled to the shrine.

Each Abbot made an opening statement — these were spoken directly to Issan, and were framed in terms of gratitude, appreciation and outright love. Mel used a startling Zen shout; Reb's remarks sounded like classic Zen poetry, terse and strong. Baker-roshi spoke very gently and sweetly, telling Issan how much he had learned from him, and how hard it was to believe he was dead. He wept through a lot of the ceremony.

Stories were told and tributes were given by members of the audience; they were touching, of course, and funny, some of them, and passionate. Issan was not only admired and appreciated — he was genuinely adored. Themes appeared: Issan had been the first Zen Center person to greet many in the audience, or the first one to make them feel welcome, or the first one to smile at them. Stories were told of his skill in relating to social outcasts and misfits who knocked on the Zen Center doors — told often by the misfits themselves. A well-known street prophet named Cosmic Lady spoke in inspired verse.

Finally, Baker-roshi concluded with a poignant eulogy. He said Issan had understood Suzuki-roshi's way more than anyone else. In the Zen buddhist world, no higher compliment could be paid. Upstairs after the ceremony, Baker-roshi and Chino-roshi embraced warmly. Then Baker shook hands with Mel and Reb. Given the tensions and animosities that have plagued these men the last few years, these handshakes — warm and sincere — were landmarks. The credit for them goes to Issan. ❖

Tensho David Schneider is currently at work on a biography of Issan Dorsey.

JAPANESE PRIESTS CARE FOR DYING

by Morio Hibino

(translated from the Japanese newspaper, Tokyo Shimbun, by The Asia Foundation's Translation Service Center)

Japanese Buddhists lag behind Christians in care for the dying and bioethics. Most Japanese think of Buddhism only in connection with funerals and memorial services. Content with that role, the religion has been unwilling to deal with the terminally ill.

In Hawaii, dying Japanese-Americans often call on Buddhist priests for spiritual guidance. Inspired by their example, a Tokyo Buddhist group is grappling with the existential dilemma of mortality from a contemporary perspective.

The Death Education Seminar (DES) was founded by Masakiyo Fujiki, a 40-year-old assistant priest at a Pure Land temple in Tokyo. The Pure Land Sect, which has been a major religion since the 12th century, seeks rebirth into the Buddha's Western Paradise (Pure Land) after death.

Recently, Fujiki, who had just completed religious services and was in his ceremonial robes, spoke to a reporter at his temple. "After ordination," he said, "I initially helped edit a newsletter. But writing announcements about religious observances, obituaries and temple appointments is not very satisfying."

Although unsure exactly what he wanted to do, Fujiki felt the priesthood should be more involved in contemporary problems and started writing a column that raised such issues as aging, nuclear power, and test-tube babies.

During this period of soul-searching, Fujiki met a Buddhist priest from Honolulu who said that when his Japanese-American parishioners face death, they call him, just as Christians summon a member of the clergy.

"I was stunned," said Fujiki. "Then I thought, 'That's it!' Instead of just chanting sutras at funerals, we should do something for terminal patients while they are still alive."

Fujiki established the Death Education Seminar in 1984, starting with five priests who wanted to bear witness in the secular world. The term "death education" was chosen to force people to confront a taboo.

The group has grown to about 50 people. Membership includes clergy from other Buddhist sects as well as doctors, nurses, white-collar employees and housewives. All of them help to care for the terminally ill.

According to Fujiki, DES priests get a skeptical reception at hospitals. "What is he here for? No one has died yet," is a typical response. "Better show him

to the mortuary," others quip.

"Such misconceptions hamper our work," Fujiki said. "DES is a totally new concept; most people don't understand what we are trying to do."

"There is no point in priests rushing off to a hospital to console the dying all by themselves," Fujiki explained. "That's not the objective. To be taken seriously, they must work closely with doctors, nurses and others involved in the care of the sick."

The medical professionals who regularly attend DES meetings exchange experiences with the priests, picking up ideas they can use to comfort the dying. Sympathetic doctors introduce members to patients in need of counselling.

"We help terminal cases learn to accept death by explaining the Buddhist sutras in simple terms. Many have thanked us for giving them peace of mind.

"These small acts bring Buddhism and medicine closer together, enabling religion to complement medical science. We have a role to play."

Through DES activities, Fujiki has gained a deeper awareness of bioethics. "If there's one thing I've

learned, it's that we must treat every life with respect, regardless of how hopeless the situation appears. Current medical practice does little for the dying other than to sustain biological life as long as possible, which often is not a blessing. But no case is really hopeless. There is always something we can do. Everyone has a right to die with dignity."

This tenet, Fujiki said, can be applied to other areas of life as well, such as social welfare and education. "But we're not out to solve society's problems. We look for the best way to help human beings overcome their personal difficulties. That is the Buddhist concept of care.

"The curiosity we inspire shows that our work is still not widely accepted. But DES has already made an important point: Buddhist priests should not remain silent on vital contemporary issues. Detachment from real life is no longer acceptable."

Fujiki's ever-present smile seemed to say, "There's no sense lecturing. Life and death concern us all. Let's think about it together." ♦

DYING TOGETHER

by Rev. Dainin Katagiri Roshi

Talk given during Sotoshu Sesshin (Sotoshu Dendoshi Kenshusho), 1988; reprinted with permission from Sotoshu Shumicho, 1990, Tokyo, Japan

We must all face the reality of death. It is a difficult situation because we don't know how to deal with a dying person, and we don't know how to deal with ourselves.

The first point is that we have to deeply understand human suffering. Suffering and pain never go away. Even though you attain enlightenment — even though you become a Buddha, a bodhisattva, or a saint — suffering and pain never go away. The more deeply you are a bodhisattva, the more you see the minute vibrations of suffering coming up from the depths of your heart.

There are certain preconceptions that when you become a Zen priest, you have to die peacefully or in a sitting position. However, I think that there is, strictly speaking, no particular pattern of how to die. It is completely free. You may have an idea of how to die, or a view of what is a happy death, but there are no guarantees when you really face death itself. No guarantees. At that moment, there is no space for you to look at death objectively, because you are right there. You must be alive there. So you still have to under-

stand how to live from moment to moment instead of looking at death objectively. It is not so easy to do.

When you face death as it really is, you may compose a poem. This expression of death in a poem is really an exquisite scream. It is very beautiful and it touches our hearts, but still it is nothing but a scream. So human suffering is not something you try to create or try to remove; it is already there. Particularly at

*You can hold hands, massage the
back, serve a cup of water, or just be
present with him or her.*

one's last moment, deep suffering really comes up and it is conspicuous. That is why it is very difficult to be with it.

There are many complicated emotions in the person who is going to die — feelings of anger, despair, and sentimentality. This is very natural. Finally, the person reaches the stage of resignation where they completely give up; they realize that there are no solutions and nothing to grasp. This is resignation. Still, within the realm of resignation, the person's consciousness vibrates very minutely. That is really deep human suffering.

Even though you say, "I am ready to die," there are no guarantees. Maybe you will still struggle and

scream "Help!" There was one Zen Master whose disciples asked him, "What do you think about death?" The Zen Master said, "I don't want to die." The disciples did not expect such a statement because they believed their teacher was a great Zen Master. They thought a Zen Master should say, "I am happy to die." I don't think it is such a happy thing, you know. The Zen teacher is very straightforward about death. That is to say you should really understand deep human pain and suffering. Otherwise you cannot be there in death.

The disciples did not expect such a statement should have the feeling of togetherness. Togetherness means that there is no separation between you and the person who is dying. When you think about death, when you examine your idea of death, you feel some separation. But that is just an idea. In terms of true reality, there is no separation. You and the person who is dying are exactly one. That is why you want to be there and serve him or her. If the person wants a cup of water, you can give it.

There was a person who was going to die, who wanted to see Zen Master Ikkyu. This person asked Zen Master Ikkyu, "Am I going to die?" Ikkyu said, "Your end is near. I am going to die. Others are going to die." This is very important. Zen Master Ikkyu says nothing particular to make the person feel comfortable; however, still they can share. The person who is going to die can share his or her suffering with us. We can share our suffering with him or her.

You are going to die. Also, I am going to die, and others are going to die. Zen Master Ikkyu mentions this. But this statement comes from deep understanding of human suffering. When a person is facing his or her last moment, then you can really share your life and death with him or her. That is why I say that you should have the feeling of togetherness. It is not the idea of the feeling of togetherness; it is that which you do. This is practice. You can hold hands, massage the back, serve a cup of water, or just be present with him or her. This is actual practice of the feeling of togetherness. If your heart is very warm and compassionate, even though you don't say a thing, your presence very naturally affects the person.

However, this quality of feeling does not come about overnight. You have to practice this day-to-day. This is why I always mention day-to-day life. Even though you do not like it, you have to do it. Even though you do not like him or her, you have to take care of human beings with compassion. This practice really affects your life and makes your personality

mature. In other words, it ripens our persimmon. Everyday life is made up of innumerable small, seemingly trivial things that we do, yet this day-to-day practice is very important to us.

The third point I would like to make is that we should constantly be in the realm of oneness. The Buddhist way of understanding the world is different from our usual way of understanding the world. According to our ordinary conception of human knowledge, we first separate and classify all the entities in the world. Then we analyze again and again all the numerous differing beings. Finally, our analysis comes together at one point and we can see the sameness of all things. In Buddhism it

is, however, a little different. Before we separate — trees, pebbles, mountains, rivers, oceans, sky, all sentient beings, all things visible and invisible — all are originally one.

In terms of usual common sense understanding, if I say, "This is one," simultaneously there is another being over there apart from this one. But in terms of the

Buddhist way of understanding, if I say, "This is one," that means I already accept oneness completely from the beginning. All beings are one before you poke your head into the concept of separateness. In terms of our usual understanding, "This is one" means that this one being is nothing but one of all the beings within the realm of separation. But in terms of the Buddhist way of understanding, "This is one" means that this one being is all within the realm of oneness. One is all; in other words, one is exactly one. That's it.

If one is exactly one, that means that you are exactly you, yet you don't know it. At this moment, who are you? What can you say? You have no idea, but reality is very clear. Trees know it, sky knows it, all sentient beings know who you are because you are already within the vast realm of universal existence. All you have to do is be there.

The Buddhist way of understanding the world makes it clear that it is not necessary to have a certain idea about life and death. This means that we shouldn't have a particular idea about a happy death. Whatever way of dying a person is in the midst of is fine. One person may be struggling and screaming at his or her last moment, another person prays to God, another person is chanting the name of Buddha, and another person is expressing anger and hatred. That is fine. Whatever way a person dies is fine.

The point is that our mental or psychological framework of death must be very light and flexible, no matter what kind of death we are in. In other words, we must be right there in the middle of the broad

One person may be struggling and screaming at his or her last moment, another person prays to God, another person is chanting the name of Buddha, and another person is expressing anger and hatred. That is fine. Whatever way a person dies is fine.

scale of the universe. This universal realm of oneness is completely beyond our speculation, beyond good or bad, right or wrong. It is nothing but an endless, dynamic flow or stream of energies. All we have to do is just be there. This is the last moment. This is why the last moment is very quick. This is it. This is why when you are in exactly the last moment, you don't know it. In Buddhism this is called Dharma, or totality, or the whole universe.

Dogen Zenji, in the Zenki essay of his Shobogenzo, mentions, "Life is the total manifestation of life. Death is the total manifestation of death." Totality is called Dharma. In other words, life and death are nothing but the momentum of energies, which is beyond your speculation. We should believe in oneness, totality, sameness, wholeness. However, this principle of Dharma seems a little abstract. There must be a person who receives and accepts Dharma and makes Dharma alive in his or her life. This is Sangha, or a person who actualizes Dharma in day-to-day life.

You should understand that oneness needs you. Dharma or totality really needs you, whoever you are. Oneness is naturally open to everyone and it always needs you. This is why we have to deal with it and make it alive. The moment when totality appears in your life is called "Ki" in Japanese. Ki is usually trans-

lated as dynamic work, or device, or vital opportunity. However, we still don't understand it. There are no English words.

We always have to return to the first moment of activity, zazen, gassho, etc. When we come back to the first moment, if we can grab it, pinch it, that is called Ki. At that moment you can really experience sameness or wholeness. This is a very simple practice. Already, you are there, but usually we don't pay attention to it. This is why we have to practice day-to-day. This is why everyday life is important. Moment-to-moment you have to deal with all sentient beings, then all sentient beings come back to you and support your life. You need all sentient beings; all sentient beings need you. This is our practice.

So when the time comes for you to face death, you have to return to the very first moment of death. Dogen Zenji, on the Shoji essay of his Shobogenzo, says, "This birth and death is the life of the Buddha." We should practice this again and again. We have to return to the silent source of our life and stand up there. We have to come back to the realm of oneness and make it alive, with a feeling of togetherness with all sentient beings and a deep understanding of human suffering. That is our own responsibility; that is what we have to do. ❖



Blue Mountain from Lookout Mountain.

Pinessee'90

PRO-DEMOCRACY SWEEPS SHANGRILA

by Canyon Sam

Of the deeply entrenched political systems that have crumbled in the last year to make way for peoples' democracies, none fell more softly, more peacefully, or with such grace as the transfer of power that took place in May in the Tibetan capital-in-exile of Dharamsala, in northern India.

Since the 1600's, the successive incarnations of the Dalai Lama have been both the political and spiritual leaders of the Tibetan people. But in a May 11 speech to an assembly of nearly 400 representatives from every Tibetan settlement and organization in exile, Tenzin Gyatso, the fourteenth Dalai Lama and 1989 Nobel Peace Prize winner, singlehandedly modernized centuries-old Tibetan political rule. He called for a sweeping restructuring of the government administration to allow for greater democracy.

In a bold stroke that astonished even insiders, the Dalai Lama dissolved the 12-person legislative branch, the Assembly of People's Deputies, and accepted resignations from the eight-member executive branch known as the Kashag, or Cabinet. The Kashag had been torn by internal conflict, charges of unresponsiveness and obstructionism, and finally, this winter, allegations of bribe-taking that shocked the Tibetan community.

The Dalai Lama directed the delegates, who represent the population of 118,000 Tibetans scattered in exile throughout Asia, Europe, and North America to immediately elect an interim Kashag. This is the first time in Tibet's 2000-year history that Cabinet Ministers have been elected, rather than chosen by direct appointment of the Dalai Lama in a tradition known as "wisdom selection." He went on to mandate the formation of a broad-based, elected legislative body, or Parliament, comprised of representatives from Tibet's three regions and five religious lineages. He specified that 20% of the regional seats were to be reserved for women. The Parliament, in turn, was given the power to elect the full-term Cabinet, as well as discipline or dismiss Cabinet Ministers, called Kalons. These ministers were previously beyond reproach because of the fear that criticism of a Dalai Lama appointee implied criticism of the Dalai Lama. The Nobel winner also commissioned a committee to draft a constitution for the Tibetan administration while it remains in exile in India, and to tailor a second constitution to serve the

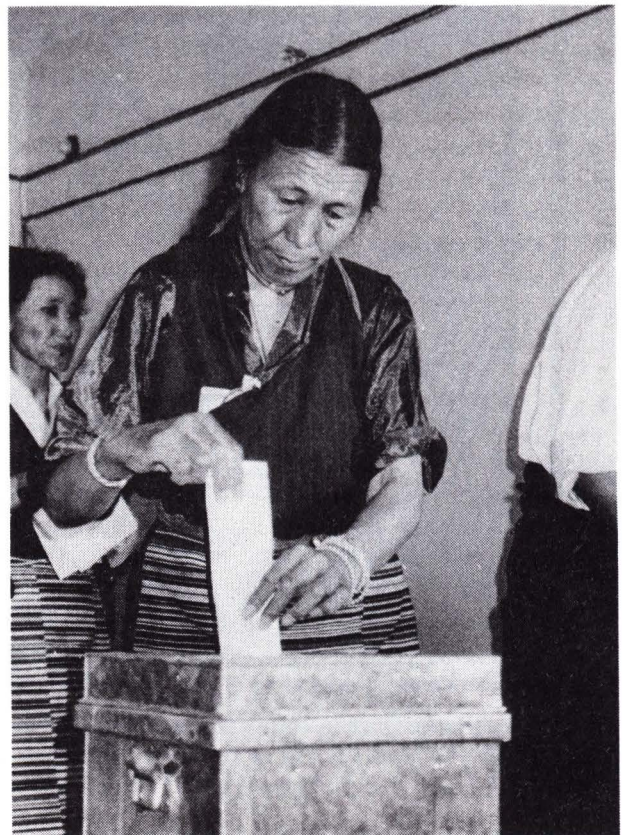
nation when it returns to Tibet.

Tenzin Drongshar, a 55-year-old former government official in Lhasa prior to exile, and now a longtime resident of Switzerland, marveled that "never in history had delegates of the Tibetan people had the power to elect their minister." The timing was exactly right, he felt, "just the time when people need reforms, and yet still a time when the older people are alive to pass on their knowledge about the culture and the religion Politics and religion in our society live in a good relationship."

"His Holiness wants to put more responsibility on people's shoulders," said Chogham Thubten Tandhar, a monk and instructor at Indiana University, "so that we can survive for thousands of years."

As His Holiness says, "Tibet is not the Dalai Lama, Tibet is Tibetan people. So we must take responsibility. When the people can take responsibility, then the future is ensured."

Strict traditionalists were apprehensive about the changes. A senior official explained, "The only person who has the support of six million Tibetans is His



Holiness. This democratic system may work, but before, we had something much more than democracy — his “wisdom selection” carried the support of millions of Tibetan people. It gave us the spirit and the power to do our work.”

The progressive-minded Dalai Lama accepted invitations to visit Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and East Germany shortly after their historic ‘revolutions’ last year. He has long sought to introduce democratic reforms, though surveys indicated that some segments of the Tibetan community were reluctant to accept anyone else’s leadership except his own or that of his direct appointees.

The farsighted changes have injected new life into the Tibetan Administration in Dharamsala, where many had long been disaffected. “The reforms are very positive; they needed to be done on all fronts,” commented Tenzin Namgyal Tethong, one of the newly-elected Kalons, and former Executive Director of the Washington, D.C. based International Campaign for Tibet

“The institution of the Dalai Lama has contributed tremendously to the unity of the Tibetan people But these changes are His Holiness’ wish, and are in our best interest. We have to support this system of popular election, which is more lasting,” noted Lhasang Tsering, president of the 12,000-member Tibetan Youth Congress. The TYC is a freedom movement organization that has publicly differed with the Dalai Lama on his uncompromising stand against violent tactics in the struggle for independence.

17-year-old Chimee Dolkar, a senior high school student in Dharamsala, said, “Now the people have a direct link with the Ministers. They know who they’ve elected; they know a person’s capabilities. Now things depend on a person’s capabilities.”

The reforms may help Tibet win wider acceptance internationally. Beijing likes to present an image of Tibet as a backwards feudal theocracy ruled by a god-king; this picture should lose any shred of credibility faced with a democratic Tibetan government responsive to the will of the people. The Dalai Lama has already stated that he will play no active role in the government when it returns to Tibet.

“The reforms will demonstrate our earnestness in putting together a democratic framework. It is a practical demonstration that the Dalai Lama himself does not want to hold power,” said Lhasang Tsering.

The three newly-elected interim Kalons each won more than 70% of the vote on the first ballot. They are 46-year-old Tethong, a special representative of the Dalai Lama in North America, who was appointed Foreign Minister and Minister of Security; Kelsang Yeshi, appointed Minister of the Council of Religious and Cultural Affairs as well as Minister of Home and

Economic Affairs; and Jetsun Pema Gyalpo, 49-year-old co-founder and Executive Director of the Tibetan Children’s Village, and younger sister of the Dalai Lama. Ms. Gyalpo became the first woman Cabinet Minister in Tibetan history, and was elected Minister of Education and of Health.

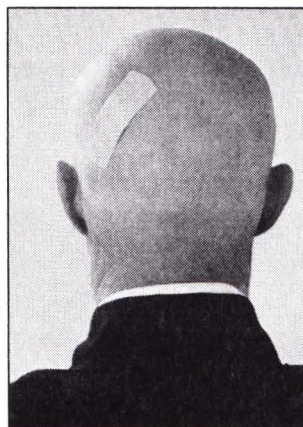
Chimee Dolkar welcomed the changes: “Now we have a form of democracy. The problem with us is that we, as Tibetans, are very much involved with our religion and our culture. But right now, especially as refugees, we need to be a little more involved with politics as well.”

The Venerable Khamtul Rinpoche, a highly revered incarnate lama, and the father of Chimee, mused, “Many people in the world today are demanding democracy, demanding equal rights, this sort of thing . . . because even though leaders usually think that they’re serving the people, actually they’re really thinking of themselves first.

“But His Holiness thinks differently; he thinks of the people before himself. He considers their ultimate happiness, their true needs. People in some countries must roar to have their voices heard...only to be shot down, like in Tiananmen Square, by their own leaders.

“His Holiness’ thinking is as vast as the sky. He is always thinking of what is best for the Tibetan people. He gave us this democracy. No protests. No violence. No demonstrations. It is a gift from his wisdom.” ❖

San Francisco writer Canyon Sam lived in Dharamsala this year and wrote for an international newswire service. Her short story memoir about her audience with the Dalai Lama appears in the summer 1990 issue of the award-winning literary journal, The Seattle Review. She is a regular contributor to the BPF newsletter.



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ENDANGERED TIBET

by Christine Keyser

For the first time, Tibetan human rights groups have teamed up with U.S. environmentalists to focus global concern on the devastation of Tibet's fragile ecology. They hope to generate the same kind of commitment to preserving the Himalaya region as environmentalists have mobilized on behalf of the embattled Amazon rain forest and the Antarctic.

On October 27, 1990 some 300 Buddhists, environmentalists and human rights activists took part in the first international conference on Tibetan ecology in San Francisco. The conference made the important connection between human rights abuses and exploitation of the land's once bountiful natural resources.

"This conference is an attempt to put the ecological destruction of Tibet on the environmental movement's agenda," said organizer Ed Lazar of Humanitas, a San Francisco Bay Area-based international human rights organization. Humanitas co-sponsored the conference along with two dozen other groups, including the Bay Area Friends of Tibet, Earth Island Institute, and the Buddhist Peace Fellowship.

"In Tibet the environmental destruction is so bad that if we don't do something right now the Tibetan people are going to be wiped out from the face of the Earth," warned Tenzin Atisha, ecology coordinator for the Dalai Lama's Tibetan Government-in-Exile in Dharamsala, India.

Atisha, who travelled to Tibet in 1985 on an official fact-finding mission, warned that time is running out for Tibet. His warning was echoed by mountaineer-photographer Galen Rowell, whose scathing exposé "The Agony of Tibet" was published last spring by Greenpeace magazine (and reprinted in the Spring 1990 BPF Newsletter).

During their 40 years of perpetrating political repression, religious persecution and economic chaos, the Chinese have laid waste to the once peaceful Roof of the World.

Today the Tibetan Plateau is reeling from:

- the clear-cutting of 70 percent of Tibet's ancient forests, causing flooding, erosion, and climate changes.
- severe overgrazing of communal livestock in high altitudes, resulting in wind and soil erosion, crop failure and famine.
- slaughter of Tibet's once bountiful wildlife and birds by Chinese troops and hunters, bringing some

endangered species like the snow lion and giant panda to the brink of extinction.

- exploitation of Tibet's vast mineral wealth.
- the influx of more than seven million ethnic Chinese (Han) settlers.
- selection of Tibet as an ideal location for underground nuclear testing, and establishment of five nuclear missile bases there.
- the reported Chinese plans to use, and market Tibet as the world's largest nuclear waste disposal site. China has reportedly contracted with German nuclear firms to dispose of more than 4,000 tons of spent nuclear reactor fuel in Tibet. [Int'l Campaign for Tibet has "Essential Environmental Materials on Tibet" available for \$5. Call (202) 628-4123. — ed.]

Dr. Elmar Reiter, an atmospheric scientist who has conducted field research in Tibet warned that continued deforestation of the Tibetan Plateau could play havoc with global climate patterns, warned.

Because of its high altitude and central location in Asia, Tibet acts meteorologically something like a huge boulder, obstructing air currents passing overhead. The amount of snowfall in Tibet directly affects weather patterns and rainfall from Asia to Hawaii. Some scientists believe that recent floods in Bangladesh, India and China are directly tied to deforestation in Tibet, where five of Asia's greatest rivers — including the Ganges, the Mekong and the Yangtze — have their origin.

"We don't understand all the details of this quasi-living organism, our Earth and its atmosphere, but there are some guarantees," Reiter said. "One of the guarantees is that if you chop down the trees in a fragile environment like Tibet or the Amazon rain forest, you're out of luck. You're out of luck for millennia, not just for centuries."

China expert Orville Schell stressed that despite this gloomy scenario, there is still time to save Tibet. It is as yet nothing like the ecological disaster that rampant industrial pollution and excessive pesticide use have made of China itself.

"China is on the verge of chaos. When China blows up, Tibet is going to be the best and happiest piece of the puzzle because it has a leader in exile," Schell said. "There are few world leaders of [the Dalai Lama's] stature."

In 1987, the Dalai Lama proposed a Five-Point Peace Plan with the underlying goal of restoring Tibet as a demilitarized "zone of peace" and the world's largest natural park. "It's more than a pipe-dream.

*We need to stress the essential
connection between human rights and
the environment*

Tibet could be a buffer between China, India and Bhutan," Schell said. Yet he stressed that the political climate in Tibet is unlikely to improve until China's aging rulers are replaced. Above all, the influx of China's teeming population — the greatest threat to Tibet's ecology — must be halted immediately," Schell warned. "China's population is devastating China's own land and the economy. This will create more pressure to move into Tibet, the 'great frontier.' Tibet will be towed into oblivion if something miraculous doesn't happen."

The conference ended with a call to action for participants to pressure their elected representative to invite the Dalai Lama to address a joint session of Congress next year during the International Year for Tibet. Some U.S. lawmakers have taken initial steps to reverse this country's longstanding hands-off policy toward Tibet. In late October the House of Representatives passed a bill that would make renewing China's Most-Favored-Nation (MFN) status as a trading partner contingent on the lifting of martial law and religious persecution in Tibet. The bill died in the Senate, and MFN status was granted to China unconditionally. [Congress has recently passed a bill allowing for the immigration of 1000 Tibetans, and appropriated \$1,000,000 in humanitarian assistance to Tibetan refugees in India and Nepal.— ed.]

"It's everyone's responsibility to put pressure on the Bush administration to change its China policy," said Justin Lowe, managing editor of the Earth Island Journal. "Let's not wait for the complete deforestation of Tibet to deal with the problem."

Lowe set up a meeting after the conference between Atisha, David Brower (founder of the Earth Island Institute and Friends of the Earth), Randy Hayes of the Rainforest Action Network, and a handful of other environmental leaders. Brower offered to bring the fledgling ECO-Tibet project under Earth Island's umbrella as part of its global environmental network. Brower hopes to meet with the Dalai Lama when the Tibetan leader visits the U.S. next spring.

Meanwhile Atisha is completing statistics on Chinese timber and mining production in Tibet for worldwide distribution. He hopes to place Tibet's environmental crisis on the agenda of the United Nations Conference on the Environment, to be held in Brazil in 1992.

The Earth Island organizers brainstormed ways to help Atisha further the cause of Tibetan ecology. They proposed establishing a scholarship fund to train Tibetan refugees in reforestation methods, and an internship program for American ecologists to help young Tibetans create a solid waste disposal system and other environmental projects.

"We need people whose spiritual values are grounded in environmental awareness," Lowe said. "We need to stress the essential connection between human rights in Tibet and the environment."

"Our Buddhist faith has kept Tibetans from giving up hope," Atisha explained. "We are very optimistic because truth and justice from a moral and legal point of view are with us."

The Dalai Lama expressed this optimism when

viewing Galen Rowell's slides of Tibet's vanishing wildlife. In the Dalai Lama's newly published book *My Tibet* (with photographs by Rowell), he writes, "People who live among wildlife without harming it are in harmony with the environment. Some of that harmony remains in Tibet, and because we had this in the past, we have some genuine hope for the future. If we make an attempt, we will have all this again." ♦

— Christine Keyser is an environmental writer and long-time practitioner of Tibetan Buddhism.

1991: The Year of Tibet

His Holiness the Dalai Lama has dedicated 1991 as the "International Year of Tibet" to draw attention to the urgency of the plight of Tibet and the Tibetan people. This year is an appeal to the World Community to speak out about Tibet, and assume the responsibility for keeping this culture alive. All activities, large and small, are integral to this year's success; the plan is to have thousands of events and programs around the world.

Events for this year will generally be managed on a local level. Tibet House, New York, is coordinating events and has many ideas — and many resources — for Tibet-focused programs in 1991. Some programs that are already available for booking:

- *Photography Exhibits* (Galen Rowell's *My Tibet* and two others.)
- a *Film Festival* will present the best films on Tibet from all genres, fantasy to documentaries.
- a travelling *Performing Arts Festival* (the Gyuto Tantric University monks and Sera monastery monks.)
- *Sand Mandalas* will be created by the monks of Namgyal Monastery at venues across N. America.
- hosting of cultural or educational evenings.
- bringing awareness of Tibet to local media, universities and peace groups.
- "*Wisdom and Compassion: The Sacred Art of Tibet*" will be a centerpiece of the Year of Tibet. This major exhibition, with masterworks of Tibetan art gathered from the world's great museums and top private collections, opens at San Francisco's Asian Art Museum in April and then goes on to New York and Houston.

To obtain the national calendar of events, a list of ideas and resources, or to book events, contact:

Tibet House
636 Broadway, Rm. 1210
New York, NY 10012
Tel. (212) 353-8823; Fax (212) 353-9364.

REVIEW OF THE SITUATION IN BURMA

by Paula Green

In the BPF Newsletter, Spring, 1990, Paula Green wrote about human rights abuses in Burma, and about her visit to a student refugee camp on the Thai-Burmese border, where a workshop she was to give on nonviolent social change had to be abandoned because of the threat of bombing by the military. She continues to act as BPF's contact person on Burma.

On May 27, the people of Burma went to the polls for the first time in three decades, to express their feelings about the 28-year rule of military dictators, Generals Ne Win and Saw Maung. The results were overwhelming: despite threats, intimidation, harassment and outright disenfranchisement of large numbers of students and ethnic minorities, the people of Burma resoundingly rejected the regime. They voted instead for Aung San Suu Kyi, the General Secretary of the National League for Democracy (NLD) who has been under house arrest since July 1989. The NLD won about 80% of the 492 seats in Parliament.

Shortly before the election, more than half a million residents of Rangoon were forced to abandon their homes and move to "new towns" on rice paddies and swamps far from the city. The purpose of these forced dislocations were to prevent people from organizing for the election. Residents were forced to abandon most of their possessions, were given no money for their homes or for resettlement needs, and were quite literally dumped in these malarial infested backwaters with no employment possibilities, education, sanitation or transportation.

Since the election, the political situation has deteriorated drastically. Aung San Suu Kyi and other duly elected officials are still under house arrest, prisons are full of students and dissidents, ethnic minorities remain under military siege, the borders of Burma continue to be the jungle home for thousands of students, and the Thai government maintains its round-up of refugees for repatriation to certain imprisonment or worse in Burma.

Furthermore, on September 8, the New York Times reported that the military government, flaunting all international political laws and procedures, has actually *arrested and imprisoned* the men and women elected by the people in May.

The military party SLORC, the State Law and Order Restoration Council, shows no sign of beginning the process of transfer of power, claiming that Burma needs a constitution before it will

relinquish its position. According to the Bangkok Post, "Burmese officials said it would take years before a constitution was decided on and power handed over to the civilians." Opposition leaders retort that Burma already has a constitution, which has been thoroughly disregarded for the past 30 years.

The regime supports itself by selling off Burma's abundant natural resources to Thailand, Japan and the western world. According to reports in the Bangkok newspapers, Burma is stripping her teak forests and selling teak, fish, oil, gems and opium. Once the rice bowl of Asia, Burma has recently been named by the UN as one of the world's 10 poorest countries. Amnesty International and the US Committee for Refugees have documented Burma's human rights abuses as among the most severe in the world. Amnesty describes Burma's torture prisons, which hold thousands of students, monks and pro-democracy advocates, as a "place called Hell."

Some pictures and transcripts documenting living conditions were smuggled out of Burma and sent to me by Burmese students living in exile in Thailand. Since reporters and investigators are barred from free travel in Burma, these are rare testimonies. The students hope that this material can be used to further publicize conditions within Burma.

The violence will end only when the cries of the international community are strong enough to stop the economic support of the military government. Letters and petitions of protest and condemnation are helpful.

In this interdependent world, Burma is no longer far away or separate. It is part of our heart-mind and part of our own longing for a peaceful and harmonious planet. May we each find ways to enact our interconnectedness for the sake of our sisters and brothers in Burma.

*Excerpts from Interviews in Satellite Villages
— smuggled to Paula Green by a Burmese student,
name withheld*

I recently spoke to people in the Shwe Pyi new town, which is a new satellite village in the outskirts of Rangoon. Previously, the area was all paddy fields for rice production. The land was owned by the farmers themselves. When the military took over state power, the junta confiscated the paddy fields without paying any compensation to the farmers. Thus, the farmers are now landless, and have no place to grow the rice for their survival. Even though their lands were confiscated, the farmers each had to pay the junta to build a new home in the new town. Ironically, they

built their new homes on land they once owned. They have to search for work every day in order to survive.

Now they must begin their lives all over again. To build a small bamboo hut only ten feet square they must borrow money at a high interest rate, and if they can't borrow the money, they must move to another place. They can't afford to go to Rangoon for jobs because the transportation is very expensive.

One boy who is in the 4th standard in school said that SLORC (State Law and Order Restoration Council) officials ordered the people to move from their old place to one of the new towns. The SLORC told the people to give them money for the new place, and the people had one week to move. On the last day, two army trucks and two fire trucks came to their old place to force the people out. The people did not want to move, so the army took the head of the house (most of them are the fathers of the families) and detained them for one week, and the people were forced to move to the new town.

In this boy's family, his two elder brothers had to leave school and find hard work to support their family. The young boy also works to support his family by repairing gas cigarette lighters in his spare time.

Most of the families in the new town are starving.

The junta gives many special facilities to the officers to oppress the people. Although the people understand the junta's brutal tactics, they do not dare to speak out against the junta.

In another satellite village, an old man told me the military loaned him money to grow his sesame seed crop. But the farmers have to pay back the same value in sesame seeds plus interest to the junta, who exports the sesame seeds abroad. He said that he, his two friends from his village, and 26 other farmers from other villages in the area, were arrested because of their inability to pay back the debt to the junta.

The junta named one of the new towns Aye Mya Tha Yar (peaceful and nice place). Other new areas are Hlaing Tha Ya (good smelling place), Shwe Pyi Tha (wealthy place), and Dagon Myo Thit (the name of an ancient city).

90% of the people in the new towns are facing the jobless problem and starvation. Their daily food is only rice soup. How can they even think about education for their children?

One man said that there are six people in his family. Now, they have no jobs. His mother is 70 years old. He looks for any hard work by day. When they have no money to buy food, they have to sell even their mosquito nets, blankets and clothing. Sometimes they go without eating for some meals. Even sometimes when somebody in the family is sick, they go to the clinic and there is no medicine or doctor there. Constantly the water floods under the houses, so mosquitoes are numerous.

There are only tricycles for transportation for the people. One young man (16 years old) said that he is a tricycle driver.

In one village, the soldiers arrested three women and took them to the SLORC office and detained them in different rooms. Later, Lieutenant Hla Maw told one of the women that if she would sleep with him that night he would clear her from charges. Although the woman refused, the lieutenant raped her. On the same night, the other two women were also raped by the soldiers. The women's names are Ma Pha Ma, Ma Htay Lon and Ma Sann Aye.

There are more than 1000 prisoners in Tha Yet jail in Pegu division. During the summer of 1990 (monsoon weather in Burma), the prisoners with handcuffs and legcuffs were forced to pull heavy rollers in place of machines. Sometimes the prisoners replaced buffalos to pull wagons which carry heavy logs. Most of the residents in the area are eyewitnesses to these incidents.

Before the military took over, this prison had been used to treat and rehabilitate drug addicts. Now, the junta changed the rehabilitation center into a jail to torture the political prisoners. ❖

Update on Human Rights in Burma from Asia Watch

November 6, 1990

Update on Human Rights in Burma (Myanmar)

The human rights situation in Burma (Myanmar) took a decided turn for the worse in late October when the ruling State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC) arrested hundreds of monks and opposition leaders in an attempt to quell continued unrest. Reports from Rangoon (Yangon) on November 6 indicated the SLORC was obstructing the efforts of a United Nations-appointed investigator to examine the human rights situation in Burma.

Dissolution of Buddhist Organizations

On October 20, SLORC dissolved all monastic organizations except for nine sanctioned by the state, apparently in retaliation for the leading role taken by monks in the protests against military rule. The organizations dissolved included the Young Buddhist Monks organization, the Sangha Sammaggi Organization and the Abbots Sangha Samagga Organization. On October 21, local military commanders were given "martial law judicial powers" to act against the illegal organizations..

From October 22 to 25, security forces raided several monasteries in Mandalay, including the Mahamuni, Mogaung, Htilin, Masoyein, New Masoyein, Sagu, Gwaygyo and Myataung monasteries. At least 40 monks were believed to have been arrested

in the initial raids and as many as 300 since then.

U Khemasara, the abbot of the Mahamuni Monastery, who was identified as a leader of a movement to boycott religious services for military personnel and their families, was among those arrested and is still believed to be in custody.

Arrest of Opposition Political Leaders

Between October 22 and 24, security forces raided the national and local offices of the opposition party, the National League for Democracy in Rangoon, Insein and other towns. At least 16 people associated with NLD have been arrested — party leaders and elected members of Parliament.

Nay Win, local correspondent for the Japanese newspaper Asahi Shinbun was detained, and as of November 6 was still believed to be in custody.

This latest crackdown against the NLD, which won a two-thirds majority in national parliamentary elections in May 1990, appears aimed at forcing the NLD to end demands for a transfer of power to the People's Assembly and instead accept the military's position that the People's Assembly be given only limited authority to draft a constitution.

Obstruction of UN Mission

On November 6, Asia Watch learned that Professor Sadako Ogata, a Japanese academic appointed by the United Nations Human Rights Commission to investigate killings, torture, arbitrary arrests and other abuses by Burmese security forces, was being prevented from meeting freely with dissidents. She was said to be heavily guarded. Asia Watch called on SLORC to cooperate fully with Professor Ogata's investigation. Professor Ogata arrived in Burma on November 5, after having been appointed under the confidential "1503 procedure" of the United Nations to document evidence of a pattern of gross and systematic human rights abuses.

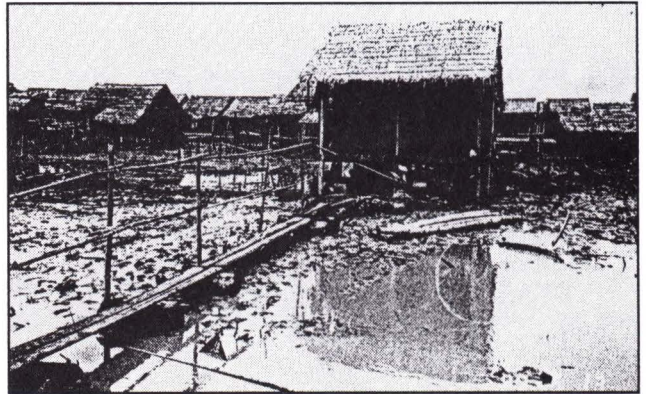
Arrests and Killings of Buddhist Monks

On August 8, 1990, the second anniversary of the rise of street demonstrations that marked the beginning of the pro-democracy movement in Burma, government security forces opened fire on unarmed demonstrators in Mandalay, killing or wounding as many as two dozen Buddhist monks and beating numerous others.

On August 27, Buddhist monks in Mandalay began a campaign refusing to perform religious services for military personnel and their families. The boycott was believed to be in reaction to the events of August 8 and to the continued refusal of the military to hand over power to the People's Assembly. In September, the boycott spread to several other towns including Sagaing, Toungoo, Monywa and Rangoon.

Recommendations

Asia Watch calls on the Burmese government to release all those imprisoned for peaceful protest activities. It also calls on the United States government to enact sanctions in accordance with legislation passed by the U.S. Congress. Section 138 of the Customs and Trade Act of 1990 required the administration to impose economic sanctions on Burma if a transfer of power to a civilian government and an improvement in the human rights situation had not taken place by October 1. Asia Watch urges the Bush administration to move quickly in light of the deteriorating human rights situation and urges Burma's other major trading partners to do the same, including the governments of South Korea, Thailand, Japan, Singapore and the members of the European Economic Community.



one of the "New Towns" in Burma

What You Can Do

After Paula Green's article in last spring's Newsletter, readers responded generously to a request for donations for food and medicine for the Burmese students in the refugee camps, and we were able to forward them a total of \$2400 in donations. We received a letter from one of the Burmese students, saying, "Your support and concern gives us courage to continue our struggle, and renews our commitment to seeking a non-violent path to attain our goals."

Contributions are still needed. Make checks out to "Buddhist Peace Fellowship," with a note that it's for Burmese refugees.

Write to General Saw Maung to express disapproval of SLORC's human rights abuses and their defiance of democratic elections.

Urge President Bush to impose trade sanctions against Burma until the new democratic government is installed and political prisoners are released.

General Saw Maung
Prime Minister
Ministers' Office
Yangon, Burma

President George Bush
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, DC 20050

PEACE MESSAGE PROJECT

by **Kazuaki Tanahashi**

Let's flood Washington, D.C. with peace messages. Your participation and initiative are vital to help prevent a war in the Middle East. Here are some of the things my friends and I have been doing in California:

1) Poster

The National Board of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship approved a project to create and distribute a poster that consists of black brush strokes suggesting explosions and splatters of red paint, with a headline "If we go to WAR..." The American Friends Service Committee and Ecumenical Peace Institute joined BPF in supporting this project. On the bottom of the poster is the statement, "All of us can do something to prevent the agony of war." Some of the 2,200 printed copies were handed out, and posted at the October 20 Peace Demonstration in San Francisco. BPF sent 500 copies to Buddhist groups and other peace organizations.

2) Billboard

Artists in San Diego got a billboard space donated by a billboard company and produced a sign using the image of black-on-white brushwork with the words, "If we go to WAR..." The billboard will be mounted in a prominent downtown spot in mid-November.

3) Postcard

An easily reproducible model for a postcard uses an image similar to that of the billboard. As an oversize postcard, the postage is 25 cents.

This can be circulated in the form of postcards, or by means of an 8-1/2" x 14" master which contains a request for participation and directions for reproduction. (See reverse page) People can use card stock paper and produce as many photocopies as they want. These postcards are an effective way to get our messages to Washington from all parts of the country.

At a recent meeting of the Ecumenical Peace Institute in Oakland, the chairperson asked participants to take the last ten minutes of the meeting to write a message on the postcard. This came after people had been motivated by speakers and a multi-media performance (see below).

4) Flyer

A flyer with brush images has also been distributed, with the White House Comment Line (202-456-7639) and Congressional Representatives Line (202-224-3446.), reminding us that these places are only a telephone call away.

5) Multi-media Performance

This is a dramatic enactment of how we might feel if our houses are blasted, our children torn apart, our lives

shattered. Ten big white paper boards, 32" x 40", are laid out on the floor. While an actor reads a stark statement and Edie Hartshorne plays solemn instrumental music, I dance, moving a human-size brush, creating black lines on the paper. At one point red paint splatters across the paintings, awakening the audience with a jolt. This has been performed at churches, Buddhist centers, a bookstore, and an art gallery.

The Washington Peace Messages Project has been carried on mostly with the help of friends who donate their time and energy. The money spent for the project during the last two months is less than \$3,000. We could continue to expand slowly, with a modest budget. But the situation is urgent.

If we have more volunteers and funds, the project can be carried on more quickly and effectively. For example, we could have 50,000 copies of our poster printed in Washington, D.C., and arrange to have thousands of them posted constantly in the city in the coming months. The impact would be tremendous. This would probably cost \$20,000, which is less than the expense of sending a few of our soldiers to Saudi Arabia. Also with extra funds, we could hire someone to put up billboards in a number of cities. (Send donations in care of BPF.)

I hope many of you will send the postcards we have made. It would also be wonderful if you could create your own cards and posters and send them to the White House and Capitol Hill. BPF is also helping us to ask other peace organizations to participate and take initiative in the Peace Message Project. The situation in the Middle East is unpredictable. But however the situation evolves, we need to continue sending peace messages.

The Persian Gulf crisis has shown us that the US Government can within a few weeks make full preparations for war without consulting the people. Peace workers take months to respond to such a crisis, as we perceive the danger, hold meetings, search for ways to react, design and produce literature, organize demonstrations, etc. Shortening the time gap between the preparations for war and the response of the peace movement is critical. What is needed is for peace workers and peace organizations to have posters, postcards, and active structures ready at all times, whether the threat of war is imminent or not. Yes, the time of crisis is providing us a lesson for a time of peace. ❖

Kaz Tanahashi is a painter who lives in Berkeley, California. He is a Fellow of the World Academy of Art and Science.

To reproduce the post card on other side:
1. Photocopy on letter-size card stock (8-1/2" x 11")
2. Copy in the other direction on second side of card stock.
3. Cut the paper in half, and you will have two oversize post cards printed on both sides.

Dear President Bush,

From:

Please place
25 cent
stamp.

President George Bush
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Washington Peace Message Project

Can you imagine your child or friend called to war in the Middle East? Help save the lives of thousands of young Americans—our children, friends, lovers—who may be killed in action. Make some photocopies of this and give them to your friends as soon as possible. Also make your own cards and posters and send them to the White House. Let's flood Washington, D.C. with peace messages.

First Class Mail



... WAR if we go to

STATEMENT ON THE PERSIAN GULF

from The Buddhist Peace Fellowship

The world is on the brink of a war in which there will be no winners. We deplore Saddam Hussein's actions in the Persian Gulf as well as the United States' immediate military response to it. The war they provoke, which will involve many countries on a grand scale, has the potential for destroying all life on earth.

We call on all peoples and governments to seek a peaceful negotiated solution to this crisis. We support the U.N. efforts and call on the United States and all governments to work within the context of the U.N. to resolve this. This is a time when joint negotiation within the world forum rather than unilateral actions from an antagonistic point of view can truly work.

Reconciliation occurs when all have a chance to speak and be heard. As Gandhi stated, each side in a conflict has a piece of the truth. We advocate listening to all sides in this situation. One viewpoint is that the U.S. must protect the free world for democracy and cannot let a "Hitler" control access to much of the world's oil supply. Another viewpoint holds that the Arab world is controlled by elite monarchies who hold virtually all of the wealth while the majority of people suffer. Can we drop our idea of what is right and allow for a new understanding to emerge? Can we listen to both sides with an open mind and heart? It is in this way that a true settlement, not just a temporary precarious solution, can occur.

Instead of only blaming others for the problems we face, we must also look at our own lives to see how we contribute to the problem. The Arabs, because of their different religion, color and customs, make an easy target for our blame. We make an equally easy target for theirs because of our oil consumption and misuse of natural resources (the U.S. has 5% of the world's population and consumes 26% of its oil). This blaming limits our ability to see all sides of the story.

We are learning daily how small a community our world is. When Chernobyl emitted radiation, the winds shared it with the non-Soviet world; when rainforests are cut down in the Amazon, the whole earth warms. We have also seen how democratization in Eastern Europe has moved from country to country without recognition of borders. If our ethical behavior is directed only towards those people who serve us in some way, we fail to see the interdependent relationship we have with *all* peoples. The suffering of one affects us all.

We must act quickly and boldly to protect life and prevent war. Like most other religions, Buddhism has a

precept against killing. Let us not be afraid to speak out against killing anywhere for any reason. The Buddhist Peace Fellowship encourages each of us to look at our own hatred, greed and fear and see how it colors our perception. We encourage you to work for alternatives to war on the personal, national, and international levels.

We encourage you to:

- arrange for person-to-person contact with Arab and Muslim individuals and groups in your locality to avoid demonization of the enemy.
- arrange, or represent the Buddhist view at, public dialogues to represent all sides in this conflict.
- hold silent vigils and town meetings.
- continue raising the issue with the media and others in your community.
- work for the fundamental human rights to food and medicine of all peoples involved in the conflict .
- support those who in good conscience refuse to participate in this war or offer other nonviolent responses.
- sponsor an "Oil Free Day" with Sangha and family; investigate the energy efficiency of your center.
- reduce the number of miles you drive by 10%.
- recite together the Metta Sutra; adapt it to this situation and reflect on the interdependence of all life and the conditions that lead to suffering.
- send loving kindness and compassion to all peoples of the world including those directly involved in the crisis. ❖

CROSSING THE LINE

by Lynn MacMichael

I have recently returned from a trip to Iraq with the Fellowship of Reconciliation. It was the first time an American Delegation was allowed into that country. In early August, as the crisis escalated at an alarming rate, particularly over the early hostage situation, some of us wrote the Iraqi government requesting that we be allowed to substitute ourselves for those being held. No response was forthcoming at that time, but F.O.R. continued to pursue the idea of sending a peace delegation, and in early October the Iraqi government invited such a delegation to come immediately.

We were fortunate in being able to do the following:

- To deliver 1,000 lbs. (\$67,000 worth) of antibiotics: one quarter of them to be delivered to the evacuees in the camps in Jordan, and the rest to the Red Crescent Society (the Middle East equivalent to the Red Cross) in Iraq.
- To bring letters from loved ones here to some of the hostages we met and to bring return letters home

- To begin a dialogue with Iraqi officials and the Iraqi people on the possibilities of a peaceful resolution to the conflict.

- To establish a permanent "peace presence" in Iraq that will include the sending of other delegations within a month.

- To obtain the release of four American hostages who returned home with our delegates.

Each of us saw the enormous impact the eight-year Iran-Iraq War has had on the population. Two Vietnam veterans in our delegation were eager to meet with Iraqi veterans. We also met with some of the leading religious figures in the country, students on a university campus, people in hospitals, and people who lived in a farming region. We talked with other foreign delegates from Sweden, Finland, and Italy, and with leading members of the Iraqi government, such as the Deputy Prime Minister, and the Speaker of the National Assembly. In every case we saw hope for a negotiated settlement to the historical disputes in the area.

I am no apologist for the Iraqi government, which was not elected by its 18 million inhabitants. I traveled to the Middle East last spring, to bring a delegation to Israel, the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, under the auspices of Mid East Witness. That trip confirmed my belief that one of the keys to peace in the whole region is the recognition and self-determination of two states, Israel and Palestine, with international guarantees for the security of each. Saddam Husseins can come and go, but as long as the injustice of that situation remains as a concern, there will be no peace in the region.

Our trip was an attempt to give a human face to the potentially catastrophic situation. It was a gift for me personally to be able to talk face to face with some of the Iraqi people, and I have a new understanding of the complexity of the situation.

Since my return I have been deeply troubled by the rhetoric and rigidity coming from Washington. It is for this reason that I appeal to you to write your Congressman/woman and the President to ask that the U.S. do the following:

- Continue the U.N. sanctions/embargo (not including essential food and medicines) until Iraq leaves Kuwait.

- Reverse the build-up of military forces in Saudi Arabia to what is needed for defense only.

- Replace U.S. Forces as rapidly as possible with regional Arab forces.

- Place the multi-national defense forces under the command of the U.N. military staff.

A catastrophic war can be avoided, but we all need to work hard and speak out if there is to be peace in this region of the world. ❖

Lynn MacMichael is a BPF member.

JU-BU

by Ilene Serlin

In his article "The Dalai Lama and the Jews" in last winter's Newsletter, Marc Lieberman asks the inevitable question: "Why are there so many Jews involved in Dharma activities in the West?" As a longtime Ju-Bu (Jewish-Buddhist), I have been working with this question for fifteen years, and welcome the beginning of genuine questioning and interfaith dialogue.

Dr. Lieberman points out several compelling affinities between the Buddhist and Jewish experience, among them a strong sense of history, a respect for the unitary sacredness and interdependence of all life, a valuing of scholarship and compassion, and an appreciation of life in exile. He reminds us that the Dalai Lama is interested in an interfaith dialogue, and maps out several areas of mutual exchange.

I was delighted to read of Dr. Lieberman's interest, and would like to do as much as I can to foster this dialogue. As a clinical psychologist who was one of the group facilitators during the Dalai Lama Harmonium Mundi conference on contemplation and psychotherapy, I have long been interested in the question of why so many of us Jews are interested in Buddhism, and I have been trying to bring about an interfaith dialogue since 1975. At that time a student of Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche, I was impressed with how many other Buddhists were Jewish. The Jewish establishment at that time was not particularly interested in learning about Tibetan Buddhism; in fact, my efforts to engage in dialogue were met with harangues about Jews leaving the fold and dire predictions about assimilation and loss of identity. Interestingly enough, it was precisely this patriarchal and judgmental attitude which discouraged coming back. In the same way, many of my Buddhist friends were still so relieved at having escaped strict religious upbringings and family that they, too, had no desire to look back. My struggle not only with the similarities, but also with strong differences, was lonely. I wrote about the journey to find my roots in *A Modern Jew in Search of a Soul* (ed. Spiegelman, 1986) and in *Lilith*, and was gratified by the outpouring of response from others who were finding their way between Buddhism and Judaism.

Dr. Lieberman has beautifully articulated key similarities and affinities between the Buddhist and the Jewish experience; I am drawn to their differences. I believe that each can function as "shadow" for the other, and that these differences provide a lively creative conflict. By re-owning the projections and disowned aspects of oneself which are projected onto and lived

through the other, and by seeing the relationship between these two as a developmental dance changing over time, conflict resolution can be found. I believe that these two traditions have an enormous amount to give each other, but that the way is not through simple harmony. If the Buddhist and Jewish experiences were partners learning a partnership dance, we might ask: "What are similarities and differences?"; "How can we handle differences?"; "Where is the overlap, and what is the meaning of their interdependence?"

Let us start with the family, since the Dalai Lama has repeatedly said that the Tibetans can learn from the way in which Jews celebrate spirituality within the container of a family context.

On the one hand, this is true. Family life among Jews has long been praised for its stability, emphasis on learning and warmth. On the other hand, since the breakdown of village and extended family life, the nuclear family in post-modern America has certainly manifested its neurotic aspects. The powerful Jewish matriarch, with no households to run, has become an overwhelming Mrs. Portnoy. A natural push to learn and advance has become spiritual, intellectual and material materialism. Rituals no longer function, spirituality is empty. How many American Jews of my generation grew up with ambivalence toward Judaism in the home (a combination of fierce pride mixed with ambivalence about practice), combined with vapid temple services?

So many Jews in the 50's, 60's and 70's found first in existentialism, then in Zen, a refreshing change. They found, first of all, an emphasis on individuality and the heroic spiritual quest as a contrast to the noisy communalism and lack of privacy in Jewish families. In contrast to the sometimes suffocating protectiveness of Jewish caretaking, they found an expansive freedom. In contrast to the warmth of cluttered tables and warm passions, they found dignified silence, elegant clarity, and cool dispassion. In short, they found "Otherness."

From my practice, I have observed that many American Jews don't separate from parents until college and beyond. Torn with guilt and ambivalence, many still have not established individual selves or resolved conflicted feelings about their parents. In their late twenties, young people may compound a natural urge to establish their own lifestyles and philosophies with a "foreign" philosophy unconsciously in service of incomplete individuation needs. This is certainly not to reduce all spiritual seeking to psychological factors, but rather to point out the strong psychological component in these developmental decisions. In fact, spiritual communes and practices often provide surrogate families, structured environments, and guided journeys as a convenient substitute for the parental attachment. During this apprenticeship, teachings about basic goodness and awareness provide

important antidotes to early childhood neuroses.

However, when these young people turn 30 and begin to have children, they discover that they are actually quite like their mothers and fathers after all, and that it is no longer necessary to keep such a distance. The children may remind them of the need for childhood rituals, and a desire springs up to return to their roots. The "Tshuvah" or "returnee" movement is strong now in Judaism, as many Jews find themselves rootless and lost. Finally, as these people are faced with the mortality and death of their parents, there is nowhere else to run. At this point, there is the readiness to return, to work through conflict and establish true autonomy and individuation.

Paradoxically, the path to resolution lies in embracing the problematic images of "orphan" (as in Paul Cowan's *An Orphan in History*), "exile" and "return" to discover that it was all there all along. As the Zen teachers tell us, it is necessary to journey far afield only to discover that everything we need to know is right at our door. Once we have worked through our conflict and rebellion, taken back our fantasies about the "Other," and re-owned our yearning for "roots," then we can be at peace with ourselves. With the partnership of our inner Buddhist and Jewish aspects, and with a compassionate inner interfaith dialogue, perhaps the time has come for an outer interfaith dialogue and mature Buddhist-Jewish partnership. ❖

Two Poems by Ryokan

Japanese Zen monk (1758-1831)

*Spring wind feels rather soft.
Ringing a monk's staff I enter the eastern town.
So green, willows in the garden;
So restless, floating grass over the pond.
My bowl is fragrant with rice of a thousand homes.
My heart has abandoned splendor of ten thousand carriages.
Yearning for traces of ancient buddhas
Step by step I walk begging.*

*Old and sick, I woke up and couldn't sleep;
Late at night, the four walls were somber and heavy.
No light in the lamp, no charcoal for fire,
Only a miserable chill piled up on the bed.
Not knowing how to divert my mind,
In darkness I walked with a cane at the garden's edge.
All the stars were spread out — blossoms of a bald tree.
The distant valley stream flows — a lute with no strings.
That night with that feeling I had some understanding.
Some time, some morning, for whom shall I sing?*

Translated by Taigen Dan Leighton & Kaz Tanahashi, & first published in *Udumbura*, vol. 3, no. 1.

SEEDS OF DIVISION

An Interview with Toni Packer

by Lenore Friedman

Reprinted with permission from Toni Packer, The Work of This Moment, ©1990, by arrangement with Shambhala Publications, Inc., 300 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115.

Toni Packer: A peace fellowship — but why “Buddhist”? Why can’t we come together as human beings? Why do we have to come together as Tibetan Buddhists, Theravadins, Vipassana practitioners, or Zen Buddhists? This is still reaching out from within our small boundary lines.

Lenore Friedman: I understand what you’re saying, and ideally, ultimately . . .

TP: But I don’t say “ultimately.”

LF: You say now!

TP:: Do it now.

LF: What would you do now?

TP: Drop it!

LF: How do you do it?

TP: I can only do it myself. Not for someone else. Maybe in talking with people who want to find out about themselves, who are already deeply troubled by division, this dropping of separate identities takes place. Then we don’t need to reach hands across walls because there *is* no wall.

LF: Part of what has been so important to those of us who have been working this way is things we’ve learned from the Buddhist tradition that help us *not* to perceive boundaries, *not* perceive barriers.

TP: Can you give an example? What can you learn from a tradition — you don’t mean intellectual learning, do you?

LF: I guess I mean...

TP: Is it ideational?

LF: Certainly not *only* ideational. But there is ideational support of, for example, nonduality.

TP: Have you learned that?

LF: I hope so. Well, I’m *learning* it.

TP: Is it here? Is it so *now*?

LF: It infused a lot of the work we did — or at least that was what we were working for: at every moment to see when duality arose, and let it go.

TP: But do you see that duality arises with your calling yourself a Buddhist?

LF: Does it have to?

TP: How can you avoid it? There are also Catholics, Protestants, Muslims, Jews, Hindus, Sikhs, and the fighting is going on right now, all over the world. How do you look at these confrontations that happen everywhere, the killing in the name of “my”

religion and “your” religion?

LF: They seem a total violation of what religion is all about.

TP: And yet it’s going on. It has gone on ever since there have been such divisions.

LF: Do you see *danger* in what we’re doing?

TP: Yes, to the extent that this reinforces, supports, or in any way maintains my identity of being “this” in distinction to “that.” All such self-images separate and divide.

What I want to find out is: *What is peace?* Is there really such a state as peace? True peace? Harmony? Wholeness?

When that is there you don’t need to join a movement trying to bring factions to peace. Factions cannot be peaceful. When you’re apart, there cannot be wholeness.

Can we question why we need to be something — Buddhist, Christian, Muslim, Jew? What is that something?

Is it a thought, an image, a concept about oneself? Having a concept about oneself is a divisive thing, isn’t it? It fragments the mind.

LF: What form could we conceive of that would *not* fragment or divide?

TP: Why do you have to conceive of *any* form?

LF: Well, because I’d still like to work with these people! We’re working well together in a way that would be consonant with the kinds of things you’re saying. But we don’t have to call ourselves . . .

TP: We *don’t*. I want to be very sure from moment to moment, observing carefully, honestly, what by-products identification of any kind yields me psychologically. Because it does yield something; watch it for yourself.

If you realize profoundly that you are all humankind, then whoever you are working with, you’re working with all humankind! We all have this same mind — the mind of ideals, of hope and fears, of striving and ambition, of goals and frustration, of anger and kindness — the whole stream of self. Can one — one human being — really see this clearly, instantly? This seeing, this insight, is without duality, without division. No division in one human being — what happens when this one comes in touch with others?

But as long as I come to you as a Buddhist and you’re a Catholic, there’s already division. Oh, we may stretch hands across the border and call each other sisters and brothers; and yet we both hang on to our

identity because we can't let go of it. These divisions are the things that are blowing us up. The nuclear bomb is only a by-product of that.

LF: I know you're saying that applies to what I'm doing — with the Buddhist Peace Fellowship — that the same principle applies.

TP: Yes. At least I would question, "Am I contributing to this stream of division and separation?" You can only take responsibility for peaceful action in yourself — and that takes a tremendous amount of honest inward looking. People have done vigils facing the United Nations building. Why do you have to sit in that particular direction? If you're not sitting in *all* directions, which means *no* direction, it's a fragmented approach to a fragmented problem.

LF: Do you really think they felt they were sitting in one direction?

TP: Well, physically they were. What was going on in each individual I don't know. In reports I've read there seemed to be quite a bit of self-consciousness about sitting there on the pavement with all the people passing by, being aware of one's erect posture and how this might impress passers-by, maybe hoping it would have an effect. This is all dualism, a reinforcement of self-centered thinking. The mind is so deceptive! We put ourselves into a new posture and position and the little monkey mind continues its old work.

LF: It isn't perfect, but . . .

TP: Coming back to what you're trying to do — and you're trying to work not just superficially but

profoundly . . . Let me ask: This work you're doing together — this work for peace — does it really impel a human being to question deeply what is peace and what is war within oneself? And the connection between oneself and "the world"?

LF: I hope so.

TP: But is this the *overriding concern*? Because this is where war originates — within oneself. It's not just a mass phenomenon "out there" — *we* do it! We're the cause of it. If this isn't clearly understood in oneself, how can it be settled on a global level? It is within oneself that the work has to take place, primarily.

LF: Is it the only place?

TP: This question comes up frequently — do I have to be perfect before I can work with other people? — and of course this is absurd. One works, whether one goes to a peace fellowship meeting, stays with the children, or carries out a job. And as one works or rests, is there clear awareness of how one thinks, feels, clings, identifies, prejudices and stereotypes people, and so on?

LF: And what if we had those questions going, all of the time?

TP: Are you asking: "Then does it matter whether we sit in a circle or in front of the UN?" I'm asking: "Are we, while sitting, also planting seeds of division by identifying with a group?"

LF: I don't know the answer to that. I'd like to keep that as a question.

TP: Yes. This is the way. If we answer it, then we don't keep it as a question. ❖

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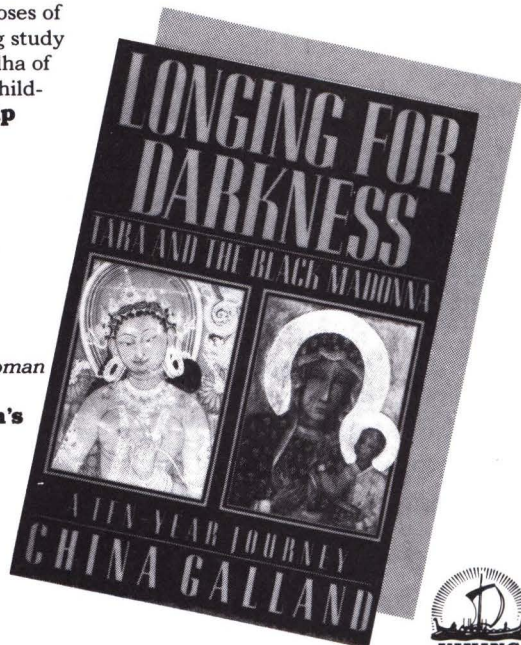
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Longing for Darkness, Tara and the Black Madonna: A Ten-Year Journey
by China Galland.
Viking Penguin, 1990. \$21.95

reviewed by Karen McCormick

Longing for Darkness has touched me as deeply as any book I have read. As mother, Buddhist, and devotee of Tara and the Madonna, I applaud China Galland's validation of the personal and more universal practices of motherhood as a path of compassionate activism and authentic spiritual understanding. China Galland treks through the mountains and valleys of the "redeeming darkness" with her body and soul, and re-emerges with an urgent message.

The author's honesty made me feel as though I were reading diary entries or travel letters from a close friend. Galland speaks of her personal descent as an alcoholic single mother, and of how she recovered her spirit by making a self-appointed pilgrimage along ancient and contemporary paths to the Great Mother. Whether we prefer to call her Tara, Kali, Artemis, or Mary, the "radiant black" Mother God evolves into a single, numinous Presence for writer and reader alike as we travel through Nepal, India, Switzerland, Poland, Yugoslavia, and Texas to discover the many aspects of her One Face.

In the midst of the grueling pilgrimage to Our Lady of Czestochowa in Poland with thousands of other pilgrims, Galland finds a spiritual healing as she remembers her Catholic roots, makes her confession, and realizes that — even as a student of Buddhism — she walks a "nameless path." From this turning point, *Longing for Darkness* becomes a summons for broader, planetary awareness and social activism as Galland opens her heart to the collective pain of humanity. Devotion to the Feminine can no longer be complacent in this perilous era: "Mary is dark from entering lives on fire."

Contemplating the senseless atrocities that human beings commit upon each other, Galland reflects, "the evil that culminated in Auschwitz was cumulative, participatory, and involved choice, even if the choice was only to deny what was happening and personally do nothing."

How can we best focus our anger and outrage when we consider these crimes, past and present, and the apathy that surrounds them? The author observes, "It was easy to be outraged by what I had seen and heard, and yet I knew unequivocally that anger was part of the problem, not the solution The problem lies in my own thinking that wants to imagine that there is an 'other' that is the enemy outside myself."

Toward the end of the journey, Galland meets the dedicated Catholic activists in the Rio Grande Valley. "There is a point at which the spiritual and political intersect. The icon of the *Madre de los Desaparecidos* exploded out of that junction." Contemplating the poster of "The Mother of the Disappeared" with its white handprint of an El Salvadoran death squad, Galland clearly sees the need to unveil another, often hidden face of the Madonna. "I imagined Mary as a fierce mother one morning in my prayers and meditation. I imagined her protecting Christ. This is a Mary we have not seen in the West. This is a Mary we need now, a fierce Mary . . . a protectress who does not allow her children to be hunted, tortured, murdered, and devoured."

As I was finishing *Longing for Darkness*, my two oldest sons received their Selective Service notices in the mail, in the heat of the Persian Gulf Crisis. I feel re-dedicated to peace activism after reading this book, ready to offer my actions as a prayer to the Mother. Feelings of anger and frustration are transformed, through meditation, into visible action — as I walk and witness for peace in my own community.

"Spiritual practice for everyday life, lay practice — with or without families — is coming into its own. I have great respect for the monastic life, but it's time to see family life not as the 'lesser evil,' but as an equally demanding, though different, choice for intense spiritual practice," the author encourages women. "The sacred is a dimension of everyday life, not something separate from it." But this is not exclusively a woman's book. The guides who help illuminate this pilgrimage include the Dalai Lama, Thich Nhat Hanh, and Dominik, the courageous Catholic priest from Poland. "The image of a dark Mother God," Galland assures us, "is just as vital an image for men as it is for women."

Jungian analyst Marion Woodman believes that the Black Madonna is "extremely important to the redemption of the Earth" and that she is black because she is "not fully known." Woodman reports that an intense Black Madonna is now appearing in the collective dreamscape, a powerful archetype who is asking us to make a commitment to a planet in crisis. The publication of *Longing for Darkness* is, to me, a part of this emergency appearance. The timing is perfect.

After visiting Medjugorje, Yugoslavia, where Mary is believed to have appeared and spoken to several young people, Galland reflects upon "the apocalyptic undercurrents" of the messages. "Whether we live in the 'end days' or not, I cannot sanely entertain this kind of thinking. I only know the present moment; what will come, comes out of this present moment. Thich Nhat Hanh's phrase 'take refuge in the present moment' consoles me."

Out of the radiant black Emptiness arise Wisdom, Compassion, and Protection . . . ♦

A Brief Bibliography on Buddhism and Social Action

prepared by Donald Rothberg

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Gandhi

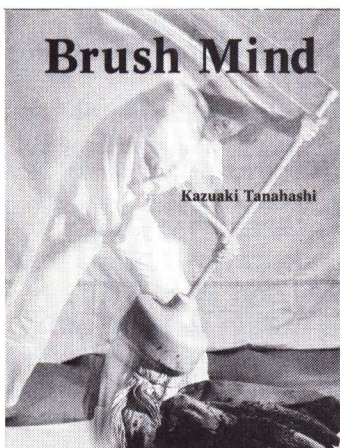
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Brush Mind
by *Kazuaki*
Tanahashi

Parallax Press, 1990
\$15.00

reviewed by Lenore Friedman

Procrastinating — I should be writing this review— I go down to my back garden to see what's happening. There are little green leaf-hoppers on the pear tree, not a good omen, I'm told, but they're so cunning, and they jump so startlingly: ff-f-t! ff-f-t! (Brush-stroke!) The grass is crinkly under my feet and against the fence I see a dozen orange rosehips and one red rose and clusters of small yellow-green quinces, and little birds are whistling in the trumpet vine. "Nature's so much more intricate and many-layered than a brush stroke," I think. Then two sleek white birds streak across the smokeyblue late-afternoon, late-autumn sky: strn-n-n! strn-n-n! (Brush-stroke!) The kiwi vines are messily dropping large brown brittle leaves, but underneath the few remaining green ones, hiding like baby animals, are 17 fuzzy brown kiwi fruit, fertilized by hand (by mistake: both my vines are female). First crop! Seventeen kiwis! (Brush stroke fills entire space.)

Kaz Tanahashi's one-stroke paintings are single instants, single breaths. They cannot possibly convey the complexity of nature, yet they do — just as the moon reflected in a drop of water falling from the beak of a bird does in a Zen story. A "continuous emerging of one ring after another" is one of Kaz's metaphors for spiritual practice. "Each ring is the wholeness of the moment, inclusive of the entire means and end. A brush circle drawn by Zen masters may express this understanding. Each circle is different. Each circle is complete."

This book too is complete, a whole. It comprises 58 single-stroke brush-paintings and — opposite them, on facing pages — the swift, surprising words of the artist. Paintings and words form a counterpoint, each requiring the other. Neither is a commentary: they arise from the same awake consciousness, breath after breath. They wake me up.

A solid black shape fills most of a page. Its edge, against white, is sensuous, female. "Breath is a bridge between body and mind," say the words near the bottom of the otherwise bare facing page. The "ancient Chinese . . . perceived breath as an activity of

the atmosphere." (Sometimes, while sitting, I've perceived the same thing. But when I get up, I forget.) This section is called "Breath." The sequence of five paintings is breath-taking. Other sections — usually only three or four facing pages long — include: Line, Mind, Unfamiliar Quotations, Space, Brush Vision, Serious Questions, and Aesthetics of Laziness.

Some of my favorite pages:

A wide, forthright black stroke, top to bottom, one edge fuzzy, one smooth. "The quality of the line is what matters most — how deep, strong, or honest it is. It doesn't matter how good or unusual it is."

Feathery markings, some darker splotches, like smoke or fire. "One-stroke painting leaves little time for thinking; the moment it's started, it's already done."

An almost entirely white page, a few tiny black sprinkles towards the bottom, one splotch lower right. "Space is vast in any case. The question is whether the vastness is diminutive or enormous."

A ragged black shape moves up the right side of the page, suggesting (to me) a tree trunk with fine branches and leaves spreading upwards. "One-line poem? Why not one-word poem? . . . If an essential teaching of Buddhism is to give up the self, don't you think Buddhism should give up its own self? Can't Buddhism be most powerful when it's no longer Buddhism?"

Rushing airy lines move from left to right across upper part of page, a few darker shapes leaping here and there. "Why am I still a one-stroke painter? I am too lazy to do the second stroke."

A black moth-like shape with "wings" cut off by page edges, left and right. "What pleases our eyes is not dangerous enough.

. . . Refinement is my enemy."

This beautifully produced book is a pleasure not only to one's eyes but to one's hands as well. Its out-of-the-ordinary size and shape are absolutely satisfying, and the cover is — Ta ra! Brush-stroke! ❖

Tools for Transformation: A Personal Study
by *Adam Curle*

Anthroposophic Press, Hudson, NY, 1990
\$17.95

reviewed by Ken Jones

As well as being President of the UK Network of Engaged Buddhists (former BPF), Professor Adam Curle has also spent, on and off, some twenty-five years "moving back and forth between warring camps, looking with the eyes of love into the divine core of bloody-minded generals, and listening to the other in ways that open channels . . . from heart to heart" (from the foreword by Elise Boulding). The author has lived out his Tibetan Buddhism and Quakerism in a lifetime

of mediating violent conflicts, in Third World development projects and in education in the widest sense of the word. He has "come to see that the way we perceive human nature, especially our own, is of overarching importance." For example, we cannot hope "to help people change their lives for the better if our own existence is disordered and impoverished."

The book sets out to demonstrate, first, "how the great illusion of 'I,' of separate self-existence, and the resultant three poisons (delusion, greed, and ill-will) has spawned terrible outbreaks of violence, turning our precious biosphere into a toxic desert." The book's second goal is to show how "to the extent we are conscious of this reality we might work against the poisons." We are offered an inspiring testimony to the healing power which begins to work when we relate non-judgmentally to others, with warmth, empathy, and trust, and when we truly listen to them and open to them. And here the author finds "a wonderful paradox. The more we understand that human beings are not self-sufficient, self-existent and separate creatures, the more we appreciate and value their individuality."

The first half of the book draws illustrations from the experience of mediating in several large-scale military conflicts. We are reminded that "mediators need the same psychological equipment of impartial good will, perseverance, imperturbability and objectivity; the same flexibility, and preferably the same sense of humor whether they are dealing with a crisis in their home, or neighborhood, or place of work, or are called in because someone's marriage is on the rocks."

There is much illuminating and fascinating

anecdote (especially about the Nigerian civil war), together with twenty pages of illustrative dialogue. And always there is an underlying compassion even for "those who may be considered responsible for starting the hostilities; their burden of power, guilt and anxiety is usually onerous and painful."

I found the author's vision of a "transformed society" too speculative and idiosyncratic for my taste, but I warmed to his many encouragements not to feel helpless in the face of the huge tasks which the world requires of us. Adam Curle is a great believer in the ripple effect of being positive in all our relationships, "even quite casually in shops and bus queues." However modest may be our "fragment of the network of relatedness . . . never mind; these things all in varying degree add to the reservoir of constructive compassion in the universe, or conversely to the flickering mirage of fear and loathing — much depends on our contribution, and our contribution depends upon our perception of reality." There is, however, a specific emphasis on community development and upon nonviolent action.

The book concludes with three "appendices" which underpin the main text by explaining fundamental Buddhist teaching in terms of our experience of the modern world and its social structures and institutions.

There is a useful selective bibliography and a serviceable index, and the book is nicely designed. I shall be glad to have it in hand, both as a refreshing reminder of much that gets overlaid and, in particular, as a guide to mediation. ♦

From the National Coordinator:

It is easy to forget that Western Buddhism is a newcomer to the rich tradition of faith-based nonviolent social action, and that BPF owes much of its orientation, depth, and structure, to religious peace movements that stretch back generations. The Fellowship of Reconciliation, at 75 years old, is the oldest peace organization in the U.S. After attending the FOR national conference in Wisconsin this summer, my sense of BPF's place in this larger context was deepened. It was evident that we Buddhists have as much to learn from our sister peace fellowships (of which there are 16), as we do to give. BPF will be working more with these peace fellowships and with FOR in the future.

BPF has responded to the situation in the Persian Gulf by proposing the way of nonviolence, reconciliation and peace. We have put out a statement and suggestions for action (included in this issue), and sponsored the creation and distribution of the poster and postcard campaign on the cover by Kaz Tanahashi.

These materials were sent out to hundreds of Buddhist centers, peace groups and media. We have also represented the Buddhist way at teach-ins in the Bay Area. None of it seems enough in the face of the powerful war machine that is on the move now, but we must keep proposing alternatives and making our voices for peace heard to our government.

In November BPF co-hosted the tour of a student from the Burmese democracy movement to help raise consciousness about his country.

BPF is involved in a number of environmental conferences, in this country and in Asia. We are hosting a town meeting and workshop in November entitled "Sex, Power and Buddha Nature", to explore power dynamics, communications, and social structures of Buddhist communities. BPF will continue the development of workshops as resources for 'engaged Buddhism' and is continuing to plan for the institute on engaged Buddhism to be held next summer.

Chapter interest is springing up around the country. We have new chapters in Mendocino County, CA,

Yellow Springs, Ohio, Bellingham, Washington, Durham, NC and Florida. Interest is growing for BPF chapters in Michigan, Oregon, Salinas, CA, and Arizona. The Mendocino chapter formed in response to the growing tension in that area between the timber industry and the environmentalists. They hope to train themselves in reconciliation and listening techniques and to offer mediation to that situation. May we continue to grow together to meet the challenges of this complex world.

All Members Meeting

The BPF is alive and well and kicking all over the country. This was evident from attendance at the All Members meeting hosted beautifully by the Cambridge/Boston Chapter in September. About 30 members from Florida, Oregon, Chicago, California, New York, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island came, bringing their excitement and dedication with them. Sharing the weekend together, we felt anew our participation in the web of interdependence that supports us in our work for justice and went away with renewed energy for our lives.

Friday evening four Buddhist activists, Paula Green, Jim Perkins, Harrison Hoplitzelle, and Phyllis Robinson shared with a full house their philosophies of active Buddhism, ranging from nonviolent civil disobedience to human rights and refugee work. Saturday began with a Council of All Beings workshop led by Paula Green and Stephanie Kaza, a deeply moving experience which brought us in touch both with each other and with our despair about the destruction of species of life forms on our planet, ending with an empowerment to act that opened into a very inspiring meeting.

As we met, the shadow of the U.S. military buildup in the Middle East loomed. We used this opportunity to explore deeply together what the Buddhist response to such a crisis could be. All felt strongly that a Buddhist perspective was sorely needed now and out of this came the BPF statement on the Persian Gulf included in this newsletter. The message from the represented membership was clear; BPF should become more visible, take a more active lead in the way of engaged Buddhism. Members and chapters want strong direction from the national office which can then be adapted as appropriate. We ended feeling spent and grateful. Thanks to all who came to the meeting and made it such a rich, rewarding time.

Chapter Updates

The chapter phone call on October 27 had six participants; Bill Anderson (Rochester, NY), Marcy Rogers and Peggy Rhodes (Yellow Springs, Ohio), Jim Austin (Cambridge), John Perkins (Tallahassee, FL)

and Joan Ward (Mendocino, CA). Practical organizing questions were raised about meetings, mailings, how many members it takes to have critical mass, and which activities draw people. Some chapters are thinking about organizing more formally with officers and tasks, because of the increase in membership. The suggestion came up again to send other chapters news regularly.

Cambridge/Boston chapter is recovering from the National Meeting. Although happy to have done it, Jim was very surprised at the amount of time it took to make all the ends meet. Recently the chapter has:

- hosted a Burmese student leader to speak on Burma.
- held a panel on engaged Buddhism at Cambridge Meditation Center.
- supported the OXFAM fast day for world hunger with an all-day sitting.

Yellow Springs has consistent monthly meetings with attendance from 4-10 people, and other gatherings for tea and sitting. Some of their activities include:

- working with a Cambodian community in Dayton to help with their difficulties adjusting to North American culture. They may be supporting the visit of a Cambodian monk to work with the community.
- participating at a local street fair where they handed out BPF literature, Middle East statement and letter writing information.
- sponsoring a Vipassana meditation retreat in early June.

Tallahassee chapter is just beginning with 6 or 7 people meeting once a month for Monday lunches. They are working on exploring appropriate activities such as holding days of silent retreat for the activists in their community.

Ukiah chapter has been meeting since June and working on local timber issues. They are determined to bring the Listening Project (see article in this issue) to their splintered community. They have also:

- sponsored a visiting Chan master.
- held Days of Mindfulness.
- have members working on Guardianship project.
- talked about their projects on local radio.

Yellow Springs has volunteered to host the next National Meeting. Suggestions for that include holding a longer meeting with more workshops attached to it, and with provisions for part time attendees.

Chapters phone conference calls are held quarterly. Bill Anderson coordinates the call and handles the expenses and billing. Post cards announcing the calls are sent to all chapter contacts (and previous attendees) listed in the BPF Newsletter approximately one or two weeks prior to the call. If you're interested in being involved and you are not affiliated with any chapter, contact Bill Anderson at (716) 442-8803.

THICH NHAT HANH'S SCHEDULE IN NORTH AMERICA, SPRING 1991: REVISED INFORMATION

<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>City</i>	<i>Public Lecture Location</i>	<i>Contact</i>
Tues., March 12	7:30 pm	Houston	Hamman Hall, Rice University	(713) 526-1571
Thurs., April 11	7:30 pm	Los Angeles	Veterans Auditorium, Culver City	(213) 396-5054
Friday, April 12	TBA	San Diego	U.C. San Diego	(619) 534-2501
mid-April	7:30 pm	Berkeley	Berkeley Community Theater	(415) 525-8596
Sunday, May 12	1:00 pm	Chicago	Buddhadharma Meditation Center 8910 Kingery Road, Hinsdale, IL	(708) 475-0080
Tues., May 21	7:30 pm	Philadelphia	Hanuman University	(215) 527-1514
Wed., May 29	7:30 pm	Washington, DC	To Be Announced	(301) 652-0222
Tues., June 4	7:30 pm	New York City	Community Church of NY 40 E. 35th St., NYC 10016	NY Open Center (212) 219-3739
Tues., June 18	7:30 pm	Toronto	Zen Buddhist Temple	(416) 658-0137
Mon., June 24	7:30 pm	Montréal	To Be Announced	(514) 466-8726

<i>Date</i>	<i>Retreat/Location</i>	<i>For further information, send S.A.S.E. to:</i>
March 15-17	General Mindfulness Retreat Camp Olympia, Houston area	First Unitarian Church, (713) 526-1571 5200 Fannin, Houston, TX 77004
March 26-31	Retreat for Environmental Activists Ojai, California	Ojai Foundation, (805) 646-8343 Box 1620, Ojai, CA 93023
April 1-5	Retreat for Young People & Families Santa Barbara, California	Community of Mindful Living, (415) 548-6466 Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707
April 30-May 4	General Mindfulness Retreat Watsonville, California	Community of Mindful Living, (415) 548-6466 Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707
Sunday, May 5	Day of Mindfulness Spirit Rock, Woodacre, California	Community of Mindful Living, (415) 548-6466 Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707
May 6-10	Retreat for Helping Professionals Watsonville, California	Community of Mindful Living, (415) 548-6466 Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707
May 13-17	General Mindfulness Retreat Mundelein, Illinois	Buddhist Council of Midwest, (708) 475-0080 Box 7067, Evanston, IL 60201
May 24-27	General Mindfulness Retreat Front Royal, Virginia	D.C. Sangha, c/o P. Fuchs (301) 652-0222 3712 Manor Road, #4, Chevy Chase, MD 20815
June 5-10	Retreat for Veterans and their Families Rhinebeck, New York	Omega Institute (914) 338-6030 Lake Dr., RD 2, Box 277, Rhinebeck, NY 12572
June 11-14	General Mindfulness Retreat Rhinebeck, New York	Omega Institute (914) 338-6030 Lake Dr., RD 2, Box 277, Rhinebeck, NY 12572
Sunday, June 16	Day of Mindfulness Boston area	Interface (617) 924-1100 552 Main St., Watertown, MA 02172

Public Lecture times remain TENTATIVE: Please Call Local Contact Number for confirmation. *This tour is co-sponsored by the Buddhist Peace Fellowship and the Community of Mindful Living. For further information or for information on retreats and lectures in Vietnamese, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Community of Mindful Living, P.O. Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707. ❖*

GRATITUDE

The Buddhist Peace Fellowship Board gratefully acknowledges generous contributions above and beyond membership between August and October:

Laurel Adler ♦ Frances Alvey ♦ Alan Baron ♦ Bonnie Beverage ♦ Anthony Bova ♦ James Max Boyer ♦ Tom Brackett ♦ Harry Brickman ♦ Lynda Caine ♦ Michael Coad ♦ Gerald Cohen ♦ Joanne Connors ♦ Cynthia Cornell ♦ Anne Dellenbaugh ♦ Diane Renshaw ♦ Philip Dibner ♦ Holly Downes ♦ Dennis Edds ♦ Raylin Ferris ♦ Richard Fowlie ♦ Leslie Fraser ♦ Ann Grenwater ♦ Natalie Hauptman ♦ Richard Horowitz ♦ Wanda House ♦ B. Gross Johnson ♦ Brad Joliffe ♦ Michele Jones ♦ Mel Kaushansky ♦ Michael Keown ♦ Ken Kraft ♦ Mitchell Kurker ♦ Albert Kutchins ♦ Judy ♦ Ed Lane ♦ Sabina Lanier ♦ Greg Leeson ♦ Fran Levin ♦ Marc Lieberman ♦ Tom Light ♦ Michael Loven ♦

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For donations above and beyond the call of fundraising:

Robert ♦ Anne Aitken ♦ Bill Anderson ♦ Margo Cooper ♦ Eugene Gawain ♦ Rhoda Gilman ♦ Johanna Operschull ♦ Joan Ward ♦ David Williams ♦

ANNOUNCEMENTS & CLASSIFIEDS

Announcements

BPF JOB OPENING: BPF will be looking for a new National Coordinator to begin work in February, 1991 (date somewhat flexible). 3/4 time. All interested should send resume and letter of interest to BPF national office.

BURMESE EDUCATION

PROJECT: Two Volunteer positions open to work with an education project for Burmese students on Thai-Burmese border. Santi Pracha Dhamma Institute seeks one year commitment for job based in Bangkok and the border camps. Job includes coordination of program, and documentation, research and dissemination of information about the Burmese student movement. Contact Sulak Sivaraksa, 303/7 Soi Santipap, Nares Road, Bangkok 10500, Siam.

BUDDHIST-CHRISTIAN

RETREAT: *Silence and Awareness.* Vipassana practice and the teachings of St. John of the Cross. Led by Mary Jo Meadow and two Carmelite monks. Sept. 7-15, 1991. Write R.E.S., P.O. Box 8082, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

LENTEN DESERT EXPERI-

ENCE X: Las Vegas and the Nevada Test Site, March 8-10, 1991. Celebrate ten years at the Nevada Test Site with Joanna Macy, Daniel Berrigan and many other spiritual peaceworkers. Box 4487, Las Vegas, NV 89127 (702) 646 4814.

TWO EVENTS WITH

JOANNA MACY: *Despair and Empowerment Work:* Workshop-Leader Training. January 26, 1991. Berkeley, CA. Request registration packet from BPF National Office before Jan. 11, 1991.

The Attentive Heart in a Toxic World. January 18-20, 1991. Calif. Institute of Integral Studies, San Francisco, CA. To register: (415) 753-6100.

VIPASSANA MEDITATION

RETREAT: June 7-9, or June 7-14 1991. Led by Norman Feldman and hosted by the Yellow Springs BPF Chapter. Held in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Call Marcie Rogers (513) 767-7983.

PRISON DHARMA NET-

WORK: A non-sectarian Buddhist support network for prisoners involved or interested in the Buddhist faith. Contact PDN, Vicki Shaw, P.O. Box 987, Bloomfield, CT 06002.

TIBETAN REFUGEE ALTER-

NATIVE HEALTH CARE PROJECT: Created in response to the dire and growing need for public health care for the Tibetan community-in-exile and to be a support for the Tibetan Health Department, needs medical and lay volunteers and financial support from community. Contact the project at 54 Briarwood Plaza, Seekonk, MA 02771.

Classifieds

INAUGURAL TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT between the U.S. and the Soviet Union will leave from San Francisco in May, 1991. First time in history Americans will be able to travel directly to the Soviet Far East. Set up a delegation and travel on lower rates. Contact Chris Ely at Baylis International Journeys, (415) 849-9572.

FOR SALE: Brand new completely unused remote control Funai VHS video recorder, with remote control. (It was purchased to send to Thich Nhat Hanh but not needed because someone else sent him one.) Price \$190, includes shipping. Call Sam Rose at (303) 733-9914 or write Boulder/Denver BPF, 1934 South University Blvd., Denver, CO 80210.

FOR SALE IN BPF OFFICE:

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Two 90-minute audiotapes: "Feminist Perspectives on the Dharma" with Joanna Macy, Charlene Spretnak, and Susan Griffin: \$16.

A beautiful 24" x 33" two-color poster of the Buddha contemplating the interdependence of all things surrounded by a myriad of animals: \$7.

25-page resource packet on Buddhist approaches to environmentally sensitive living: \$2.
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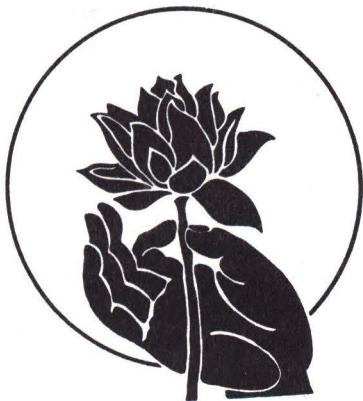
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