



TURNING WHEEL

Journal of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship Fall 1991 \$3.00

BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP
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Meditation In Action: Reports from the Institute on Engaged Buddhism —

Robert Aitken, Deena Metzger, Christopher Titmuss, and others

Visit to the Tex-Mex Border with the Sanctuary Movement

FROM THE EDITOR

The last two issues of *Turning Wheel* focused primarily on sexual misconduct in Buddhist practice. When we began to receive mail addressed to "The Journal of Sexual Misconduct" I thought perhaps we were overdoing it. But then came the Clarence Thomas hearings: the issue of sexual misconduct is in the air. Sexual misconduct is happening, and so is acknowledgment of it and denial of it. In the Senate, in the workplace, in Buddhist centers, and in most other places you could think of.

On that feverish last weekend of the Senate hearings, I drove north from Berkeley to visit friends in a vacation house on the Mendocino County coast. I listened to the radio all the way, with my eyes on the road and my mind in Washington, D.C. When I arrived at the pretty house perched by the sea, my friends were inside watching you-know-what. I sat right down and joined them, and for the next couple of hours we watched in shock as the Senators discounted Anita Hill's testimony of the day before and turned Clarence Thomas into a hero. For me, a moment of ultimate bathos came when Senator Simpson read aloud to Clarence Thomas from Shakespeare's *Othello*. (As in, "You remind me of a black man I read about once in literature.") "Who steals my purse steals trash. But he that filches from me my good name makes me poor indeed."

Clarence Thomas said he was being lynched, and he cried. We felt sorry for him. We made bets on whether or not he would be confirmed. We hoped he wouldn't be. And we kept on watching the spectacle of powerful white men (the ones who run our country) covering their own asses, probably not just figuratively, by saying things like, "Anybody who would do such perverted things would have to be in a mental institution." (But perhaps the *Senate* is a mental institution?) As for me, in the somewhat unlikely event that I'm nominated to the Supreme Court, there might be a couple of things I've said and done in the general realm of sexual conduct which I wouldn't particularly want on national TV, and which I might even be tempted to deny. And you? Not to say it's okay, just that we're all in this together.

Anyway, there we sat, like everybody else I know in the whole United States, while little electronic blips entered our brain, holding us down. Bringing us probably false information about something going on 3000 miles away. And right outside, the waves were unfurling themselves on the rocks, ice plants were blooming on the cliff tops, and seals were eating kelp.

I asked myself: *Wouldn't a good Buddhist — even an engaged one — go for a walk on the cliffs and breathe the fresh sea air? How can you change the world by watching TV?* Well, don't we try to bring our attention to what's in front of us? Clarence Thomas is in front of us. It's our culture, our Supreme Court. The devaluing of women and people of color is a collective crime. The more I think about it, the more I believe it was important for us to watch what was going on. It's a way not to fall into denial, the denial which is the foundation of sexual misconduct and racism. Denial won out in the Thomas hearings, but if we bear witness, it might not win in the end. (What end?) ♦ — *Susan Moon*

Gay or Lesbian and Buddhist? Buddhist Bisexual?

An upcoming issue of *Turning Wheel* will focus on the experiences of sexual minorities in Buddhist practice. What is it like to be queer in your sangha — whether in or out of the closet? How has sexual orientation been, become, or perhaps ceased to be important in your encounter with the dharma? Tell us your stories. There are many, many gay & bisexual people practicing Buddhism — who often have no idea they have so many sisters and brothers in this respect. Help us acknowledge this vital sangha by sending your articles, letters, poems, artwork, to: *Turning Wheel*, P.O. Box 4650, Berkeley, CA 94704.



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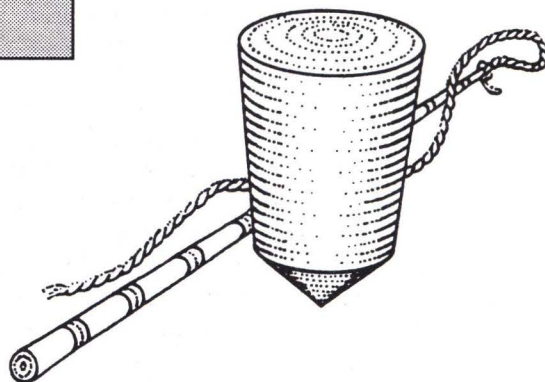
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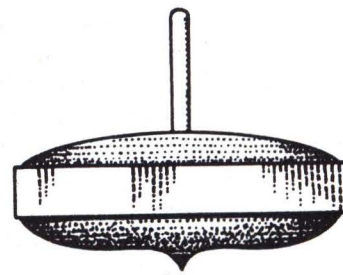
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LETTERS

The following two letters, both from Buddhist teachers, are in response to Diana Rowan's "Open Letter to the American Buddhist Community" in the last issue of Turning Wheel.

Dear Diana Rowan:

Thank you for your brave open letter on Buddhist ethics in American communities.

I would reinforce your Buddhological stance that ethics in Buddhism is not cancelled by the attainment of enlightenment. On the contrary. Truly enlightened Buddhist teachers throughout history — starting with Shakyamuni Buddha — have always manifested a much higher ethical standard than their followers. The language that ultimate reality is beyond good and evil doesn't mean there is some third ethical option. It means that Dharmakaya is beyond the duality of good and evil, because it is universal goodness — *Samantabhadra*.

The point that inevitably follows on this, which Buddhist communities have on the whole not yet understood, is that those teachers who abuse their students sexually, financially or otherwise, are, *ipso facto*, simply *not yet enlightened!!!!* Morality is the foundation of meditation and wisdom — it is not something to be looked into or cooked up afterwards.

The reason the American Buddhist communities are afraid to face this obvious fact is, of course, self-serving. They fear to question the wisdom of their lineages, the completeness of the enlightenment of their teachers' teachers. But the chain of reasons is straightforward:

1. If a teacher mistreats numerous others systematically, he or she is not yet enlightened.

2. If some other teacher or some hierarchy has already certified to that teacher's enlightenment, that certification is worthless — they or it were mistaken, which means their or its enlightenment was not complete.

2. If that abusing teacher had certified the enlightenment of other disciples before being exposed as an abuser, those certifications are valueless.

4. If those certifiers and their certifications are all challenged, one has to start all over again.

5. Here, one has two choices: A) repudiate the possibility or value of enlightenment itself, leave Buddhism and return to materialism; or B) decide that there is genuine enlightenment to discover and verify by other methods.

6. If A, then the end of Buddhist community involvement. If B, then the investigation of enlightenment, the approach to the science of enlightenment, becomes mandatory. And it becomes necessary to take responsibility for deciding on how to organize one's community. And it becomes possible to renew the traditions.

And so on. This is where your letter sets out certain

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minimal standards of responsibility for Buddhist communities, with which I heartily agree.

People will say that such conclusions about traditions that produced misfit teachers are too radical. Buddhism will be destroyed. Communities will be wrecked. People's investment of years of practice will be lost. How *dare* we?

The real destroyer of the Dharma is the one who misuses it, who pretends to enlightenment, who harms others in Buddhism's name. Communities that reinforce authoritarianism and subservience and smother freedom should be transformed. People waste years of practice when mis-oriented by false leadership. How dare we *not* reform and renew the Buddhist tradition when it is abused?

—Robert Thurman, Columbia University, New York

Dear Diana Rowan:

I'm grateful for your courageous voice in the matter of Buddhist teachers and power abuse. It is tempting to say that the perpetrators of these deeds are unenlightened, and therefore should not be teaching. Were it simply that, it would be easier, I think, to deal with. Far more insidious is the truth that these teachers quite likely are "enlightened." Enlightened, but not deeply realized.

There are infinite degrees of awakening. An initial kensho experience is almost invariably a shallow one — and it remains shallow. In a weak kensho the world of emptiness is seen into, but not experienced as interdependent with the world of form. Harada Roshi commented that "a one-sided realization remains a one-sided realization regardless of how many koans one has passed. What these people fail to realize is that their enlightenment is capable of endless enlargement."

So *caveat emptor* [buyer beware]: When a teacher abuses his or her position, particularly to curry sexual favors, his or her enlightenment experience is clearly a shallow one. A pin prick in a dark curtain admits but the merest glimmer of light. Similarly, with a small awakening, our true self is not seen into with penetrating clarity. Years of devoted practice under a qualified master are needed to refine and deepen one's understanding.

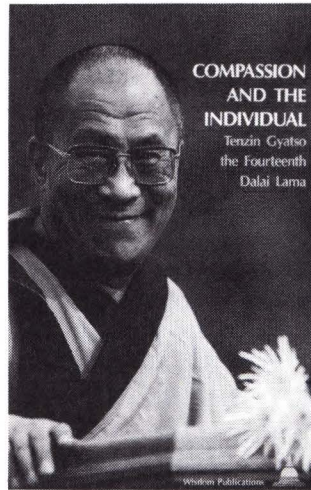
Enlightenment cannot exist in a vacuum — it must be expressed through the way we conduct our daily lives. In other words, if I still cause pain wantonly, disseminate confusion, and regularly break the precepts, I cannot be called a spiritually developed person. Certainly I should not be in the role of a Zen teacher.

The teachers who engage in sexual activity with their students — flagrantly violating the third precept — have clearly not integrated whatever level of spiritual understanding they have attained into their lives. Such people ought not to be teaching.

—Sunyana Graef, Vermont Zen Center



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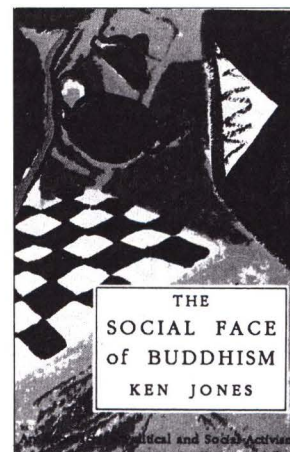
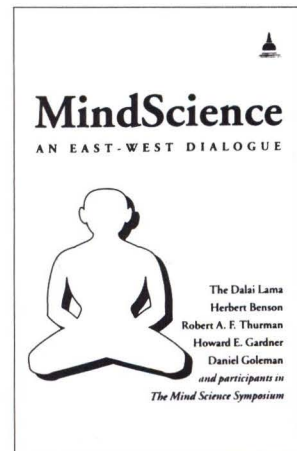
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Dear Editor:

We were delighted to see so much emphasis on being good in the last few issues of your newsletter. We think this is good. Very good. We have never really been sure Buddhism was about being good, but now we are. This is very good.

It's particularly good that people are making rules about being good. This means people who aren't good will be kept out, which is a good idea. Though resolutions aren't as good as rules, we read that there are new resolutions to be good, and it's good you are publishing these. This contributes to the overall good.

Congratulations once again for doing your part to make the world a place filled only with good.

—Society for the Propagation of Good, Tensho David Schneider, Secretary

Dear Editor:

In a letter about the Persian Gulf War in the Spring 1991 issue of *Turning Wheel*, Kathy Whilden writes, with admirable honesty, "I feel torn between my commitment to nonviolence and my love for my friends who believe deeply in a just war. I find it difficult to become large enough and flexible enough to accept both sides."

Kathy is evidently stuck in a painful but potentially creative paradox. This and other material in recent issues prompt me to offer the following reflections for discussion.

Long ago Alan Watts distinguished between Square Zen, Beat Zen and Zen. Square Zen corresponds to what I will call Self-Willed Spirituality. This is the self trying to be "spiritual" in thought, feeling and behavior. To this end we may employ a combination of will power, self-conditioning and opting out of areas of life that might upset our "spirituality." Don't be angry, don't be assertive, don't upset people. Social action is an emotionally charged commitment in which we feel profound responsibility and concern for others. There's an understandable anxiety to "get it right," to conform to some model of engaged spirituality. And yet, like Kathy, we soon find ourselves in ambiguous situations. The heavy, well-meaning self is derailed in confusion and ignorance! That's why social engagement can be such valuable spiritual practice if we really open to it. By contrast, the "spirituality" which is willed by the self adds an idea of virtue which is not only unnecessary ("putting legs on a snake") but which distorts and masks off parts of the self. No wonder Jesus Christ preferred to hang out with publicans and sinners.

But here's another paradox. Spiritual practice *does* have to be willed, and yet at the same time left to bloom of its own accord and in its own time. It is never simple. Is the lovingkindness meditation, for example, a willing and a conditioning or an opening and an awareness? Similarly, spiritual aspirations are

obviously valuable. And the ethical precepts can variously provide prompts for awareness, emergency stop warnings, or a desiccated morality. The important thing is to be aware of the ways in which we create "spirituality" for ourselves. There's nothing like a tough retreat for peeling off the accretions or a compassionate teacher for kicking our "spirituality" out from under us. With persistence, we eventually tumble to it that for the self to acquire spirituality is the ultimate irony. Being spiritual is just allowing the self to be the self so completely that there is space for *everything*, not just Goodness, Truth and Beauty.

When we are no longer afraid of our own violent impulses, then we have no difficulty empathizing with the likes of Saddam Hussein — and at the same time acting resolutely to curb his excesses. Ven. Sangharakshita reminds us that "it is not enough to sympathize with something to such an extent that one agrees with it. If necessary, one must sympathize to such an extent that one disagrees." The consoling simplification that there really are no baddies is as much "spiritual" escapism as the opposite cop-out of unqualified denunciation. Gandhi, for example, was resolute in enforcing sanctions against his adversaries, but he always emphasized the need to maintain sincere communication with them and to keep them within a caring concern. Even the official torturers whom most states employ nowadays have Buddha nature. What does that mean? (Master Dogen reminds us that every creature covers the ground it stands on, no more and no less.)

At the opposite pole, Self-Indulgent Spirituality rejoices in "natural" behavior, in "spontaneity," in "killing the Buddha." Lots of power, sex and booze may be evidence of Crazy Wisdom, so long as we are not really attached to them, but that's all. Self-Indulgent Spirituality tends to get fixated on lots of sitting in order to break through to non-attachment.

Without willing an effort we will never discover that there is no one to let go. But if we will too hard, our grip will be too tight. It's like trying to catch a falling feather on a paper fan. So I really haven't been denouncing two heretical twins. Rather they are two necessary partners in the dance. Dance long enough with them and each is revealed as no more than a phantom created by our root fear.

At present, certain sectors of American Buddhism seem to be shifting from "Beat" to "Square." Yogins preoccupied with therapeutic sitting are taking a new interest in the precepts and monastic tradition.

The above reflections prompt an emphasis on the practice (especially for the socially engaged) of round-the-clock awareness, strengthened by sitting and retreat as essential laboratory work, and sharpened by the skillful use of the precepts as prompts and tethering posts. (But make sure the rope is the right length!)

—Ken Jones, Aberystwyth, Wales

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- **Jeff Connor-Linton**, visiting professor of Linguistics at Georgetown University, Ph.D. from University of Southern California, lectured in Japan and throughout the U.S. on "Cross-Cultural Communication." Author of numerous research publications including: *Gender Differences in Politeness*; and *Questions of Power*.
- **Jacqueline Mandell**, leader of Buddhist retreats for 16 years. Formally ordained as a nun, she was one of four Americans sanctioned to teach by the late Mahasi Sayadaw.
- **Giola Timpanelli**, a nationally and internationally acclaimed writer-storyteller, has been performing for more than 25 years. She is the author of *Tales from the Roof of the World*, and winner of two Emmy awards and the prestigious Women's National Book Association Award.
- **Bonnie Myotal Treace**, Head monk at Zen Mountain Monastery, has been in full-time residential training for over eight years. Published author of poetry and short fiction, she leads retreats and writing seminars at ZMM and is currently director of Dharma Communications, a not-for-profit educational corporation providing resource material on Buddhism and other world religions.

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Dear BPF:

Thoughts on connection —

Being a woman in this time. Being a woman past 40 in this culture. To feel the brunt of the world. To feel all the ways we divide and conquer, we scatter rather than gather. For the last two years my inner life has been a great upheaval with tiny rest periods. A total restructuring of something deep inside of me. I am the same but different, and for me in this time of the silent war, the one we don't talk about, I see a desperate need for community, for the sense that our lives are part of a larger whole — the great quilt I call it. I imagine an old woman — I think it must be a woman and she has to have some real wisdom and life under her — sitting up in the sky making a huge quilt. It is filled with the hearts and loves of the many people that have made the world a more meaningful place, those who have found we need to return to ourselves. I think about the Bushmen, how they could walk out under the stars and know they belonged, and how in most places in the world the glare of city lights doesn't even let us see the sky, let alone the stars. We have a life out of balance and we have lost our connection to our own quilts, the ability to feel our wholeness.

We have become a species that can foul its own nest. In this time of great possibility and great horror, I look to the heart and know it is our main matter.

Nanda Currant, Santa Cruz, California

Dear Editor:

At its zenith, the Roman Empire policed the known world, enforcing what was called the *pax Romana* — the Roman peace. That name turned reality on its head. The Roman peace entailed endless wars on the boundaries of the Empire, with unremitting butchery of Celts, Germans, Scythians, Parthians. At home, terror reigned. Subversives who questioned the imperial order found themselves nailed to crosses to writhe and bleed. This was the Roman peace, a false calm maintained by killing beyond the horizon and torture at home.

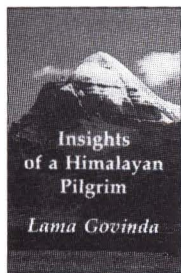
As the Persian Gulf war played out, we Americans became more and more like the Romans of the Empire, waging war and naming it peace. We lost something deep to a military newspeak that cannot bear witness. And so our government came away from the Gulf with no blood on its hands, only the faint stain of "collateral damage" done in a "target-rich environment."

But we can resist. We know the real words. Speak them, sing them out. Name suffering, call needless death what it is, label lies as lies. Our interdependence — and the dharma — require no less.

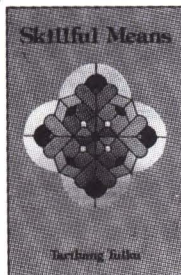
—Robert Aquinas McNally, Walnut Creek, California

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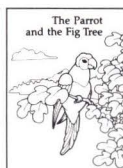
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READINGS

Good News!

AUNG SAN SUU KYI OF BURMA AWARDED THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

Aung San Suu Kyi's nonviolent struggle for democracy and human rights is one of the most extraordinary examples of civil courage in Asia in recent decades.

— Nobel Committee

The State Law and Order Committee (SLORC), the military junta which rules Burma, insists that it doesn't affect them. They will carry on business as usual. Like the Chinese in 1989 when the Dalai Lama won, they maintain that the awarding of the 1991 Nobel Peace Prize to Aung San Suu Kyi, the charismatic leader of the non-violent opposition, has no meaning in Burma. They insist that the world's attention on the woman who has been forcibly kept from taking her place as the true elected leader of Burma does not put a chink in their facade of decency.

But history has a different tale to spin. The awarding of the Nobel Prize to the leaders of dissident movements in countries struggling for freedom and democracy has indeed made a difference. In Poland in 1983 and South Africa in 1984, when Lech Walesa and Archbishop Desmond Tutu won the prize, their movements were, in fact, greatly strengthened. The Dalai Lama's prize in 1989 gave momentum to the Tibet freedom movement and helped to bring about the unprecedented recognition of Tibet by the US Congress and a meeting between President Bush and His Holiness the Dalai Lama.

The prize brings worldwide recognition to a people's nonviolent struggle for dignity. Burma, long invisible, now has no place to hide. For the Burmese people, this recognition of their struggle is a welcome blessing and a rare opportunity.

There is a cruel irony here. While the rest of the world knows of the prize, Aung San Suu Kyi probably

does not. Held under house arrest since July 1989, with no radio and no contact with the outside world, she has not seen her husband since December 1989. She is alone in her home, which is surrounded by troops, where she studies Japanese and writes. There is no way of knowing if she has been informed of the great honor, and no way she can decide how to use the approximately one million dollars of prize money. Her husband, Michael Aris, a professor of Tibetan Studies at Harvard, and her two sons, at boarding school in England, will travel to Oslo on December 10th to accept the prize for her. Mr. Aris says he will set up a trust fund for her with the prize money.

Since she was catapulted into a leadership role in 1988, Daw (Mrs.) Aung San Suu Kyi has come to represent the original democratic ideals of Burmese independence. As the daughter of Aung San, the leader of the movement for independence from British colonial rule who was assassinated in 1947, she has been the standard-bearer for the Burmese freedom movement. SLORC offered her the chance to leave the country if she would refrain from political activity, but she refused. She is a symbol of hope for Burma.

BPF and INEB have been committed to the cause of the Burmese people and are very encouraged by this sign; the implications of this in the world arena are promising. China and Thailand, Burma's largest trading partners, are called to account for their support of the illegal military regime. And the US government as well as the United Nations may be forced to take a stronger stand with SLORC.

As we celebrate the award of the peace prize to Aung San Suu Kyi, let us also not

waste this precious opportunity. This is the time to keep the Burma question raised and in the consciousness of our government. The Buddhist Peace Fellowship is co-sponsoring an important conference on Burma in Washington, D.C. in November, and we hope to be starting *Friends of Burma* local support groups around the country. Please write BPF for information on the conference, groups, or other ways of being involved in Burma.

—Margaret Howe, BPF Burma Project



Courage could be described as "grace under pressure," grace renewed repeatedly in the face of harsh, unremitting pressure . . . This is not a time when anyone who cares can stay out. As my father's daughter, I felt I had a duty to get involved.

—Aung San Suu Kyi

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Urgent Action Appeal

CHINESE BEGIN CONSTRUCTING CONTROVERSIAL POWER PLANT IN TIBET

The International Campaign for Tibet has issued an appeal for international protest against the construction of a hydroelectric plant at Yamdrok Tso, Tibet's third largest lake. The Norwegian Embassy is currently considering whether to supply hydroelectric machinery for the controversial project.

To the Tibetan people, Yamdrok Tso is a special "life-power lake" (Tibetan *bla-mts'o*). It is also the most photographed lake in Tibet, since it lies on the road from Lhasa to Gyantse. The level of the lake is projected to drop an estimated 7.6 inches per year once the turbines are activated. The lake has no inlets, and Chinese engineers have estimated that the lake has enough water to power turbines for no more than 50 years.

As the water level drops, Tibetans fear there will be an ugly scar around the lakeshore. Moreover, because of its size, the lake affects local weather patterns, and a substantial loss of water could lower rainfall in this area, damaging barley crops.

There are also reports that if the lake's level drops too low, water will somehow be pumped back up into the lake from a river, probably the Yarlung Tsampo. The prospect of pumping chocolate-brown river water into the pristine clear lake is in itself distressing to Tibetans, and it would be sure to wreak havoc with the lake's flora and fauna.

Opposition to the project is also based on the fact that the electricity is needed not so much by Tibetans as by the burgeoning Chinese population in Lhasa and for economic projects which may only marginally benefit Tibetans.

The Panchen Lama was an outspoken opponent of this project because of the harmful cultural and environmental implications. It appears that his death removed the main obstacle to the project, and construction is now proceeding.

To protest, write to Mao Rubai, Vice-Chairman of the Tibet Autonomous Region, Fu Shuji, Hong Gong Xizang, Zizhiqiu Wei Yuanhui, Lhasa, Xizang Zizhiqiu, PRC. Also write to the Ambassador, Royal Norwegian Embassy, 1 Sanlitun Dongyi Jie, Beijing, PRC. You might urge that the Norwegian government demand a thorough Environmental Impact Statement, complete with citizen comments, before agreeing to assist the project.

ICT stresses that even if our protest does not halt construction, it is very important to let the Chinese know that their activities do not go unnoticed.

For more information, contact the International Campaign for Tibet, 1518 K St., Suite 410, Washington, D.C. 20005; tel. 202/628-4123.

Wat Promkunaram, Arizona

Mrs. Chawee Borders arrived at Wat Promkunaram around 10:30 am on August 10, bringing a meal for the Buddhist monks, as members of the Thai community do each day. Wat Promkunaram, one of the largest Thai temples in the United States, is the religious and cultural center for more than three thousand Thai and several thousand Cambodians and Laotians in the Phoenix, Arizona area.

Mrs. Borders found blood on the temple doors. Inside, she discovered the bodies of nine people — six monks, a young novice, and two elderly nuns — lying side by side, executed by gunshot with no sign of resistance. Their living quarters had been ransacked and jewelry had been removed from the monks' bodies, but statues of gold and jade were left undisturbed.

A shock wave of pain and disbelief ran through the U.S. Thai community. The monks' bodies were carried back to Thailand for seven days of funeral ceremonies and cremation. In our Western Buddhist centers, memorial ceremonies were observed and we grieved for members of our Dharma family. Once again we are brought face to face with the violence of our own culture, and we struggle to understand our own responsibility for these acts.

Several men are presently being held in Phoenix, awaiting trial for robbery and murder. No more details or motivations have been offered. We are curious, but perhaps we know all we need to know.

We share the grief of Wat Promkunaram's community. Even without knowing them, we miss these monks and generous laypeople, and we feel deep sadness and loss along with their families. If you have anything personal to share about these murders, please write: Wat Promkunaram, 17212 West Maryland Avenue, Waddell, AZ 85355.

— Alan Senauke

Gateway

A NEW ORGANIZATION FOR THE TRAINING AND PRACTICE OF DEEP ECOLOGY

Joanna Macy, Bill Devall, and John Seed are among the founders of a new organization called Gateway, which aims to promote experiential education in Deep Ecology by providing wide access to trained facilitators, learning materials and educational opportunities. Bill Devall, author of *Simple in Means, Rich in Ends* and co-author of *Deep Ecology*, says of the project, "Students and many adults have wide access to information about environmental problems in this country. Yet they have little access to the guided, experiential learning necessary to educate our emotions as well as our rational brains to cope with the enormous destruction occurring on earth." In Joanna Macy's words,

"participants in Deep Ecology Work develop attitudes and behavior which are grounded in awareness of the interconnectedness of all life forms. This awareness is essential to a healthy and sustainable relationship with our planet."

Gateway would like input on the kinds of training that the organization should offer, the sorts of educational materials that would be most helpful to the community, and the social issues which the community sees as important to keep in mind as Gateway develops.

Please write or call Gateway with inquiries and suggestions: c/o Faith Fuller, 6134 Chinquapin Parkway, Baltimore, MD 21239; tel. 301/433-7873.

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Unrepresented Nations and Peoples Organization

In the Buddhist tradition the universe is both composite and one, an intricate interlocking of phenomena, all dependent upon all others. But individuality is distinct as well. Rather than disappearing into a universe of sameness in Buddhist practice, the individual becomes more defined.

In this same way the nations and peoples of the earth are separate and equal. But though they equally make up the whole of the species, each people unique and essential, they are not equally represented internationally. With distinct nations and peoples in the world numbering between 3,000 and 5,000, only 149 of them are represented in the United Nations — the one international body designed to create and promote peaceful solutions to global conflicts.

The marginalization of unrepresented peoples means they have no access to the services or the avenues for conflict resolution which the U.N. provides. As a result, many of them turn to violence to promote, even publicize, their goals.

In response to this crisis the new Unrepresented Nations and Peoples Organization was formed in February of this year, when fifteen founding member nations and peoples met in the Netherlands. There they created a vehicle to speak for unrepresented peo-

ples to a world that may not have even known they existed. Some of the founding members may sound familiar and some may not: the Aboriginal Peoples of Australia, Armenia, Belau, the Cordillera of the Philippines, Crimea, East Turkestan, Estonia, Georgia, the Greek Minority in Albania, Kurdistan, Latvia, Taiwan, Tataristan, Tibet, and West Papua.

UNPO is committed to the use of peaceful means to resolve conflicts. In a world where over 80 percent of wars are between states and peoples under their rule, this commitment carries significant weight. The UNPO is developing training programs in diplomacy, media access, conflict resolution and nonviolent techniques. Members have committed themselves to the formation of an Urgent Action Council to be used to avert violent conflict worldwide. U.N. representation is also part of the program — UNPO looks forward to its own demise — when all the members of UNPO gain representation in the U.N.

In the months and years ahead, as the Cold War ebbs away and the Soviet Union comes apart at the seams, perhaps the Unrepresented Nations and Peoples Organization, by finding voices for the voiceless and by shining lights in the dark corners, will help many find their way away from violence and toward their own peaceful self-determination.

— Julie Berriault

SAKYAMUNI BUDDHA: A STORY



"Buddha's Death", 1991, Ceramic, 55x44x1½"

Celebrate the Dharma with an exhibition of twelve ceramic reliefs showing major events in the life of the Buddha. Hand-sculpted, framed in redwood, SAKYAMUNI BUDDHA: A STORY has been shown at the Institute for Buddhist Studies in Berkeley and at the San Francisco Zen Center.

Dr. Ronald Nakasone, author of "Ethics of Enlightenment", Dharma Cloud Publishing, Fremont, CA, called this panel series, "Dynamic yet sensitively rendered." The artwork is for sale as well as for exhibit. For further inquiries, contact the artist, Lorraine Capparell, at (415) 493-2869.

Repression in Thailand

Sulak Sivaraksa, founder and administrative head of the International Network of Engaged Buddhists in Bangkok, has been forced to flee Thailand to avoid imprisonment on charges of *lèse majesté* — offending the Thai monarchy — and personal defamation against the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, General Suchinda Kraprayoon. Sulak is now reported to be in Germany.

The charges against Sulak stemmed from his remarks in a speech given at Thammasat University in Bangkok on August 22, 1991. In his speech, titled "Regression of Democracy After the February Coup," Sulak was highly critical of the military-run National Peace Keeping Council (NPKC), which promised democratic elections after it seized power early this year, but has not delivered them. "In the mind of the military," Sulak said in his speech, "the nation is the military itself." But in fact, he continued, "the country is a house, and the military are the termites who feed on it, and finally destroy it."

Sulak charged the NPKC with working together with Burma's extremely repressive military regime, the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC) to further logging, fishing, and arms trading between the two countries. The charge of personal defamation seems to stem from Sulak's assertion that Gen. Suchinda, together with then Supreme Commander Gen. Sunthorn (the two are the leaders of the NPKC) secretly visited Burma before the February coup to acquire logging concessions and perhaps to learn how to stage their *coup d'état*.

Interestingly, Sulak in his speech made several comments concerning the Thai law against *lèse majesté*. Offending the monarchy is a very serious offense in Thailand, punishable by a seven-year jail term. Sulak pointed out that "the king, the prince, and the princesses are just ordinary people," and that the inflexibility of the law was itself "very dangerous to the monarchy, because criticism is impossible." He suggested that monarchies can survive only "by adapting to change and accepting criticism." However, Sulak expressed clear support for the monarchy as an institution. He declared that "the monarchy is necessary as the center of unity in the country. Its status must remain above politics and economics. . . . We must somehow help the monarchy to exist meaningfully in Thai society."

Also charged is the Ven. Phra Prachak, a monk who has been very active in organizing villagers on behalf of ecology in the forest where they live. The government has sold vast logging concessions and itself begun eucalyptus tree reforestation (which is ecologically disastrous) in the Dong Yai forest, and the military has sought to relocate Hua Nam Phut village and its temple out of the forest. Phra Prachak, abbot of the temple, has helped organize an environmental group to patrol the forest for poachers and has begun the practice of

"ordaining" trees — draping them in monks' robes and thus making it a sin in Buddhist terms to cut them down. These actions led to harassment by the military, and Phra Prachak's eventual arrest.

BPF was instrumental in spreading the word about the situation. An international appeal on behalf of Sulak seemed only to antagonize the military, and as their threats became more menacing, Sulak escaped out of the country, eventually to Europe. (We have hopes he may visit the U.S. soon.) Phra Prachak was released on bail. He courageously continues to organize on behalf of the Dong Yai forest and the villagers who live in it. INEB itself has been increasingly harassed.

INEB reports that the political atmosphere in Thailand is still highly charged, and they urge sustained pressure on the NPKC and the Thai government from the international community. The NPKC appears to be taking further steps to silence public opinion and "checkmate" the interim government, and our friends at INEB believe that the future may hold only two options for the NPKC: either submitting to mounting public opinion against it by holding democratic elections, or staging another coup which will secure absolute power for the NPKC.

RECOMMENDED ACTION: Please send airmail letters or faxes

- asking that the Thai government not harm the Non-Government Organizations (NGO's) and peoples' movements, which should be understood as normal and crucial elements in the development of democracy;
- asking the NPKC and the Thai government to drop the charges against Phra Prachak and Sulak Sivaraksa, since both of them have been working and speaking for the protection of the environment in Thailand and the region;
- asking that ecology be taken seriously in all aspects of Thai development policy.

ADDRESSES:

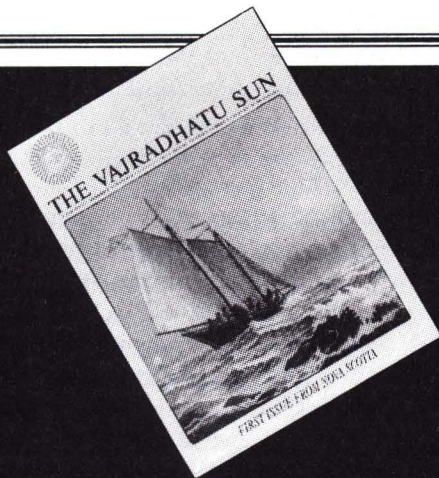
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— Will Waters



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More Urgent Action

VIETNAMESE IN HONG KONG THREATENED WITH FORCED REPATRIATION

The *New York Times* reported on Oct. 3rd that an agreement had been reached between the United Kingdom and the Socialist Republic of Vietnam to forcibly repatriate Vietnamese asylum seekers from Hong Kong. The agreement marks a reversal in the Vietnamese government's opposition to forced repatriation, and could mean that tens of thousands of Vietnamese boat people in Hong Kong and other Southeast Asian countries will be sent back against their will.

The decision should be opposed first of all because of fundamental flaws in the Status Determination Procedures set up in Hong Kong to separate genuine refugees from "economic migrants" among the Vietnamese who have arrived since 1989. These flaws have been described in some detail over the last two years by human rights organizations such as Amnesty International, Asia Watch, the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights and Refugees International.

According to the *New York Times*, Vietnam's agreement on forced repatriation could be "quickly withdrawn if there were strong objections from the United States, which the Vietnamese Government is reluctant to offend." We therefore urge all readers to let your elected officials know of your opposition to this plan. If possible, write letters or telegrams in your own words.

But time is of the essence, and in order to facilitate a quick response, we have prepared form letters which you can have faxed through WorldLink North America. The price of faxing such letters (200 words or less within the U.S., 50 words or less abroad) is \$7 if charged to your Visa or Mastercard, \$9 if they send you a bill.

So if you choose this method, call WorldLink at 1/800/827-2830 (or 827-2831), and tell them you want "Boatpeople #1" for a letter to your congressional representative; "Boatpeople #2" for a letter to President George Bush (the text of these first two letters is the same); "Boatpeople #3" for a letter to Sadako Ogata, United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees; and "Boatpeople #4" for a letter to Vietnamese Prime Minister Vo Van Kiet.

Or fax directly to President Bush at 202/456-2461, and to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (in Geneva) at 011/41/22/731-9546.

Space does not permit us to reprint the form letters here, but if you would like copies, contact Steve Denny, Indochina Archive, 6701 San Pablo Ave., Oakland, CA 94608; wk: 510/643-7958; h: 510/548-2692.

The Hill Tracts of Bangladesh

This summer the International Chittagong Hill Tracts Commission released a report on its investigation into human rights in this isolated hill region of Bangladesh. The indigenous peoples of the area, who are mostly Buddhist, are ethnically and linguistically distinct from the dominant Bangladeshi culture, and have long suffered from governmental oppression and neglect. The new report details evidence of the most appalling kind, reporting torture, rape, and mass killings. This evidence updates and confirms a long history of oppression.

The devastation wrought by the cyclone that swept through Bangladesh in April, 1991, received much international attention. But the Chittagong Hill Tracts, which form a great part of the area hit by the cyclone, have received no relief assistance to date. Moreover, there seems to be a vigorous information embargo in effect: the fact that medical workers have not been permitted access to the Hill Tracts, or that the Mahongar orphanage, with 400 children, was destroyed in the cyclone — such information has emerged only through the personal contacts of Commission members or by being smuggled out of the country.

Forced relocation by the government threatens the peoples of the Hill Tracts. Douglas Sanders, Chair of the Chittagong Hill Tracts Commission and a law professor at the University of British Columbia, described the present situation in the Hill Tracts as "military occupation on a massive scale. The Bangladesh authorities have a deliberate policy of taking people from their traditional lands and relocating them by force into militarily controlled 'cluster villages.'" As in Tibet, the government is also engaged in an extensive program of transferring poor non-tribal people from the plains into the tribal hill lands. Ecological balance, too, is said to be falling victim to extensive commercialization of the hills' resources.

Foreign aid has played an important role in maintaining a strong military presence in the hills (over 60,000 troops) — this in spite of the great poverty and lack of domestic resources in Bangladesh.

More information on the Hill Tracts, and on actions to be taken, can be obtained from Amnesty International (tel. 202/544-0200) or Asia Watch (tel. 202/371-6592).

In a separate announcement, BPF has received an appeal from the Dhammarajika Orphanage in Dacca, which is coordinating relief efforts for the monks of 500 Buddhist monasteries in Bangladesh. The monasteries have very little food and clean drinking water. Besides the devastation the monasteries sustained in the hurricane, the lay community which supports them was decimated by the disaster. To help out, send checks or international money orders (or requests for more information) to Dhammarajika Orphanage, Atisa Dipankar Sarak, Kamalapur, Dhaka-14, Bangladesh. ♦

MAKING A MARRIAGE WITH THE EARTH

by Stephanie Kaza

In a quiet moment, gazing at the exquisite jewels of dew hanging from a strawberry vine, it happens. Everything seems to make sense all at once, the boundaries of your universe melt, and you are one with nature. Or perhaps you are poised on the pinnacle of a granite dome, your eyes filled with the expanse of the valley below. Something breaks open, there is a sense of waking up to something you have known all along — a very deep truth about source and connection and the generative context of the natural world.

Some might experience this as a state of enlightenment, the fruit of the practice of sitting still and staying present with the infinitely complex reality of the moment. When this happens in the natural world, it is a kind of "ecological awakening" — the self-discovering its larger environmental identity as creature of forest or desert, mountain or ocean. These moments of awakening can catalyze a profound change in perspective and orientation to the environment.

These days the light bulbs of environmental awakening seem to be going off all over the country in a diversity of settings. From shamanistic drumming circles to Gaia worship services, from meditation retreats for environmentalists to tree-planting rituals, people are getting "turned on," filled with the truth of what they've experienced. Spiritual connection with the environment seems to be on a logarithmic growth curve.

But is this awakening enough in the race to save the planet? I don't think so. There is a difference between tasting the connection to the earth and living that connection. The first thrill of falling in love with the source is powerful but it alone is not enough. The real spiritual work comes in the day-after-day affirmation of actions that are mindful of the planetary context. This is the difficult work after the honeymoon of first blush of enlightenment. Making a marriage with the earth is not the same as falling in love.

In the flood of concern for forests and disappearing species, there is a sobering loss of innocence. Nature will not necessarily go on as it always has. But in this context we test our tender threads of spiritual understanding. The moments of awakening are sources of inspiration and patience. To sustain environmentally sensitive practice over the long haul will require a deepening of intention and commitment. This is nourished by increasing awareness and also increased participation in actions that make sense. The earth as practice place, the environment as teacher will be much more demanding and challenging than the first taste of enlightenment. But this is the work that is being offered to us right now in the midst of the chaos. ♦

Education Column —

THE SMALL WHEEL

From a recent letter:

A classroom visit to a rural school: some students stand and write at a wobbly table because there aren't enough benches. Some are barefoot because shoes are an unaffordable luxury; their feet are dry and seamed and the color of the adobe they walk on. How be of service to these children? — a method offered to their teachers, a suggestion that might introduce a bit of creativity into a largely memorization-by-rote system? It seems like precious little to share. I feel a strong preference to be doing something "more relevant," like planting trees or building latrines. My ego spins around, wanting to do something significant, useful. —Jeannie Bendik, Honduras

Dear Jeannie —

Picking up on wanting to do something "more relevant" than classroom work . . . Lately I've been watching a falling out between two of my sixth grade boys, Saul and Eric. Saul's the class nerd, Eric your Big Man on Campus. An odd couple, but what do I know about the logic of 11-year-old friendships? Eric's been Saul's lifeline to acceptability, but in the last week or so he seems to have tossed him off, and Saul's flailing around with the desperation of drowning, taking down anyone within reach — and driving me nuts! "I'm an educator, not a social director," I want to say — but the distinction is lost in the tumult of an actual classroom.

The other day, after removing Saul from the class for one of his eruptions (and having him scream at me, "You don't like me either!"), I took Eric aside at recess.

"You and Saul are buddies, right?"

"Nope — not any more."

"How come?"

"Well . . . he's been saying things to other kids about my mom and dad, and I don't like it." I'd picked up from a stray sentence in one of Eric's compositions that his father slams his mother around when he's been drinking.

The pieces begin to slip into place. Just the afternoon before I'd learned from Saul's grandmother that Saul had recently been taken away from his mother: drugs — a common story in this part of town.

"You probably know about Saul's family," I say.

Eric nods.

"You know — I wonder if he's envious of you?"

(Envious of an abusive father? The irony strikes me now in the writing: it was lost to us both in the moment.)

His face alters, softens. Tears are near. "Yeah, I guess I know what it's like. I had to live with *my* grandparents for a while."

I let him go. He runs off to salvage the remains of his recess.

So, Jeannie, this is the kind of thing I'm called on to do, along with teaching multiplication tables, reading and responding to messages in all hands and colors, issuing bandages, giving ear to troubles large and small. "Precious little to share," as you say, these attentions, these services. Like you I sometimes yearn to be putting my shoulder to larger wheels, alongside larger people. What's a full grown man doing meddling in the affairs of children? Is this where my career, not to mention the Buddha Way, has led me?

Apparently. All my big ideas of reforming society, of saving all sentient beings, are broken on the small wheel of what's directly at hand. I may have helped save a boyhood friendship (as if it's mine to do so), but I'm quite sure I haven't done much about drink and drug-riddled households, or the many mental toxins corroding families in North America. Still, my field of labor is *here*, with all its weeds and flowers, and which is which? That momentary altering of the hard lines of Eric's face is my subsistence.

From this particular patch of earth — Room 13, Beverly Hills School, Vallejo, California — I understand the words with which you end your letter:

For me there's solace, hope, guidance, in the continuing exploration of the Third Truth of the Buddha . . . that there's a way out. The route to the end of unsatisfactoriness is amazingly portable, as true in Spanish as in English or Pali. I'm finding that the practice of each step of this path can be done anywhere. A setting in Central America provides variations on a theme.

Thanks,

Patrick McMahon

HOW WARS START

“

I was young, had plenty of money and a large army, and wanted to see my name in the newspapers.

”

**FREDERICK THE GREAT**

On the occasion of the invasion of Silesia in 1740 just a few months after succeeding to the throne.

— sent by Tom Greening

Special Section: Institute on Engaged Buddhism

For five days last August, the Buddhist Peace Fellowship held its first Institute on Engaged Buddhism. 140 people from all over the world came together in a Catholic retreat center in Oakland, California, to talk, dream, eat and dance about meditation in action, action in meditation. Our Buddhist banners, painted by Mayumi Oda, partly covered the mural on the wall of the large room where we met, but between the banners we could still read the letters, "We . . . One in the S..."

We didn't just talk about community, we became a community. It was an exhilarating and fertile gathering. We came away feeling rich in resources, imagination, commitment, gratitude. If you weren't there, we missed you, and you probably missed us, too, whether you knew it or not; so in this issue of Turning Wheel, we bring you in print some of the richness of the Institute. Tapes of all the presentations and workshops are available from the BPF office. See you at next year's Institute!

BANKING ON BUFFALO

by Pracha Hutunuwatr

Pracha is the Director of the International Network of Engaged Buddhists (INEB), based in Bangkok, Thailand. INEB coordinates nonviolent social change projects throughout the Asian Buddhist world. Pracha has been a monk ordained in the Thai Theravadin tradition for the past 11 years. He brings to engaged Buddhism a synthesis of commitment to direct social action and long years in Dharma practice. Following is a portion of his talk on International Development and Engaged Buddhism, given on August 19, 1991.

The words "international" and "development" have bad connotations in my country among people who are concerned about society. "International" means "Westernization," and "development" means "neo-colonialism." In 1960, when Thailand began its first development program, the Prime Minister of Thailand, a military man, said, "The Buddhist concept of contentment is an obstacle to development." And from then on, the basic Buddhist world view was looked down on more and more. With the advance of education, modern markets, multinational investment, and the mass media, our people have developed a sense of inferiority. Once you are educated, even at the primary level, you look down upon your parents who haven't been to school. When you're in secondary school, you look down on those who are lower than you, and so on and so forth. This basic inferiority complex, this loss of respect for our own culture, is the cause of all the trouble we're having now in our society, including prostitution. Many people may think economics is the reason, but cultural invasion is the main reason. When people are no longer proud of themselves, when they have no self-respect, they are ready to sell their children, just for the television, just for a refrigerator.

Let's take Coke as an example. We would like to ask you in the West to stop drinking Coke. It's a symbol of American culture, American colonization. It destroys our local culture. Many people might not think this is a political matter, but it is very political in our country. In the remote areas, people buy Coke to serve guests, and the Coke costs half their daily salary. It's terrible. The children go to school with 10 baht from their mothers, and spend 5 baht for Coke for lunch. This kind of imperialist culture is something you can help us with. If one or two of you make a leaflet about this issue, we can work together. We can conquer this sort of thing. I'm very optimistic about this kind of work. But I'm prepared to fail also.

In Thailand, monks traditionally are the village leaders. Looking at it from the outside, the relationship between the clergy and the laity may look hierarchical, but if you live there, a lot of interchange happens. All men are expected to be monks for some period of time, so they live in the monastery. Those who want to be monks for a long time become abbots. But they still belong to that village. They don't cook, they don't produce, but they do other kinds of service for the community. And the monks in our history have long been intellectual and spiritual leaders, at all levels of society. Monks have lived with kings and queens, with nobility, as well as with ordinary people. And the sangha itself is a kind of mediator in the society. Buddhism is a force that cuts through the class structure.

When modern development came to the villages, it destroyed community life. But the monks, who are traditional leaders — fortunately not educated in the modern way — have their own wisdom, and they've done some very interesting things to revitalize communities. I'll give you an example from one village.

After the villagers had joined the market economy, they found they had no economic power at all, and they

went into debt. Ninety-five percent of the villagers became alcoholics. So the abbot contemplated what to do about the alcoholics in the village. He remembered that when he was young, there was a meditation camp for laypeople, for villagers. So he started a meditation camp in the village again. He asked every family to send one person to the meditation camp, which was in the forest area of the monastery, and they used rice straw to make a temporary hut to sit in. The villagers supported the people in the camp by bringing food and water, and they even bathed them. So the alcoholics started to feel respected. They were treated very well by their families. And the abbot, in his meditation instruction, taught about the dangers of alcoholism, and how to slowly liberate oneself from it.

But the abbot knew there were also economic problems, and so with the help of people like us [INEB], he decided to start a rice bank, a kind of local cooperative. This was something new and exciting for the younger people. Normally, at harvest season, the villagers bring rice to the temple, so the monastery can sell it and construct something necessary for the temple. But the abbot said, "This year, we'll still have the ceremony, but we'll use the rice for the rice bank, and when you need it, you can come and borrow the rice, instead of going to the middle man and becoming more and more in debt."

The rice bank still didn't provide enough rice, so the abbot contacted INEB in Bangkok, and suggested we arrange a Forest Robe ceremony. This is a way that we get middle-income people to donate money to monasteries. It's traditional from the Buddha's time. But this time it was not for the monks, it was for the rice bank.

After three or four years, all the alcoholics recovered. The other villages in the area came and asked the abbot to start meditation camps and cooperatives in their areas. And the abbot started not only rice banks, but also buffalo banks. He asked rich people to donate money; they believe it will create good merit. Then the abbot bought some buffaloes, and now farmers who don't have buffaloes for cultivating their land can borrow a buffalo for a year. If a buffalo has a calf, the farmer gets to keep it. If a second calf is born, it goes to the buffalo bank. So the buffaloes multiply, and more people can borrow the animals.

Here's another example of monks taking initiative

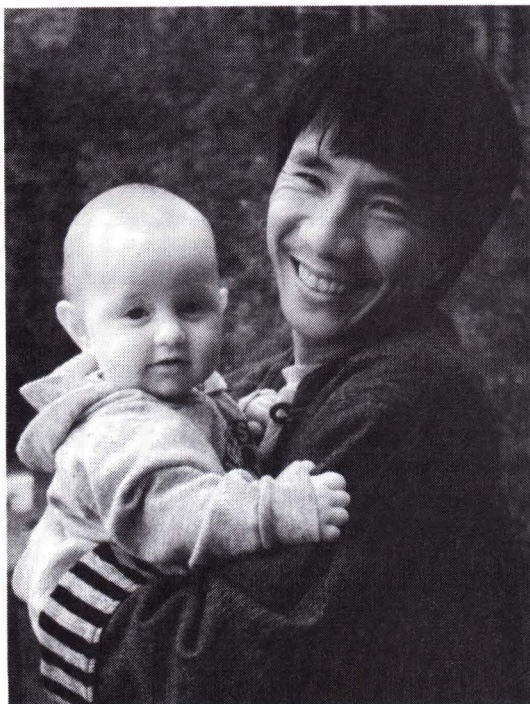
locally. In one village in northern Thailand, a rafting company that operates on the river near the village got permission from the government to cut all the trees in that area. So the villagers came to the head monk and said, "Venerable, you have to do something." So the monks started a project called Tree Ordination. They put yellow robes around the trees. In our country, people believe there are spirits in the trees, so they were afraid to cut them, out of respect. The head monk talked to the workers of the company that was trying to cut down the trees, and together they organized a demonstration. Some people stood on top of the mountain, and some at the gate at the entrance to the valley. From then on, no one came in to cut the trees.

Because of modern development, more and more forests will be cut to build dams for electricity. A lot of people are using tree ordination to fight this. The movement is getting stronger and stronger.

We want to build an alternative force in our society. We don't believe in party politics anymore, because neither capitalism nor communism can solve our problems.

We are all living under this culture of greed. And I think we have to find a way to be content with a simple life. It's not easy. For me, if I spend too much time with people who have fancy cars and everything, it's not healthy. I need a community that supports me in living a simple life, that reminds me that cars cause pollution. Another thing: I was trained in Marxism, and the attitude there is that what you believe is right, and people who disagree with you are wrong. But Buddhism teaches me that my belief may be best for me, but maybe not for other people. Buddhism is not absolute truth. It's a means to see the truth that cannot be theorized.

Buddhist practice has helped me tremendously. When I was a Marxist, I just could not smile or laugh. Everything was so serious, so real. But when you meditate on non-self, impermanence, you just laugh, you know. On one level, it's not real at all, the way we are. We should find a way to be on both levels. I can't reconcile it completely in myself, because I'm not enlightened, but somehow you need to find a room, a place to kick all these problems out and be with the beauty around you. I think this is perhaps the first step to building a better culture. ♦



Silvie Senauke and Pracha Hutauwatr

A PASSION FOR THE DHARMA

by Christopher Titmuss

Christopher Titmuss lives in England and teaches insight meditation and engaged spirituality. He has published two books of interviews with spiritual teachers, Spirit for Change and Freedom of the Spirit. He ran for Parliament in England in 1987, as a candidate for the Green party, but was defeated by a Conservative. He recently agreed to run again in 1992. He is confounder of Gaia House Trust in Totnes, Devon, and is on the International Advisory Board of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship.

Following is an excerpt from a talk given on August 20, 1991.

What does "spiritual" actually mean for us? The original meaning of this word is from the Latin word *spirare*, "to breathe." So to be spiritual is to breathe, and what does it mean to breathe? What does it mean for life to breathe? We sometimes get trapped in the rhetoric of spirituality, the language of spirituality, and we become servants of the ideology. And I say, let's not be concerned with "spirituality." Let's not be concerned with being "Green," being "environmentalist." Let's really look at life, and if at times those words are useful and applicable, fine. But let's not make too much fuss about them. Because it's an invitation to conflict and division.

From a spiritual standpoint, intention is extraordinarily significant. The Buddha gives a remarkable analogy. He said it's as though people sometimes find themselves stuck at the bottom of an extremely dark well. Somebody passes by, and they have a rope with them, and they throw the rope down to the bottom of the well. And then the Buddha asks, what are the conditions for this person at the bottom of the well to come out of the situation? Two things have to take place. The person at the top of the well has to take the strain of the rope. And equally important, the person at the bottom has to be willing to take hold of it. In other words, the intention must be there. The intention for change, for liberation, for awakening, must be there.

In the movement for social change and justice, one of the biggest factors contributing to stress and burnout is that there is a dependency on result. Last January, I was in Bodghaya teaching, and information came on the shortwave that the Persian Gulf war had started. On this retreat we had an Iraqi from Baghdad,

and seven Israelis who were deeply concerned about the Scuds; there was a lot of fear and concern. We organized a peace pilgrimage to the Bodhi tree. It began with Westerners and a handful of Thais and Tibetans. We walked with a single candle each, and soon there were hundreds of people. It was a small but beautiful expression of our concern. We didn't think we were going to stop the war.

Focusing too much on results brings nightmares — literally and metaphorically. There is a perversion of perception, and this is something that each one of us must watch with the same kind of vigilance as if we had a cobra in a small room with us. The ego comes up in the form of "I" or "we" and says, "We are so small. I am so small. We can't ever confront the huge circumstances and crises of life." This has a paralyzing effect on emotional life. It deadens the spirit. And this wretched system we live under, day in and day out, is putting out that message. The media conspire with this. We get blinded by the media — appalling magazines like *Time* and *Newsweek* — which are the servants of government.

One of the ways media conspire is in the language of "militant" and "moderate." When people in a factory, working in the most foul working conditions — health, safety, financial, etc. — begin to voice their concern, they are called "militant." When the women set up a peace camp at Greenham Common during the '80's — and next month they celebrate ten years there — they were all described as "militant." Militant is anything that upsets the *status quo*. It's part of a conspiracy to marginalize the work for peace and social justice. So we really have to look into the way we speak. Even the word "activist," which is a word which everyone in this room has used — say you're an activist and the reaction is, "Oh, God, not one of them..." That's media influence. So let's not use language that works

against us.

Another important message of the Dharma for a spiritual life — a life which can breathe — is to avoid an obsession with the future. And I think the Green movement has made some errors here, by putting out information that says, "In the future, this is going to happen unless we do thus and so." Especially in the United States, where there's an extraordinary belief in progress, this creates the attitude that things will get better once we "get it right."

When we talk about the future, it touches a place of fear. We feel anxious about the Earth and our future,

*When people feel insecure they go
to the sacred shrine in their home
— called the refrigerator —
open up the inner tabernacle and
stuff themselves.*

and this constant anxiety leaves us feeling horror or guilt or despair. Essentially insecure. And what happens when a person feels insecure? They go to the sacred shrine in their home, called the refrigerator, and open up the inner tabernacle and stuff themselves. We contribute to consumerism by plaguing people with fears of the future. Unless we look at the emotional content of fear and aggression and liberate ourselves, awaken our hearts, we are as much part of the problem as anyone.

The Buddhist world in Asia is in a severe state of historical crisis. That shows itself in the tyranny of government, in Burma, Tibet, Thailand, Kampuchea, and Sri Lanka, where leaders claim to be upholding Buddhist tradition while they incarcerate, torture, and murder thousands of citizens, while they actually destroy the Buddhist tradition, Buddhist values, Buddhist way of life. It's important that we who have a love and concern find ways to express our concern. Because like it or not, there are millions of people in other parts of the world who look to the West, and who think of the West as where it's all going. That this is the way to go — to this nightmare. I think we have a very valuable function to play in showing what post-consumerism is. Something other than this selfish, individualistic form of living. We need new ambassadors to show there are people in this society who are saying this is rotten and I don't want to live like this. And that's where the Dharma teachings clearly have a potency, because they're so flexible. And we don't have to use the word "Buddha," or "Dharma," "Sangha," or any of that.

One concern I have is that we liberate ourselves from anger. I can't support what I sometimes feel is a rationalization of righteous anger, which is to me a contradiction in terms. Anger by its character, by its definition, is harmful. Usually we do one of two things: We either fight the person who is angry, or we defend our position. And the force of anger goes against what we want. When we're angry with people, they tighten up. They become more ideological about their belief, and we have given support to it through the nature of dependent arising. But on the other hand, Buddhists — who are dreadfully nice, painfully nice people, and that disturbs me as much as those who are angry — will sometimes say, let's direct some lovingkindness towards the people we're angry at. I take a different view. When governments and business are actively destroying Earth, how can one give lovingkindness to that? We need to hear the voices of the people and animals who have no voice, and our kindness needs to go to those who are disadvantaged by the system. If one is trying to be too kind, the passion is watered down. One is afraid to be passionate for justice, because one

Buddhists are dreadfully nice, painfully nice people, and that disturbs me as much as those who are angry.

confuses passion with anger. And it's up to us to acknowledge the difference between anger and loving life passionately and tenaciously.

The Buddha's teaching states this very succinctly. He says the most noble forms of human consciousness are embodied in four areas: *metta* — which isn't wishy-washy-let's-be-nice-to-each-other — but is an active force of friendship, a very deep friendship for life which is unshakable in the force of circumstances. The other is *karuna*, compassion, which we think is a feeling of pity for someone, but it's the action which relieves suffering. Not just sitting and having some nice concerned thoughts about the injustice and suffering in the world. The third noble state is *mudita*, which means spiritual joy — a joy with no limit. It's not just being engaged in meditation and feeling happiness. It's gladness at the good fortune of others. The fourth, *upekkha*, is translated as equanimity. But that has kind

of a passive note to it. I think true equanimity is the capacity to stand steady in the face of painful circumstances. And the Buddha made it quite clear — to stand steady when one is besieged with the forces of pleasure and pain. So equanimity

is active, it's not afraid, it's direct, and it's willing to challenge the forces that are unsatisfactory, whether they are embodied in the Henry Kissingers of the world or elsewhere.

At particular times, there is an active interest in a particular area of concern. Sometimes it's crime, sometimes it's AIDS, South Africa, sometimes overpopulation, women's rights. An obsession with the fashion of the moment. But this is a situational response. People are talking about it, there is a huge outpouring of publicity, demonstrations, public meetings, leafletting. Then that wave passes. It's the responsibility of people who've gone deeper than the situational response — towards transcendence — to ground things in the here and now. Then we're not so dependent on situational response, because we've touched something deeper, which has a liberating fortitude to it. The teachings give mettle to awareness, to wisdom, they give a sustainability to it. We go steady, steady, steady, because the work of liberation and awakening the heart can't be a situational response. The Dharma teachings are about transcendence, and therefore it's a lifelong commitment. There is no retirement. ♦



PERSONAL DISARMAMENT AND THE NATION-STATE WITHIN

by Deena Metzger

At the Institute, poet-activist Deena Metzger led a workshop on "personal disarmament." She asked participants to consider themselves as nation-states, complete with infrastructures and defense systems. Here is an excerpt from her talk, followed by questions she asked workshop participants to consider in order to help them define their own inner nation-state.

I once worked with a woman who had been a mediator for many years. Her life was completely devoted to nonviolence. In the workshop I was leading, I set up a situation in which trust was undermined. After about half an hour, when she realized she was distrusting the people sitting around the table, she said, "This is dreadful, I can't do it. I can't disarm, be vulnerable, give up my weapons under these circumstances."

"Well, then," I said, "What do you think the government mediators feel as they're sitting at the table with their supposed enemies?"

"If I were one of those mediators," she said, "I know what I would say: *More bombs.*"

It was a disturbing moment for her, because she understood that she could not continue her work until she found what was going on inside her — what were her fears, her enemies, her inner arsenals. It took a year. When she went back to her work, she knew she wasn't being theoretical, she was working from a place of complete integrity. She knew what it was to be threatened at the deepest level, and she could proceed to talk about disarmament anyway.

Personal disarmament is the process by which we see the relationship between psyche and politics, between the inner world and the outer world. My hope is that by doing this work, we will become effective disarmament mediators. When we know from our own experience what other people's fears and difficulties are, we'll know how to proceed, inside and outside.

What is your inner nation-state?

Who governs it? How does the ruler stay in power? What is the form of government? Do you live in a hostile or benevolent universe? Which of your inner selves do you trust? Whom do you distrust? What makes you afraid? Who are your enemies inside? Whom do you hate? Who is your beloved enemy — that is, by which enemy do you define yourself? What do you think is going to do you harm? What doors do you always lock? What are your

borders — inside? Who can cross them? How? How do you protect your borders? Who requires a visa to enter? What territories are you afraid to enter? Are you an isolationist by nature? An internationalist? Do you believe in taking care of yourself first, or others? What information do you censor? From which selves? What ideas threaten your system? How do you defend yourself in an emergency? What do you consider an internal emergency? What weapons do you use conventionally? What weapons do you stockpile for crises? Do you have enough weapons, or do you feel you need to arm to catch up with others? What is your inner equivalent of the nuclear bomb? How often do you threaten to use it? Will you agree to a no-first-use clause? To whom are you willing to surrender? Have you ever had the thought, "Better dead than...."? What's the nature of your inner army? Who's the general? Is it your own army,

What is your inner equivalent
of the nuclear bomb? How often
do you threaten to use it?

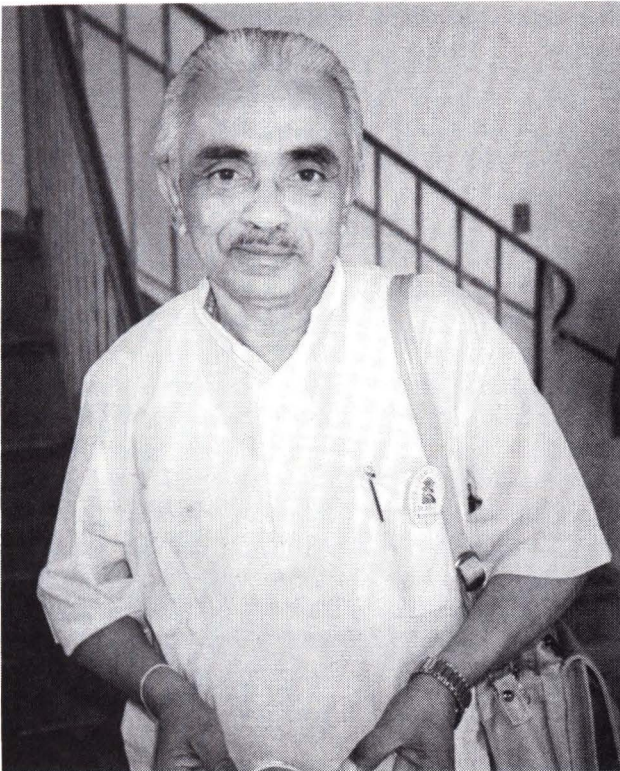
or do you rely on allies? Under what circumstances would you impose a draft? Do you hire mercenaries? Who are your inner policemen? Who controls them? In whose interest do they act? Do you have a loyalty oath? What's your penal system? Do you use torture on any of these inner selves? Which selves? What forms of torture? Do you set up alliances? How are they enforced? Which agreements do you break? Which agreements do you secretly never intend to keep? What inspection systems do you agree to, and which will you not allow? How do you treat terrorism? Protest, rebellion, disagreement, potential revolution? Do you have slaves? Are you a colonial country? Whose energy, labor, resources, and territory do you exploit? Are you an oppressed country? Who's the oppressor? How do you collude with the oppressor? What's in it for you? Have you ever been invaded? By whom? Have you ever invaded? How much territory do you need? What do you consider a balance of power? Do you give priority, secret or overt, to defense, to territorial hegemony, comfort, security, wealth? Are there poor in your country? Homeless? What are the conditions of citizenship in your country? What pollution problems do you have? Do you have an internal FBI? CIA? What is your relationship to the inner animals, fish, trees, the wild? Do you have zoos for the animals inside?

What are the rights of the vegetable realm? Are there monks in your country? What's their relationship to the rest of the country? To the householders? Who supports the monks? Are you governed by religious law or secular law? Whom do you exile? What is your internal class system? Who is enlightened within? What teachings do you ignore? Who does the spiritual labor? How are those who do this labor regarded? Who does menial labor? How are they regarded? How do you feel about those inside who have physical illness? How do you feel about those with emotional illness? Do you think there are people inside who are malingering? Are there hermits inside, and how do you feel about them? Are there activists? What's your relationship to them? How is the feminine treated? Who are the rich? Who are the poor? Who runs the media? Who determines what's true? What do you export? What species do you consider inferior? Whom do you exterminate? Whom do you respect? What do you hold valuable? What do you love and admire? ♦

A response from Fran Levin, who attended Deena's workshop:

Deena allowed several minutes for us to write a description of our own nation-state. As I was writing, I heard Deena say, "And what do you think is the greatest concern of our government?" I looked at what I had written for myself: fear of attack.

Right now I'm working on energy conversion. I think too much of my GNP is spent on defense. ♦



Dr. A.T. Ariyaratne

I MAKE MY OWN CURFEW

by A. T. Ariyaratne

Dr. Ariyaratne is the founder and director of the Sarvodaya movement in Sri Lanka, a village self-help project. Sarvodaya has been in existence for over 30 years. The following story is from Ari's introductory talk on the first night of the Institute.

Since 1983, we've had a lot of violence in Sri Lanka. 1989 was a very bad year; on one side, the government was imposing curfews, and on the other hand, the young people who were leading the insurgency were also imposing curfews. Ordinary citizens like us—who believe in nonviolence, peace, and justice—were not left in peace by these two groups: a government group and an anti-government group, both unjust and armed.

One day, I was told by our reception people that ten young people had come to meet me—and they were probably armed. I said, "Let them in." That was a day when they had ordered a curfew, but I was in my office. In the two or so minutes it took for them to come to my office from the gate, I fully concentrated on compassion and lovingkindness.

Two of the young people came and asked me, "Why are you working?"

"What else do you expect me to do?"

"Don't you know we've declared a curfew?"

"You declare curfews," I replied, "and the government declares curfews, but I declare a curfew on myself—every day from midnight until five in the morning."

They opened a bag, took out a walkie-talkie and said, "There are eight others outside. Shall we call them?"

"Call all of them. I'm not afraid, because you are like my sons, who are teenagers."

"Aren't you with us?" they asked.

"No," I said, "I'm neither with you nor with the government, because you are unjust and violent. I believe in justice and nonviolence."

They took something like a tennis ball and put it on my desk. "Do you know what this is?"

"I've seen them in pictures," I said, "But it's the first time I've seen one close up." It was a hand grenade. I said, "Now, please explode this and go away so you don't get killed. I'm past 50, almost 60—your people will live much longer."

They were very surprised. "Aren't you afraid?"

"No," I said, "Fear is a sin. When you are reborn, if you were afraid at the time of death, that's a sin, according to my belief. I have absolute compassion for you, and I have forgiven you, so I don't have any revengeful ideas about you. That's also a sin—to feel revenge." So they took the grenade back, apologized, and went away. ♦

ENGAGED ANARCHISM

by Robert Aitken

Robert Aitken Roshi is one of the founders of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship and the teacher at the Diamond Sangha in Honolulu. Aitken Roshi is a long-time tax resister and peace activist. The following is excerpted from the opening panel of the BPF Institute on "What is Engaged Buddhism?"

I have been thinking a lot about the nuts-and-bolts of engaged Buddhism. I frequently meet people who tell me, "Well, you know, I haven't been coming to the zendo so much recently. Both of us work, and our children are taking a lot of our time, and when we do have free time, why, it's good to spend it with the family..." So, if well-intentioned people don't have much time for formal practice, how can they find time for the active practice involved in engaged Buddhism? It's a tough one.

The Zen Master Hui-hai was asked by a student, "What is the gateway to the Buddha dharma?" And he replied, 'Dana.' Giving. *Dana* is relinquishment. You start with relinquishment."

Something has to give, you know. In this incredible crisis we're facing in the world, I'm sure all of us feel we can't just go along as we are. So what can we give? What can we relinquish? Well, it's like making a decision about vegetarianism. Some people draw the line at red meat, and some draw it other places. Each of us is going to have to draw the line in engaged Buddhism in a particular way.

I would suggest that the Catholic Worker is an interesting model. The Catholic Worker house in Seattle is my home away from home when I'm in that part of the country. I have prepared food and washed dishes in their "family kitchen"—which is also the name of the program they've been conducting for the past seventeen years. Husband and wife both work part-time. From time to time, they have people in the house with them, who also work part-time. They devote the rest of their time to cooking a big meal for hundreds of people.

One member gathers food from restaurants and supermarkets that would otherwise be thrown away.

He brings it to the house, and they decide on the basis of what they've got what they're going to cook. They serve it at 4:30 in the basement of the cathedral. They have tablecloths and silverware, glasses, plates and chairs, so everybody is comfortable. Of course, in programs like this, there is a grave danger of burn-out, and some danger of falling into self-righteousness. But if these are clearly seen as risks, they are minimized.

The Catholic Worker is just one point on the scale. There are many other points. Vacation time could be relinquished. Or a Saturday—maybe *every* Saturday. There are even situations where kids could be involved.

This kind of program, inspired by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin back in the Thirties, is found in many cities. These Catholic Worker houses are not under anybody's umbrella—it's a horizontal organization. There are different programs in different houses. The roots go way back, to 19th century anarchism—for example, the

short-lived Bavarian Socialist Republic, right after WWI, under the leadership of Gustav Landauer. They networked with other little communities in Europe. This kind of grassroots organizing inspired affinity groups among the anarchists in the Spanish War, which inspired the affinity groups that grew up in the Peace Movement in this country. It inspired the base communities now proliferating in Spain, Portugal, Latin America and the Philippines. Surely they can be our inspiration, too.

I spoke recently to a BPF member who is an attorney with the ACLU in Hawaii. I said, "You know, you're really a base community there, in the ACLU. It would be good if you could be aware of yourself as that. You're devoting yourselves wholeheartedly to civil rights." So I suggest that we, in our Buddhist Peace Fellowship groups, be aware of ourselves as base communities, coming together for mutual support, meditation, planning, and for action. And I don't necessarily mean putting ourselves on the line — although that's important too, as it was during the Persian Gulf War. You know, we can form our own small instruments of power. I like the idea of little credit unions, little markets. But it takes a lot of work, a lot of relinquishment. ♦



Aitken Roshi (on the right) with Wim Aspeslagh, A.T. Ariyaratne, and Christopher Titmuss

GLEANINGS FROM THE INSTITUTE

From the Sublime to the Clothesline

Sublime to now be sitting on a balcony overlooking the mangroves of the Whau estuary here in Tamaki Makau-rau (Auckland). Tide's in, there's a catamaran sailing, fantails darting about, and the city feels a long way away.

Sublime, a few short weeks ago, to be one among more than a hundred "meditators in action" — to be reminded that I'm not alone in this, what often seems an unusual combination of interests.

A memory: Wet clothes in hand, I emerge from the washroom in search of the clothesline. Looking in all the obvious places, I gradually realize my unquestioning faith in the existence of clotheslines is about to become another lesson in the dangers of expectation. In desperation, I drape my damp wardrobe over a tiny fence and hope the wonderful drying breeze will penetrate to this sheltered corner. It doesn't, so finally in a moment of truth I fling the clothes into the dryer with a mixture of disbelief, relief and guilt.

If the resistance I had to overcome to use this device and the attachment I have to its solar powered alternative is anything like the reverse process, I have some appreciation for how difficult it must be to break the dryer habit. Taking to heart the call for us to become postconsumer ambassadors to the rest of the world, I feel like a clothesline ambassador to the US! Just think how many power stations could be mothballed if you used your dryers even half the time you do now.

Knowing how addictive habits can be, I offer the following thoughts: What sustains this habit — longing for unwrinkled clothes? too busy? fear of clothes being stolen? A breeze is more important than the sun. On a good drying day clothes will dry outside in a matter of hours; and they'll be sterilized by the sun's ultraviolet radiation.

So let's hear it for clotheslines! Go clotheslines!

And next visit I must remember to pack a little emergency kit of line and pegs, so I can feel at home wherever I go.

—Barbara Hammonds, Auckland, New Zealand

(And don't forget how good clothes smell when they've been dried on a clothesline. —Ed)

The Institute: A Real Family

The last night —

After the dancing, the lights are out, someone is snoring sweetly. Half awake/asleep, my body has the strong intention to snuggle against my husband's back. It is so long since I've heard snores, tears flow.

Last day in San Francisco —

I have given most all my small money to homeless people, and then I see a woman on the corner who looks like me. She asks me if I am a feminist and tells me, "There are many witches on the street." When I ask her about the bus for North Beach, she tells me to walk and I know I must.

So I give my bus fare to a man with a "hungry and homeless" sign. He gives me a hug. On crowded Grant Street: tourists with video cameras, shoppers, local folks. The homeless people like small islands of pain, isolated from the flow. How can I buy stuff I don't even need when these people can't eat? I hide in a cafe and write this. My guilt dilutes like sugar in café latté, and I make a pilgrimage to City Lights Bookstore.

August 30 —

I am alone for the first time since the Institute. It is Fall, cold blue sky and warm yellow sun. The grass is seed-

ing. Temperature last night was 39 degrees. New snow on the volcanos. Last night by the waning full moon the Kachemak Greens had a meeting around a driftwood fire on the beach. Sitting on the rocks with my Green family, I hope I will be able to bring the Institute home for them. We are facing so many challenges to grow as a group and as individuals; there are dangers just ahead. When I think how easily we managed interpersonal dynamics at the Institute, I see the immediate benefit of dharma practice.

The lasting image —

My heart was opened. Tears of the planet flowed effortlessly like snow melt. I was protected by the living body of the Institute, which absorbed me in the compassionate embrace of a real family. And now, knowing this family, not just believing in its existence, but knowing faces, hands and hearts, living with our shared pain and joy, I can say I feel stronger because I can see your reflections in the shining star points of the web scattered across the planet.

—Denise Lassaw-Paljar, Anchor Point, Alaska



BPF Institute participants doing walking meditation at Concord Naval Weapons Station

Government as Teacher

At the Institute, people frequently referred to the government as a principal cause of the destruction of the earth and its inhabitants. The government was described as the enemy, as something that should be avoided when trying to create solutions to the immense problems facing us. It was difficult for me to listen attentively to these remarks.

I am a government worker. I believe that we are all a part of the government. The government reflects whatever is happening in our communities. The government systems and the people who work in the government are not the enemy. They may be the teachers.

I have worked for a county Department of Social Services for 24 years. I started working for the government when I was 27 years old, poor, divorced and raising three very young children. And I have stayed, even though I have seen many of my co-workers throw up their hands in disgust at the bureaucracy and the ongoing human suffering both in the community and in the office.

I periodically ask myself why I am staying. I don't have an easy answer. I sense that I am contributing to the health of the community by trying to see clearly what is happening in the government and in the community and to reflect this information back to the people. I may be fooling myself.

From the Institute, I learned that I must again examine my work with a mindful heart. What are the consequences of my actions as a government worker? Is it valuable to describe government activities in a way that allows people to understand their choices as citizens? No one is exempt from influencing the government; both passive and active responses have an effect.

The pain in my life and my work brought me to spiritual practice. I learned that I needed to look closely at government, at what I was doing, how my community functions and how all this affects me. It is important to be careful about labeling any segment of the society as evil or irrelevant. The government is both part of the problem and part of the solution.

—Kathy Whilden, Monterey, California

Graffiti from the "Wall of Democracy"

Throughout the five days of the Institute, participants scribbled their thoughts and feelings on a newsprint "wall of democracy" in the main meeting hall. Here is a sampler:

An awarewolf: one who stalks awareness.



In a monastery where the inhabitants have taken a vow of silence, the monks are allowed to speak once every five years.

"What would you like to say this year?" asks the head monk.

"Well," says the monk, "It would be nice if the soup were served a little warmer."

"Thank you," replies the head monk.

Another five years goes by. "What would you like to say this year?" asks the head monk.

"Well," says the monk, "our meditation cushions are getting lumpy and really need to be replaced."

"Thank you," replies the head monk.

Another five years passes, and he asks, "What do you wish to say this year?"

"Well," says the monk, "don't you think it's about time we allowed women into the order?"

"I don't know why you stay here," says the head monk. "All you've been doing for the last fifteen years is complaining, complaining, complaining."



"For the being on the path, fire is water." —Rumi



"If fate throws a knife at you, there are two ways of catching it — by the blade or the handle." — Oriental proverb

On the murder of the Thai monks in Arizona:

In my sweet country
Night falls, and dies there
A Thai boy called "Boy,"
His grandmother,
An American named Matthew
And six venerable monks.

This is my country: starry Arizona, dark,
Where I dance, a flame in the roofless temple,
Crazed and broken-hearted
Under the green tree of life
Giving away jasmine petals
In the sweet rain.



Is "community" being sought in a spirit similar to the longing for consumer goods?



First the bad news: "There is no key to unlock the door to the mysteries of the universe."

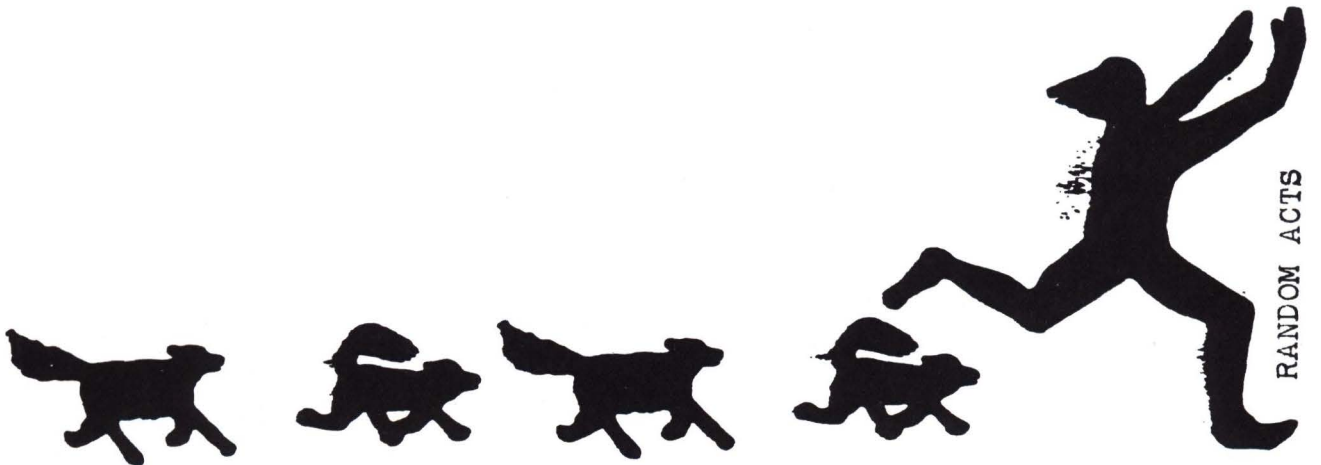
Now the good news: "The door has been left unlocked."

No door. No mystery.

Overleaf: Random Acts is a guerrilla art project in Monterey County. Anonymous artists reproduce their work and post it in public places, in "random acts of senseless beauty." They encourage others to perform similar anarchistic projects. Do it however you want to. Let telephone poles and laundromats be your canvas.



Children and dogs and dogs
and children and dogs flying
and children falling and dogs
and children and shouting
and dog laughter in children
and dogs in greenstick summer
of dogs and children and dogs
and dogs barking all bounding
up hillsides of children and dogs
and dogs and children
in meadows of running in life.



RANDOM ACTS

TEX-MEX BORDER

by Sandy Hunter

The man arose naked from the water, an old suitcase balanced on his head. Quickly he climbed the river bank, hid behind low bushes, opened the case and dressed hastily, still wet. Suddenly, powerful light beams sliced through the dark night.

Two border patrolmen aimed their guns at him, while another two approached and firmly pushed the Rio Grande swimmer and his suitcase over the bank to a dirt road.

"You an eye-rack-ee?" he was asked.

"No hablo Inglés. ¿Qué es un 'eye-rack-ee'?" answered the man, whose name was Julio.

"From eye-rack. You from the country of eye-rack?"

"O, señor, ¡Iraq! No — yo soy Salvadoreño."

Julio and hundreds of thousands like him have crossed the Rio Grande to seek refuge in the United States. Most cross into southeast Texas near the Gulf of Mexico, in the region called the Rio Grande Valley.

The Rio Grande Valley is a microcosm of the United States and its sharp contrasts. It is part fertile, part desert; here one finds palm trees and cactus on the same ranch. Anglos, only about 20 percent of the Valley's population, control the land. Hispanics, who make up most of the rest of the population, live in about 750 communities along canal roads. These *colonias* often lack water and electricity, as well as garbage collection and police and fire services.

The largest ranch in the U.S., the 800,000-acre King Ranch, dominates the area. Yet 43 percent of the population live below the federal "poverty line," and 23 percent are unemployed.

This past May I joined Margaret Howe, past National Coordinator of the BPF, and others on a tour of the border area sponsored by the Rio Grande Defense Committee. The Committee, through its Border Witness Program, provides inexpensive tours and information about the facilities the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) uses for detained Central Americans. The Rio Grande Defense Committee also enables visitors to meet with representatives of Christian and legal organizations which assist both detainees and those refugees who have so far escaped detection. Our guides also took us across the border to see the *maquiladoras* — the factories the U.S. has built in Mexico — and to talk to some of the

women who work in them for 83 cents an hour.

The story about Julio's experience is probably not apocryphal. Citizens along the Texas border evidently felt the threat of the Persian Gulf war to be very close to home. Even as late as May, the tower of the local hospital sported a one-floor-high yellow ribbon tied in a giant bow. The Catholic sanctuary, Casa de Romero, had been recently raided by the INS because two (Asian) Indians staying there were thought to be Iraqis.

There is an uncomfortable atmosphere of militarism hanging over the Rio Grande Valley. One often sees billboards along the highway bringing greetings from the Border Patrol or the Texas Rangers (the state police). Enforcement agents regularly check the papers of people waiting at bus stations, and search through railroad cars for undocumented people. Each major northbound freeway has checkpoints where cars are searched. The Border Patrol uses high-tech methods like infra-red cameras for nighttime photography. Heat sensors detect travelers on the back roads.

Bridges over the Rio Grande are controlled by the Border Patrol, of course. Yet as we stood about 30 feet from the bridge at Brownsville, we watched two men upstream wade across without hindrance. The cops-and-robbers atmosphere seemed like a charade — a game, but one which could turn deadly if you were caught.

One often sees billboards along the highway bringing greetings from the Border Patrol or the Texas Rangers.

I have recently read that the FBI agents in Texas are in close communication with police in San Salvador, and inform them when someone is caught in Texas. Many of the people who are sent back disappear or are found dead within a few hours of their return. (See Ron Gelbspan's *Break-ins, Death Threats, and the FBI.*)

If caught, undocumented adults are taken to the Point Isabel Detention Facility, commonly called the *corralón*. This is a sprawling jail complex miles from any town, almost on the Gulf. We saw dozens of prisoners in red jumpsuits (including the two Indians from the raid at Casa Romero) standing idly in what looks like a huge schoolyard with no athletic equipment and very little shade. Three or four layers of barbed wire enclosed the space. Inside the barracks, on a wall near a telephone, the number of our Sanctuary office in Berkeley must be written; people call us for help from the *corralón* all the time.

There is no medical assistance at the *corralón*. The nuns and Catholic laypersons who go through elaborate red tape to visit there report that women must approach a guard to ask for toilet paper before going

to the bathroom. The facility and its staff don't appear particularly brutal, just cold — although a lawsuit has been filed against the staff of the facility for allegedly beating one of the detainees. People who are released are put on the road outside the facility, where no bus is available. Church representatives who visit are told of women who have been released at night being picked up on the country road and brought to brothels in rural towns.

There were over 400 people in the corralón the day we visited. Standing outside the barbed wire, we could only smile and give a little wave to the inmates. INS personnel stood nearby to ensure that no words were spoken through the fence.

Requests by the Rio Grande Defense Committee for a tour of the whole facility have gone unanswered for many months now. Although it was arranged in advance that our tour would be allowed onto the *corralón* grounds to witness an asylum hearing in the U.S. court inside, this never happened. When we got there, we were told that the court was not in session because the judges were at a convention in San Francisco. We were allowed to drive to the administration building to request an "inside tour," but this request too was turned down. We were followed everywhere on the facility grounds by an INS truck. It was a bizarre feeling — hard to believe we were in our own country.

Poverty, militarism, and ownership of land by the Anglo few are some of the reasons this area is called a Third World territory within our borders. Although many Rio Grande Valley residents perform acts of kindness and hospitality to refugees, the majority of religious and legal organizations we visited were run by people from other parts of the United States: nuns from Ohio or Connecticut, a lay priest from Margaret's home town in New York, Mennonites from Illinois.

A few years ago the *corralón* was overflowing with tents constructed outside the main barracks to house the thousands escaping the war in El Salvador and the oppression in Guatemala. Now far fewer Central Americans are making it across the border to Texas. Our government uses this decrease to argue that things in Central America are improving. This is not the truth. The truth is that repression and murder continue unabated in Central America, but fewer people escape because we are now paying Mexico to stop fleeing refugees.

Since early 1989 the INS has intensified its efforts to interdict Central Americans in a program called "Hold The Line." A relatively unknown aspect of this game of cops and robbers is the amount of time, money and personnel that flows from our INS to Mexico's coun-

terpart, the Servicios Migratorios. The program has been effective. Apprehensions and deportation of Central Americans within Mexico jumped from 14,000 in 1988 to 85,000 the next year. Our INS District Director in Mexico City projected the 1990 figure would be 160,000 refugees caught and sent home from Mexico.

Our tour ended with a day trip into Mexico with staff from the Mennonite and the American Friends Service Committees, to visit the world of the *maquiladora*, which are factories in Mexico owned partly or wholly by companies outside of Mexico. Most are just across our border. Corporations including Fisher-Price, GM and Dupont have modern factories there. Wages vary, but Zenith workers in the area we visited average 83 cents an hour. At this wage, it would take a worker three hours to buy a gallon of milk, or 20 hours to pay for tennis shoes.

All labor is Mexican, usually women aged 16 to 25. Local unions cooperate closely with management. Abuses of Mexico's Federal Labor Law often go unchecked. For example, workers are often made to work overtime and are under threat of suspension if they do not. Unspecified deductions are made from pay envelopes.

Maquiladoras are good for U.S. business. In addition to a cheap and manageable labor supply, they enjoy exemptions from local taxes. We visited two communities where plant employees live — no paved roads, no drainage, no running water, no sewer.

Maquiladoras are environmentally dangerous. Along the Rio Grande, open canals of toxic waste run next to residential areas. We visited one site where drums of toxic material were only half buried. Factory workers are exposed to industrial glues and lead solders, and are not provided with protective clothing.

The most poignant memory of my trip was meeting two-year-old Alejandro, the son of a *maquiladora* worker. I joined this sad-eyed little boy as he sat on the sewage-strewn road of the slum his family lives in. From the rubble of dried beans and muck outside his home, he was carefully picking up tiny red sequins, scattered by the latest flood, and putting them in a small jar. Alejandro and I sat together, saving these little bright spots in the dirt. It was a privilege for me to be able to do so. ♦

Sandy Hunter lives in Berkeley, where she is active with the East Bay Chapter of BPF, and with the Sanctuary Movement.

Workers average 83 cents an hour. At this wage, it would take someone three hours to buy a gallon of milk.

EXPANDING OUR BORDERS

by Margaret Howe, Gary Pace & Sandy Hunter

Our recent trip to the Rio Grande Valley in Texas deepened our understanding of spiritual life in relation to social action, with some possible implications for the Western Buddhist community. While there to study the conditions of the Central American refugees who come across the border seeking asylum in the US (see preceding article), we met committed activists from a variety of Christian traditions. Excited by this contact, we were challenged to examine the Buddhist community's present involvement and commitment to social justice work.

There was a broad spectrum of people working along the border: nuns and lay people, Mennonites, Catholics, Methodists and Quakers. Generally they were outsiders to the area, yet they came there through the intersection of their spiritual understanding with the recognition of intense need in the world. Most were there in the name of their religion, living in simple communities and being paid very little. These religions honor service as a natural outgrowth of their faith.

Although not every individual is called to social involvement, these churches provide both emotional and financial support to those who are. An example is the Mennonite Central Committee, which recruits volunteers to serve in a kind of peace corps for two years at various locations throughout the world. Mennonite volunteers in the Rio Grande Valley work primarily with Central American refugees, providing legal assistance, working in safe houses and coordinating services with the other organizations.

The commitment of these religious activists stems from the teachings of their faith and a deep, compassionate connection with human suffering. As the direct result of their compassion, theory is transformed into action. One of the Catholic sisters we spoke with said that many religious orders were originally started to meet a social need. Her order was begun in the mid-1800's to help orphans and the elderly in Ohio. It has continued to this day — expanding to work in places as far from Ohio as Mexico, where they work with Guatemalan refugees. And so the active involvement of a few allows the rest of the community to feel connected to this work and to their brothers and sisters far away.

Buddhists have a similar tradition of a larger community supporting a smaller subset — in this case the lay community providing the resources for monasteries.

In Thailand, all young boys traditionally entered the monkhood for a period of time, sometimes as long as a year. This was seen as essential to their development as Buddhists and members of the community. Similarly, many Western Buddhist communities now support monasteries and retreat centers so that lay practitioners can take time out for silent intensive retreats, and full-time monks, nuns and priests can keep the tradition alive in an intensive and focused way. The understanding developed in monastic practice does not remain within just these individuals but radiates, around the world.

What if Buddhists gave the same weight to the bodhisattva vow as they do to the monastic one? What if we saw it as an important part of our practice, as an inevitable result of our understanding of interdependence, to spend some time doing social action work? What if we were willing to support our Buddhist work as world citizens just as we are now willing to support

our monks and nuns? We offer the opportunity for students and practitioners of Buddhism to share in the fruits of intensive meditation practice. Wouldn't it also make sense to create Buddhist intentional communi-

ties in which to do social justice work?

During the war in the Persian Gulf the need for some direction for spiritually based action arose in the larger Buddhist community. BPF received hundreds of phone calls and correspondence from concerned individuals and centers. At this crisis time BPF was depended on to provide leadership. BPF also received financial support from centers and individuals all over the country in gratitude for its existence. People wanted to address this crisis from their spiritual beliefs, and they were willing to support an organization that could help them do so.

The Buddhist Peace Fellowship, the AIDS hospices in Los Angeles and San Francisco, the Greystone Family Inn for the homeless in New York, and Joanna Macy's Guardianship Project are examples of people in the American Buddhist tradition forming communities to cultivate awareness and compassionate action. (In Asia, Dr. A.T. Ariyaratne's Sarvodaya Shramadan Movement and the International Network of Engaged Buddhists are examples of this.) The fact that these endeavors remain somewhat out of the mainstream suggests that the greater Buddhist community is not yet convinced that this is a viable form for practice. While some centers struggle to find ways to bring the world into their practice, others struggle to keep it out.

*If we turn away from these refugees,
we do so knowing the suffering
they endure."*

Buddhist teaching speaks often of compassionate action. The Buddha himself was a radical, challenging the rules of his society in order to equalize opportunities for all peoples, letting women and untouchables into the sangha, for example. Walking in the footsteps of the Buddha means not only changing how we perceive the world, but letting that perception guide us into action. Buddhism has developed the monastic aspect of training well. Perhaps it's time to move into other arenas, and walk our spiritual path in the context of social justice work.

The suffering in our world is at times unbearable and certainly overwhelming. We feel responsible, helpless and powerless. Often it seems the only response is to turn away and take care of our own business, because that's all we can do. Developing awareness through Buddhist practice helps us to sustain our gaze and our compassion for the suffering in the world, and thus to see more deeply into the true nature of things. It can help us break through the denial and helplessness so prevalent in our culture, and then act on behalf of all beings.

The U.S. border with Mexico is a place where social and economic extremes are juxtaposed, and so it can serve as a perfect koan for practice. As one of the sisters who ran the Casa Oscar Romero (begun as a "safe house" by the Catholic Archbishop and housing between 100-200 refugees nightly for several years) said to us: "We live in a country of such excess, yet we tolerate such need. This area provides the possibility for saving our country because we are forced to choose whether to act or not. The needs are so obvious here that we cannot effectively ignore them. If we turn away from these refugees, we do so knowing the suffering they endure."

These are difficult times. The recent war indicates just how far our society has veered from a compassionate path. We are all concerned about the suffering so evident around us. The social injustices of this world will be understood and changed only if we keep exploring them and the conditions that allow them to arise. Not all of us can work full time at social justice work, nor is this necessary. But if we agree that it has value within our spiritual belief system, we will agree to support Buddhist-based social action, just as we now support monks and nuns.

Let's explore how we can further develop the Buddhist social justice movement, perhaps through a kind of Buddhist peace corps, or by supporting more definitively the Buddhist organizations and communities already working in the world on behalf of all beings. Providing opportunities for people to deepen their practice on the front lines of social justice work could deepen American Buddhism for us all. ♦

Windows

*I wish to leave myself behind
and travel light
with only two
or just a few
and love and tide*

*and elude
when one alludes
to what I do*

*What do you do?
I am a poet
Hard to sell these days you must be good
I have not sold*

*What do you do?
I sculpt in sand
And have you shown?
On the beach before the tide comes in
I leave no trace*

*What do you do?
I am a magician
with no audience
and search for those who travel light
carry love behind their eyes
and leave themselves at home*

—Fran Levin

Geese

Next fall when you see geese heading south for the winter, flying along in V formation, you might consider what science has discovered as to why they fly that way:

As each bird flaps its wings, it creates an uplift for the bird immediately following.

By flying in V formation, the whole flock adds at least 71 percent greater flying range than if each bird flew on its own.

When a goose falls out of formation, it suddenly feels the drag and resistance of trying to go it alone . . . and quickly gets back into formation to take advantage of the lifting power of the birds in front.

When the head goose gets tired, it rotates back in the wing and another goose flies point.

Geese honk from behind to encourage those up front to keep up their speed.

Finally, and this is important, when a goose gets sick, or is wounded by gunshots, and falls out of formation, two other geese fall out with that goose and follow it down to lend help and protection.

They stay with the fallen goose until it is able to fly, or until it dies, and only then do they launch out on their own, or with another formation, to catch up with their group. —Jeff Scannell

CONFLICT RESOLUTION AND BUDDHIST PRACTICE

by Thubten Chodron

A Dharma student once asked, "Is it really necessary to make a special effort to listen and to express ourselves? If we generate *bodhicitta* (altruistic intention), won't we automatically be able to do this? Isn't our motivation the most important thing?" Yes, motivation is important, but through personal experience I'm learning that communication skills are also necessary. Having compassion doesn't automatically give us the skill to repair airplanes; why should it automatically confer upon us the skill to express ourselves accurately or to facilitate a committee meeting?

As a Buddhist nun and teacher, I have an interest in communication skills and counseling, and so I attended the National Conference on Peacemaking and Conflict Resolution in Charlotte, North Carolina last June. Nearly 1,000 people — mediators, attorneys, and others in the field of dispute resolution and communication — attended the conference. There were workshops, panels and lectures for five full days. I'd like to share some of my observations about the relationship between Buddhist practice and mediation.

In one workshop, we learned the basic procedure and skills for mediation and practiced these in role plays. Although mediation sounds easy, in fact it requires tremendous skill, and I appreciated learning from the six skilled mediators. At the same time, I realized how Buddhist attitudes permeated my outlook and made me view things differently from others. For example, in one role play I was given the part of an irate customer who was angry at the owner of a pet store for selling me a pedigreed cat that turned out to be sickly and stupid. It was extremely difficult for me to look at a cat like a piece of merchandise — to be returned or its price refunded. To me, cats are living beings. Throwing insults at the shop owner was easier — my imprint for abusive speech is strong. Yet I noticed that my insults focused on the owner's character and my wish to protect others from such a deceitful person in the community, so that even while I abused him, my attitude was seemingly compassionate. This reminded me how in real life, too, I continue to mask or justify my antagonism in the name of compassion.

The mediators who trained us were also attorneys. In my mind, the issues they identified to be mediated were at times superficial. For example, one of the

mediators told us that in a business-consumer case where the people won't ever see each other again after the mediation, it doesn't matter if they leave feeling angry. They felt that resolving the economic disagreement over the merchandise was the important thing. Again, my Buddhist perspective was apparent: I consider anger to be the real issue to be resolved. Even when people could agree on what to do with the merchandise, if they left angry at each other, they were still unhappy and would create negative mental karma, as well as let their anger out on other people.

Later, I attended a panel and discussion by some mediators who were not attorneys, but who taught communication at a university. Their approach was much more humane: one described how she would sometimes stop a mediation to teach the parties how to

listen to each other. She would show them how to transform an accusation into a request and how to recognize their real interests and issues (e.g., a divorcing couple could be arguing over who gets the house, but the real issue could be

power, security, recognition of one's feelings, etc.). She showed them how to avoid blaming the other party and instead to express how one is affected by the other's behavior (this is called making "I statements" in communication jargon).

Learning mediation and communication skills is part of my Dharma practice. While Buddhism gives us the tools to look at our minds, eliminate our egocentric motivations and generate sincere interest in others' welfare, communication and mediation give us the skills to act in real-life situations. Although we Buddhists often speak about *bodhicitta*, committee meetings at Dharma centers can be quite discordant. Two things could be happening here: 1) We lose our compassionate motivation in the midst of dispute, or 2) Even though we want to get along well with others, we don't know how to listen and express ourselves.

For example, we may think we understand what others are saying when we really don't. Instead of formulating our response while others are speaking, we need to paraphrase what they've said in order to check out that we understood what they meant. It sounds easy, but how often do we remember to do this?

Although meditation gives us a chance to resolve our anger on our meditation cushion, we aren't always successful. Sometimes the external situation is too strong

*Having compassion doesn't
automatically give us the skill
to repair airplanes.*

for our meager patience. But if we communicate well with the people in the external situation in spite of our distress, we may find that they modify their behavior, and our buttons stop getting pushed. This gives us the space to return to our meditation cushion and work on those buttons, without being intensely aggravated.

At the conference I also saw that my outlook has been affected by the fact that I've lived most of my adult life in Asia. A panel on mediation in Asian communities pointed out differences in the Asian and Western approaches to conflict resolution. For example, Asians look to the family and other trusted people they know to mediate conflicts. Westerners look outside the group to a neutral stranger. In general, Asians consider it rude to express anger publicly, while Westerners tell others their feelings directly (and yet, in spite of this, I've noticed that Westerners feel that they repress their emotions). Since coming back to the States this year, I've noticed how Asian I've become. It's curious: in Singapore or Dharamsala, I feel more up front and straightforward than most Asians. On the other hand, in America, I feel very Asian and value politeness and discretion.

One seminar at the conference, offered by people from the Mennonite Church (a Christian tradition involved in peacemaking and conflict resolution), was about dealing with allegations of sexual misconduct by leaders in organizations. In my teachings and travels, many people have spoken with me about such things. The seminar made evident the need to look constructively at abuses of power and trust by leaders and professionals. While middle America delights in pasting the details of its leaders' sex lives on the front page and then getting angry and outraged, Asians hide such things away to save face and avoid conflict. In any case, East or West, it is painful to be disappointed in the behavior of people one has held in high regard. Religious philosophy also can be obscuring — the pastor or priest is God's representative, the guru is Buddha, and to doubt this, one is told, is negativity. Therefore, people often cover up or deny situations in which their leaders' actions seem inappropriate. Also, in cases of sexual abuse, society often blames the victim (usually a woman), saying "she brought it on herself."

It was refreshing to hear this subject discussed openly, with attention paid to the effects on and help to be given to victims, perpetrators and the organization. In my personal reaction to the discussion, I again found Asian and Western elements. I would like to see such subjects discussed openly, but without public scandal, self-righteous anger, or blame. We can no longer pass over these abuses of power, but we need to heal the wounds with compassion and forgiveness. Both

perpetrator and victim are worthy of compassion. Forgiveness doesn't mean we condone harmful behavior, it means we let go of the anger and resentment in our heart and acknowledge that others, like ourselves, are under the influence of disturbing attitudes and can make mistakes.

Former President Jimmy Carter gave a talk in which he told of his past and present efforts for peace. What especially touched me was his description of the Camp David talks between the incompatible personalities of Begin and Sadat. Carter talked with Begin while Sadat was asleep and with Sadat while Begin slept. At the end Begin asked Carter to autograph eight photographs of the three of them together. Carter's secretary found out the names of Begin's eight grandchildren for whom the photos were meant, and Carter dedicated a photo to each one. Until that time Begin had staunchly refused to consider withdrawing Israeli settlements from the

Sinai, but when he saw the eight photos, each individually signed, his eyes filled with tears — so did Carter's — and he said he would reconsider the issue of those settlements. Later the Knesset authorized the withdrawal of those Israeli settlers and the historic Egyptian-Israeli agreement was signed. This impressed upon me how much difference a little human kindness can make.

I was the only Buddhist nun at the conference. (Some people recognized the robes and came up to talk with me.) I hope that future conferences of this sort will see other Buddhists attending and presenting papers. For example, mediators would be interested to learn about Buddhist perspectives on and techniques for working with anger and developing caring and compassion. The interchange between Buddhism and mediation is a valuable one. ♦

Thubten Chodron is an American Tibetan Buddhist nun and teacher based in Seattle, and is the author of Open Heart, Clear Mind (Snow Lion).

There are not two Germanys, a good one and a bad one, but only one, whose best turned into evil through devilish cunning. Wicked Germany is merely good Germany gone astray, good Germany in misfortune, in guilt, and ruin. For that reason it is quite impossible for one born there simply to renounce the wicked guilty Germany and to declare, "I am the good, the noble, the just Germany in the white robe. I leave it to you to exterminate the wicked one." It is all within me. I have been through it all.

— Thomas Mann, speaking at the U.S. Library of Congress, shortly after the defeat of Nazi Germany

Asians look to the family and other trusted people they know to mediate conflicts. Westerners look outside the group to a neutral stranger.

JOE BOB LISTENS

by Jarvis Masters

Editor's note: This issue of Turning Wheel was originally going to focus on Buddhists in prison and on spiritual practice in prison. But because there was so much wonderful material from the summer Institute on Engaged Buddhism, we have postponed the focus on prison practice to the winter issue. However, we are proud to include the following piece by a prisoner as a preview of our coming issue. We are still accepting material on prison practice until December 1, 1991.

I had almost fallen asleep when Louis Farrakhan come over someone's radio, blasting noise all over the tier.

"Hey, can I get a little respect?" I heard my neighbor holler out over the tier.

"Who in the fuck are you?" the person playing the radio said.

"Say man, I'm Joe Bob down here in cell 94, and all I'm asking for is that you give me and the people on this fuckin' tier a little respect, that's all."

"Say, Joe Bob, or whatever you said your name was — this is Khali in cell 73, and if you want me to turn down my radio that's too bad. This is prison, and if you can't stand the noise then you shouldn't have brought your damn ass here."

"You know what?" said Joe Bob. "All I'm asking for is a little respect. It's almost one o'clock in the morning, and what you are doing is very disrespectful."

"Man, check this out! This is San Quentin . . . I do what the fuck I wanna do. I don't care if it's three o'clock," Khali said.

"You think so, huh," said Joe Bob. "We'll see if you have this same attitude tomorrow when these cells come open, okay? We'll see what you're made out of tomorrow."

"So, are you threatening me?" said Khali.

"Do you feel threaten'?"

"Yeah, it sounds like a threat, punk!"

"Okay, then," said Joe Bob. "That's just what it is. Consider yourself threaten'."

"Man, you go fuck yourself," Khali hollered, turning his radio up full blast.

Seconds went by.

"Say, Joe Bob," I said. "You shouldn't even trip off that dumb shit down the way. You been in this joint for almost fifteen years."

"No, fuck that. I tried talking to that guy with some

kind of respect. I asked him nicely. But no! He wants to be big and tough about it . . . I'll kill that fucker."

"It ain't worth it, Joe Bob," I pleaded. "Just let it go. Let it go, Joe Bob."

"Say, Jarvis, man, I'm a convict, you dig? I been in these prisons all my life. I treat everyone with respect. I'll give my last to another con. He can have the shirt off my back, you dig? I don't care what color he is . . . black, white . . . blue or green — a con is a con. I don't disrespect no one; in no shape, form or fashion!"

"Yeah, I know what you are sayin', Joe Bob, but . . ."

"Nah, man," he said. "That dude down there, he ain't no convict. He's an inmate that comes from the streets with childish ways. If he was a convict, he'd respect the people around him. I don't play games with nobody or disrespect anyone. I be honest with you, Jarvis, I take offense to an inmate who tries to start racial tensions."

"Yeah, I know what you are sayin' but . . ."

"Say, Jarvis," he continued, "I don't care if that dude listen to his black leader's speeches, but when he tries to make me listen, then he's making me do his program. I do my own program."

"Yeah, I hear you. I know exactly where you are coming from."

"Say, Jarvis, I'm just an old country white boy," he said. "I get along with everyone. You know me. I don't play no racial games. I respect all races."

"Yeah, I know. I know what you're sayin', Joe Bob, but just listen to me for a second," I pleaded. "This prison ain't what it used to be. That guy down the way playing that shit, he doesn't know the real trouble he's bringing to himself . . . He thinks it's a game, Joe Bob."

"Yeah, right," said Joe Bob. "You better tell him something, then, before I end his life, his whole fuckin' world."

"Don't worry, Joe Bob, I'll speak with him tomorrow. Just give me that opportunity, okay?"

"Yeah. You good that coming," he said. "Maybe you can talk some sense to him. He'll probably listen to you since you're black."

"Yeah, I think he will. He thinks I and other blacks want to hear Farrakhan. He just don't know the trouble he is creating on this tier," I said.

Minutes later: "Say, Jarvis," Joe Bob said, "You know if it was a white dude playing his radio, I'd be telling him the same thing."

"This is prison, and if you can't stand the noise then you shouldn't have brought your damn ass here."

"Yeah, I know this, Joe Bob. I know what you are sayin'."

"Man, Jarvis, believe me, man," he said. "It ain't a white/black thing. It's a respect thing, you dig? I don't care who it is . . . It's all about respect. That's all."

"Yeah, I hear exactly where you're coming from. I hear you, Joe Bob . . . I hear you, Bob . . ."

"Okay, Jarvis. I think I'll turn in. I check with you tomorrow."

"Right, I'll see you in the morning. But one more thing, Joe Bob," I said.

"What's that?"

"Hey, I don't want to hear you over there messing with anything to hurt that dude. I know you, Joe Bob. Just let me handle this, okay?"

"Hey, Jarvis, you got that chance coming. That's on my word! You ain't going to hear me getting my knife ready. What I'm doing now," he said, "is putting it back. I was ready to kill that boy come first light."

"Oh, I know that. That's why I had to talk to you before the lights come on. I know you, Joe Bob," I said. "I know exactly what you intended on doing. You don't need no more murders." ♦

Jarvis Masters writes from Death Row at San Quentin Prison. He can be contacted at: C-35169, Tamal, CA 94974.

CHOMEI AT TOYAMA

Following are fragments from a poem by Basil Bunting, which is in turn a translation, condensation and reworking of a prose piece by Kamo-no-Chomei, a 12th-century Japanese poet. Chomei was writing about an earthquake and fire in Kyoto in 1185, and we reprint the poem here as an acknowledgement of the devastating fire in the Oakland and Berkeley Hills on October 20, 1991.

Basil Bunting was a British poet, friend of Ezra Pound and Louis Zukovsky, who lived from 1900 to 1985.

Reprinted from *Basil Bunting, Collected Poems*, by permission of the publisher, Moyer Bell Limited, Mt. Kisco, New York.

On the twentyseventh May eleven hundred and seventyseven, eight p.m., fire broke out at the corner of Tomi and Higuchi streets.

*In a night
palace, ministries, university, parliament
were destroyed. As the wind veered
flames spread out in the shape of an open fan.
Tongues torn by gusts stretched and leapt.
In the sky clouds of cinders lit red with the blaze.
Some choked, some burned, some barely escaped.
Sixteen great officials lost houses and
very many poor. A third of the city burned;
several thousands died; and of beasts,
limitless numbers.*

Men are fools to invest in real estate.

.....
*The dew evaporates from my sixty years.
I have built my last house, or hovel,
a hunter's bivouac, an old
silkworm's cocoon:*

*ten feet by ten, seven high: and I,
reckoning it a lodging not a dwelling,
omitted the usual foundation ceremony.*

*I have filled the frames with clay,
set hinges at the corners;
easy to take it down and carry it away
when I get bored with this place.*

.....
*I sweep my own floor
— less fuss.*

*I walk; I get tired
but do not have to worry about a horse.*

.....
*My jacket's wistaria flax,
my blanket hemp,
berries and young greens
my food.*

*(Let it be quite understood,
all this is merely personal.
I am not preaching the simple life
to those who enjoy being rich.)*

*I am shifting rivermist, not to be trusted.
I do not ask anything extraordinary of myself.
I like a nap after dinner
and to see the seasons come round in good order.*

*Hankering, vexation and apathy,
that's the run of the world.
Hankering, vexation and apathy,
keeping a carriage wont cure it.*

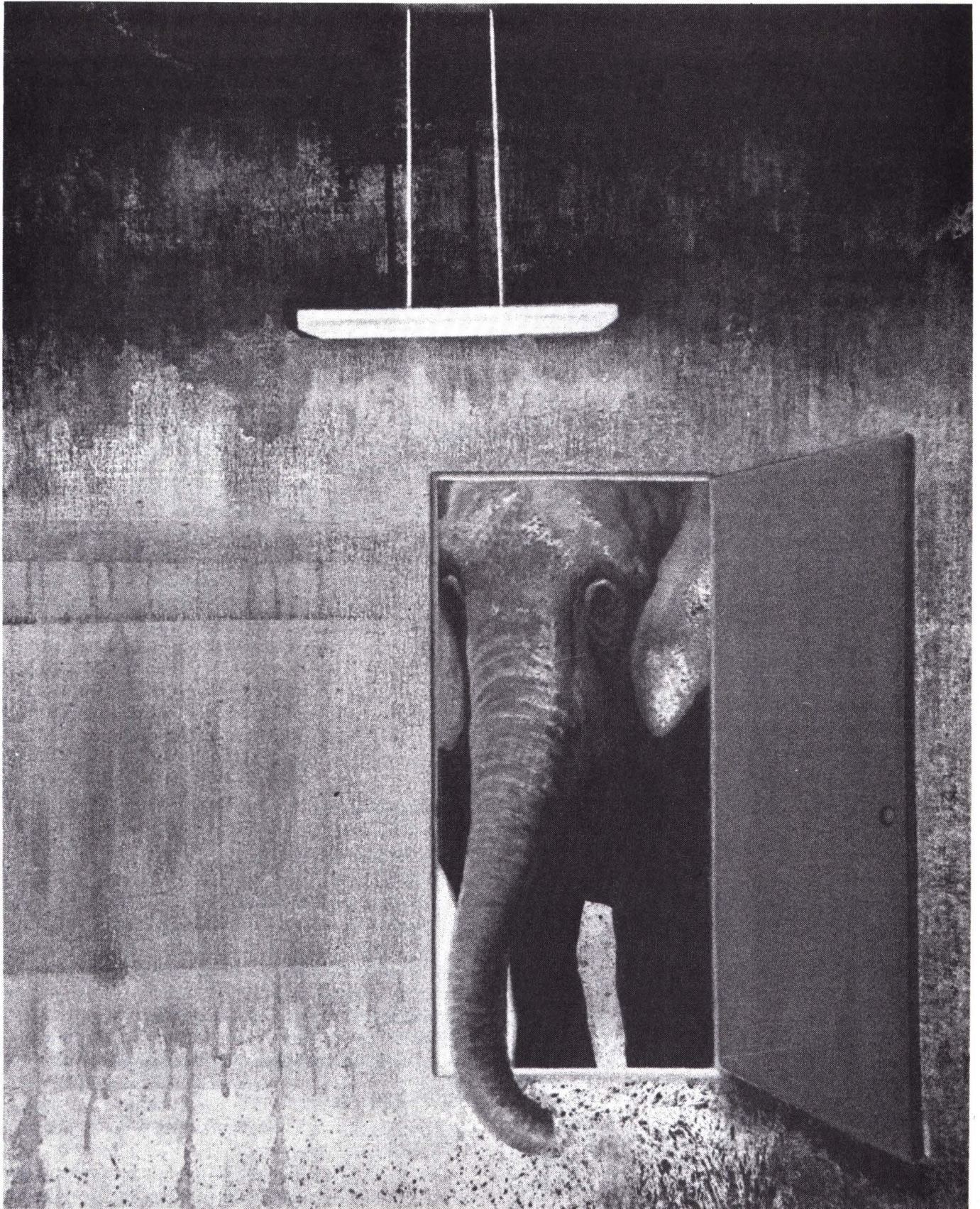
*Keeping a man in livery
wont cure it. Keeping a private fortress
wont cure it. These things satisfy no craving.
Hankering, vexation and apathy . . .*

.....
*Oh! There's nothing to complain about.
Buddha says: "None of the world is good."
I am fond of my hut . . .*

*I have renounced the world;
have a saintly
appearance.*

*I do not enjoy being poor,
I've a passionate nature.
My tongue
clacked a few prayers. ♦*

—Basil Bunting



Janet Culbertson, "Elephant at the Door"

The Plague of Painlessness

*A pin shall prick thy finger and thou shalt
feel it not
thy tooth shall be extracted and thou shalt
be anaesthetized
thou shalt be bitten by a mad dog and
injected with serum
and the mad dog be shot and neither of you
feel any pain
thou shalt pass every day a bundle of rags
and lo the bundle of rags shall arise and cry
Woe Woe Give unto me
a quarter a dime a nickel Help o help me for
I am homeless
and thou shalt be anaesthetized and pass on
thou shalt be in the antechamber of the hospital awaiting
birth or death
and thou shalt peruse the news of the world
and the pages shall offer up into thine eyes:
FAMINE IN CENTRAL AFRICA
LATEST FASHION BIKINI LEAVES NO STRAPMARKS
DIOXIN
DIET COOKBOOK
FILM STAR OF THE YEAR
ASSASSINATIONS OF THE YEAR
and no one thing shall be worse
and none better
and thou shalt ingest them all
the painless smiling same
have a nice have a nice have a nice have a
not nice not nice
have a nice nice not-nice nice-not*

— Eve Merriam

Bearing Witness

*Today, 46 years after the fact,
my father told me he was among the first GIs
into liberated Buchenwald: ovens cold,
gas chambers scrubbed clean by fleeing SS,
horror without voice, the soil screaming.
“When I left, I just wanted to forget all that,”
his hands waving it away
like smoke from somebody else’s cigarette.
But now he has told me,
he has borne belated witness, and the story is mine
and must be told
and told again.*

—Robert Aquinas McNally

SOCIAL CHANGE, ONE SIP AT A TIME

by Joe Maizlish

He said, "This is because of you," in a tone of mingled accusation and gratitude, while pointing first at the stack of paper cups and then at me.

It had been 14 months since I had begun using my portable, reusable plastic cup at his fast-food restaurant. When the stack of paper cups first appeared alongside the styrofoam ones, I wondered whether my cup, and the two conversations I had had with him long ago, had been a factor. Now he had confirmed it, and I had a rare acknowledgment of the effects of an action.

But I didn't really start this. Some time before, a friend declined a drink at a restaurant which had only styro cups, while I used one. She had written an anti-styro song, and sang some of it for me.

Later I thought about doing something with what I knew, instead of just having a nice ecological opinion. I went to a camping store and bought a few folding cups. I sent one to my anti-styro friend, began carrying and using another myself, and gave a third to a friend, who, it turns out, hasn't used it yet, but is thinking about it and now even carrying it around. (Well, that counts too!)

The first time the proprietor saw me using the cup at the restaurant he asked what it was for. I said it was to avoid the use of styro, which didn't decompose. He scoffed and said, "People will never change." What I was doing wouldn't make any difference.

I would have loved to argue with that. But I'm trying to adhere to my program as a recovering arguer. I could have said, "What do you mean? Of course people change! I've seen it myself. (Though of course I haven't changed — I'm still arguing!)"

What I did was smile and say that maybe others wouldn't change, but at least this time I wasn't using a styro cup. A week later when he saw me using the cup again, he said, "I wish everyone was like you." I nodded and smiled. He had changed his attitude, but I couldn't say "I told you so," because I hadn't told him so. Maybe I could have said, "I showed you so."

I had no reason to think anything was happening with him on this subject for 14 months. He and his family (it's a family business) and their staff saw me and my cup, and learned to take the styro cup off the tray they pushed across the counter to me. I occasionally thought of boycotting that restaurant and others which used styro in quantity. But I like the place, the proprietors, the salad bar, the location — three blocks from where I live — and I kept visiting it. Sometimes I for-

got to bring my plastic cup, and a few of those times I took a styro cup instead of going without a drink! Sometimes I brought a plate; usually I took the styro ones. (I have to tell you the truth.)

And then came the restaurant's change in the cups. I noticed, but didn't remark on it. When the proprietor shocked me with his "This is because of you," I smiled again and nodded. He said they were using mostly paper cups at all their franchise locations (I think there are about 28). He added with evident frustration that he was trying to get paper plates to replace the styro ones (something I'd never mentioned), but "the paper plates I've seen look like hell. I'm trying to find good ones."

He's adopted this program as his own. He isn't complying with an outside demand, as he might (or might not) if there were a law pushing him; he's complying with himself, taking on the task as his own, and seeking to push it further, to create his own solutions.

What does this "one sip at a time" experience say about nonviolent actions for change? De-emphasizing the use of law to enforce our will goes against our life-long civic conditioning. (Remember "there oughta be a law!") And revolutionary listening and refraining from attempts to convince go against our cultural conditioning. Preferring these strategies separates me tactically from my partners in the ecology and peace and justice movements who want to use the law. I'll keep listening to them, and for now continue "drinking from my own cup" on this issue — without expecting them to change or point at me and say, "This is because of you!"

Joe Maizlish lives in Los Angeles, where he is a family therapist, mediator, writer of poems and essays, and practitioner of the spiritual life.



Lorraine Capparell, "Deer Park Dharma"

THE APPLES SO RED

by Judyth Gong

After sesshin, the world is brighter. Like after a rain, everything is washed clear. At the market, the fruits especially stand out in radiance. This day, shopping after sesshin, the fruits beckoned me with their shine. Slowly I caressed them. Letting my hands linger on the shapes and textures, the colors. The grapefruit so round, sweetly dimpled, blushing pink. The avocado so bumpy, pimples, a grouch of green. The apples so — red. During my perusal of the fruit, the store's computers went down. Everyone was stuck where they were. No one could check out their groceries, no one could budge. Long lines began to form. People started to complain. A man standing next to me took the opportunity to strike up a conversation. His conversation took the nature of one long diatribe against technology. How it's always breaking down. How it's inconvenient. How much he just plain doesn't like computers.

I listened and after awhile I realized that my silence was a sort of agreement with his views. So in a sesshin haze, and looking at the apples, I said in a low voice, "Well, you could always be patient." I guess I rather

took him off guard. I surprised myself as well. Isn't this just what you always want to say but never have the nerve? Sesshin wipes away all such inhibitions. You stand completely Naked and Unprotected.

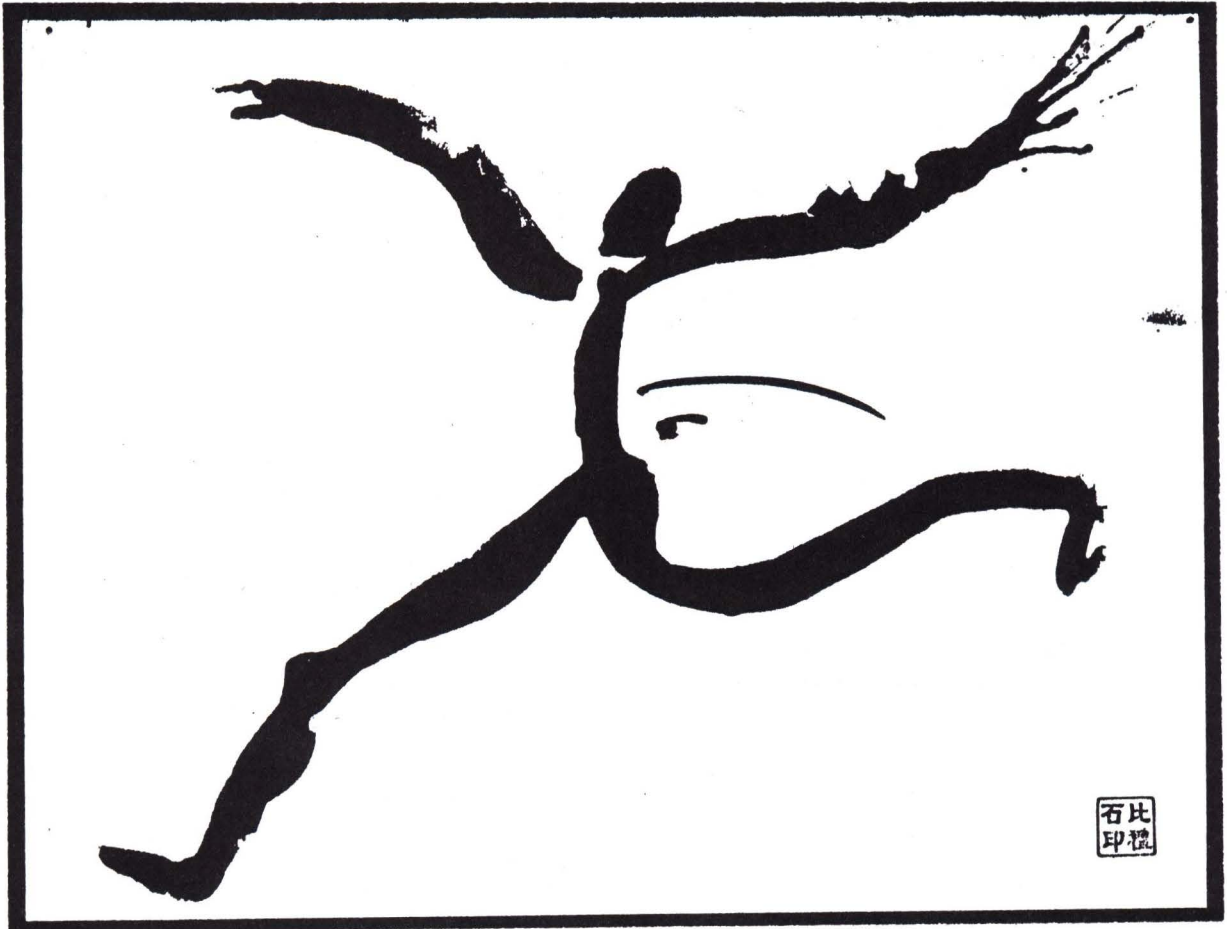
He paused. One of those audible pauses you can hear a mile away. Like he really couldn't believe his ears. "Did you say I *should* be patient?" he asked in a tone of partial menace and disbelief.

This time I looked him in the eye. "No, I said you *could* be patient."

Which is entirely different. You actually have a choice. When things break down, you can either be used by the situation or not. But I didn't expound on this subtle difference. I looked back at those red delicious apples. He paused again, and then, as though he hadn't heard me, or chose to ignore what I had said, went on in the same vein as before. I remained perfectly silent, just reflecting on that red apple. A red tooth in my hand. He finally noticed my quiet, and with a parting apology of "Never mind me, I'm just hungry," left for another section of the store.

The apples continued to shine .

Judyth Gong is a teacher and writer living in Oakland, California.



—Peter Bailey

World As Lover, World As Self

by Joanna Macy

Parallax Press, 1991, \$15

Reviewed by Lenore Friedman

Some months ago I attended a wedding in San Francisco where two women, in the company of their families and friends from all over the world, pledged their love and commitment to each other and to their community. It was an event full of sweetness, including a cello piece played by one of the women, and culminating in spirited dancing to a klezmer band. During the ceremony Joanna Macy, her face and voice brimming with love, described the two women individually and together, celebrating their gifts to the world and each other. Her words were spontaneous and eloquent and passionate and precise, and her generosity of spirit held everyone present.

This same spirit animates her book, *World as Lover, World as Self*. Apart from a few pieces of powerful new writing, the book is essentially a collection of articles and talks from the major areas of Joanna's scholarship and concerns: engaged Buddhism, despair and empowerment work, deep ecology, and the philosophical underpinnings of all three in early Buddhist scriptures and in contemporary systems theory. In a sense this is a Joanna Macy "anthology," not a free-standing work, and as such sacrifices some freshness and coherence. But it does document the depth and breadth of her work from recent years.

My favorite parts of the book are those reflected in its wonderful title. "Our mission is . . . to fall in love with our world," Joanna says in the last chapter. "We are made for that, because we co-arise with her — in a dance where we discover ourselves and lose ourselves over and over." This kind of in-love-ness — passionate, joyful — stimulates action in service to our imperiled planet. Walking in the world as if it were our lover leads inevitably to deep ecology.

Contemporary culture is caught in a love/hate relationship with the material world, she says. We want to transcend the material plane, seeking serenity above the confusion and suffering below. But "what the Buddha taught was detachment from ego, not detachment from the world," she reminds us. In her experience, "the world itself has a role to play in our liberation."

When you see the world as lover, according to Joanna, "every being, every phenomenon, can become — if you have a clever, appreciative eye — an expression of that ongoing, erotic impulse."

And more, falling in love with the world, we are apt to fall "into oneness" with it as well, as Hildegard of

Bingen did: "I am the breeze that nurtures all things green . . . I am the rain coming from the dew that causes the grasses to laugh with the joy of life." Once the bonds of ego snap, Joanna writes, "that blazing unity knows no limits." Only the notion that we are separate from other species allows us to destroy them.

In the third section of her book, Joanna recounts several pivotal experiences she had in Asia (Sri Lanka, India, and Tibet), where she lived and worked for many years. One of my favorite chapters describes a trip to Tibet, only days before the borders were sealed by the Chinese. She and her family traveled all one rainy day by horseback over rugged mountainous terrain on wooden saddles.

"When the clouds dispersed, high rocky peaks appeared above us, and a dramatic gorge opened to the right, where cliffs as twisting as on a painted scroll plunged down into half-hidden groves of trees. Bongpa Tulku had us dismount to walk up to the edge and peer over into that dizzying, exquisite scene. There, he gestured, somewhere down there hidden in caves and crannies were ancient relics and treasures of Khampagar monastery — brought by faithful laypeople during the Cultural Revolution to save them from destruction by the Red Guards. 'Do you know where they are?' I asked. 'Well, not exactly. You see, the people who saved them died. But sometime we will find them.'" Joanna felt "swallowed up into larger and more reassuring dimensions of time," and thought: "This is the happiest day of my life."

Slowly, against all odds, Bongpa Tulku and his people were rebuilding their destroyed monastery. Joanna writes of Bongpa's spirit, "You put one stone on another, and another on top of that. If the stones are knocked down, you begin again, because if you don't, nothing will get built." She noted the astonishing fact that none of the lamas she talked to harbored anger against the Chinese invaders. They had found, she concluded, "better uses of the mind."

One of the better uses to which Joanna puts her own mind is to enter imaginatively the experience of other life forms, "to see and feel what lies just barely beyond our human knowings." In workshops like the Council of All Beings, she directs us to listen with the most open awareness to what other species might tell us. Here is a caterpillar speaking through Joanna:

I am a caterpillar. The leaves I eat taste bitter now. But dimly I sense a great change coming. What I offer you, humans, is my willingness to dissolve and transform. I do that without knowing what the end result will be. ♦

Lenore Friedman lives in Berkeley and is the author of *Meetings with Remarkable Women*.

*"You put one stone on another,
and another on top of that. If
the stones are knocked down,
you begin again."*

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse

by Peter Matthiessen

Viking Penguin, 1991, \$27.50

Reviewed by Karen McCormick

The re-publication of *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* marks a hard-won victory for freedom of speech and Native American rights, after one of the longest libel suits in American literary history. Eight years and over two million dollars in legal fees later, Peter Matthiessen's carefully researched book has returned to the shelves to galvanize support for Native American activist and political prisoner Leonard Peltier.

A popular Anishinabe Lakota leader in the militant American Indian Movement (AIM), Peltier was framed on circumstantial evidence for the murder of two young FBI agents during the 1975 shoot-out on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. The deaths of the agents set off the largest manhunt in FBI history, while the murder of Joe Stuntz, a young AIM member, was never investigated at all. Charges against three other AIM members indicted for the FBI shootings were dropped. And now at age 47, Leonard Peltier has served 15 years of two consecutive life sentences in federal prison.

Why Leonard Peltier?

"Leonard Peltier had this 'Crazy Horse spirit' and seemed to inspire it in other people," observed Matthiessen. The historical Crazy Horse was quiet and uncompromising: "One does not sell the land on which the people walk," declared the Lakota warrior when the sacred Black Hills of his vision quest were coveted by the U.S. government. Crazy Horse, whom Matthiessen calls "the last great figure of resistance," courageously defended his land and his people until his murder in 1877 at the age of 35. It seems that Peltier, like Crazy Horse, was targeted for "neutralization" long before the Pine Ridge shoot-out, as part of an FBI master plan to dismantle the American Indian Movement.

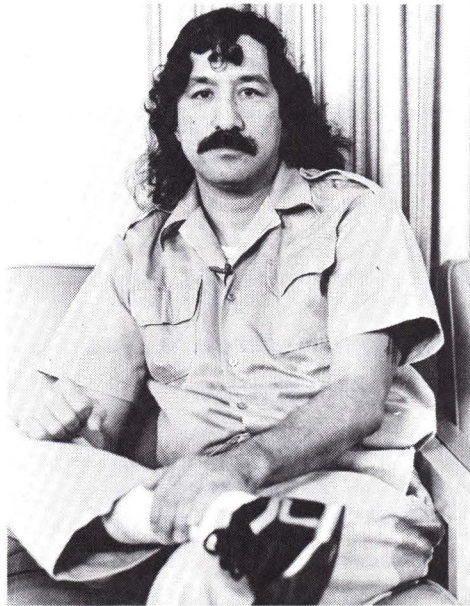
The revered Lakota spiritual leader, the late Frank Fools Crow, said, "The traditionalists do not like violent tactics, so we do not support AIM anymore. But they have accomplished things that our passive methods did not accomplish." (This reminds me of the

mixed feelings the Dalai Lama says he had about challenging the guerrilla "freedom fighters" in Tibet.) AIM stimulated a resurgence of Native American pride against a genocidal backdrop of extreme poverty, alcoholism, sickness, suicide, high infant mortality, and a series of violent, unsolved murders of AIM supporters on the Pine Ridge reservation. "White society would now like to push us off our reservation," warned Leonard Peltier, "because beneath the barren land lie valuable oil and mineral resources."

When Leonard Peltier was imprisoned in Canada before his extradition back to the U.S., the Kwakewlth Indians gave him land and the honorary name "Gwarth-ee-lass": "He Leads the People." The leader's "Crazy Horse spirit" erupted during his 1977 trial in Fargo, North Dakota: "I do feel pity for your people that they must live under such an ugly system. Under your system, you are taught greed, racism and corruption — and most serious of all, the destruction of Mother Earth. Under the Native American system, we are taught to respect and preserve the Earth, who we consider to be our Mother." The judge condemned Peltier to the maximum sentence of two consecutive life terms.

Peter Matthiessen was also "silenced" for his outspokenness in the original 1983 edition of *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*. Two months after its publication, former South Dakota governor

William Janklow sued Matthiessen and his publisher Viking-Penguin (who also published Salman Rushdie) for \$24 million in libel because the author mentioned Janklow's conviction for rape of a 15-year-old Lakota woman, among other things. The next year, FBI agent David Price added his suit of \$25 million, challenging Matthiessen's assertion that Price coerced testimony from a crazy Lakota woman, Myrtle Poor Bear, in order to extradite Leonard Peltier from Canada. As a result, the publisher pulled the book from circulation until the suits could be resolved. They even destroyed 1700 copies of the book. But in 1986, Minneapolis federal court judge Diane E. Murphy decided in favor of *Crazy Horse* and freedom of speech: "Speech about government and its officers, about how well or how badly they carry out their duties, lies at the very heart of the First Amendment." Her rulings were finally



Leonard Peltier in jail

affirmed in 1989 by Judge Gerald Heaney of the U.S. Court of Appeals.

The 1991 edition further exonerates Leonard Peltier. Matthiessen relates a dramatic confession (to the 1975 FBI agent shootings) by "X" — an AIM activist well-known to Peltier. "I want to say right now that I don't feel any guilt about what happened — it was self-defense," the Mystery-Man-in-a-Ski-Mask told Matthiessen during eight hours of conversation filmed

"I want to say right now that I don't feel any guilt about what happened," the Mystery-Man-in-a-Ski-Mask said.

by Oliver Stone. "X" has never gone underground to protect himself, and no one from AIM (including Peltier) has ever exposed him. "In the thirteen years he has been in prison for something he didn't do, Leonard has never asked or even hinted that I should come forward," said X.

So how does Leonard Peltier stay sane and in characteristic good humor? Through observance of traditional Lakota religious practices and the development of his increasingly successful Native paintings. When he is a free man (perhaps returned to Canada where he'd sought refuge in 1975), Peltier hopes to pursue his artistic career and work toward sovereignty for the Lakota nation.

If and when Leonard Peltier gains his freedom, Peter Matthiessen will have had very much to do with it. I was riveted throughout the 600 pages of interviews, court records, and Native American histories. Matthiessen fleshes out the characters, usually in their own words, and includes notorious AIM'ers like Medicine Man Leonard Crow Dog, Dennis Banks, and Russell Means. He adeptly delivers the "Big Picture" — centuries of devastating causes-and-effects and the "long sadness" of Native peoples. *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* will get your adrenaline running, and it is Matthiessen's intention that "outrage can spread."

New developments in the Leonard Peltier case:

After denial of a July 29 evidentiary hearing (and dismissal of the issues of FBI and government misconduct, and manipulation of the jury through intimidation and fear), another hearing was held on October 2 in Bismarck, North Dakota to determine the possibility of a "change of theory" in Peltier's convictions, but at this writing the decision has not yet been returned. Over 50 Congresspeople, encouraged by the continuing investigations by Senator Daniel Inouye (D-Hawaii), are willing to hold congressional hearings on Peltier's case for a possible "commutation of sen-

tence." Meanwhile, Oliver Stone is producing the feature film of *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*, Robert Redford is working on a full-length documentary, and *Sixty Minutes* and *Expose* are scheduled to air television documentaries this fall.

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse, a newspaper published by the Leonard Peltier Defense Fund, P.O. Box 583, Lawrence, Kansas, 66044, is available at \$10 for six issues. (The LPDF desperately needs additional financial donations.) In the August/September 1991 issue, Leonard Peltier asked from Leavenworth for "a massive letter-writing campaign to your local politicians" to support congressional hearings on his behalf. And please support the efforts of Senator Daniel Inouye by writing to him at 722 Senate Hart Building, Washington D.C. 20510-6450. While Americans are content to sigh at the romance of *Dances With Wolves*, 12 million Russians actually signed petitions for Leonard Peltier a few years ago. Matthiessen calls the situation "a national disgrace." And as mainstream America prepares to celebrate the Columbus Quincentennial in 1992, momentum is steadily building in favor of Leonard Peltier's release.

Readers can write to: Leonard Peltier, #89637-132, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048. ♦

Karen McCormick is a mother and activist who recently placed third in a "Wanna-Be Indian" dance contest at a local pow-wow.

Message from the new BPF President

At the last meeting of the full Board in June, we learned that Stephanie Kaza, President of BPF for the last three years, would be moving from the Bay Area to teach at the University of Vermont in their Environmental Studies Program.

With a sure hand, a faithful spirit, and a responsive mind, Stephanie has guided the BPF through difficult times of turmoil and reorganization. We are happy that Stephanie has agreed to serve on the National Board and is standing for election this fall. The BPF By-Laws allow for both a Chair of the Board and a President, and we have asked Stephanie to serve as the Chair. I have been asked to serve out her term as President.

We all miss working closely with Stephanie, but with her visits to the West Coast, and the ever-ready phone and fax, we have lots of contact. The University of Vermont is so lucky to have Stephanie, who will continue to write, teach and advocate for the environment, as a true steward of the Earth. ♦

—Linda Ruth Cutts

COORDINATOR'S REPORT

October 20, The East Bay Fire

Today we had an endless twilight. It began near noon with clouds of grey-brown smoke staining the clear sky, turning the sun to a fading orange wafer until it was gone, lost in the smoke. Great fires raced across the Berkeley-Oakland hills, devouring forests and homes at an incredible rate, fanned by thirty-mile-an-hour winds well into the evening. We stood with our neighbors in the streets, watching the flames march downhill, measuring their progress house by house. At the Zen Center, where I live, we gathered around the TV to get a larger view. Each of us tried to call friends who might live in the threatened area. All day the message has been that the flames are out of control. A thousand firefighters, trucks, helicopters, airplanes, and no way to draw a line against this destruction. As I write I can hear the flutter of helicopters nearby. In grief and in mind-numbing shock, this is how I imagine war might be.

As I walk up Russell Street, towards the fire and the hills, people are clustered on each block. Some are talking quietly or holding small radios to their ears. Some are crying, or near to it. Most are just watching in awe and sadness. We feel for the forest and for the creatures who live there. We feel for those who are injured or dead. We feel for thousands who have lost their homes and the precious things of life. Watching the relentless fire, we feel for the homes themselves. We are joined together in awe and sadness, facing something so much larger than ourselves. We are reminded that the condition of life is impermanent, and we must use time wisely. And, strangely, along with our grief, there is a feeling of deep connection and peace in the streets. Under the glowing sky of Armageddon, we can stop and breathe together and let compassion arise.

The summer and early fall has been a time of great activity and growth for the Buddhist Peace Fellowship. Much of this issue of *Turning Wheel* is drawn from our first *Meditation in Action Institute*. In late August, one hundred and forty of us came together at Oakland's Holy Redeemer Center to explore our practice of engaged Buddhism and to build a community in five short days. With guidance from our teachers and with each of us as teacher, we created a powerful intimacy through commitment, good humor, and our willingness to expose ourselves. There were mixups and mistakes, there was no hot water in the dormitory and the men's room had no toilets. Some of us were deeply moved by a particular talk or discussion, while others were untouched. We did our best to accept these differences as part of the tapestry that was weaving itself, not as loose threads to be plucked out. Plans are taking shape now for next summer's institute. We hope you can be there.

September 27 to 29, we came together for a National Member's Meeting in Seattle, hosted by the Seattle BPF Chapter. To be honest, the 25 or 30 of us more accurately constituted a West Coast or Northwest regional group, with board member Bill Anderson (from Rochester, NY) thrown in for good measure. We sat together, ate together, and talked for many hours, exploring various needs and abilities we have to share. Several themes seemed to emerge from all these words. First, there was a strong sense that it is time for chapters and members to form regional bonds, bonds that are rooted in common environment, common circumstances and common practice. Towards this end, the Northwest folks are planning to meet in December to discuss some joint work for the coming year.

Second, while we share a desire to work in common, listening to each person's story, we recognized that BPF plays many different roles in people's lives. We can respect this diversity and beware the enticements of centralism. So, there's a narrow line we try to walk together. I look forward to future meetings like this, and to more local visits with members and chapters.

The Columbus Quincentenary next year has been much discussed lately. We would like to observe this in our own way, and some of us are meeting to uncover what that way might be. It feels appropriate for BPF to explore the spiritual aspects of the occasion. We can make connections to Native American and Black organizations and churches, and share points of congruence and distinction with our own practice. And, though this may not be entirely popular, we might honor the human drive to explore and examine. We can honor that spirit in Columbus without condoning the death and cultural arrogance he also carried to the "New World." We invite your thoughts for the coming year. Think about putting on an event in your own town, and let us know about it.

During the recent crisis in Thailand, we set up a network to reach people with Urgent Action requests. Using this fax network, word of the trouble got out widely and well. This can be an important resource for vital information. We would like to broaden our network. If you work with an organization or chapter, or if you have access to local media, please send us your fax number and a brief description of your activities. You can mail it to BPF or fax it to (510) 525-7973.

Finally, the National Office (and I) would like to be in close contact with the membership. Please send us news. When we are traveling, Board members and I will try to make local visits. And when you come to the Bay Area, we might meet. This kind of direct contact is the way Dharma has been transmitted since before Shakyamuni Buddha. It can work for the BPF too. ♦

— Alan Senauke

CHAPTER NEWS

Sydney, Australia

The Sydney chapter met on October 27 to explore common ideas and interests. Late in November, members are planning to do zazen at a large weapons bazaar and conference taking place in Canberra.

Los Angeles, CA

Christopher Reed reports that the chapter is doing ongoing meditation, deep ecology, and despair & empowerment work. In March the chapter will host a public event with Dr. A. T. Ariyaratne, leader of Sri Lanka's Sarvodaya Movement.

Mendocino County, CA

Our chapter has been exploring the topic of "Displaced Persons" for a number of months. Our intention is to look more deeply at an issue that is both global and local, then to allow action to arise out of our exploration, rather than to immediately impose some reactive solution.

In the coming months, we are fortunate to be able to offer some wonderful public events, including a performance by the Gyuto monks in Fort Bragg, November 21; a dharma talk December 6 in Ukiah on "Buddhism and the Environment," by Bhikshu Heng Ch'au of The Sagely City of Ten Thousand Buddhas; and a slide show in Mendocino, late December, by Sean Sprague, who has just returned from several months in the Soviet Union and Ethiopia.

East Bay, CA

Margo Tyndall reports that at the October meeting, the chapter enthusiastically endorsed sponsorship of as many Tibetan immigrants as individual members would be able to house. Members are also available to drive the Tibetans to English classes, doctor's appointments, new jobs, and to provide hospitality. Later, after the immigrants have established separate homes, we will collect household equipment, and perhaps hold fundraising events to aid them with initial expenses. (For details of the Tibetan Resettlement Project, see "Announcements.")

Tibetans residing in settlements in India and Nepal continue to be another focus of our energy. We send approximately \$1000 per month to provide milk for children and help with educational costs for three camps. Chapter members worked on a recent mailing to all BPF members requesting donations to the new Tibetan Refugee Revolving Fund.

More Buddhists have recently joined our chapter, motivated to work for social change by the Gulf War crisis. Members are committed to oppose proliferation of toxic waste, and to aid those who are homeless as a result of war and wasteful production of weapons. Participation in the work of Common Agenda, a net-

work of local organizations seeking to control armament expenditure, and a continuing involvement in East Bay Sanctuary are two of the projects that reflect our anti-war position. As members of Sanctuary, we are taking part in a study program on relations between the U.S. and Central America, while we learn to better assist the refugees in our midst. Further protest against U.S. participation in war includes a monthly vigil on the tracks at the Concord Naval Weapons Station.

The chapter meets on the second Monday of each month in members' homes. We also sponsor a Day of Mindfulness every two months. The next Day of Mindfulness is Saturday, December 7.

Minnesota

The Minnesota chapter held an interfaith memorial service, "War Is Not the Answer," on June 23. A tree of hope and peace was planted and watered with water mingled together from the four religions taking part in the service — Moslem, Jewish, Christian, and Buddhist.



Members of Minnesota BPF participate in Interfaith Memorial Service: John Palmiter, holding drum, Oya Paush, holding pitcher.

Vermont

On September 28, ten Buddhist practitioners from several traditions got together for a first meeting of the new BPF chapter. This meeting grew out of discussions over a period of six months, with several people feeling the common need for a local chapter. The meeting began with silent sitting, then introductions. Stephanie Kaza gave a brief history of BPF. Alison Gardner reviewed program ideas suggested so far: the OXFAM fast in November, starting a local Buddhist Opportunities newsletter, and possibly hosting a public event with Joanna Macy in January.

This was followed by a brainstorming discussion to discover the wide interests of the assembled group. Everyone enjoyed the opportunity to meet with others of different sanghas. The evening ended with tea and cookies and a few minutes of silence together. Future meetings and newsletters were scheduled. ♦

ANNOUNCEMENTS & CLASSIFIEDS

Announcements

JOANNA MACY AND DUGU CHÖGYAL RINPOCHE will appear together on four dates in February, 1992, to share stories and teachings harvested in the course of their long friendship. Dugu Chögyal Rinpoche, incarnate of the Dragon Kagyu lineage of Tibetan Buddhism, is a well-known painter, spiritual teacher, and president of several Tibetan communities and self-help projects. The events will be held in Berkeley, Tiburon, San Francisco, and Santa Cruz, CA. For more information, call 415/345-8497.

PLEASE SEND HOLIDAY GREETINGS to Keith Jones, Marine Corps Brig, Bldg. 1041 MCB, Camp Lejeune, NC 28542. Keith is a 25-year-old Marine conscientious objector, and a Buddhist, who was sentenced to 16 months for refusing to fight in the Gulf War.

REFUSING TO REGISTER for the draft has resulted in denial of federal student loans for Andy Nicodemus, 30, who is a Buddhist and a major in peace and conflict studies at the Univ. of Colorado, Boulder. He's writing a thesis on the Sarvodaya village self-development movement in Sri Lanka and its lessons for the West (and he has a 4.0 GPA). The Fund for Education and Training, which was set up for people in Andy's situation, has scraped the bottom of the barrel and has no money to give at the moment. Because Andy's commitment to engaged Buddhism is what has put him in this situation, it seems appropriate to ask for support from the BPF sangha. Donations can be sent to Andy Nicodemus, 2201 Pearl St. #101, Boulder, CO 80302.

RÉSEAU BOUDDHISME ET ACTION, or "Buddhism and Action Network," is the French affiliate of the Int'l Network of Engaged Buddhists and a French counterpart to BPF. They publish a French newsletter and support the development of a wide variety of meetings and lectures related to engaged Buddhism. They also invite visitors to France to contact them for meetings with like-minded people (or for travel advice). Foreign membership

is available for 200 F. Write RBA, 5 rue du Ruisseau, 75018 Paris, France. Tel. 33-1-42 55 87 42 or 33-1-45 32 27 46.

SCHUMACHER COLLEGE, a recently established residential center in England for studies informed by ecological and spiritual values, is proving to be a great success. James Lovelock, Helena Norberg-Hodge, Theodore Roszak, and Tenshin Reb Anderson are among those who have already offered courses at the College. In January, 1992, Arne Naess will offer a program in Deep Ecology, leading off another year of remarkable courses given by, among others, Fritjof Capra, Wendell Berry, Kirkpatrick Sale, and Charlene Spretnak. To receive the 1992 program and course listings, write: The Administrator, Schumacher College, The Old Postern, Dartington, Totnes, Devon TQ9 6EA, United Kingdom..

DIAMOND SANGHA TRAINING AND CONSTRUCTION. The Koko An Zendo of the Diamond Sangha in Honolulu offers a residential training period with daily zazen, frequent interviews with Robert Aitken Roshi, weekly classes, two sesshins, and some construction at the new Palolo Valley Zen Center, March 14-May 3, 1992. Two work/training periods, each featuring about 35 hours construction per week, plus zazen, interviews, classes, and a short sesshin — with all fees waived — will be held May 30-July 18, and July 14-August 23, 1992. The new Center is about two-thirds complete, and will be wheelchair accessible. Inexperienced builders welcome. Write Head Resident, Koko An Zendo, 2119 Kaloa Way, Honolulu HI 96822, or call 808/946-0666, for information and application forms.

JOANNA MACY is looking for a co-author to work with her on an updated edition of *Dharma and Development* — someone who can travel to Sri Lanka to do research. 510/540-7120.

SACRED RIVER is a new Women's Peace Journal with an eco-feminist perspective. Mother Earth is no longer calling softly. Subscriptions \$10/6 mos; submissions of articles, art, actions to Sacred River, c/o Teresa Reitlinger, P.O. Box 5131, Berkeley, CA 94705. 510/658-2182.

WISDOM AND COMPASSION: THE SACRED ART OF TIBET, a major art exhibit, will show in New York at the IBM Gallery of Science and Art until December 28, 1991.

DATACENTER'S PERSIAN GULF SERIES. The Datacenter provides public interest information to social justice activists. Three volumes: 1) *Background & Analysis*, \$6. 2) *Iraq Under Fire*, \$6. 3) *The Media & Our Right to Know*, \$7.50. Whole set, \$16. Datacenter, 464 19th St., Oakland, CA 94612-2297. 510/835-4692.

PERFORMANCE THEATER IN BAY AREA. Writer/activist Canyon Sam will perform an evening of funny and moving solo theater based on her journeys among Tibetans in Asia. Nov. 21 at La Peña in Berkeley; Nov. 17, 24, Dec. 1 at the Phoenix Theater in San Francisco (415/647-2585).

SPONSOR A NEW TIBETAN IMMIGRANT TO THE BAY AREA. The 100 Tibetans who will make up the San Francisco Bay Area "cluster site" of new immigrants will begin arriving in December! Employment and sponsorship are top priorities now, since each immigrant must have both a job and a sponsor before a visa will be issued. This is an opportunity to hire resourceful employees with a strong work ethic, who mostly need entry level employment offers. *Sponsors* will work with the committee to provide a Tibetan newcomer with temporary housing and community orientation. BPF members or others who can offer jobs, sponsorship or housing should call Julia Shepardson at the Tibetan U.S. Resettlement Project, 415/241-9197; fax 626-0865.

WOMEN'S DAYTIME DROP-IN CENTER in Berkeley, CA needs your extra cups, plates, and bowls for their breakfast/lunch program for homeless women and children. The center also needs people who have time to volunteer their services, and always appreciates clothes donations. For more information call Thelma Bryant at 510/524-2468.

Classifieds

THE INFLATABLE ZAFU is actually an inflatable beachball inside a fine quality zafu cover. Lightweight - convenient - guaranteed. Colors: Plum, Burgundy, Royal Blue, Navy, Black, and Green. Cost: \$19 postpaid. Free brochure on this and traditional meditation cushions and supplies. WE'VE MOVED! Carolina Morning Designs, Dept. BPFN, 1580 Hannah Branch Road, Burnsville, NC 28714. 704/675-9575.

SUSTAINABLE ENVIRONMENT: the key lies in adopting a lifestyle based on minimal impact. *Kokopelli Notes, a Journal of Self-Propelled Transportation*, explores methods of how to live lightly on the earth. Through walking & bicycling we can consciously slow down. Four quarterly issues, \$12. Sample issue, \$3. P.O. Box 8186, Asheville, NC 28814. 704/675-9575.

THAI BUDDHIST STUDENT needs room & board in exchange for teaching yoga, giving Thai massage; also knowledgeable in Thai herbs. Willing to do manual labor also. Please write or call: Teeradech Uthavittayarat, 1818 First Ave. Box 167, New York, NY 10029; 212/722-1380.

HOUSE-SITTER needed for remote Alaskan log cabin. January to May/June, 1992. Great for retreat or writing a book. Dharma practitioner desired. Denise Lassaw-Paljar, HC 67, Box 912, Anchor Point, AK 99556. 907/235-4277.

TWENTY MINUTES A MONTH is what you need to help cut military spending and meet environmental and human needs. For \$20/year, 20/20 VISION sends you one postcard each month with all the information you need to write a brief letter or leave a phone message that is carefully calculated to do the most good, in the right quarter, at the right time. Write 20/20 VISION, 30 Cottage St., Amherst, MA 01002. 800/669-1782

FOR SALE FROM BPF:

● Thich Nhat Hanh tapes: "The Practice of Peace" talk in Berkeley, April 1991. Two-tape set \$14.

● Thich Nhat Hanh letterpress broadside, beautifully designed, 6 1/2" x 12"; text taken from *Peace Is Every Step*. Suitable for framing — these are wonderful gifts. \$3 for first one; \$1 for each additional.

● T-shirts with BPF logo in turquoise or white: \$12. Specify S, M, L, or XL. BPF buttons, with BPF logo: \$1. (Postage included in all prices.)

● Tapes from the Institute: \$90 for complete set; \$12 for individual tapes. Contact BPF office for order form.

BACK ISSUES OF TURNING WHEEL

Here is a catalogue of our most recent issues. All back issues are \$4 postpaid from the BPF National office (\$3 ea. for orders of 3-10 copies). Starred issues () are available as photocopies only.*

***Spring '86:** Aitken Roshi; Kenneth Kraft; Rochester Conference on Nonviolence, Chittagong Hill Tracts, Big Mountain.

***Fall '86:** Joanna Macy on Sri Lanka, Changing Buddhism; Interview with Christopher Titmuss.

***Winter '87:** Thich Nhat Hanh on Reconciliation; Christina Feldman; Nicaraguan Children; Bangladesh Campaign; Kalu Rinpoche.

***Fall '87:** Persecution of Buddhists in Vietnam; John F. Avedon on The Rape of Tibet; Right Livelihood; Poems of Insight from Retreats with Thich Nhat Hanh.

Spring '88: Special Section on Buddhism and AIDS; Interview with Sulak Sivaraksa; the Dalai Lama on Buddhism and Nature; BPF Report from Nicaragua; Appreciating Conflict.

Fall '88: Special Section on Burma; Sacred Waste by Joanna Macy; Art in a Global Crisis by Kaz Tanahashi; articles on Tibet, Chittagong.

Spring '89: Buddhist Perspectives on Conscientious Objection and War Tax Resistance; Veterans, Molested Children and The Buddha; Tibet, a Tragedy in Progress; Interviews with Mayumi Oda and Ram Dass.

Summer '89: Special sections on Thich Nhat Hanh and on homelessness; Tibet and Tiananmen; Interview with Gary Snyder; Aitken Roshi on War Tax Resistance.

Fall '89: The Dalai Lama's Nobel Peace Prize Acceptance Speech, and excerpts from his talks in Costa Rica and New York; Robert Aitken's Guatemalan Journal; Interviews with Desmond Tutu and Kaz Tanahashi; Abortion.

Winter '90: Buddhists and the USSR; the Dalai Lama and the Jews; Vietnamese Refugees: Forced Repatriation; Refugee Children in Thai Camps; Interview with Tai Situ Rinpoche; more Buddhist approaches to AIDS care; Listening to the Libyans.

Spring '90: *Earth Day Issue.* Galen Rowell on The Agony of Tibet; Emptiness as an Environmental Ethic; Interviews with Helena Norberg Hodge on Ladakh and Dr. Chatsumarn Kabilsingh on Buddhism and Ecology in Thailand; Feminist Perspectives on the Dharma.

Summer '90: Buddhists and Native Americans: An Interview with Peter Matthiessen; A Ritual for Aborted and Miscarried Children; Theater Work with Young Cambodian Refugees; Thai Buddhist Women; Green Gulch Earth Day Ceremonies.

Fall '90: Special Feature: Disability and Buddhism; The Dying of Issan Dorsey; BPF Statement on the Persian Gulf Crisis; Compassionate Listening; Report from Asia Watch and Review of the Situation in Burma.

Winter '91: Special sections on: War and Peace; the Nuclear Guardianship Project; Trees. Features on Burma and the Tibetan Refugee Project.

Spring '91: Special Focus: Buddhist Teachers and Sexual Misconduct; feature sections on: Personal Responses to the Gulf War; Teaching Children and Buddhist Practice. Articles on International Network of Engaged Buddhists; Dharma and the Draft Counselor.

Summer '91: Thich Nhat Hanh on the Gulf War; Guidelines for Preventing Misconduct; The Kalachakra Mandala Incident; Prostitution in Thailand. ♦

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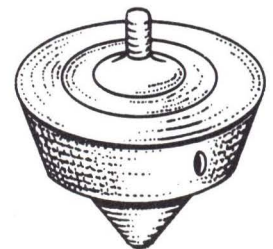
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- ◆ To make clear public witness to Buddhist practice as a way of peace and protection of all beings;
- ◆ To raise peace, environmental, feminist, and social justice concerns among Western Buddhists;
- ◆ To bring a Buddhist perspective to contemporary peace, environmental, and social action movements;
- ◆ To encourage the practice of nonviolence based on the rich resources of traditional Buddhist teachings;
- ◆ To offer avenues for dialogue and exchange among the diverse American and world sanghas.

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