



TURNING WHEEL

Journal of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship

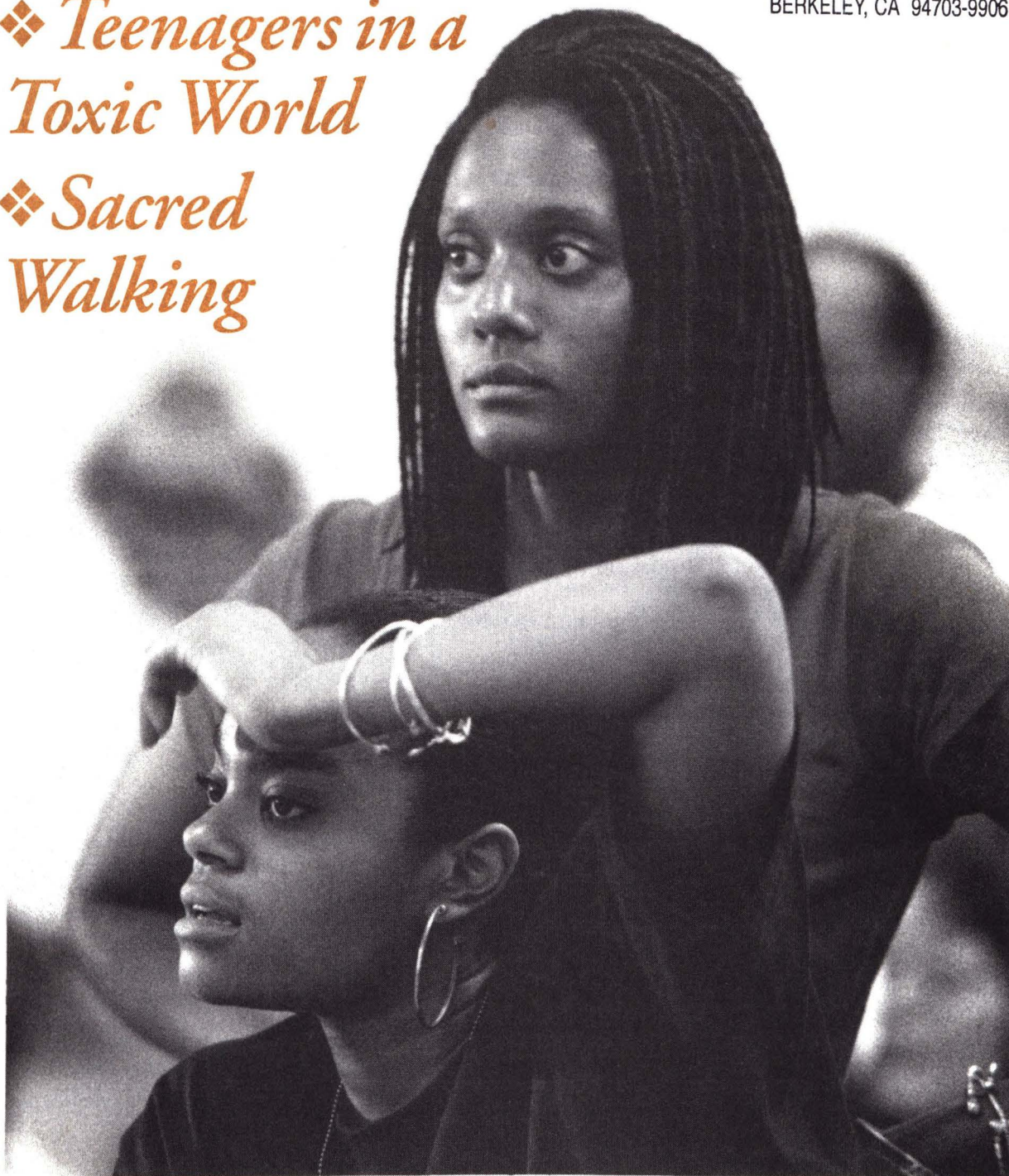
Fall 1994 \$4.00

❖ *Mississippi Freedom Summer
Revisited*

❖ *Teenagers in a
Toxic World*

❖ *Sacred
Walking*

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



FROM THE EDITOR

I have to admit I used to hate the Buddhist idea of "transmission,"—some special authority being passed along from one powerful man to his chosen disciple. It seemed so patriarchal, hierarchical, monarchical, more automatic than manual. In the zendo, chanting the lineage of Buddhas and Ancestors, from Buddha all the way down to the founder of our temple, I would mentally cross my fingers, as if to disengage myself from this D.A.R.-like affection for pedigree. *And what are you doing today?!?* I would ask myself. *With your life?*

But now that I'm getting closer to ancestorhood myself, I've changed my mind. People in the next generation *after* me are grown-ups. Passing things along from one generation to the next—transmission—is regeneration. (It goes from the young to the old as well.) And this, I think, is what education is—a balance of tradition and transformation, a flexible continuity. The theme of Buddhist practice in America. Like the rubber eraser in the shape of a Buddha that Sojun Mel Weitsman, Abbot of Berkeley Zen Center, gave to my son when he was about eight.

Transformation is an overused word, but what it all boils down to is that everything changes, and if it doesn't change, it's dead. (And if it does change, it dies anyway.) This is so for Buddhism, people, language. And the change is born from what came before. Those old ancestors in China, studying themselves, sweeping.

Vertical transmission of culture over time, from one generation to the next, is being obliterated by instant horizontal proliferation of the TV monoculture. We need desperately to transmit our stories, or we'll lose our history. One by one, we forget things (I can vouch for that); only in community can we keep our collective memory alive. We need teachers transmitting Buddha erasers, grandmothers showing their grandchildren old photographs. We need storytellers. ❖ —*Susan Moon*

Themes for coming issues of *Turning Wheel*—

Winter '94-'95: Consumerism; Deadline—October 10.

Spring '95: What is suffering? Deadline—Jan. 9. Please send SASE with ms.

Cover photograph (and pp. 26 & 28) by Matt Herron. Malaika and Maisha Moses, daughters of Bob and Janet Moses, participating in a workshop—"Telling the Story of the Civil Rights Movement"—at the 30th reunion of the Mississippi Summer Project, in Jackson, Mississippi, June 24, 1994. (See story page 26.) For more information on photos of social change contact Matt Herron, Take Stock Photo Agency, 415/479-6995.

A One-Day Workshop with Santikaro Bhikkhu

Buddhist Values and Analysis for Change:

Using the Four Noble Truths as a Tool for Social Transformation

In small groups and plenary sessions we will explore our communal, social, and personal realities in terms of the Four Noble Truths, focusing on how particular "defilements" give rise to suffering, and envisioning ways to transform that suffering and create an enlightened or "nibbanic" society.

What would this look like and how can we live it now?

Saturday, October 29, 9:30 AM to 4:30 PM

St. John's Presbyterian Church, 2727 College Avenue, Berkeley, CA

Donation—\$35 (some reduced fees available)

For Information, call Lewis Aframi at BPF: 510/525-8596.

Santikaro Bhikkhu is a Western-born Theravada monk, who was a close disciple and translator for the late Buddhadasa Bhikkhu, founder of Suan Mokh in southern Thailand and inspiration for several generations of socially engaged Buddhists. Santikaro Bhikkhu is abbot of Suan Atammayarama, near Suan Mokh, and a founding member of the International Network of Engaged Buddhists, with wide experience in training Buddhist activists and leading retreats throughout Asia.



TURNING WHEEL

Editor

Susan Moon

Advertising Director

Lewis Aframi

Consulting Readers & Editors

*Lewis Aframi, Thelma Bryant,
Melody Ermachild, Tova Green,
Patrick McMahon, Staci Montori
O'Lalor, Alan Senauke,
Meredith Stout, Peter Wood
Proofreading: Jordan Thorn*

Production & Design

Lawrence Watson

*For advertising rate sheets, please
contact the National Office.*

International Advisory Board

*Robert Aitken, A.T. Ariyaratne, V.B.
Dharamawara, Christina Feldman,
Maha Ghosanaada, Ane Pema Chodron,
Lodi Gyari, Mamoru Kato,
Joanna Macy, Thich Nhat Hanh,
Sulak Sivaraksa, Gary Snyder,
Christopher Titmuss*

National Coordinator

Alan Senauke

*The Buddhist Peace Fellowship was
founded in 1978, to bring a Buddhist per-
spective to the peace movement, and to
bring the peace movement to the Buddhist
community. Membership and subscription
information are on the back cover. Single
copies \$5.00 postpaid from:*

BPF National Office.

Box 4650, Berkeley, CA 94704
510/525-8596

© 1994 Buddhist Peace Fellowship
ISSN 1065-058X

printed on recycled paper

C O N T E N T S

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

- Letters/5
- Readings/9
- Ecology Column/13
- Family Practice Column/15
- Coordinator's Report/43
- Chapter & Activist News/44
- Announcements and Classifieds/45

EDUCATION—SAVING HISTORY

- Walking the Walk, *by Melody Ermachild/16*
- No Precepts, Please!, *by Rhoda Gilman/20*
- My Deaf-Blind Dharma Teacher, *by Barbara Miles/21*
- Eco-Rap: It's Edutainment, *by Mark Montori O'Lalor/23*
- The Beloved Community: Mississippi Revisited, *by Susan Moon/26*
- Day In and Day Out, *by Jishin J.C. Hotchkiss/31*
- BPF News & Projects: Tibetan Refugees, Honoring Anne Aitken, Anti-Gun Vigil, Volunteer Corps, and more/40

BOOK REVIEWS

- Scoby Beer on Three Books about Sacred Walking/33
- Thelma Bryant on Three Poetry Anthologies/36
- Karen Martina McCormick on Marilou Awiakta/38
- Books in Brief, *by Alan Senauke/39*

POEMS

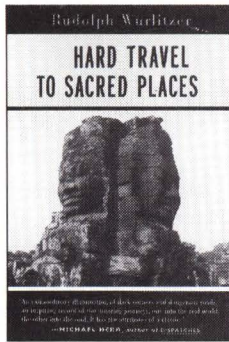
- Merrill Collett/7
- Tova Green/30
- Tom Baer/38



Rebecca Sutherland

Shambhala

NEW TITLES AUTUMN 1994

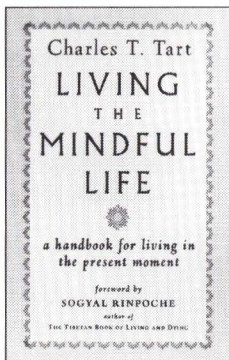


**HARD TRAVEL
TO SACRED PLACES**
Rudolph Wurlitzer

A well-known novelist and screenwriter grapples with grief and the painful realities of a decadent age while on a journey through Cambodia, Thailand, and Burma. "An extraordinary illumination of dark corners and dangerous roads, an inspiring record of two amazing journeys, one into the real world, the other into the soul. It has the attributes of a classic."

—MICHAEL HERR, author of *Dispatches*

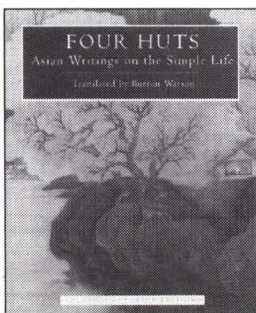
\$15.00 cloth



LIVING THE MINDFUL LIFE
A Workbook for Living
in the Present Moment
Charles T. Tart
Foreword by *Sogyal Rinpoche*

The easy-to-use exercises contained in this book put within everyone's reach the elusive art of living in the glorious present moment. Based on an actual workshop given by Tart, a pioneer in the integration of traditional wisdom and modern psychology.

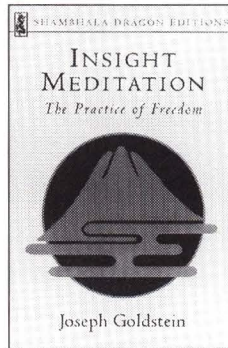
\$12.00 paperback



FOUR HUTS
Asian Writings on
the Simple Life

Translated by *Burton Watson*
Illustrated by *Stephen Addiss*
Four beautiful texts on the joys of living a life of simplicity and solitude, written by the renowned classical Chinese and Japanese poets Basho, Po Chü-i, Kamo no Chomei, and Yoshishige no Yasutane. Taken together, the qualities that emerge from these writings are an awareness of impermanence, love of nature, fondness for poetry and music, and an appreciation for the quiet life.

\$8.00 paperback

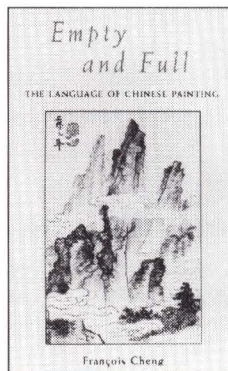


INSIGHT MEDITATION
The Practice of Freedom
Joseph Goldstein

"A delightful, compelling, and down-to-earth look at a wide range of key issues in Buddhist dharma practice, by a great Western meditation teacher. *Insight Meditation* will be welcomed by all those who wish to extend and deepen their commitment to a life of mindfulness."

—JON KABAT-ZINN, author of *Wherever You Go, There You Are*

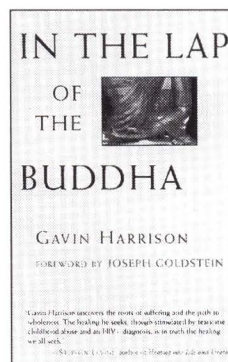
\$11.00 paperback
SHAMBHALA DRAGON EDITIONS



EMPTY AND FULL
The Language of
Chinese Painting
François Cheng

Chinese Painting might be called "philosophy in action," for it is one of the highest expressions of the Taoist world view. Focusing on emptiness, the dynamic principle of transformation, François Cheng, an authority on Chinese art and poetry, uses semiotic analysis to reveal the key themes and structures of Chinese aesthetics in the practice of the pictorial art.

27 halftones
\$15.00 paperback



**IN THE LAP
OF THE
BUDDHA**
Gavin Harrison
Foreword by *Joseph Goldstein*

"Gavin Harrison uncovers the roots of suffering and the path to wholeness."

—STEPHEN LEVINE, author of *Healing into Life and Death*

A teacher of insight meditation offers wise instruction on confronting life's painful events, drawing on his experience with HIV infection and childhood abuse.

\$14.00
paperback

SHAMBHALA PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Now at your bookstore, or order from Shambhala Publications, Horticultural Hall, 300 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115 • Phone 617-424-0228 • FAX 617-236-1563 • Send for free catalog • Distributed by Random House



LETTERS

[*Turning Wheel* encourages readers to send letters to the editor. All letters are subject to editing.]

Small Deeds, Big Effects

Although I enjoyed the tone of the letter from the Bureau of Public Secrets (Summer 1994), I was disappointed by the fact that I did not actually agree with most of the points. For example, I do not see as superstition the Buddhist idea that small local actions can have global consequences. The writer says, "Others . . . resolve not to eat meat or not to patronize or work for companies that produce weapons. Such gestures may be personally meaningful to them, but their actual effect on global crises is negligible." On the surface, this might seem like common sense. If I smile at my daughter, she might be a little happier that day, and my whole family might be a little more peaceful, but it seems reasonable that this local effect will peter out, and will have no global consequences whatsoever. Indeed, saying my smile has global consequences is like saying that a butterfly flapping its wings in South America could cause tornados in Kansas . . . and there's the rub. According to the famous "butterfly effect" from chaos theory, a butterfly flapping its wings really *does* change the weather globally. As a matter of fact, in every complex system, such as the weather, or, more to the point, the world of social interactions, it has been shown that small local actions really do have global consequences. Hence, when Thich Nhat Hanh writes, "If we are peaceful, if we are happy, we can blossom like a flower, and everyone in our family, our entire society, will benefit from our peace," he is not just being poetic. He is speaking literally. There's no superstition here.

If the Bureau of Public Secrets wants to believe that small peaceful actions are meaningless gestures, that is their superstition. Evidently, superstition is in the eyes of the beholder. Although there are many other problems I had with the letter, I would rather conclude this letter by reiterating one of the valid points of the Bureau of Public Secrets. They argue that one should not blindly follow any leader. Amen to that. I bet Thich Nhat Hanh would agree too.

—Ben Jacobs, Berkeley, California

More Enlightened than Thou

I've been reading *Turning Wheel* for the past year and, while I often agree with the positions taken by Buddhist activists, I wish they could be less certain of themselves, less "more enlightened than thou."

For example: In the article, "What is the Real Poison" (Summer 1994), Mayumi Oda says, "To me

splitting. . . the atom. . . is intrinsically violent. When people started splitting atoms it brought immense violence to the culture. I just intuitively feel it." And Aitken-Roshi says, "In what prison work I've done, I have never met an inmate who didn't know really, in his heart, what's right."

I take it that both Oda and Aitken Roshi believe that if you feel in your heart that something is the right thing to do, then it is the right thing to do. In short, right and wrong are obvious if you pay attention to your heart.

When I was growing up, I knew someone whose "heart" told her that segregation was right. She was a very nice lady who was kind to her maid and prayed every day, etc. I also remember this argument being used for Barry Goldwater: "In your heart, you know he's right." Period! No need for argument. I wasn't for Barry Goldwater; a young Republican assured me that I wasn't listening to my heart. Perhaps it's because I wasn't meditating then.

I wish Buddhist activists would realize that people of good will (even Buddhists) can disagree over alternatives for action. Every action has consequences, some good, some bad. Decent people can reach different conclusions, and even have different messages from their hearts. And those messages from the heart can even be completely wrong.

—Peter Eggenberger, Oakland, California

Giving Thanks

I read Micky Duxbury's story "Imprisoned by Rage" in the Summer '94 issue and want to thank her for mustering the fortitude to relate her encounters to the Buddhist Peace Fellowship readership.

—John Langes, Bellingham, Washington

I've just finished reading Lewis Aframi's "Fear and the Other" (Summer '94) for the 30th time. It's great! I am spending a lot of time on the koan of "The ability to understand violence without excusing it. . ." Thank you for the help in understanding it.

—Rosemary Donnell, Morro Bay, California

Just now, having not quite finished the recent issue of *Turning Wheel*, with my heart split open by Maylie's article on the Peace Walk, and Barbara's on the Nevada Test Site, and Orion's poem, I stop to write down some words of thanks.

Reading them (and Linda and Stephanie and Fran and Judith) I feel sustained and mirrored—these tender, thorny issues of separation and anger and helplessness and love being held in all our hands at once. However amorphous, anarchic, or endlessly shifting, somehow or other we do constitute a community.

Years ago I was actively, intensely engaged—in the early years of BPF and the first newsletter *No Need To*

OMEGA INSTITUTE

FOR HOLISTIC STUDIES

Presents

The Second Annual Conference on Conscious Aging: A Creative & Spiritual Journey

With more than 40 faculty, including:

**Ram Dass • Betty Friedan
Jon Kabat-Zinn
Dean Ornish • Ruby Dee • Surya Das
Rabbi Zalman Schachter**

October 28-30, 1994

Sheraton Stamford Hotel,
Stamford, Connecticut

Autumn at Omega

Join us at Omega's campus and enjoy the glorious Hudson Valley this fall: colorful foliage, sunny days, and crisp nights. We're offering more than 50 workshops, including...

October 8-9

A Mindful Living Retreat

with senior students of Thich Nhat Hanh, Anh Huong Nguyen & Thu Nguyen (with a special 4-day Veterans Retreat October 6-9)

September 24-25

Ordinary Magic:

Shambhala Training Level I

with Michael Baime & Christine Gillen

Plus many more workshops in the areas of relationships, holistic health, and personal growth.

For more information about our Conscious Aging Conference or Autumn Programs, contact:

**Omega Institute,
260 Lake Drive,
Rhinebeck, NY 12572-3212**

800-944-1001 or 914-266-4444

Kill. (Does anyone remember our Circle for Peace in Golden Gate Park?) Later there were years of involvement in the Women and Buddhism conferences which sadly or appropriately (having served their function, the world now changed) are no more. You, thankfully, still are. We, thankfully, still are.

—Lenore Friedman, Berkeley, California

Genetic Engineering

As a Buddhist and a biologist, I was interested in the discussion of biotechnology in Stephanie Kaza's "Brave New World" (Summer '94). My study of economic botany has shown me that manipulation of the genetic structure of plants and animals has been going on for a long, long time. Hybridization is the stock in trade of the farmer. Better quality grains, vegetables, and meat and dairy products have been developed by manipulating genes for probably thousands of years. It is a way to manage for a particular end product. Some may consider this to be reductionist in some way that is faulty, but to others it is "management,"—a much used term which might be defined as "a way to do something with skill." In reality there is no such thing as "biological privacy." It is the nature of genes to change, and to be influenced by many things including other beings. Does this sound similar to any Buddhist teachings? I think so.

Moreover, this management is directly responsible for the abundance and quality of food and many other products that are available. I believe that we easily overlook the work involved in bringing this food to us, even though in at least one Buddhist tradition we recall, before meals, that innumerable labors have brought us our food. Nonetheless, what biotechnology, biology, and agriculture always need is the compassion and ethics and wisdom of the kind taught by all the Buddhas.

—David Stopher, Alpine, Texas

Sexual Abuse in Buddhist Centers

I was inspired by Les Kaye's suggestion that Buddhists and other compassionate people take on the issue of sexual abuse in our culture. People using power to take sexual advantage of the less powerful is extremely common in our culture, and the usual victims are children. Sexual abuse is so common that about one fourth of the girls and one fifth or sixth of the boys in this country have been sexually abused by the time they reach the age of eighteen, and 90 percent of the perpetrators are family members.

Les Kaye's advice to women Zen students is that they remain skeptical until they have thoroughly examined the practice community and leadership for abusive behaviors. This is excellent advice. However, if a person has grown up being sexually abused in his or her family, he or she

may be desensitized to the warning signs of abuse. Adults victimized as children are more likely to be raped or to be in exploitive relationships as adults. A minority of adults abused as children grow up to perpetrate against their own children or to be abusive in relationships where they have the power. As long as we allow children to be sexually abused, we will have abusive situations in spiritual communities and everywhere else. We also will continue to have rampant mental health problems, substance abuse, crime, and other unnecessary forms of suffering.

—Barrie Mason, Santa Rosa California

Flames of Awakening

I never cease to be amazed at how strong such a "little" magazine as *Turning Wheel* can hit. The photo of Thich Quang Duc sitting in flames in Saigon struck a chord deep within me. I was a young serviceman during the Vietnam War. I remember seeing the photo at the time it occurred and thinking, "How stupid, this guy's an idiot!" A lot of things have changed over the years. I see his action quite differently now. Seeing how very much my own perceptions have changed was a humbling experience.

Now I see Thich Quang Duc as more of a flaming torch of rebirth. Out of his flames came a rebirth, an awakening of America to the suffering of the Vietnamese people. The photo also stirs other thoughts and memories, some very deep. Thank you for publishing it.

—Michael Cox RN, Orlando, Florida

Erasing Tibetan Misery

Last fall my sister and my father went to Disneyworld in Tampa, Florida. At the China exhibit they saw a movie about China. An approximately two-minute portion of this movie was about Tibet. It showed the Tibetan countryside and people in ethnic costume, with words to the effect that Tibet is one of the outer regions of China and that the people have a strong ancient Buddhist belief. There was nothing showing any unhappiness or suppression of religion, thus making it complete propaganda. I hope people who go to Disneyworld will not go to the China show, or will even write to Disneyworld. A lot of people are getting misled.

—Sandy Berrigan, Albion, California

Anti-Ecstasy

*When I finally didn't want more than I had,
which was words, I discovered,
like a squirrel walking a telephone line,
that life itself was enough to keep me alert.*

—Merrill Collett

A HARVEST OF WORDS & MUSIC

A Benefit Performance for the
BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP

with Susan Griffin, Stephen Mitchell,
Susan Moon, Wes Nisker, Nina Wise
and other guests.

Thursday, October 20 at 7:30 PM
St. John's Presbyterian Church
2727 College Avenue, Berkeley, CA

Suggested Donation — \$15

or what you feel you can afford

For Information, call Staci at BPF: 510/525-8596.

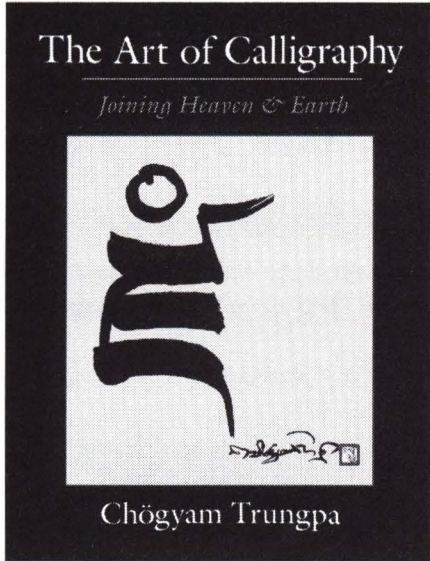
Tickets available from Black Oak Books,
and from BPF in Berkeley.

Co-sponsored by Black Oak Books



Established in 1981 to preserve and disseminate Tibetan culture, Snow Lion offers a FREE newsletter and catalog containing news, event calendar as well as hundreds of books, visuals, tapes and many other items from Tibet. Call or write us for a free copy:

Snow Lion Publications
P.O. Box 6483, Ithaca, NY 14851
Tel: 800-950-0313 or 607-273-8519.



THE ART OF CALLIGRAPHY
 Joining Heaven & Earth
Chogyam Trungpa

During the twenty-year period of his remarkable proclamation of Buddhist and Shambhala teachings in the West, calligraphy was a primary means of expression for Chogyam Trungpa. This book showcases 58 of his brushworks—poems, seed syllables, and phrases as well as abstract images. Facing them are short, pertinent quotations from his prose and poetry.

The accompanying essay, "Heaven, Earth, and Man," emphasizes what Trungpa called "art in everyday life": the cool, peaceful expression of unconditional beauty that offers us the possibility of being able to relax and fully perceive the phenomenal world and our own senses. He shows how the dynamic of heaven, earth, and man is basic to any artistic endeavor and how "the discipline of art-making" can be used to develop and create a decent society.

This finely produced cloth edition features a 3-color interior printed on acid free paper • 208 pages • 8.5" x 11" \$40.00 until November 30, 1994, \$50.00 thereafter



SHAMBHALA PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 308, Boston, MA 02117 • Distributed by Random House

Get your copies of *The Art of Calligraphy* for the special price of \$40 (\$50 after Nov. 30, 1994.) Include coupon when ordering. Or call 1-800-444-7426 from 9am-5pm EST.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
 COUNTRY _____ PHONE _____

CHECK ENCLOSED BILL MY VISA BILL MY MASTERCARD
 CREDIT CARD # _____ EXP. DATE _____
 Please send _____ copies of *The Art of Calligraphy* @ \$46 each (\$40 plus \$6 shipping, \$7 shipping outside U.S.) TOTAL ORDER: \$ _____

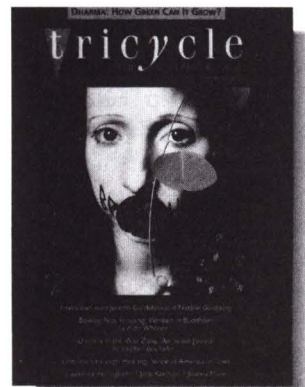
tricycle

THE BUDDHIST REVIEW

"Tricycle offers us insights on aspects of human life—politics, humor, love, tragedy, abortion, sports, movies, illness, death, war, pollution, racism, writing, art, music, ecstatic spiritual experience—but doesn't tell us how to put them together..."

"Its vision is daring, hip, and socially engaged, reverent of traditional teaching, but not blindly uncritical of it. It honors subtlety of thought, complexities of choice, and the joy of finding one's own right answer."

Utne Reader, 1994



Yes! I want to subscribe to *Tricycle: The Buddhist Review*. My price is \$20 for one year (4 issues).

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Payment enclosed
 VISA
 MASTERCARD
 Please bill me later

If ordering with a credit card, please complete the following:
 Account # _____
 Exp. _____ Signature _____

International surface-mail add \$5, international airmail add \$15.

Mail To:
 Tricycle: The Buddhist Review
 P.O. Box 3000
 Denville, NJ 07834-9890

Or call 1-800-950-7008

64TW

READINGS

U.S. Pressures Palau

Palau, a small Micronesian nation in the Caroline Islands of the the South Pacific, is facing increasing pressure from the U.S. to implement a Compact of Free Association (CFA), which would open the country to U.S. military and commercial activities. The U.S. government has promised \$228 million in aid if the pact is approved, and has forced the Palauans to vote eight different times in the last six years on the same issue. Despite a pro-CFA campaign and the assassination of several activists who were anti-CFA, Palauans continue to resist an agreement that would threaten both their sovereignty and one of the world's most delicate and beautiful coral reef ecosystems. A CFA would waive environmental protection safeguards, possibly allowing nuclear and toxic dumping in the waters off Palauan shores.

In 1979, 92 percent of Palau's voters passed the world's first "nuclear-free constitution," which the U.S. government (which has administered Palau as a U.S. Trust Territory since the end of WW II) ignored. Today, the U.S., faced with the loss of naval bases in the Philippines, sees Palau as a new site for the staging of nuclear ships and submarines.

The CFA is backed by certain Palauans as well. Policarp Basilius, a Palauan millionaire who supports the pro-CFA campaign, has said that he wants to pave over the mangroves, grind up the coral reefs for cement, and turn Palau into "another Singapore."

In an attempt to defend Palau's environment and sovereignty, the Palauan Women's Coalition has filed two lawsuits challenging the pact. "It's a pivotal time in Palau," said Mary Beth Brangan and Jim Heddle of the Nuclear Democracy Network (NDN). "The issue continues to be whether or not Palauans have the right to protect their lands and waters from forced militarization and greed-driven development, and the inevitable toxic, radioactive, and cultural contamination that comes with them. There's still a chance for Palau to become a model of ecological, sustainable development."

This fall Palauans will vote once again on whether or not to implement a CFA. For further information please contact NDN at P.O. Box 1047, Bolinas, CA 94924. Tax deductible funds can be sent to the Palau Women's Coalition or to NDN c/o The Agape Foundation, 675 Sutter St., #510, San Francisco, CA 94102.

✉ Please send letters voicing your concerns for Palau's sovereignty and environmental integrity, and opposition to the CFA, to: President Clinton, Vice President Al Gore, and Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt at 1849 C St. NW, Washington, DC 20240.

Burma Update— Forced Labor Sparks Resistance

Tens of thousands of laborers in Mandalay, Burma's second largest city, have been ordered by Burma's military government to work in a giant forced labor program. Several months ago the government announced that each family in Mandalay would have to contribute at least three days a month of free labor to help prepare tourist attractions. The junta has proclaimed 1996 as "Visit Myanmar [Burma] Year," in hopes of attracting millions of hard-currency tourists, and it is restoring some of the country's most impressive Buddhist shrines to lure foreigners to its cities.

Though many of the people in Mandalay are pleased about a revival of the long dormant tourist industry, they are outraged that the restoration work is being carried out with forced, unpaid labor. The strenuous work days often begin at dawn and stretch well into the evening. Bands of denim-clad prisoners are forced each morning to climb hundreds of feet to the top of Mandalay Hill, the city's natural landmark, where they spend the day laying down colored tiles for a new sightseeing platform. City residents are being forced to dredge the large moat around the imperial city by hand. Thousands of people climb up and down the banks of the moat, lifting handfuls of dirt. At the top of the moat, the dirt is passed, handful by handful, down a long chain of people, who work without protection from the sun. Others are forced to paint and restore shrines or break rocks with small hammers for the new moat wall.

Many of the laborers come from poor families who are struggling to survive and cannot afford to give up three days of paid work every month. On the other hand, many military families have been exempted from the free labor requirements, as well as families who pay a monthly fine of about \$6, equal to a week's wages for poor families.

This imposed labor project is sparking some of the first public flames of dissent in Mandalay since the junta's violent crackdown on the democracy movement in 1988. People are beginning to risk possible arrest by speaking to foreigners about the injustice. "The arrogance of the government is that they will force poor people to interrupt their lives to do this sort of work," said a 28-year-old teacher who identified himself as a student leader of the 1988 democracy movement. "This is stupid work. It is reminding people of why we rose up against the military before. People could rise up again."

Chittagong Hill Tracts Update

Under extreme political pressure, a small group of Jumma refugees returned to their land in the Chittagong Hill Tracts (CHT) of Bangladesh. Despite promises of rehabilitation and access to their home villages and prop-

erty, many of the repatriated Jumma people have not yet been able to return to their homes and property because Bengali settlers from the often flooded delta region continue to occupy the land illegally. In certain cases Bengali settlers have been removed, but only to adjacent hill tops, where they pose a constant threat to the returnees. The government refuses to consider relocating the Bengali settlers elsewhere. Other promises made by the Bangladesh government such as subsistence allowances, reinstatement of work positions, and educational facilities for the Jumma children have not been granted either.

According to Chittagong Hill Tracts Commission (CHTC) Chairperson Doug Sanders, "The Jumma people are in ever greater danger of ending up as a dispossessed underclass in their own land, even more vulnerable to human rights abuses (and, in the case of some smaller groups, extinction) than at present." The CHTC urges the parliaments of several donor countries and international organizations to "redirect the present aid policy [for Bangladesh] in order to make a positive contribution to a lasting solution of the CHT conflict. One possibility is to support the resettlement of Bengali settlers outside the CHT. Another is to commission a thorough study of indigenous notions of land ownership, the carrying capacity of the land, and biodiversity in the CHT." [For orientation to the situation see "Readings" in Summer '92; Winter, Spring, and Summer '93; and Winter '94 issues of *Turning Wheel*.]

Turning Bombs into Bells

At the end of July, Ian Zabarte and Johnnie L. Bobb of the Western Shoshone National Council travelled to Geneva, Switzerland to present a "bell of nuclear abolition" to the International Conference of Disarmament. Mr. Zabarte and Mr. Bobb were sponsored by the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, the Nevada Desert Experience, and the Atomic Mirror. They hope that the ringing of this bell will awaken the conference delegates and the people of the world to the nuclear devastation that has occurred on indigenous lands, and will encourage all of us to work for complete nuclear abolition. A Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty would be an important step toward achieving this goal.

This "bell of nuclear abolition" was made from a bomb in northeastern Thailand, where Buddhist monks noticed that casings from Vietnam-era bombs were so well cast that they produced a beautiful sound when struck.

Another bell made from a bomb tolled deeply 108 times across the scarred landscape of the Nevada Test Site in April of this year during BPF's celebration of Buddha's birthday at the test site gates. And it was on this pilgrimage that the idea of sending a bell to Geneva was born. Along with the bell, Mr. Zabarte and Mr. Bobb presented to Ambassador Marin-Bosch a World-War-II-era photograph of Rinso-in Temple in Yaizu, Japan. In this sad photo, all of the temple bells

Vigorous . . . Subtle . . . Honest . . . Illuminating



FALL NINETY-DAY ZEN INTENSIVE

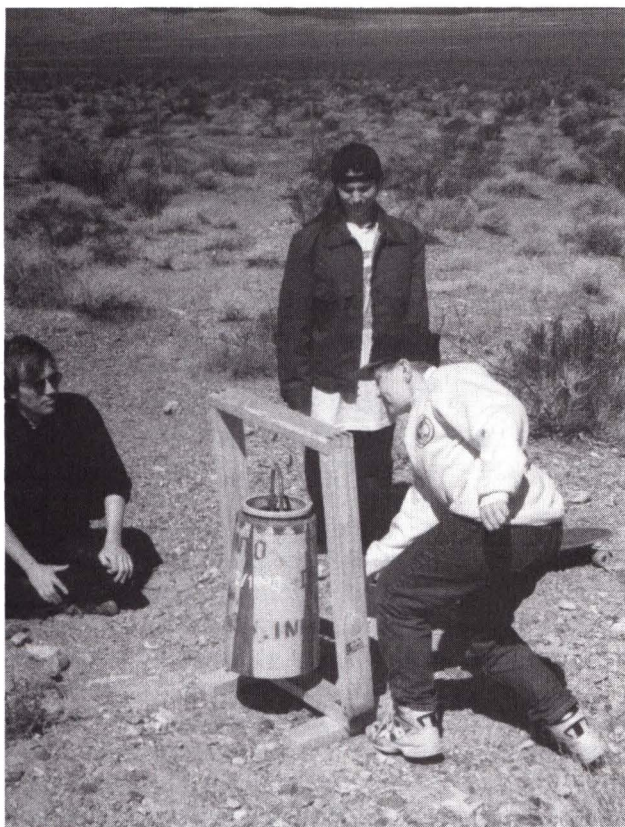
SEPTEMBER 6 - NOVEMBER 20, 1994

- ~ John Daido Looi, Abbot and full-time resident teacher
- ~ Residencies available from one week to three months
- ~ 8-Gates Training Program (includes monthly sesshins)
- ~ Nestled in the Catskill Mts. on a 230 acre nature sanctuary

Call now for a free catalog

ZEN MOUNTAIN MONASTERY

PO Box 197TW, Mt. Tremper, NY 12457 (914) 688-2228
Fax: (914) 688-7911, ext. *0 E-mail: dharmacom@delphi.com



Young people at the Nevada Test Site ringing a bell made from a bomb. [Photo by Tey Roberts]

have been taken down by military decree and are lying on the ground waiting for the army to pick them up and melt them into armaments. The presentation of the bell shows the world an example of reversing this process, and the sounding of the bell resonates with our hope of getting rid of bombs altogether.

Mr. Bobb and Mr. Zabarte spoke on behalf of indigenous people everywhere when they asked the delegates to the conference to consider in their deliberations: (1) reparations to victims of nuclear testing and contamination, and (2) clean-up of indigenous lands around the world which have been irradiated by nuclear testing.

Ian Zabarte eloquently expressed his people's attitude toward the land: "Our elders have told us why we were put in this place by the Creator. Every aspect of this place, our Westen Shoshone Territory, is our responsibility. We must make every effort to protect our country and the world. This is our sole aim. For without this land, we will cease to exist."

Vietnam—The Next "Tiger"

On February 3, 1994, the U.S. lifted its trade embargo against Vietnam. Within hours, a "cola war" erupted, with Pepsi Cola and Coca Cola both passing out free samples. According to the *Việt Nam Ngát Nay* business letter, Coke "can cost up to four times the

price of locally made colas."

The cola corporations are just two of the many multinational corporations preparing to control Asia's "next tiger," a reference to the so-called "economic tigers" of the region—Taiwan, Singapore, Hong Kong, and South Korea.

Vietnam, a country of 70 million people, has a rapidly growing middle class and an economy growing at 10 percent a year. According to a U.S.-ASEAN report, U.S. businesses alone will reap an estimated \$2.6 billion in trade in the first two years following the end of the embargo.

While multinationals gear up to claim their stakes in the now open market of Vietnam, environmental groups and social activists fear the effect a consumption-based economy will have on the environment and people of Vietnam.

Vietnam's forests, heavily damaged by U.S. bombs and chemical defoliants during the war, have declined "an additional 20-28 percent since the war's end," according to *Earth Island Journal*. A pulp and paper mill in Bai Bang has caused major deforestation. The advent of the market economy in Vietnam during the early 1990s led to uncontrollable cutting of both trees and bamboo. In ten years, more than 80,000 hectares of mostly natural lands have been cleared to supply the paper mill. With the embargo lifted, the demand for wood pulp and paper is likely to increase, at great expense to Vietnamese forests.

According to Pro Vo Quy, an environmental activist and professor at the University of Hanoi, "Almost 40 percent of the country is now classified as unproductive wasteland." He cites deforestation as "the single most serious threat to the country's renewable natural resources."

The World Bank is also targeting Vietnam for large-scale development. They have plans for hydroelectric dams modeled on what *Earth Island Journal* calls "projects that have caused environmental devastation and human misery at other World-Bank-funded sites worldwide."

In addition, the World Bank has dedicated \$158 million to pave a highway from Hanoi to Vinh, Vietnam, rather than funding an efficient, high-speed rail system that would be ecologically preferable. The Asian Development Bank plans to finance a southern portion of the highway for more than \$120 million.

For information on how you can support sustainable development in Vietnam, please contact: Dr. Vo Quy c/o Center for Natural Resources and Environmental Studies, University of Hanoi, 19 Le Thanh Tong, Hanoi, Vietnam.

✉ Please send letters opposing the highway and dams to the World Bank, 1818 H St., Washington, D.C. 20006, 202/477-1234.

[Readings section edited by Staci Montori O'Lalor.]

Creating Enlightened Society.

That's the **SLOGAN** of the Shambhala Sun magazine. **AUDACIOUS**, certainly, but the wisdom and **COMPASSION** of the dharma go **BEYOND** individual realization, beyond distinctions of spiritual and secular.

The Shambhala Sun finds the basic goodness in all aspects of our **MODERN** lives, in the hope that **SOMEDAY** we could live in a society inspired by **AWAKENED MIND**. If that sounds **INTRUIGING**, please join us, and we'll discuss it every two months in the **SHAMBHALA SUN**.

Introductory subscription \$15.

Write us at 1345 Spruce St., Boulder, CO 80302-4886 or call 1-800-331-7751.

ASK FOR THE SHAMBHALA SUN AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND OR HEALTH FOOD STORE.

Cloud Mountain

is a rural Buddhist retreat center located between Seattle and Portland. Accommodating up to 35 people plus teachers and staff, Cloud Mountain offers its facilities to all Buddhist organizations regardless of tradition or sect.



❁ **The Path to Enlightenment** with Ven.

Thubten Chodron - July 22-30 or July 22-Aug. 17 (partial attendance possible, space permitting).

❁ **Nine-Day Theravadan Meditation Retreat** with Steve and Rosemary Weissman, resident teachers of Wat Khov Tahm Meditation Center in Thailand - Sept. 23-Oct. 2

For information on retreats call (206) 286-9060, or write to Northwest Dharma Association, 311 W. McGraw, Seattle WA 98119.

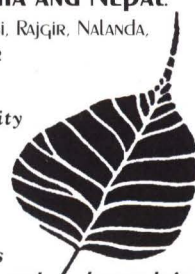
For information on planning an individual retreat, or on renting Cloud Mountain facilities for your group, call Ven. Tenzin Mipham, Director, (206) 274-4859, or write him c/o Cloud Mountain, 373 Agren Rd., Castle Rock, WA 98611.

In the Footsteps of the Buddha

A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH INDIA AND NEPAL:

LUMBINI, BODHGAYA, SARNATH, VARANASI, RAJGIR, NALANDA, SRAVASTI, KUSHINAGAR

Enjoy the beauty and serenity of the places where the Buddha lived. Shantum Seth is your guide.



With each step and breath the Buddha comes alive. Shantum's balance of knowledge, insight, and humor brings joy to those journeying with him in the footsteps of the Buddha. --Zen Cascer, Thich Nhat Hanh

JOURNEYS ♦ 1994, 1995 & 1996

DEC. 17TH '94 - JAN. 1ST '95 ♦ FEB. 4TH - FEB. 24TH '95
DEC. 23RD '95 - JAN. 7TH '96 ♦ FEB. 3RD - FEB. 23RD '96

FOR PRICE INFORMATION & FREE BROCHURE:

U.S.A.: AURA WRIGHT, SUITE 207, 3439 N.E. SANDY BLVD., PORTLAND, OR 9722

TEL.: 503-335-0794 FAX: 503-288-1558 (ask for video)

IN U.K.: VIVIEN BELL, 22 BOURNE WAY, WEST SUSSEX, GU 29 9HZ ENGLAND
TEL: INT'L PREFIX - 0750 - 812562

IN INDIA: SHANTUM SETH, 309-B, SECTOR 15A, NOIDA, U.P. INDIA 201301
TEL AND FAX: INT'L PREFIX - 91-11-892-620

PILGRIMAGE TO AMERICA

by Pracha Hutanaawatr, *Guest Columnist*

In the Institute for Deep Ecology summer school, I had a chance to see a video film called "The Hopi Prophecy." It told the story of uranium mining on Hopi lands, and of the mistreatment of native people by the ruling Americans. I got very sad. Having sat in a workshop on racism the day before, I realized that it would be very hard for me to meditate on loving-kindness for white Americans if I were an American person of color. I thought of the cruelty of white colonialism all over the world, and how it still goes on in the name of "development," "progress," "economic growth," and "education." Whites are spreading the new religion of consumerism with their missionaries like Kentucky Fried Chicken, 7-Eleven, Pizza Hut, etc., destroying the local culture, local economy, local environment, and local wisdom. In the process they are exploiting cheap labor and extracting cheap natural resources from everywhere in the world.

The best I can do so as not to hate whites is to develop equanimity in my mind. And pray that my good white friends in the alternative circles both in Europe and North America can do enough within their homelands and in collaboration with the alternative movements in the exploited countries to compensate for the collective karma of the white race that comes from its treatment of other beings, human and nonhuman.

This is the third time I have been to the United States from Siam, and the first time I can write how I feel about it when asked by a good friend. It's difficult partly because I am not fluent in English, but more because I have such mixed feelings.

Since the Vietnam War, I have had strong feelings against the destructive American influence in our part of the world. I have seen the U.S. use our country for military bases to bomb our neighbors, backing local military regimes that support U.S. policy, no matter how cruel these regimes are to their own people, and leaving behind the crudest kind of consumer culture with sex business as its worst form. Sometimes I wonder why I am here, even knowing that I have been invited for a good cause—to share our practice of engaged Buddhism, and this time to learn about deep ecology.

I have had a great time at the summer school for Deep Ecology, as I did at the two BPF summer institutes, because I have been among good friends, all of them in the alternative circles. I am amazed to see many positive developments among these friends, especially the brave new ways they interpret and practice Buddhism. Without traditional ties, they have come up with something creative. Joanna Macy's effort to synthesize Buddhist metaphysics with new scientific philosophical systems theory is impressive. Stephanie Kaza's

meditative communication with trees makes a lot of sense. New rituals such as using songs for *metta* and *karuna* meditation work for me. The experiential learning exercises on sexism and racism are very powerful and can really shake up the ignorance and insensitivity rooted in us all. These thoughts are a few flowers to offer to my good friends here in the U.S.

However, sitting in and listening to many workshops during these three institutes, I also came to the realization that this is a sick society! I am appalled at how much grief, suffering, and loneliness people here are going through. Unfortunately these sicknesses are also plaguing the modern sector of Thai society, the elite of which are blindly following the American model of development. To use stronger words, they are voluntarily bringing the country under the new colonialism.

I am also shocked to see how extreme Americans are in being assertive, expressing and indulging their emotion, insisting on their own positions in discussion. Many practices, such as giving value to process and participation in meetings, when they are overemphasized, make the meetings chaotic and clumsy. It seems difficult for Americans to practice the Middle Way.

I also sense a lot of guilt among my American friends in the alternative movements. This is also another kind of sickness. Guilt may be useful for people as they begin to realize they are part of the oppressive system. But in the long run it doesn't empower, it weakens people's character. The right kind of awareness should bring forth compassion and responsibility. Compassion is suffering another's pain, but with mindfulness, so that it is not destructive, but makes us feel humble and motivated to serve by responsible action. Compassion empowers.

I am grateful for all the good friends who have made my visits to the U.S. possible, both individuals and organizations, especially the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, the Heinrich Boll foundation, and the Institute for Deep Ecology Education.

Pracha Hutanaawatr is on leave from his position with Wongsanit Ashram in Thailand, visiting in the U.S. for four months.

Volunteers are urgently needed to work with the International Network of Engaged Buddhists (INEB) in Thailand. Good English writing, organization, and computer skills are important. Some grasp of Thai language is helpful but not necessary. Volunteers will be offered room and food at INEB's Wongsanit Ashram, an engaged Buddhist community well outside of Bangkok. This is an excellent opportunity to work at the hub of a wide Buddhist network, to provide support for trainings, conferences, publications. One year's commitment is needed, but shorter stays will be considered. For further information, contact the BPF national office.



**SOUTHERN
DHARMA
RETREAT
CENTER**

*secluded meditation retreats in
the mountains of North Carolina*

*The center sponsors
silent meditation group
retreats
in a variety of
spiritual traditions.*

1-1/2 hours from Asheville.

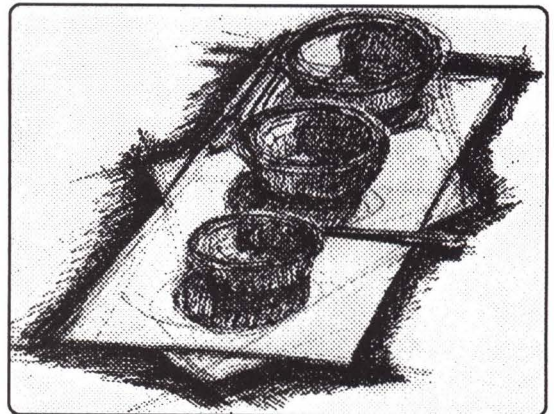
Call or write for a brochure:

**Southern Dharma Retreat Center
Route 1, Box 34H
Hot Springs, NC 28743
(704) 622-7112**

**ORYOKI
JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT**

New video from Zen Mountain Monastery! Oryoki is a silent meal taken at Zen monasteries during periods of intensified training. Master Dogen introduced this ceremony in an effort to illuminate the sacred nature of everyday activities. This video captures the power and the subtlety of the ritual, challenging us to expand our vision of the miraculous into all the dimensions of our lives.

\$29.95 plus \$5.00 s/h • NY state residents add 7.75% tax



DHARMA COMMUNICATIONS
P.O. Box 156TW • Mt. Tremper, NY 12457 • (914) 688-7993
MC/Visa accepted • Ask for a free catalog

**An invitation to come
practice with us.**

The Kwan Um School of Zen is an international community of meditators. Founded by Zen Master Seung Sahn, since 1972 we've established Zen Centers across North America and around the world.

You're invited to come learn meditation and to practice with us at one of our affiliates. We also publish **Primary Point**, an international journal of Buddhism. Write or call, and we'll send you a free sample issue, including a list of our Zen Centers.

The Kwan Um  School of Zen

528 Pound Road, Cumberland, Rhode Island 02864
(401) 658-1476

FOLLOW THE BOUNCING BALL

by Patrick McMahon

Three years ago I wrote my first education column for Turning Wheel. Recently I closed my classroom door behind me, and, as the adage goes, another opened. At present I'm helping develop a family dharma program at Spirit Rock Meditation Center. Having made that shift, I'm becoming aware of a long-time-coming groundswell of attention Western Buddhists are giving to the family. With this issue of TW, then, I'll be focusing on the family as a field of engaged Buddhism. I invite readers to send me reflections on their own paths as parents, members of the extended family, and children.

Thus have I heard: At one time Bodhisattvas in the ten directions left their children in the care of spouses, grandparents and baby sitters, to travel to Mt. Grdhrakuta, where Gautama, the Buddha, was discoursing on the Way. When all were finally seated and silently waiting to hear the Dharma, a child's voice was heard from a distance, and soon the tramp of feet. Presently a toddler appeared clutching a large pink ball. A wave of anxiety passed through the assembly: Would she sit adult-like, quietly imbibing the wisdom? Or would she distract the Bodhisattvas with noise and movement? Strained nerves were soothed as the child wordlessly took her seat, looking about with appropriate awe at the straight backs, saffron robes, and (almost) downcast eyes of the adults. At the sound of Gautama's voice, a sigh of relief passed through the assembly. This was more like it. "The Dharma, incomparably profound and minutely subtle," would once more echo unchallenged among the hallowed peaks.

But before long the child's voice was heard, carrying on alongside the Buddha's. Buddha greeted her by name—"Hey Tara, what's up?"—and continued his discourse without a ruffle. The listeners struggled to protect their mindfulness, but confusion crescendoed as the child approached the high seat of the World Honored One. She held the pink ball high as Bodhisattvas held their breaths, and she brought it down with a bounce that shook the mountain. It landed in the hands of Gautama, whereupon, to the amazement of all, the Golden-Handed-One sent it smartly bouncing back! After what seemed like eons of toss and catch, with Bodhisattvas clinging to the edge of their cushions, Tara disappeared whence she'd come.

Gautama surveyed the assembly with a mischievous gleam in his eye and pronounced the following verse:

*Rejecting the ball or clutching it,
You lose in equal measure.
Tossing it back and forth,
You find the family treasure.*

Children have for decades now been seen but not heard in Western sanghas. "Leaving home" has been taken all too literally, with parents going to the meditation hall for adults-only "real practice," and returning to their families wondering how to relate their rarefied experience to the dust bunnies of daily life.

That's changing. Many lay Buddhist groups are seeking ways to explicitly integrate family and sangha. Sandy Eastoak, in her introduction to *Dharma Family Treasures*, coins a phrase that weds these often warring worlds: *dharma family*. As this anthology documents, while monks and nuns attend retreats and train in predominately monastic traditions, dharma families have been growing up in distant wings of the meditation hall. Parents meditate with children on their laps, in bedroom dojos adrift in diapers. Families mark significant moments of daily life, whether the passage of a tantrum or the death of a sparrow, at home altars. A few meditation retreats now provide child care, and a very few are radically restructured for families. Inspired by Thich Nhat Hanh, in scattered places "Family Days of Mindfulness" bring adults and children together in silence and song, work and play, ceremony and story telling. Buddha's Birthday pageants include children in costumes and masks along with priests in golden robes.

But make no mistake. In general the Western Sangha still mirrors the anti-family, child-unfriendly attitudes of our societies. We Buddhists find ourselves deep with everyone else in a family crisis as urgent as global warming. Children consistently get the short end of the economic stick, in the first world as in the third. Today, 600 million children will go hungry, and 40 thousand will die of starvation and preventable diseases. (Tracy and Sage Howard, *Kids Ending Hunger*). Public education is floundering in many areas of the United States, with classrooms of 32 kids or more to one harried adult, and metal detectors at the schoolyard gates. Latchkey children are legion. Babies come into the world addicted to crack, damaged by alcohol. Child molestation is epidemic. The East Bay *Express* carried a feature story entitled "Who Will Save the Children?" with these statistics: "In Oakland, between 1988 and 1992, juvenile drug arrests increased by 2,200 percent. Four years ago, there were nine short-term drug treatment centers for adolescents in the Bay Area. Now there is only one."

With the world family in peril, then, it's clearly time for Gautama to come home, for engaged Buddhists to practice the Buddha Way as a way of peace and protection of our own young. We've long been hearing their voices approaching the meditation hall. Their footsteps are on the porch . . . they're in the doorway . . . the ball is bouncing among the robes and cushions, upsetting bells and disarranging the altar. May we treasure this game of toss and catch. ❖

WALKING THE WALK

by Melody Ermachild

With my friend Shyyam, I've been working on a city garden project for the kind of teenaged youths who get labelled "at risk," "inner city," or even sometimes "thugs."

Shyyam is an African American social worker. He works for the city, I live in the neighborhood, and together we do all we can. Shyyam is the man the boys need: role model, mentor, father figure—and they count on him.

Shyyam and I share a vision in which the youngsters have hope and horticulture skills. We are trying to connect them to good food and the earth we find under abandoned city lots. We want people to see the kids as a precious resource, not as problems.

We call our garden project "Urban Agriculture for Violence Prevention." So when I heard that two of our kids, Terrel, 15, and Dondi, 17, had been caught on a bus with a loaded gun, I felt like I had been kicked in the stomach.

My first reaction was disbelief. How could I have been so wrong about Dondi and Terrel? I couldn't picture them with a gun. These two weren't even the kids Shyyam and I had been most worried about. In fact, we were especially proud of them. They had been going to the low-achievers' half-day continuation high school like the rest of the youths in the garden group, but had wanted to return to Berkeley High and try to graduate. Shyyam had gotten them back in, and they were making it there.

Shyyam and I are proud of ALL the kids. Not one has a father living with him, and all of their mothers are addicted to drugs or alcohol or both. Yet up to now they'd stayed out of trouble. Now Terrel was in juvenile hall, because he had had the gun in his possession. Dondi hadn't actually been armed, so the police had let Dondi go.

Our garden grows people as much as plants. In our meetings we try to deal with the youths' terror and despair. They say they think everything bad that's happening to them is because of the color of their skin. It is Shyyam who has the right skin color to tell them, "Yes, racism hurts, and racism's going to be here for a long time. What we have to do is figure out what we are going to do about it—how are we going to live our lives?"

Since I never was a young black man, since I'm a white woman who works in prisons, I can only tell them what both inmates and guards tell me they learn

in prison: You have to take people one at a time. You can't predict the race of someone who might hurt you, or of the person who will help you. I often pass along advice from my older inmate clients who also hope the youngsters stay out of prison.

Now I tried to figure out what to do about Terrel. Maybe he should stay in juvenile hall, I thought, to teach him a lesson. I imagined myself a passenger on that bus, and my mind went wild, wondering if the kids had used the gun somehow, somewhere. If only I could talk to Shyyam—but he was away for several weeks, serving as a monitor for the election in South Africa.

I felt furious that kids who don't have enough money to go to a movie or buy clothes, and are often hungry, can still get a gun. "In America," I told my husband Stan bitterly, "a gun's the one thing you can always get."

Then we started to hear the story behind the story. Some of our neighbors came by to tell us that Terrel and Dondi, who were living in foster homes, had gone on the bus to Terrel's mother's apartment to visit his younger brothers. There they found Terrel's mother Angela, her boyfriend, and their friends all smoking crack. Terrel, angry that they were using drugs with his

Kids who don't have enough money to go to a movie or buy clothes, and are often hungry, can still get a gun.

little brothers there, had pulled the gun on all of the adults and ordered them to get out of the apartment. One rumor said that Terrel had put the gun up to Angela's head. Another said he intended to shoot her boyfriend, but never fired the gun. I've heard this boyfriend beats Angela, and that he used to beat

Terrel too. The adults did leave, and the boys started back home on the bus, heading for Terrel's foster home. One of the ousted adults called the police about the gun, and Terrel was arrested as he got off the bus.

Angela used to live in our neighborhood. A pretty young woman, she has three beautiful and intelligent sons, but she doesn't feel lucky. When she moved to a crummy apartment on our street she was already addicted to crack, and when she left two years later she was still on the pipe and staying just one jump ahead of Children's Protective Services (CPS). Her sons were hungry, dirty, left alone. The children's teachers were on her case to clean up or lose her kids. They called CPS, but kids in a crack house are nothing special for CPS. You have to call a lot of times and build a case. And before that happened, Angela moved out of our neighborhood to an even worse place. I wasn't sure taking the kids away from her would be better anyway. It often starts kids on the foster-home road to nowhere.

Shortly before she left, the old man who lived upstairs

from Angela appeared at my door, asking me to come quick. Angela had been beaten up. The inside of a crack addict's apartment is furnished with nothing. Angela, her mouth bloodied and eyes swollen almost shut, lay on a mattress, the only thing in the room except for a TV with a broken vertical hold and a catatonic child staring at it, completely dissociated from what was happening. Drug dealers had beaten her, Angela whispered. I heard later she had tried to steal from them. She let me call someone to take her to the doctor.

When Angela left the neighborhood, she took her younger sons with her, but Shyyam found an informal foster home for Terrel, and he stayed in Berkeley High School. This was one of many good choices Terrel made: stay in school, stay away from Angela, don't use drugs, work in the garden.

Now, with the gun, Terrel had made a bad choice. "We better stay out of this one," Stan and I told each other over breakfast, thinking of Angela's thuggy boyfriend. "We shouldn't get involved." But our resolutions sounded weak to me. We both know that to work with these kids you have to walk the walk. Following through is everything with kids who've been let down a thousand times. The other kids kept saying it might not have happened if Shyyam had been here.

Watching Nelson Mandela on TV, I was proud of Shyyam, and happy for him, over there in South Africa participating in something we thought we would never see in our lifetime. No matter what else happened this week, apartheid—the separation of the races by law—was ending. But there is so much other separation, over there and here.

Every night I woke up and thought of Terrel in juvenile hall. I've been in there to see young clients. In the lockup wing where they keep violent kids or those on suicide watch, the cells have thick doors, not bars. There's a tiny window in each door, and walking down the hall you see two young eyes and a nose pressed to many of the windows. In the ceiling of these cells there are video cameras and the kids are watched on screens from a central monitoring station. I once described America's children's jails to a lawyer friend from Denmark, who had trouble believing me. I've seen the kids on the TV screens, lying on bunks, or sitting hunched in the corners of those cells. "Maybe Terrel's in the dormitory," I hoped. But I wasn't sure, with a serious charge like having a loaded gun on a bus. He could be in that lockup if he were feeling suicidal.

All week I found myself making the phone calls I'd resolved not to make on Terrel's behalf: the juvenile public defender's office, the juvenile probation office, the local teen counseling project. I wished I could dial

811 for a social worker like 911 for police. I also wished we could hire about a thousand more African American male mentors like Shyyam.

I had no official standing, and sometimes that embarrassed me—I felt like a busybody. I explained I was just a volunteer who knew Terrel. But when I told the circumstances behind Terrel's having the gun to everyone I phoned, they all listened. And the REAL story behind the story is about the unsung people who care about kids. Terrel's foster parents, who at first understandably refused to take him back, agreed to try again, if he was released.

Terrel's attorney explained to me what had to happen for the judge even to consider releasing Terrel to go back to school and his foster family: his mother, Angela, had to go to court for him and sign the papers. Otherwise, he would remain in juvenile hall another 30 days, meaning he could not complete the school year, and then he would go to a group home.

But none of us knew where Angela lived, and of course crack addicts don't have phones. "Either she'll find out and show up or she won't," I thought, and I resolved once more to stay out of this one.

On a sunny afternoon that week, Stan and I went to hear the Dalai Lama speak in

Berkeley's Greek theater. At the end of his talk His Holiness said that if his message of compassion was relevant to us, please try to make an effort to make the world a better place. Please increase our efforts.

I walked over to Dondi's grandmother's house, a place not much better than one of Angela's apartments. I knocked, and the door was opened two inches by a woman I didn't know who asked me what I wanted. Hoping Dondi was inside listening, I said loudly that I needed to know where Angela lived in order to give her a ride to court in the morning for Terrel's sake.

In a second Dondi was on the porch saying he knew where Angela lived, but not the address. He could take me there. I have to look up when I talk to Dondi, a lanky high school senior with a good sense of humor, who changes his hair-do almost every day, a sign of his rapid identity shifts at 17. That day he had braids. "I want to go to court too," he said. I told Dondi to be at my door at 8 AM because Terrel's hearing was at 9. Shyyam and I are always working to improve what we call the kids' "show-up skills," which are poor; their good intentions are easily defeated by distraction or depression. Now the effort would have to be made by Dondi.

That night I dreamed about Shyyam. He was in a sunny garden full of flowers, walking towards me smiling, and I was so happy to see him, because now that

*With these kids you have to walk
the walk. Following through is
everything with kids who've been
let down a thousand times.*

he was here, everything would be all right.

They say every figure in a dream is an aspect of the dreamer. "I met the protector part of myself," I thought when I woke up in the morning—"A black man who is a protector."

Keeping the faith, I'm packing breakfast for Dondi when he shows up right on time. Today his hair is brushed out in an Afro. "How mad is Angela at you?" I ask as we pull away from the curb, trying to assess our danger. "Mad, I guess," Dondi says, "everybody else is." He confesses right away that the gun had actually been his, obtained from another kid's older cousin on parole. "Why?" (biting my tongue on the useless, "You know better," etc.) "Because I was scared." He hangs his head. Is someone gunning for him? No. He's just scared. He can no longer stay at his foster home, he tells me, because another kid there threatened him, and he left. He hangs around his grandmother's place, but she kicks him out at night, because too many people are staying there. He has to find places to sleep with various friends.

Dondi's mom, he doesn't have to tell me, is addicted and mentally ill. She got out of jail again just a few weeks ago and has been roaming the streets. Dondi hasn't

known where she is for the past two days, and he's worried sick about her. He got the gun, he says, because he's afraid of being killed, randomly, by some stranger, "just for nothing."

I tell him that in his shoes I would be scared too, and very lonely. I give him my gun speech. I tell him I've investigated cases where people unwittingly supplied the weapon for their own death. This seems to impress him. I go on. I love his mom, I say; I knew her when she was well. But he can't have a gun around his mom now, the way she is. She might kill herself or one of the little kids. He can't have a gun around the people at his grandma's who might be loaded on drugs. He's in more danger with a gun than without it.

We list the people Dondi can call when he's scared (youth counselor, Shyyam, me, another mom). "Survivors are the ones who call for help," I tell him.

I point out that none of the boys in the garden group have been shot at. I hope I'm right to try to reassure him, knowing the statistics that I read and he lives. I think about, but don't mention Jason, whom we knew and who was shot to death a mile away last June—apparently "for nothing."

Dondi is very smart. He is the one who writes our notes on the board at garden meetings, with no spelling errors. He is six weeks from high school graduation. What does his social worker say? I ask him. She won't find another foster home for him. She's closing his case because he's almost 18. One of his big prob-

lems getting to school, he reveals, is having nowhere to wash his clothes and no money for the laundromat.

We pull up in front of the dingy apartment building that Dondi points to. When Angela's boyfriend answers the door, I say, "Remember me? I'm Shyyam's assistant," cloaking myself in his protection; I'm on an official mission, not just meddling in Angela's business. He lets us into a dark room with a filthy floor and absolutely nothing but a bare table and two chairs. Angela says she's been told about the hearing and wants to come, but she needs a ride. I tell her that's why I've come. She isn't ready, although the hearing starts in half an hour. I perch on one of the chairs, waiting for her. My heart sinks as I imagine Terrel's little brothers coming home to this place every day. The boyfriend stands sullen in the corner.

In the car, to her credit, Angela gives Dondi a mild tongue-lashing about the gun, but she is mainly mad at whoever called the cops on Terrel. I keep my mouth

shut, but say a silent thanks to whoever called the cops. I'm so glad they're the ones who have that gun now.

In the juvenile court waiting room, full of dejected kids and defeated or exasperated adults, we all meet up. Terrel's foster parents are a white couple, who have

brought along their three kids, two black daughters and a white son. I don't know if theirs is a blended or adoptive family, but it looks like a happy one. The dad, in a suit and tie, has taken the morning off from work.

The other worried guy, in a suit, is Michael, a handsome young black man who is a deacon in his church and a cousin to Terrel's family.

To my surprise, Terrel's grandmother from Louisiana is here. She was contacted by his foster parents and is here for a few days, staying in a motel. Angela's kids have all told me of this woman's almost mythical powers of love. She cannot, alas, take them to live with her, but she lives up to her reputation. She starts right in on Dondi with her own anti-gun speech, which beats mine in emphasizing self-discipline and personal responsibility. Dondi, the picture of apologetic respect, stands smiling sheepishly down at this short round lady, as she tells him to use the common sense the Good Lord gave him.

Everyone talks about Terrel's chances but Angela, who is ignored by all. No one condemns her, but neither does she get any respect. She hovers around the edge of the group, her bloodshot eyes rimmed with tears. She is what she is, and the one to save today is Terrel. For the first time, I feel anger towards her. Her son is the one being punished, for acting out his anger at her negligence.

When the bailiff calls Terrel's name we fill every seat in the small hearing room. Looking towards the front

One of his big problems getting to school, he reveals, is having nowhere to wash his clothes and no money for the laundromat.

of the room, I see that every person holding power over Terrel is white: judge, defense attorney, prosecutor, probation officer, clerk, and bailiff. That's not always true, of course, but it often is, and I expect Terrel will remember it.

In his light green county-issued jail suit, Terrel reminds me of a child in pajamas.

In the back of the room, we are solidly integrated, seven black people, five white people. I wish we had a little sign: "People who care about Terrel."

The judge is reading the file while we sit, quiet. Watching Terrel, tense in his chair, being squeezed by the adult world with its jail cells and all the rest, this is a dream-like moment for me. Again, every character is a part of myself. When I was a teenager, I sat in Terrel's seat. Being a girl, I hadn't exploded. But when I imploded instead, running away, trying to kill myself, getting pregnant, I was sent to a "home for girls." As

with Terrel, my parents sat in the audience while I was the one who was punished. I can't remember the face or name of a single person who tried to help me back then.

Here is a meditation I've done many times: you recall a situation in which you were helpless, and you imagine people coming to help you. Now, in this real-life courtroom, I am playing the part of someone who comes to help.

The judge, a blond woman about 40, starts to question Terrel. He admits to the gun. He says he got it from "a friend." Dondi squirms. "Where were you when you got it?" she asks. Terrel says, "My mom's house." The judge asks Terrel if Angela knew he had it. Unable to tell the real story, Terrel hesitates, then says, "I don't know." The judge looks disgusted.

The D.A. makes his case, and it's convincing: a loaded gun on a public bus must be punished. The judge threatens to keep Terrel locked up.

The defense attorney shows that Terrel has not been in trouble before, has been attending high school, is getting good grades. When he asks for Terrel's release, the Judge says, "I'm not inclined to do that."

There is a pause, and absolute silence in the room. In my work, I've witnessed sentences in many courtrooms—even death sentences. In that long pause before the pronouncement, it always seems to me as if the breath of history blows through the room. And if the defendant is black, I imagine the wind in the sails of slave ships and all the rest that has brought us to one of these moments when the destiny of a young man is turned forever. The judge looks out at all of us. In her shoes, I think, seeing all these people here, I'd take a chance on this kid. And that's what she does.

Angela signs, and Terrel is released on probation conditions a whole page long: go to school, curfew at eight

every night, and so on. The foster family will now be official. "I'm the one in jail!" the foster mother laments, reading the list of rules she has to make sure he follows.

We all go around to the release door. While we wait for Terrel, several youths emerge who have apparently served their time. No one meets them—they just head across the parking lot alone. They look lost and angry, and much meaner than Terrel has ever looked.

When Terrel comes out, dressed again in his own super-baggy clothes, he doesn't even look at Angela. He goes straight to his grandmother and holds her for a long time. She then tells him he owes his guardians an apology and a hug. Embarrassed, he tries to make an excuse: "I'm holding my book." And he is. In his hand is his textbook, *The History of African Civilization*. His grandmother takes the book from him, and he hugs his foster mom and dad and delivers a sincere apology. Their children gather around him and hug him too. He extends a handshake to me, a big smile and a thank you. We all line up for hugs from Terrel's grandmother. Terrel says nothing to Angela, who stands at the edge of the group.

I suddenly think: Wait a minute. This is a little too happy, like a graduation or something. I start talking about how gun possession at 15 will forever stay on his record. It is a sad day to see a young man "graduate" to his first conviction. This is serious. Everyone agrees. High school graduation would be much better.

The foster mother accepts Dondi's apology for supplying the gun, but she bars him forever from her house, where he has visited and eaten before. "It's a matter of trust," she says. "I can't have a gun around my children." This seems just; Dondi is older, the gun was his idea.

I drop off Angela, and say what I've always said to her: I care about her and I want to see her healthy someday. I take Dondi to school and tell him that anyone can focus on something for six weeks. He has no more term papers due. He has only to take his body to that school every day and they will give him a diploma. If he does it, Stan and I will come to his graduation, I promise.

For awhile after he disappears into the campus, I sit in the car thinking about the gun, and I begin to shake. How close the kids may have been to getting shot by the police, when they were being arrested with it. Or they might have shot someone in a panic or melee.

I indulge in a fantasy of the police donating the gun to a church group I heard of that buried dozens of police-captured guns at the base of a sculpture for peace. "Please let no gun ever come near them again," I wish.

I phone Stan to tell him all about it, and we agree not to be attached to results. These kids might not graduate, might easily get in trouble again. Our efforts are small, and their efforts are going to have to be very great. It

In his light green county-issued jail suit, Terrel reminds me of a child in pajamas.

might be too much for them. Still, it's been a good day.

Back at home, my neighbor Camille comes over. Her son is in the garden group. She drinks, but she's not drinking today. She is scared by the gun, too, and worried about Dondi. We form a partnership for the next six weeks to help Dondi finish school. Camille will let Dondi sleep on her couch and Stan and I will supply the extra food to feed him. I have the easy part, I tell her. It's easy to go to the grocery store. It takes a lot of effort to live with teenaged boys.

POSTSCRIPT:

When Shyyam came home, he heard all about it. And he told us he is more optimistic about South Africa than he is about America, because over there, they are having the national dialogue about race and resources that we need to have here, but still aren't having.

Terrel, wisely, has not been around the neighborhood. He spends all of his time with his foster family.

Dondi graduated, and received an award for best auto shop student. I told him he should get a special prize for overcoming adversity. I took photos of him in his bright red gown, and Shyyam, Stan and I took him and his friends out for Mexican food. There was a cake, and the waitresses led us all in singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" to Dondi, who was embarrassed but very proud. ♦

Melody Ermachild is a writer and private investigator.

NO PRECEPTS, PLEASE!

by Rhoda R. Gilman

In late September of 1993 I attended a five-day retreat with Thich Nhat Hanh for people engaged in working for social change. Through more than a dozen years of practicing Buddhist meditation and many more years of attending Quaker meetings, I had become acquainted with Nhat Hanh's tireless work for peace. I had also read many of his writings. But while books and tapes convey ideas, they do not bring the presence of the spirit, and it was that presence I hoped to find at the retreat.

I was not disappointed. It was there in the unhurried movements of the monks and nuns around Thay, as his followers call him. It was there in the hush that settled over the 300 people in the meditation hall, and in the deep tones of the bowl-shaped bell that called for moments of perfect quiet. Above all it was there in the person of Thay himself. Seated close before him, I could see the lines of weariness etched by years of exile and struggle. They vanished when he turned to speak to us, and his eyes lit up with humor and affection. The words did not come forth with fire, but the power of their gentleness swelled to fill the cavernous room. He spoke repeatedly of our kinship with each other and with the earth, and of how mindfulness can weave a living experience of that intimacy into each moment. His own presence was wordless testimony to the strength of such loving awareness in its ability to influence even world events and mass movements.

As the minutes and hours of the retreat passed into days, the silence within me became deeper. Walking in meditation across the fields and hills of the West Virginia countryside, I became aware of my feet finding their own way—if I would only let them—surely and without stumbling. They pressed into the rocky and sometimes muddy path, feeling the texture of the soil and responding with spontaneous skill and balance. As Thay might say, they caressed the earth. The spirit I had hoped to find was indeed here. But one aspect of Thay's teaching began to trouble me.

The climax of the retreat took place on the last morning, when he conducted a simple ceremony for those who wished to take his own version of the "Five Wonderful Precepts" of Buddhism. He is putting these forward as a universal standard of conduct for world survival. They are carefully worded to exclude narrow cultural bias. In taking the precepts, one vows to avoid killing of any kind, stealing, exploitation of people or nature, careless or hurtful sexual conduct, cruel or thoughtless speech, and wasteful or self-damaging consumption, including alcohol, drugs, excessive food, and intellectual fare that "contains toxins."

Christa Rypins
KRIPALU YOGA INSTRUCTOR



FOR

MEDITATORS

This video is a series of gentle postures designed to strengthen, stretch, and open the parts of the body most used in sitting meditation .

\$22(shpg. incl.)
Calif. add 8.25% tax.

KEEP IT SIMPLE BOOKS
POBox 91
Mountain View, CA 94042
ATTN: CR

1-800-200-6334 **VISA/MC**

Call or write for catalogue.

I did not stay to take the precepts. The morning mists were just rising across the Shenandoah Valley as I eased my car onto the interstate. While the miles rolled away behind me, I examined my own refusal to accept this concluding step.

I have been living with precepts all my life. As Ram Dass so exquisitely puts it, I was "a good child." The pride of my parents in school, an academic leader in college, I was determined to be an exemplary wife and mother (1950s style) and at the same time to put to use the education I had received. Thanks to gifts of

For me the great gift of insight meditation has been liberation from the very stuff of precepts.

energy and health, I was able to do so, although it cost many years of 14-hour work days. Along the way I took part in vigils, marched in peace protests, nursed a depressed, alcoholic husband, and saw my daughters through college. Now in my sixties I find myself sharing home and retirement years with an aged mother who needs constant care.

Yes, I think I have been a good child. And I am not sorry if it is so. In fact, the years have brought me both love and joy—more joy than most of us are ever granted. Although there are certainly things I wish I had done differently, they do not loom large in the perspective of time.

But, please—no more precepts. Christianity and other religions have plenty, and I seriously doubt that after 3,000 years the world will benefit by any more. However careful we may be, framing standards of conduct implies drawing distinctions and passing judgments, on ourselves and others. Does this not contradict the essence of mindfulness? Is not acting with compassion that arises in the moment from a sense of kinship, a sufficient guide to being "engaged"?

For me the great gift of insight meditation has been liberation from the very stuff of precepts. It has replaced the disciplined drive to honor prohibitions and achieve goals with the recognition that all prohibitions are futile and all goals ephemeral. A walking meditator leaves no footprints on the sands of time.

When my closest friend declared passionately back in our college days that she would not stop trying until she "had made her mark in the world," I laughed and shook my head. And although I was only dimly aware then of her self-delusion, time proved me all too right. Years later her unyielding aspiration and the consequences it brought led her to suicide. My own heart,

too, can still be driven by the bitter need for achievement, even knowing well how futile it is, and I can still feel a stab of guilt at the threat of failure. That is my attachment also. The point of spiritual practice for me is learning to free myself.

Vowing to pursue right conduct lies squarely across the path I seek to follow. Along that path there is no one vowing, no one committed to this or that, no reason to fear, no virtue to attain. There is recognition that a lifetime of personal memories has no more substance than thought itself. Attention is upon the present and on the immediate experience of partaking in an infinitely complex and wonderful world.

The world is as it is. The very fact of life's existence in time and in material form means suffering, but limitless suffering also implies the presence of limitless compassion—for the weed, the spider, the sparrow, and the human spirit. If we can truly open ourselves to that reality, precepts are unnecessary, and if we cannot, precepts will only be a few more rules to follow.

Rhoda Gilman is retired after 34 years as a state and regional historian. She has practiced meditation for the last 20 years, and she lives in Minnesota.

MY DEAF-BLIND DHARMA TEACHER

by Barbara Miles

Looking out my window I see James swimming in the pond. James can't see or hear. Swimming is a great pleasure for him. Right now he's using a big old truck inner tube, and he's twirling around, and laughing. He liked the drumming last night, too. He told me he could feel the floor vibrating as my friends and I played our congas. He was smiling almost the whole time, and playing along, with maracas.

This is the fourth time that James has come to Vermont to visit me on his summer vacation. He's 27 now. It's hard to believe. I first met him when I was hired to teach him Braille the summer after he lost his vision. He was nine then—and though he was deaf from birth, he had always been able to see. That was a rough time for him. I remember his obsession with cars and trucks, and his belief—expressed in sign language—that he would one day be able to drive. Despite his blindness he continued to insist well into his teens that he would pilot either a car or an airplane.

I was his teacher for several years, at different times, throughout his school career, and I have watched his maturing, his gradual acceptance of his limitations, and

his amazing creation of a full and joyful life. In the process of accepting that he can't drive a car or an airplane, he has discovered innumerable things that he *can* do.

He has a full time job at a medical supply company—a responsible job that relies on his uniquely sensitive ability to discriminate small differences with his hands and fingertips. He earns good money, and when he comes to Vermont in the summer, he asks me to take him to antique stores so he can find things for his collection of old tools and implements. He loves very old books, too. Last night, after the conga drummers left, he asked me to wash my hands so he could show me something he had brought. It was a Latin Bible printed in 1538. I was awestruck—both at the age and beauty of the small leather-bound volume, and at his joy and tenderness over this object meant for sighted eyes. He told me that his new computer scanner can “read” English print and translate it into Braille. To read Latin, he has to rely on an Optacon machine, which makes the characters into vibrations for his fingertips to feel. But the script in that Bible is too ornate for him to decipher. Still, he's studying Latin from a Braille correspondence course, and I'm not willing to say that he'll never read that old Bible. Just touching it, though, and knowing that someone held it and read it hundreds of years ago is enough for his fingertips and imagination right now.

And for mine. I speak with him through sign language, and his hands touch mine lightly as I make words, spell things. Through this contact, I am put in touch with the world in a whole new way. An entirely fresh way. Sometimes I think it is the way that meditation aims for. Just this. Just this. Where are his fingers now? Just how does the curve of this book binding attach to the cover? Here. This small imprint. Made in 1538. Just how does this feel?

Years and years of teaching people who are deaf and blind has been a great gift to me. Immeasurable. A training like a sesshin, or a silent retreat. And they cause me to reflect on education, on just what it means to teach, and to learn. There is no way to teach a person who is deaf-blind with any kind of standardized formula. Each one has such a unique experience of the world—you must begin there, with the buddha-nature that shows itself in each moment, and connect at that point, at that precise meeting of hand and hand.

On a recent vipassana retreat, I found myself sitting with a chronic pain in my hip joint. As I sat through hours and hours with the burning, there finally emerged a song, and an urge to dance. When I went

into the woods after one sitting period, I danced the dance and sang the song that the burning wanted. It was a dance and song of both rage and joy. The rage came with memories—of first grade, and *many* years thereafter, when I was told to “sit still and pay attention and be quiet.” The joy was a feeling of freedom—that now I can choose. The chronic pain has been gone since that dance, though I'm sure it's not the end of the story.

This experience though, coming as it did just before James' visit, has brought me questions about public education, and education in general. My biggest question has to do with the individual and collective karma we create by insisting that children spend the better part of their youthful waking lives sitting at desks doing age-standardized tasks determined largely by broad national economic imperatives. I wonder, too,

about how this karma of public education affects dharma teaching, both in obvious and perhaps more subtle ways. The association of the dharma instruction to “sit still, be quiet, and pay attention” with hours and years in childhood classrooms is one that I've just begun to be aware of. In what ways can dharma teachings make these instructions come alive? How about Buddhist

dancing? Buddhist singing? Might these, in addition to sitting, effectively point those of us who have sat in classrooms for years toward a true middle way?

What James and other students and friends who cannot see or hear have taught me (among other things) is that education must be truly individual, and concerned with what is literally right beneath our fingertips. I must relearn these lessons every day, for myself, as I seek to make the dharma come alive in my own person. When James showed me his ancient Bible last night, and when my fingers explored its surface along with his—ever so carefully attentive to the texture of the leather, and to each small detail of the surface—I was learning as surely as I have in any classroom or meditation hall.

Now I will go help James find his way to the shore of the pond. We're going to an antique show today, and I hope I can be patient enough to let this blind man guide me, so I can truly see what he has to show me. ♦

Barbara Miles teaches and consults for persons who are deaf-blind. She lives in the community of Middletown Springs, Vermont, where many families home-school their children and grow their own food.

*Despite his blindness he
continued to insist well into
his teens that he would pilot
either a car or an airplane.*

ECO-RAP: IT'S EDUTAINMENT

by Mark Montori O'Lalor

*Said to have savage manners, unintelligent grammar,
De-humanized until we learn to sing the Star-
Spangled Banner,
In this so-called "Land of the Free and Home of the
Brave,"
We're only free if we agree to be contented slaves.
—from "Tribal Thang," by A.K. Black*

The three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic—have long been the staple of an American education. Educational reformers, however, are critical of this skill acquisition approach. For education to be effective, they argue, it must be culturally relevant and suited to the real-life situations of the students it serves. Nowhere is this holistic approach more needed than in our inner cities.

The San Francisco Bay Area's acclaimed Eco-Rap project agrees with the reformers. Since 1991, Eco-Rap, founded by theater artist Leonard Pitt, has worked hard to develop and support a network of local performance artists, particularly rappers, who serve as educators in urban schools and community centers around the Bay. These young rappers turned educators work with inner city youth on the critical issues in their neighborhoods, such as drugs, industrial poisoning, and homelessness—issues which often don't get enough attention in conventional educational settings. The diversity of the issues helps explain the "Eco" in Eco-Rap. As co-director Leonard Pitt puts it, "Eco-Rap takes the broadest possible definition of environmentalism. Teenage pregnancy, homelessness, and drug and alcohol abuse are as much environmental issues as clean air and clean water to people living in the inner city."

Artists from all media are encouraged to work under the Eco-Rap umbrella. However, the Hip Hop forms—rap, graffiti art, and break dancing—predominate. In this way, Eco-Rap is attempting to "scratch" a new R into the educational "mix."

Eco-Rap began by holding a Bay Area wide rap contest in 1991. Young people, mostly teenagers in junior high and high school, were invited to submit a recording of themselves rapping. There were over 100 contestants. The top 40 were asked to take part in the next phase of the contest and what is now an Eco-Rap staple: the Toxic Tour. That first year, the tour took the young finalists by bus to the neighborhood streets bordering the naval shipyard in San Francisco's Bayview Hunters Point. The tour was led by Sam Murray, a local social justice and environmental activist, and by Carl Anthony, the president of Earth Island Institute and director of

the Urban Habitat project. The two African American men explained the relationship between the pollution from the shipyard and the poor health of the people living nearby. The discussion included an analysis of the socioeconomic and political forces which conspire to place factories, toxic waste dumps, and similar projects in low-income communities of color.

After the Toxic Tour, the young artists were asked to create a rap about what they had learned. Twelve rappers were recognized as exceptional and asked to join Eco-Rap as educators. They worked in schools and community centers, where they shared their awareness and tools of expression with other young people. These in-school residency programs vary in length and scope, from a two-hour school assembly to a two-month class that meets twice a week.

This past spring, co-directors Leonard Pitt and Hip Hop poet A.K. Black worked together at Burton High School and Martin College Prep School in San Francisco. At each school they taught a class of 30 students. The classes began with a Toxic Tour through their respective communities. Over an eight-week period, A.K. and Leonard worked with the students on art projects which reflected the information gathered on the tour. Some students chose to express themselves through painting; others wrote poetry or rap. At Burton High, a group of students with different talents—rap, music, acting, film—collaborated on a video. At each stage of production, A.K. and Leonard were there to assist, inspire, and help focus these budding young artists.

Because of the success of these programs, Eco-Rap artists have been requested to perform at conferences, seminars, and summer youth programs around the Bay Area and across the country. A.K. Black is a good example. Now co-director of Eco-Rap, along with Leonard Pitt and film-maker Michael Fried, A.K. competed in the first Eco-Rap contest in 1991. Later that year he went on to perform at the first People of Color Environmental Leadership Summit in Washington D.C. Since then he has been featured on MTV and VH-1, and he performed in the opening ceremony of San Francisco's Yerba Buena Center for the Arts in October of 1993.

Emboldened by their local success, this summer Eco-Rap organized an International Youth Artists' exchange. This program united a group of Hip Hop artists from Oakland and San Francisco with a multi-ethnic delegation of rappers, break dancers, and graffiti artists from Stuttgart, Germany. The motivation for the program was painfully evident in the first sentence of the press release announcing the exchange. It read, "Whether they are young children caught in the murderous cross-

fire of 'ethnic cleansing' in the Balkans, teenagers killed in drive-by shootings in Oakland and San Francisco, or Turkish immigrants attacked by neo-Nazis in Germany, young people today are living in perilous conditions that would have been unthinkable only 20 years ago."

The exchange program had two components. First, the American Eco-Rap artists, A.K. Black, Cold Truth (Ama Deonbi), F.M.2.0., The Bishop of Hip Hop, Krsna Golden and DJ Robski, traveled to Stuttgart, Germany for a nine-day tour as U.S. representatives at an International Rap and Street Ball Festival. Along with their artistic skills, they shared their life experiences at public forums around Stuttgart. They then returned to the Bay Area with their Stuttgart friends for a 10-day tour around the Bay.

The Stuttgart-based performers ranged in age from 18 to 28, and represented a variety of nations including Serbia, Croatia, Bosnia, Portugal, France, Holland, Greece, and Germany. They were all members of Die Kolchose (from the Russian word meaning "the Cooperative"), which formed in 1992 at a Stuttgart

*"It's a toxic reality, and rap is a cry for help.
If you don't hear, I'll rap louder!"*

youth center. (I learned that Germany, unlike the U.S., has publicly-funded youth centers all over the country.) Die Kolchose has grown from 12 members to over 50, and now publishes a magazine and organizes jam sessions and Hip Hop festivals.

While in the Bay Area, Die Kolchose and their Eco-Rap contemporaries maintained an impressive schedule. Starting with a July Fourth performance at Fisherman's Wharf, the delegation took part in a series of public workshops confronting youth-at-risk issues in San Francisco, Oakland, Richmond, and Marin. The Eco-Rap Toxic Tour took the visiting artists to the Chevron plant in North Richmond. They also performed in a Food Not Bombs benefit and another show in Berkeley.

I first met up with these young performers at their press conference on the somber steps of San Francisco City Hall. I found the location ironic. After all, Mayor Jordan's administration was receiving national attention for its draconian treatment of the homeless and for its alleged mistreatment of members of Food Not Bombs for feeding homeless people. Yet, here were these young, impassioned Hip Hop artists rapping into a television camera about the very injustices that were simultaneously manifesting themselves all around them.

Max Herre, a 20-year-old Polish rapper, spoke out against the U.S. media's portrayal of Hip Hop culture as violent. He insisted that Hip Hop is nonviolent and

should be praised for its multicultural nature. Fifteen-year-old Ama Deonbi, an African American rapper, talked about her experience in Germany. Emil Calusic, a Croatian rapper and break dance artist, concluded the press conference with a charming rap in German, with arms flailing, that you didn't need to understand to enjoy.

After the press conference I talked with the artists about Hip Hop culture and the motivation behind their lyrics. Once again the Germans stressed their multicultural background and their commitment to nonviolence. They acknowledged that in general American rap has more violent themes, but they commented that Germany doesn't have as many problems as America. Eldin Smaljilovic, a Bosnian rapper and, at 18, the group's youngest member, was reproached by his peers when he carried this train of thought too far, saying, "We don't have any ghettos in Germany." He said he usually raps about his own experiences, rather than political issues. "I will never force people's opinions to change. They should develop their own decisions."

Jean Christophe, a 19-year-old French rapper, agreed. "We aren't preaching. We just want to bring positive vibes. We can't tell the people in the ghetto to stop the violence."

Max Herre took a larger view. "Hip Hop is political!" he exclaimed. He talked about how important it is for people to work against the power which the political and economic systems wield over all of us. One of his raps tells the true story of a Ghanaian who was killed by skinheads in Germany, and of the cover-up by the German police that ensued. He commented that his politically charged raps explore "how the whole effects the 'hood."

Mattias Bach, the senior rapper at 28, stressed, "In Germany we don't have people hanging out on street corners, so we avoid all the problems that result from that kind of thing." He spoke of the tensions that arise when bored teenagers "ego trip" on one another. "Ego tripping is against community. Everybody doing his own thing—that's not what we want. You as an individual can only get something going by working in a community."

The German part of the exchange program was largely subsidized by a grant from the German Department of Science and Education, along with generous contributions from Mercedes Benz, IBM Germany, and SDR Broadcasting. The cost of the German rappers' airfare was also significantly reduced after they approached the German airline, Lufthansa.

According to Eco-Rap's co-director, Michael Fried, the funding to operate Eco-Rap comes primarily from private foundations such as the Foundation for Deep Ecology, the San Francisco Foundation, and the Vanguard Foundation. Eco-Rap also works on projects funded through local governments. However, he said, "The government is much more generous in Europe." He suggested that the funding problem in America is really an attitude problem. "Even the National Endowment for the

Arts sees art as show biz, or entertainment, not as something we are all capable of and very much need in order to express ourselves as healthy human beings. What's not understood in America is that the arts are not a frill. Culture is at the very root of community building, training, and life-long learning for youth." He talked about the way African American, Latino, and Indigenous cultures are co-opted when "Sony and Time Warner come along and market them to make billions of dollars." The marketing inevitably changes these cultural forms by highlighting what makes them sell—sex and violence. And very little of the money makes it back to the communities where the art form was born.

Under Eco-Rap's guidance, however, recognized talent does find its way back into the community to enrich rather than exploit the culture. Ama Deonbi is a prime example. First discovered during an Eco-Rap program at her high school in San Francisco, Ama has been hired by the San Francisco Mayor's office of Children, Youth, and their Families, to spend the summer traveling to community centers and schools, to talk with her peers about the issues confronting them: drug addiction, AIDS, violence, and teen pregnancy, to name a few.

Reflecting on her trip to Germany, Ama said she was more relaxed in Stuttgart than on her neighborhood streets in San Francisco. One of the best things about the trip for her was being with people of different ethnic backgrounds. "It's rare for me to be the only black woman among all Caucasians. But I didn't look at it like I was with all white people. I was with friends. It's a Hip Hop thing—no races. We came together around the music. Forget your ethnicity, your age, your sex."

Ama's rap lyrics touch on a wide array of topics, including alcoholism, teen pregnancy, and over-population. "I tell it like it is!" she exclaimed. "It's hard for people to deal with reality. They try to ignore it and change the facts." Ama explained that when she uses the term "white man" in her lyrics, "I don't mean all white men, all Caucasians. I'm directing it toward where the power is in society. Power controls how we live every day. A lot of times I feel like they want us to destroy each other, and that's what we're doing. Society is working against us."

Ama acknowledged the frustration she shares with other young people who feel they don't have a voice but who know what's going on. "You're not heard—period!" she said. "You're not heard in your everyday life, going to school or working." She reflected on the irony of the American educational system where, as she sees it, you're taught the skills to get ahead without being taught the skills you need to survive. "It's a toxic reality, and rap is a cry for help," she confessed. "If you don't hear, I'll rap louder!"

On Friday, July 8, the last night of their Bay Area tour, Die Kolchosa and their American hosts from Eco-Rap shared the stage at a local cultural center in an

impressive display of rapmanship. A.K. Black acted as MC, weaving his own powerful words into the fabric of the performance. The mostly teenage audience swayed in place, occasionally lip-syncing along with the performers. At one point, as the tempo quickened, Milomar Bibija and Wasilious Nivanouglu leapt from the stage and "circled off" to break dance. Responding to the changing beat, they twisted themselves into a whirlpool of waving arms and legs, and ended by spinning on their heads.

After the show A.K. and I discussed rap, or in his words, "Rhymic African Poetry." He lamented the misguided American perspective that Hip Hop is violent. He voiced his disappointment with the counter-productive measures some city authorities take to control the behavior of inner city youth. He told me about an incident in Chicago, when the city held an official graffiti contest. Canvases were provided, and the enthusiastic young people, who turned out in droves, created beautiful murals. The police then matched the "tags" (graffiti styles) of the artists with graffiti found on Chicago buildings and buses. The dismayed graffiti artists were later arrested and fined for vandalism.

A.K. became involved with rap as a tool for education in 1987 when he worked with young people at San Francisco Juvenile Hall. He found it a powerful way to both educate and entertain troubled youth in his program. His 1991 rap, "Genocidal Suicide," is a good example of what A.K. calls "Edutainment." The following segment of the rap highlights the knowledge he acquired while on the Toxic Tour.

*A toxic trip through the neighborhood I'm living in,
I can't believe the disease that I'm swimming in.
Drugs coming in killing kids, women and men;
Not a chance to advance, living life on the limb.
We can't win! Even if we don't take chemicals,
The food we eat is spiked by the criminals.
Preservatives killing all our vitamins and minerals;
Conditions in Third World communities are pitiful.
The meats we eat, like the beef and the chicken,
are full of drugs that make the growth process quicken.
The water's contaminated—they claim it's purified.
It's more like liquefied, genocidal suicide.*

A.K. believes that rap is a voice for communities of color, and that through Eco-Rap that voice is expanding. Despite his frustration at the slow pace of change, his enthusiasm was infectious as he talked about the educational challenges which lay ahead. He acknowledged, however, that for conditions to improve, actions on both sides of the color and income lines must begin to speak as loudly and as honestly as Eco-Rap. ♦

Mark Montori O'Lalor lives in Berkeley, California and is an environmental activist and an elected member of the Green Party of Alameda County.

BELOVED COMMUNITY

Mississippi Revisited

by Susan Moon

"Woke up this morning with my mind stayed on freedom." [Negro spiritual]

I arrived in Moss Point, on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi, by Greyhound Bus. My new friend Debbie and I stepped down into the sticky summer heat of the bus station and looked around. We were young white women from the North, and we were scared. But we were too old to hold hands: she was 19, and I was 21.

We had met the week before at our nonviolence training in Oxford, Ohio. We were volunteers for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), and we were going to teach in a "freedom school" in Moss Point for the summer.

Just days before, three civil rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Mickey Schwerner—had disappeared in Neshoba County, Mississippi, and were presumed dead. So we had good reason to be scared. In the bus station, the town sheriff—fat, white, slow-talking—ambled over to us and told us he didn't want any trouble in his town. We smiled, we trembled, we said we were visiting relatives, and pretty soon a brave black woman named Mrs. Grandison, who didn't look much like she was related to either one of us, came and got us, and took us to the SNCC office. That was in 1964.

The sheriff got just what he meant by trouble, and things changed. It wasn't exactly *my* doing, of course, but I was a part of it.

This summer I flew into Jackson for the thirtieth reunion of the "Mississippi Freedom Summer," and I saw a banner strung across the road outside the terminal building: "Mississippi Homecoming 1964-1994." It took me a minute to realize that the banner was talking to me, and to the other returning civil rights volun-

teers. A lot is implied by the word "homecoming."

If you had told us 30 years ago that one day an official banner would welcome us back to Jackson, we wouldn't have believed you.

One night in Moss Point in 1964, while we were holding hands in a circle and singing "We Shall Overcome" at the end of a mass meeting, a car of whites drove by and fired into the meeting hall. Nobody was killed, though someone easily could have been, and a young black woman was injured.

Thirty years later, an interracial group of us ate dinner at the Catfish Shack in Jackson. The white staff was friendly, the service was good, and when we pointed out to our waitress that she had neglected to charge us for dessert, she waved it away.

I'm a white northerner, the daughter of privilege, who was active in SNCC only for that one summer so long ago. How can I write about the civil rights movement? Or about the difference between then and now? I reassure myself with the thought that everybody has a piece of the truth. All our stories make up the fabric of history. The time I spent in Mississippi was short, but it changed my life.

I went to the reunion because I wanted to reconnect with the part of myself that had stepped off the bus in Moss Point, believing in the possibility of social justice. As Harry Bowie, a black minister, said at the reunion, "We came

to Mississippi because of the power of what we believed in. We were ordinary people, and coming together for what we believed in we became extraordinary." SNCC had called itself "the beloved community," and I wanted to find that feeling again.

I was afraid I would hardly know anybody there, but I was amazed to see many old friends, who turned up from all over the place. One of them was Debbie. We'd lost



Robbie Osman, Martha Honey, Eddie Carthan, and friend, at the old Mileston "freedom house," June 1994.
(Photo by Matt Herron)

track of each other about a year after Mississippi. Now she's a public interest lawyer in New York. We rediscovered how deep our connection was, ever since we stood together before the sheriff of Moss Point, shaking inside, barely more than girls, not letting him scare us away. Debbie told me she almost hadn't come to the reunion. She, too, was afraid she'd hardly know anybody, afraid she'd feel at the margin of the group. But the minute she got to the motel, she was warmly greeted. "I looked around and saw some of my lifelong heroes. I felt these people were such extraordinary people, and I'm really proud to have been part of this generation."

It felt good to be in an interracial group where we could assume respect, where black and white people were together in a loving way. I've missed that. Whether I knew them or not, these were people with whom I had shared passion and hope. It seemed a lucky stroke of fate that the trajectory of my life and the karma of American history had intersected in Mississippi in 1964. Now we're all fifty-ish—we were so young then! In fact we never would have done what we did if we *hadn't* been so young. And being together rekindled

not just memories of the past but a kind of hope that can be brought to bear in the present. Now we may be gray-haired and our lives may be less dramatic, but I had the feeling people are still acting out of a concern for social justice: teaching, writing, advocating. Our beloved community is invisible and far-flung, but we're there, interconnected whether we know it or not, the seeds of Mississippi blown far and wide, growing in many places.

One day I visited Hattiesburg, not far from Moss Point, on a chartered bus, with a dozen other former volunteers. As my friend Robbie said, the landscape we drove through looked the same, yet strangely different now, with the fear removed. In 1964, the fear was part of the landscape.

At a little church on the outskirts of Hattiesburg, we were warmly greeted by local black people, and ushered inside. A buzz of voices: people sharing memories, recognizing each other. A white journalist from a local paper asked me why I had come to Mississippi in 1964. I said, "Because I thought it was the most important thing happening in America at the time and I wanted to be a part of it." I was surprised to hear my own voice breaking.

The local people had a whole program planned for us. A proclamation was read from the white mayor of Hattiesburg declaring that day "Freedom Summer Day" in Hattiesburg. Then 11 black women in their forties stood up at the front of the church. As little

girls they had all been students in the freedom school in that very room. And there were three in our group who had been their freedom school "teachers." Right there in that room. *That* was a reunion.

One by one the Hattiesburg women spoke about how being in the freedom school had changed the direction of their lives. One is now a civil rights lawyer, another is a professor of African American history. They asked one of the freedom school teachers to step forward and receive an award on behalf of all the returning volunteers. He was a man I didn't know, who had struck me as loud and awkward on the bus. Now his face was flushed and his eyes were full of tears. With tremendous grace, he accepted their gifts: a plaque, a framed painting, and a key to the city. That summer had changed his life, too, he said. And I could see that he had been transformed 30 years ago, and was again transformed that day, in that place. And that's how it was for all of us—everyone said so: our lives had never been the same since.

I felt the Buddhist teaching of cause and effect. You don't know what your effect will be, but you do what you do anyway, because it's what you need to do. You can't measure the effects, and you don't try.

We all sat down together to a huge Southern lunch, home-cooking for our homecoming. Fried chicken, all kinds of salads, catfish, greens, pies. I sat next to a young man of about 20, who said he didn't know much about the civil rights movement—they had hardly mentioned it in school. I asked if there were drugs and gangs in Hattiesburg, and he told me yes, and that a good friend of his had just been killed in a drive-by shooting.

But it's that way all over the country. In 1964 we believed that if black people got the civil rights that were promised them by our Constitution, we would see a just society. And black people did get their political rights. Finally, at great cost. Now there are more black elected officials in Mississippi than in any other state. And this *does* make a difference. A friend who revisited the town of Lexington, in Holmes County, said it seemed removed from time: the same Confederate Memorial stood on the courthouse square. But this time a black police chief came out and talked with them. He told them, "I don't have a doubt in my mind that if it weren't for you all I wouldn't have this job." But in Neshoba County, at the grave site of James Chaney (one of the murdered civil rights workers), no local black people showed up. They are still afraid. The image of James Chaney on the marble monument has been vandalized and replaced, and again is riddled with bullet holes. Neshoba County is

*If you had told us 30 years ago
that one day an official banner
would welcome us back to Jackson,
we wouldn't have believed you.*

still run by whites.

America never promised economic equality. Mississippi cotton is now picked by machine, and there is widespread unemployment in rural areas. In some of the poor black parts of the state, the water is so poisoned by pesticides that it's undrinkable. Whites still have the economic power in Mississippi. In South Africa, too, whites may be thinking: *Let Mandela be president. No problem, as long as we still own the diamond mines.* It turns out social justice isn't guaranteed by political power. Still, it's different now. A black person no longer risks her life just walking into a polling place.

When we left Hattiesburg, I noticed with a lurch of fear that a police car was driving in front of our bus. But my fear was replaced by amazement: this was an honorary escort sent by the mayor. After all, it was Freedom Summer Day in Hattiesburg.

That night at the motel in Jackson, Debbie and I talked to a young black journalist from New York who had come to Mississippi to cover the reunion. She cried, telling us about the memorial service at James Chaney's gravesite. It made her realize what civil rights workers had been up against. Her parents, she said, had grown up in a segregated society, and she had not. She had had opportunities they had not had, and she thanked us for what we had done.

And my friend Robbie told me about revisiting Mileston with three other people from his project, and finding the shack in the woods that had been the "freedom house" where the volunteers lived. Thirty years ago it was a deserted house in the woods, hidden from local whites. After Freedom Summer, the house was again abandoned, and this summer Robbie and his

friends had to hack their way through 30 years of growth to get to it. (In the photograph, it reminds me of Angkor Wat in Cambodia: an ancient holy site, overgrown by vines.) In spite of the poison ivy, Robbie was determined to go there because he knew it would give him a sense of closure to touch that spot. He told me, "It was a powerful place of remembrance for me. It was where we gathered at the end of the day. It was where we were when history was changing, when we were nearly children. I felt the power of what we'd accomplished, and the overwhelming weight of what we hadn't accomplished. I felt proud of all of us, that we did the right thing, at great risk and great cost. I felt honored to have touched that piece of history."

There's a difference between nostalgia and saving history. Part of the purpose of the 30th reunion was to set the historical record straight, to tell the real story of the Mississippi Summer Project, to correct the false story told in the Hollywood movie "Mississippi Burning," in which the helpless black victims of white racism are saved by white FBI agents. So we went to Mississippi this June partly to celebrate the early pioneers of the movement, the black people who started it, to reclaim the story and to pass it on. As one of the speakers said, "We have experienced the joy, and now we have to transmit that joy to the next generation." In Buddhism, too, we tell the stories of the ancestors, and we learn from these stories.

I went to a crowded workshop on retelling the history to the children. Some of the early SNCC workers told their stories. Curtis (Hayes) Muhammed said that when he was only three his father killed a Klansman in self-defense, and then fled Mississippi to escape a



Ben Moynihan looking for his birth parents (Photo by Matt Herron)

lynching. Curtis' last name was changed to protect him, and he never knew anything about his father until he graduated from high school. Then he was told who his father was and what had happened, and he went to Chicago, found him, and heard his story. Coming home in 1961, he ran into freedom riders in the Jackson bus station and joined SNCC.

Dorie Ladner, a movement pioneer who grew up in Mississippi, was the just same age as Emmet Till, only 14 when he was murdered in 1955 for supposedly whistling at a white woman. Dorie said she was so scared by the murder that she comforted herself by memorizing the 13th (abolition of slavery), 14th (equal protection), and 15th (right to vote) Amendments, and saying them to herself when she went to sleep at night.

Another movement vet from Mississippi said he learned about civil rights from his dad, and when the movement came along, he thought his dad had started it, because it was everything his father had taught him. Speaking more to the assembled parents than children he said, "Talk to your children now. You make the future now. You can't wait until the future comes to create the future you want." I thought of Thich Nhat Hanh: "The best way to take care of the future is to take care of the present." He went on: "Whenever young people want to embrace something, you've got to support them 100 percent. Even if we're scared for them, we've got to support them. Because we were supported in what we did. It was only 1000 people who came from all over the country that summer, and that's not very many people to make such a big difference."

One of the young people asked Bob Moses to tell his story. He had been the architect of the Mississippi Summer Project, and a hero of mine in 1964. His soft-spoken commitment to nonviolence inspired confidence and love in many people. But Bob Moses didn't tell his story. Instead, he suggested that all the people born since 1964 get into the middle of the circle and tell us *their* stories. It was time for the older people to listen to the younger people.

I was disappointed. I wanted to hear what he would say. But as I listened to the young people speak, my disappointment turned to exhilaration. They were young children, teenagers, and young adults of all colors—a truly interracial group. Most of them were the children of returning volunteers. Many were older than we had been in 1964. There was a group of black kids from D.C. who belonged to the "Freedom Fighters' Club." A foundation started by Andrew Goodman's parents had paid for their trip to Mississippi to participate in this weekend of saving history. And there were a number of black students from Jackson State and Tougaloo College.

Many said how proud they were of their parents and what they had done, that they had never really understood before how hard the struggle had been. I was surprised how moved I was, to hear them say they were

proud of us. I'm not used to that. I caught myself wishing that my own sons, now in their twenties, were there, feeling proud of me. But the point of course was not so personal as that—if you respect what an older generation has done before you, surely it makes it easier to step forward into history when your turn comes.

Three teenage sisters—one black, one white, one Asian—were there with their white parents. They said a family like theirs wouldn't have been possible 30 years ago.

A young black man spoke with gentle confidence: "I'm 27. I'm an African American man. I'm not a rapist. I'm not a murderer. I'm not a drug dealer. I'm not an addict. I'm not angry all the time. I'm not athletic. I'm not a musician. I don't hate white people. I don't think black women have a problem. [A rousing cheer from the listeners.] I think we have something that needs to be fixed and I want to help fix it."

A tall light-skinned man, Ben Moynihan, stepped forward, holding his baby in his arms. He said he was born in 1965, that he was adopted, had grown up in Connecticut and gone to Dartmouth College. He told us haltingly, through tears, rocking his own baby, that he was looking for his birth parents. He had learned that they were a black man and a white woman, volunteers in the Mississippi Summer Project. Did any of us know who they were? He stood before us as the very incarnation of our movement: the beauty, the lost history, the pain, the reunion. He said he hadn't found his parents yet, and maybe never would, but that he'd found a whole new family among us.

The meeting kept gathering momentum. Others spoke powerfully of their desire to take up the struggle. A young woman talked about the Ayers case, a lawsuit for equality in education, which seeks to prevent the closing of historically black colleges in the state. She said to us, "Give us your wisdom. Give us your learning. Give us your support. Give us the torch."

I'm sure I was not alone in thinking: *Yes, how wonderful that you are taking the torch from us. It's time indeed.* But it's harder for these young people than it was for us. The forces of injustice are more insidious, more complex. There are drive-by shootings in Hattiesburg. Thirty years ago our struggle may have been noble, but it was morally simple. There even seemed to be good guys and bad guys. Now we need a renewal of inspiration and hope. But where will it come from?

Coming home to our interconnectedness is a way to begin. Victoria Gray, a black movement veteran, spoke of the importance of the black church in the South as the cradle of the movement, saying that we never could have done what we did without a spiritual base. "We are a spirit people," she said. And she had us chant together: "Now is the time. We are the people." Over and over. And she meant *everybody*. All of us are the people—the spirit people—and now *is* the time to come home. ♦

On October 5, 1991, five days after the siege of Dubrovnik began, the well-loved Yugoslavian writer, Milan Milisic, was killed in his apartment. The following poem was written after I visited with his widow, Yelena Trpkovic, during my trip to the former Yugoslavia in June of 1994.

The city of Dubrovnik is in Croatian-held territory, and has been badly bombed by Serbs. The city of Belgrade is the capital of Serbia. —T.G.

WIDOW

I live two lives.
 In Dubrovnik I am
 still his widow.
 I paint at night,
 in the dark, the island,
 standing only a few meters
 from the kitchen
 where he died.
 A shell exploded.
 He was killed,
 I survived. His blood
 stains the stone floor still.
 We were together
 eleven years. We met
 at a friend's wedding,
 fell in love instantly.
 He, a Serb, was killed
 by a Serbian shell.

In Belgrade I am
 Yelena, the painter.
 I have friends there,
 sisters. After he died
 I went to Belgrade to tell
 of the shelling of Dubrovnik.
 They did not know.
 My friends in Belgrade
 do not want war.

In Dubrovnik
 people do not understand me.
 How can I not hate, they ask.
 Yet I too am a Serb.
 In Dubrovnik
 I am an island.
 I wear dark colors.
 Every day I swim
 in the sea, drink
 black coffee in my



Bombed house in Dubrovnik. Photo by Ruth Zaporah.

favorite cafes, talk
 with friends. At night
 I paint my island.

After he died
 friends opened
 a bank account for me.
 Someone left twelve eggs
 on my doorstep. An egg
 is precious in war.

I used to make collages.
 My last collage I named
 "widow," finished two days
 before he died. He
 did not like it. We
 never discussed it, or
 the dreams of war I had before
 the shelling began.

I grew up after he died. Now
 I know what is
 important, what is not. Who is
 my friend, who is not.

Showing you the photo album,
 his books, the holes
 in the walls, I feel heavy. Yet
 I want to tell you
 everything. Then I am not
 an island.

—Tova Green, June 1994

DAY IN AND DAY OUT

Simply Walking and Deeply Meeting

by Jishin J. C. Hotchkiss

A confluence of events set me walking again. Not that I had been sedentary, you see—but during all of those Boston years walking had been transportation. I had forgotten that it might also be practice.

The move to Cape Cod was a beginning. Woods stepped right up to the back door, and a whole new bioregion presented itself to me. Sand-walking felt very different from the granite and duff of my youngest years, but something fundamental stirred in me.

Three months later, at the end of February, Maurine suddenly left us. Maurine Stuart Roshi was the Zen Buddhist teacher I had waited nearly 20 years to meet. Though my time with her was short, the connection was powerful and productive. I had known from the first of her cancer. But Maurine refused to consider herself ill—refused to be other than strong and clear and completely present. Suddenly she was just gone.

“Each one knows what to do,” Maurine had told the senior student who would lead sesshin while she was in the hospital dying. And she was right. Hanging up the telephone, swallowing the astonishing news of her death, I simply walked. Out the door, through the woods, across the dunes, along the thundering shore—KAN-ZE-ON-NA-MU-BUTSU—the words rode softly on powerful breath, and the breath bowed to the demands of the sand. Suddenly I knew that this was also zazen. This was what I must do.

Shortly after, I dropped my long-term dependence on cigarettes. “When you are ready you will know,” Maurine had told me, “and you’ll simply stop.” And so I did. Walking eased me through the withdrawal, removing me from temptation, pumping me full of cleansing ocean air, reminding me to experience each passing moment.

I could feel myself opening out. I was reaching back, as well, to something I had always known.

My childhood home fronted on Main Street. But the backyard merged with pasture, and the pasture yielded to woods. There, in the northern foothills of New York’s Adirondacks, the St. Lawrence River Valley gently planed away to the north, while the ancient ground-down profiles of the mountains rose in the south. Still, in my dreams, I tread that inclined plane, buoyed by winds which blow in from forever.

Wandering off in any direction, I was at once alone. Constantly walking, I met and learned the world through the soles of my feet, through the direct encounter of my senses. That world was green and alive and palpably in flux. I inhaled fieldsmells and

brooksounds and the space of domestic woodlands. Maps drew themselves in my head. Day by day, week by week, new edges unfolded, while the familiar corners elaborated themselves in intricate detail.

I had no tutor in this. It felt like an inevitable process—the arising of a native intelligence. I stepped out daily, and the path showed the way. Following deer, following the river, following the neighborhood cows through their circular days, it felt essential simply to be on my way.

Meeting Zen practice many years down the path, I recognized a powerful resonance. Seated on a black cushion, amid the exotic elements of Asian tradition, something old and inexplicably familiar made me feel suddenly at home. It took years, the loss of my teacher Maurine Stuart, and the encounter with a wholly fresh topography before the connection between sitting and walking made itself explicit, but I knew it from the very first zazen.

Now in Cape Cod, after Maurine’s death, walking became process as well as practice. My work as a visual artist seldom knows where it is headed. Some sort of immersion or undergoing seems requisite. The metaphor of the footpath has always seemed apt, but lately it’s been the process itself—no metaphor.

A cluster of sourceless ponds nestles among wooded dunes within a mile of my home. Treading softly beside them each day, they engaged me as a topographical koan, forming and transforming with each visit. How could I know this unknowable realm?

Even apparently straightforward questions of number and dimension and orientation were unanswerable. For nearly two years I walked among those ponds. I examined them from countless perspectives. I sat zazen beside them, I listened, and I focused my sharpest attention. I made long pinhole exposures, gathering what was offered onto film. The accretion of images which bubbled up from such encounters became my presentation of “old-pond-mind.”

Losing the thread, unsure how to proceed, there is always walking. From somewhere each next step presents itself.

The notion of pilgrimage was such a next step: pilgrimage of return. Visions of home-mountains persistently rose up. Much loved paths called me, once again, to the Adirondacks. Practice manifests as the search for the long-lost home. Ever arriving, ever departing, each step firmly planted. The pilgrimage, I’m convinced, is in the traveling. Arrivals are punctuation.

Summits seize the imagination. We assume they are the goals to which we climb. Day’s-end camp, with its

air of safe haven, is always gratefully achieved. Stream crossings and vistas—pace-changing events—call out for rest, or for lunch. Journey's end is invariably anticlimactic. In the midst of this walking, day in and day out (footfall landing, rocking forward), a new realization suddenly takes hold. Each moment is an arrival; departure is simultaneous. There really is just moving on.

Setting off after lengthy preparation, on the first of these extended returns to my childhood landscape, a conceptual shape was clutched firmly in my mind. Lugging journal and panoramic pinhole camera, I would revisit each of the traditional 46 peaks of the Adirondacks. Each summit would be a temple on the pilgrimage route.

Daily downpours dissolved that lovely concept and substantially shortened my stay. Faced with murky light and shrouded summits, soggy clothing and fluid footpaths, I was thrown back on simply being there. There was keeping warm and keeping fed. There was walking and sitting and soaking up the lushness of dripping gray days. Abbreviated, my journey was somehow sufficient. This was practice of a more fundamental sort. Chastened, I was reminded to keep to the going—simply meeting whatever came up.

Though often companionless, I am seldom alone in the woods. I value solitude, and I seek it out. I cultivate the opportunity it affords for inward looking. Whole self-shaped days of my free-roaming childhood slipped past without encountering another person. I learned to cherish some sense of sufficiency and to tune to the resident creatures. This practice, however—this long-walking—seeks to open me out to another sort of society. I have come to relish the tangential encounter.

Traveling solo affords silence, the sort of silence which I have met on zendo cushions. And, like the zendo silence, its manifestation is sharpened by the

presence of others, fellow sojourners on the way.

Encounters in wild places, even the briefest, can show us the very best ways we may know one another.

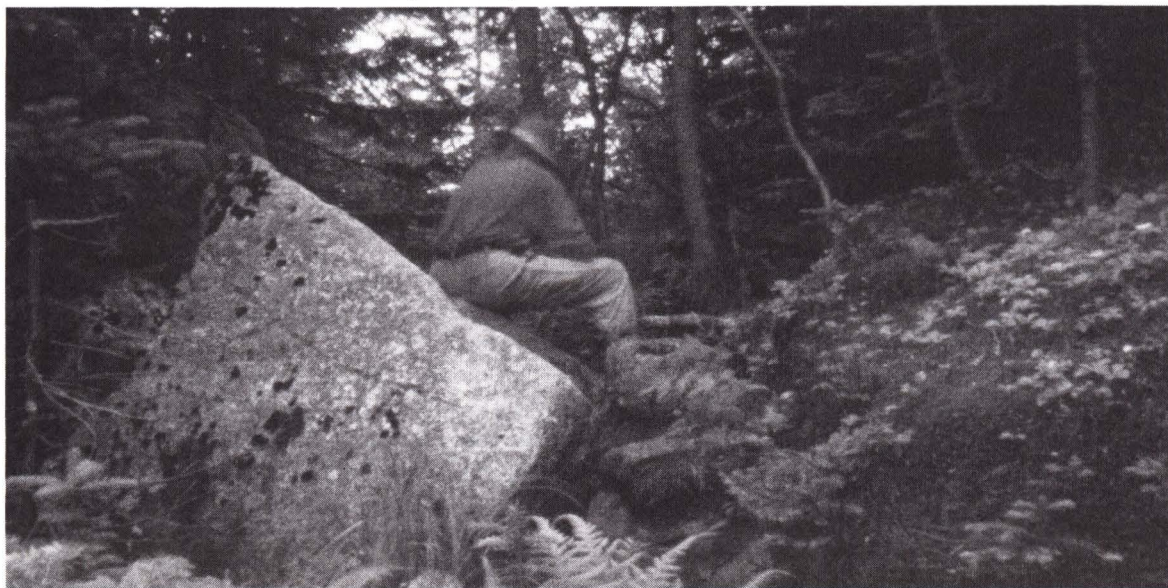
Last summer I walked northward on a rather long trail, returning once again to home mountains. In 10 days in the woods, I crossed paths with scarcely a dozen fellow walkers.

How extraordinary to pass entire days when not so much as a distant voice is heard! Encounters, when they occurred, were strong and clear and precious. I knew friends I will, likely, never meet again: a mother and two nearly grown daughters, reaffirming Adirondack roots after too many years in the West; two mid-course youngsters pondering fundamental life changes, who bounced their thinking off my neutrality; a father and about-to-be-married son, rediscovering one another as peers. I heard their stories, and I saw into their hearts. We exchanged deep listening and plain speaking. Such effortless meetings! Where was our reticence among strangers?

Reflecting on these encounters, a hopefulness rises. On the heels of such hope come questions: How may we cultivate such a depth of encounter? Is it possible to direct ourselves to such a knowing of others without frightening something essential away?

A primary impediment to the healing of this angry and fragmented world is our inability to deeply hear, clearly see, and generously receive the essential gift of the other. From a practice born of solitude comes profound recognition of interconnectedness. Astonishing! May our pilgrimage paths intersect. May we bow in deep respect as we meet along that way. ❖

J.C. Hotchkiss—called Chuck—is an artist/educator without portfolio. He is lightly settled at the end of the narrow spiral path which is Cape Cod.



A five-minute pinhole exposure of myself, sitting high on Haystack Mountain in the Adirondacks, just below timberline, on a dripping gray day. — Chuck Hotchkiss

SACRED WALKING

THREE JOURNEYS

The Storyteller

by Mario Vargas Llosa, English translation by Helen Lane

Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1989. Hard cover, \$17.95.

The Traveler: An American Odyssey in the Himalayas

text by Eric Hansen, photographs by Hugh Swift
Sierra Club Books, 1993.

Hard cover, with color photographs, \$25.00.

Mutant Message

by Marlo Morgan

MM Co., 1991. Paper, \$12.00.

Reviewed by Soby Beer

What is it about walking? Is it that this is the natural human pace most conducive to really touching the life through which we are passing? Maybe it's just that walking allows for "taking time to smell the roses," not to mention saying "hello" to our neighbors. For those of us addicted to jockeying for lane space in our little tin cans on wheels, the slow-down can be a relief. Is it that with every leg lift and footfall our kinship with place is manifest through the pull of what we call gravity? Or that we can experience the more ethereal concept of relativity: "Am I moving over the earth, or is the earth moving under me?" If you have enjoyed mindful walking as a meditation, perhaps the above thoughts have at one time or another sprung to mind.

Walking upright is, after all, a uniquely human experience. Some theorize that it is erect bipedalness that led directly to the growth of human reasoning and language. The success of our species was born of our ability not only to gather, but also to, for days, stalk. It is deep in our nature to be wanderers, and to be walking.

Perhaps for modern people especially, "the walk" may have a particular allure, an allure not merely for a change of pace, but more concretely for reconnection with a world literally recontacted with every step. And most deeply for reconnection with our more primal selves.

Last year three books fell in succession into my hands, each one telling a tale of walking. And each writer demonstrated that within this most mundane human activity is the possibility of stepping into the sacred.

WALKING

Mario Vargas Llosa's novel *The Storyteller* is a seduc-

tive yarn. From the moment the narrator, a Peruvian filmmaker taking respite in Florence, Italy, happens upon portraits of the Machiguenga Indians from Amazonia, and notices among those camera-captured souls a man who bears striking resemblance to his long ago friend, Saul Zuratas, I was hooked. Was it possible that the tribe's own storyteller, seated inside a circle of attentive Indians, was in fact Saul, his old compatriot from university days? And if so, how had this transformation come to pass? The narrator sets out to find answers to these questions. And I followed in tow.

Vargas Llosa's Saul, also known as Mascarita, or "mask face," for his sizable birthmark, is a magnetic character of conscience. The narrator recalls probing conversations with his friend in their long-ago school days, when Saul was already an uncompromising advocate for the Machiguenga people. And not because he was a nostalgic. His voice shines like a beacon through the fog of modern rationale.

There is here as well a tale within a tale. Interwoven chapter by chapter with the mystery of Saul, and speculation upon his conversion, is a dreamlike monologue spoken by a Machiguenga storyteller. And central to the mythical story he tells, at the heart of the Machiguenga identity, is walking. Human beings' walking, it is told, not only preserves order in the cosmos, enabling the sun to rise again each day, but is also the key to the tribe's survival. Whether the invaders were the Incas or the Mashcos, or mestizo rubber tappers hunting down slave labor, from time immemorial the Machiguenga response to aggression was to disperse and walk deeper and deeper into the forest. At last their diaspora was complete; isolated groups living in small clearings were scattered through the most remote jungle. All that enabled them to maintain their last shred of identity as a tribe was their storyteller. Wandering alone from hamlet to hamlet, the storyteller brought the news, and told of his encounters with Tasurinchi, mythical god-man, creator of good things and source of all wisdom. Upon the storyteller's arrival in a village, all activities ceased and the tribe would gather to listen, and to learn who they were.

In the end, the more linear and the less linear intersect. The search for Saul and the dream epic of the storyteller come to a surprise convergence. And the dharma of Mascarita revealed here is that transformation is less about becoming somebody else and more about realizing who you already are.

A WALKER

The Traveler: An American Odyssey in the Himalayas provides a glimpse into a real life personality who shared something in common with Vargas Llosa's fictional Saul. With a sensitivity born of his own familiarity with the person and with the territory, Eric Hansen has written not only a compelling reminiscence of his friend Hugh Swift, but also a paean to a generation of

footloose wanderers on the road in Asia. And Hugh's own accompanying photographs are both thoughtful and breathtaking.

Hugh Swift was the consummate peripatetic. In his lifetime he walked some 15,000 miles, often alone, over some of the world's most forbidding terrain, along the tracks and footpaths of the Himalayas. The sheer distance Hugh covered is remarkable, but what really set him apart was his whole approach to the endeavor of walking. The "how" of travel was infinitely more important to him than the "how high" or "how far." His approach was unpretentious and simple, even humble. Hugh was a self-described *paydal yatri* or foot pilgrim. He relished not knowing where he would be spending the night.

For one who could manage to extricate himself from a glacier's crevasse by using an umbrella, his untimely

magic of those days along the track from Manali to Leh. Each village and mountain pass, every encounter with others along the way rings with a sweet clarity.

Hansen finds a telling quote in Hugh's journal from that trip. The words of Michael Aris, husband of Burmese dissident Aung Saw Suu Kyi, sum up the purpose of Hugh Swift's travels:

Sometimes, however, it seems that journeys are undertaken for their own sake, with the intention of turning anything encountered on the road into a means of spiritual profit. This is best expressed in the Tibetan phrase *gang shar lam kyer*—to bring to the path (to enlightenment) whatever may happen. The journey is itself therefore regarded as being of equal importance to its goal.

But there was a melancholy aspect to Hugh's wandering. Always curious, he felt at home in the most

remote mountain villager's hut, and yet, paradoxically, he remained an outsider, a stranger. Living his bicontinental life, half in Asia and half stateside, he ultimately felt like a person without "place," not really at home in either one.

In his 20 years of walking, Hugh saw changes come to the places he loved. His journals meticulously document the dubious influence of tourism, climbing expeditions, new roads, foreign aid, and resource development projects. His record is a unique window on how Western technologies and



Photograph by Hugh Swift, from *The Traveler*

death, caused by a blow to the head when he fell on the sidewalk in Hayward, California, was an ironic and tragic loss to us all.

Hugh was in the main a private person, but he had a gregarious streak. Some of his closest friends were the men of the mountain tribes who had over the years served as his guides. He kept their photos tacked to his apartment wall. Then there was the cadre of international travelers like himself with whom he would serendipitously cross paths. Eric Hansen was one of those fellow travelers. Hugh's family gave Eric complete access to all Hugh's journals as well as his incomparable collection of photographs, so that this story might be told.

One chapter of *The Traveler* is a detailed recounting of one of Hugh's last solo walks. Eloquently retold by Eric, as Hugh had one evening related the tale to him, the story of this walk with his guide, Tashi Gongma, recaptures the

economies, as well as Westerners themselves, are affecting the Himalayas.

The realization that even his own gentle footsteps left their mark also gave Hugh pause. In order to sustain his own solo walks, he worked as a trekking guide, introducing others to the places he so loved. To the mountain cultures living in delicate balance, little intrusions can produce major waves. And he found it hard to reconcile the impact of his own passing there. In his journal he painfully writes, "We destroy the places we love."

When Hugh Swift died in 1991 there was no neat resolution to the contradictions of his life. This book by Eric Hansen, however, goes far in its subtle and tender examination not only of the path Hugh walked, but also of the changing lives of the many good folk who took him in. It left me thirsting after more.

THE WALK

Last, but certainly not least, we can follow the footsteps of a middle-aged woman from America's heartland as she bravely walks barefoot through the crucible of the outback. *Mutant Message* is Marlo Morgan's chronicle of her own inadvertent participation in a walkabout across Australia. There have been recent charges that the tale is not authentic, but whether or not it is literally accurate, it still possesses a great deal of metaphorical truth. (If Marlo's story proves to be fiction, this sadly does raise the issue of exploitation of the Aborigines. The jury's still out on this question.)

Invited to Australia to teach health education, Marlo worked with Aboriginal youth living in the city, on the margins of white culture. Months later, she received a mysterious invitation to rendezvous with an Aborigine tribe on the opposite coast. Thinking she was being invited to speak about her work and perhaps receive an award, she dressed for the occasion in a brand new peach-colored business suit and high heels. So, her story begins.

When the young Aborigine escort arrives at her hotel at the appointed hour in a rusty jeep, Marlo wonders if she is overdressed. And so by degrees does her apprehension increase as it becomes clear that she is not after all on her way to an "award banquet." She is driven to a sheep shed in the desert and greeted by a tribe of 60 Aborigines, who call themselves the Real People. She is given a sarong to wear, her new suit and money are burned, and she is led barefoot into the desert. After her borderline abduction, circumstances and the tribe's friendly but firm reassurance propel her forward. She is never actually forced against her will. Walking with her new family brings Marlo daily insight into the real place and role of humans upon the earth.

Two recurring themes stood out most prominently. First, and perhaps most striking was a quality of faith that pervaded this tale. Marlo's own willingness to go forward was an act of faith. Maybe she sensed she was in good company. When she wavered, her interpreter, Ooota, was there to offer clarity.

"My people heard your cry for help. If anyone in this tribe had voted against you, they would not walk this journey. You have been tested and accepted. The extreme honor I cannot explain. You must live this experience. It is the most important thing you will do in this lifetime. It is what you were born to do. Divine oneness is at work; it is your message, a spiritual message. I can tell you no more. Come. Follow."

For these Aborigines, faith seems an innate part of their being. Setting forth into the desert with minimal provisions, they trust not only that the earth will provide materially all that they need, but also that essential experience will present itself along the path. "Divine oneness is at work."

A second thread that shined brightly throughout

was the value placed on all life, including human life. Each member of the tribe was valued for the distinct contribution of their essential beingness. A memorable happening during the walkabout was the leaf game. A large leaf was found and torn into as many pieces as there were members of the tribe. Each person was given a piece. Then the jigsaw puzzle of the whole was joyfully reconstructed. It was a moment of special celebration as Marlo filled in the last missing leaf piece.

As for Marlo's special role, which according to Ooota she was born to fulfill, I'll leave that for the curious reader to discover. Suffice it to say there is a message here for us all, and it is, perhaps predictably, a sobering one.

True to form, Marlo Morgan first got out her "message" by self-publication, but it is soon to be reissued by a major publisher. The original edition does not rank high on the scale of "slick," but be not deceived by a book's exterior, as they say.

THE PATH

So what about "walking" after all? Have these three books really elevated walking above the level of the mundane, or merely kicked a little more dust around? For Saul, Hugh, and Marlo, mere advocacy for their truth fell short of what was called for. In order to really bear witness, literal footwork was required. Each one realized the need to drop any residue of elitist detachment, and finally recommune with their own truth by walking with it. Otherwise, that truth was kept at arm's length as "the other."

Back to the whole notion of slowing down. Basic as that may seem, there could be an overlooked resource here. I remember once being in a brainstorming session with Jerry Mander, the author and articulate critic of technology in general, and of TV in particular. When pushed by another member of the group to go beyond being a mere critic, to offer his thoughts on how to initiate positive change, his tentative response was, "Well, perhaps one starting place could be to approach life . . . inefficiently." There was silence. Even in that open-minded setting, this sounded a little off, even heretical. Our conditioning runs deep! But there is some wisdom here. Healing ourselves and our planet, recommunicating with what is sacred, may require a whole different approach, a slow inefficient walkabout.

For Saul, for Hugh, and for Marlo, walking allowed them to find their personal sangha, their spiritual kith and kin, in this case the ones with whom they walked! Sangha, besides meaning "spiritual family," also, more colloquially, means simply "together with"! OK, that's it. I'm off to take a long . . . walk. ♦

Scoby Beer is a carpenter and peer counselor who lives bi-coastally in Berkeley, California, and upstate New York, and occasionally acts out his own peripatetic fantasies.

Women in Praise of the Sacred: 43 Centuries of Spiritual Poetry by Women

Edited by Jane Hirshfield
HarperCollins Publishers, 1994, \$22.50.

Against Forgetting: Twentieth-Century Poetry of Witness

Edited by Carolyn Forché
W.W. Norton & Company, 1993.
Hardcover, \$35.00, paper, \$19.95.

Poetry Like Bread: Poets of the Political Imagination

Edited by Martin Espada
Curbstone Press, 1994, \$12.95.

Reviewed by Thelma Bryant

*I believe the world is beautiful
and that poetry, like bread, is for everyone.*

Yes, as Roque Dalton writes in the lines above, from which the title of the third book derives, "poetry, like bread, is for everyone"—for everyone who breathes, reads, listens, feels, and wants to experience life at a deeper level, where words create worlds of beauty, worlds which may also contain intense pain. In poetry anything and everything that a human being can possibly experience or imagine experiencing is material for creative expression: love, loss, conflict, war, spiritual feelings, the ineffable, joy, nature, even the political. For to be human is to be intimately involved in relating to others, known and unknown, to the whole outer world beyond the human, as well as the infinite galaxies within.

In these three poetry anthologies, we discover a cornucopia of riches. Each editor has brought together poets whose work relates to a special theme. In *Women in Praise of the Sacred*, Jane Hirshfield has garnered poems by 65 women from every part of the world of space and through 43 centuries of time, whose work expresses the spiritual, the sacred. (She stops short only at living poets.) Carolyn Forché has restricted herself to the 20th century, yet has the weightiest book, over 800 pages. In *Against Forgetting*, she includes poets from around the world who have personally experienced conditions of "extremity" such as war and imprisonment. In *Poetry Like Bread*, Martin Espada has selected contemporary poets who have been active as "political participants," many in Central America.

Even with Hirshfield's selection of poetry signifying the sacred, the political is not wholly absent. After all, for a substantial period of so-called "civilized" time, in fact until fairly recently in many areas, education was not available to most female children, which is undoubtedly the main reason there is a much scarcer

supply of poetry, music, art, and other artifacts from women. Of course, there are additional reasons: women often were—and in some places still are—systematically restricted to the domestic sphere with rarely time or energy left after fulfilling their responsibilities to engage in another occupation.

Many of the poems Hirshfield includes are by anonymous writers. And some of these are among the very best. Here I'm thinking of the wonderful Gnostic gospel "The Thunder: Perfect Mind" (2nd-4th c.):

*For I am the first and the last.
I am the honored one, and the scorned. . .
I am the incomprehensible silence
and the memory that will not be forgotten.*

Paradoxical, insightful—this work is truly inspired. Hirshfield says the material "appears to derive from the female-centered Isis worship preceding Christianity."

Significantly, several of the poets in Hirshfield's book were Beguines, members of medieval communities of women in Europe, who were committed to a life of spiritual practice, chastity, charitable work, and poverty. Clearly, education was uniquely available to women in these communities. They took no formal vows and had no official connection to the Catholic Church. Their communities developed in fact because the Church refused to open new convents for women in the 12th century, and they reached their greatest numbers in the 13th and early 14th centuries. One of the Beguines' greatest poets, Mechtild of Magdeburg (13th c.), writes:

*A fish cannot drown in water,
a bird does not fall in air. . .
How could I resist my nature,
That lives for oneness with God?*

The poetry of Hadewijch II (also 13th c.), another Beguine, seems very Buddhist:

*You who want
knowledge,
seek the Oneness
within
There you will find
the clear mirror
already waiting.*

So many marvelous writers to discover in this book! And many of them lived extremely difficult lives, like Lal Ded (14th c.), born in Kashmir, who ultimately became a Shiva worshipper:

*Like water in goblets of unbaked clay
I drip out slowly,
and dry,
My soul whirls. Dizzy. Let me
discover my home.*

Carolyn Forché dedicates her book *Against*

Forgetting, “For those who died and those who survived.” And many of the poets in this book did die or were wounded in war (official or unofficial) or in prison, or were scarred emotionally in any case. They were all witnesses to the carnage of the 20th century: 145 poets are here, placed in 15 categories, beginning with the Armenian genocide in the early part of the century, including two world wars, and ending with the struggle for democracy in China. I have one argument with Forché: I do not think any experience that deeply affects a person is ever truly “forgotten”; maybe denied, “blocked,” suppressed or repressed, but not forgotten. If the experience can be retrieved, it obviously exists somewhere in the psyche. I like the quotation attributed to Santayana: “Those who do not remember history are doomed to repeat it.” This is equally true of the personal and the collective. I don’t think it’s a matter of “forgetting” then, but of not wanting to deal with the pain of remembering, of witnessing. All the writers in this book are committed to the truth of remembering and to expressing that truth in their poetry.

The book is so monumental it could, and should, be used in a course, preferably an interdisciplinary one. Actually all three of these anthologies could fruitfully be incorporated into various college courses. Reading them alone, I find I can only read them slowly. Much of the material in *Against Forgetting* can be incredibly painful, yet the poetry transcends the pain, creating a haunting beauty. Here I am thinking of the lengthy poem “Bashert,” by the Polish-born Irena Klepfitz. “Bashert” means “fate” or “destiny,” or colloquially, “soulmate,” according to an authority I consulted. In this poem, Klepfitz writes with irony and passion, of life, death, survival, and her own personal story, seeing the dangers in this country too: “The Holocaust without smoke.”

Another poet unknown to me before reading Forché’s book is the Spanish writer Miguel Hernandez, who fought with the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War, was captured, escaped, captured again, and eventually died in prison. For his infant son he wrote “Lullaby of the Onion,” after learning that his wife had only bread and onions for food:

*Your laugh is in your eyes
the light of the world.
Laugh so much
that my soul, hearing you,
will beat wildly in space.*

In the third anthology, *Poetry Like Bread*, there are 37 writers. This book has the advantage of including the original language as well as the translation, which is especially helpful to those who know Spanish, the first language of over a third of the poets; and the editor, Martin Espada, born in this country, translates his own poems from English into Spanish.

What became very clear to me is the fallacy of separat-

ing the political from the spiritual, the personal from the collective. The political is implicit in the collective. The root word for political derives from the Greek word for citizen. An individual cannot live in isolation; indeed, to be human one must interact with other human beings, obviously to learn language, but most importantly to learn what it means to be human in all its ramifications. The yearning for the spiritual is also a universal striving; after all, the root from which our word spirit derives is the Latin word for breath. We humans have this propensity to categorize, but categories are just that: they do not express the flow of experience which transcends these verbal boundaries. Spirituality in a vacuum, unconcerned with the problems afflicting other people, seems extremely hollow; and political involvement without a sense of soul or spirit seems cold indeed, and can lead to grim consequences.

In poetry, images create meaning and connect the otherwise unconnected. As Julia de Burgos of Puerto Rico writes (in *Poetry Like Bread*), “In all my poems I undress my heart,” and,

*Man alive, stop your orgy of machine guns
for an instant look at yourself in my face of fright;
I am the most gigantic of the dead who will never
close his eyes until I see you saved.*

Or Otto René Castillo, assassinated in Guatemala:

*Small country, my sweet torment. . .
for a thousand years I carry our name
like a tiny future heart,
whose wings begin to open tomorrow.*

Reading the poetry in these three books, I feel the courage of these writers, their dedication to expressing the truth as they have experienced it—and doing so in a form that goes beyond our usual language, moving into a language that becomes art. Will the rest of us be able to say with Anna Akhmatova (in *Against Forgetting*):

*I stand as a witness to the common lot,
survivor of that time, that place. ♦*

Thelma Bryant is a psychotherapist, teacher and writer in Berkeley, California.



Sama Upasika

*Selu:**Seeking the Corn Mother's Wisdom*

by Marilou Awiakta

foreword by Wilma Mankiller

Fulcrum Publishing, 1993, \$19.95.

Reviewed by Karen Martina McCormick

For a couple of years, I've taken random and incomplete notes on "The Corn Mother" . . . wondering about the roots of this Native American "goddess." Now I find fully ripened wisdom in *Selu*. Marilou Awiakta, an articulate Celtic-Cherokee poet and storyteller, offers a decade's worth of her poems, stories, prayers, and essays to us in the name of *Selu*, the Cherokee Corn Mother. Like Tara in Tibetan Buddhism, *Selu* represents source-nourishment, survival, and unconditional compassion—*Ginitsi Selu*, Grandmother Corn, Mother of Us All. (On the physical level, "Corn had spread through the trade routes to India, Tibet, and China . . . within two generations after Columbus's voyages.")

Here, throughout Marilou Awiakta's life record, the ancient Corn Mother is juxtaposed with contemporary crises in consciousness. First of all, Awiakta grew up in the nuclear mecca of Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Fathers held top-secret jobs, FBI men interrogated neighbors about neighbors. Kids were told that Oak Ridge was a prime Cold War "target." "Because we lived on the atomic frontier, where change and flux swirled around us, we intuitively reached toward Mother Earth to help us feel rooted."

In a section entitled "Killing Our Seed," Awiakta describes yet another stretch on "The Trail of Tears"—the struggle of the Cherokee people against the Tellico Dam in Tennessee. The Tennessee Valley Authority proposed a dam that would wash out Chota, a holy city and burial site sacred to generations of Cherokee Indians. In spite of years of nonviolent protest from the Cherokee sector and concerned others, President Carter gave the dam project a green light in 1979. "Tellico Lake" eventually flooded the ancestral lands, and a luxury residential area was developed around its borders. Awiakta was as devastated as the land. "I felt America heading West, the direction of death and destruction: the Darkening Land. Why had the Cherokee trusted democracy again?" In her despair, she could hardly hear the advice her parents offered: "Do what you can. Give the Constitution time to work. It's like the land. Mother Earth may go down for awhile but she always comes back. Even when things look most down, underneath she's on her way. When you've done all you can, stand and wait. Have faith.' In short, head East."

Ultimately, a visit with Alice Walker contributed to Awiakta's healing and set her on another creative path. "Write all that down, write it, just like you're talking to

me," Walker urged her. Awiakta went on to develop a theme she called "Baring the Atom's Mother Heart." Like female creative energy, she realized, the atom cannot be artificially split without unleashing potential violence and chaos.

Awiakta asks, "Will humanity walk 'The Trail of Fire?'" She urges the restoration of "productive harmony with the atom," including harmonizing the "total polarization of pro- and anti-nuclear people [that] is simplistic and dangerous." She believes that women can use their "traditional intercessory skills" to create a "network of the committed" on all levels of society and government. Before white contact, "My foremothers took their places in the circle of power along with the men."

I could go on quoting Marilou Awiakta—endlessly. "Contemplate the value of your heritage," she says. "Remember the stories that are meaningful to you." My heart opens. I flash to a buried childhood memory. I'm running through my grandfather's vast cornfields in Minnesota on a warm summer day. It feels like the Center of the Universe. *Selu* is singing! ♦

Karen Martina McCormick continues to find parallels on the Red and Dharma Roads. She is also a grandmother—of 100% European descent.

And

as we said,
the sky's
in the street:
mist, fog. . .
And, as we
said, we'll
tell you more. . .

About
everything
when we meet
again. . . In
another space.

'Bye. . . We
love you. We
love you. . .

And the king
sized bedsheet
(or whatever)
drawing across
this corner
of time; our
voices growing
fainter, fainter. . .

—Tom Baer

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Awakening of the West: The Encounter of Buddhism and Western Culture

by Stephen Batchelor. Parallax Press, 1994, \$18.00.

Contact between Buddhist cultures of Asia and the West is not simply a phenomenon of the last hundred years. It has been going on almost since the time of Shakyamuni, and cultural blindness, arrogance, and missed opportunities are still with us.

Stephen Batchelor's excellent new book, *The Awakening of the West: The Encounter of Buddhism and Western Culture*, gives us an opportunity to comprehend our own history, and so, perhaps, be spared repeating it.

Batchelor is a fine writer and scholar. He journeys skillfully between present and past, pointing both to the roots of tradition and to the sad, sometimes violent history of the meeting of East and West. This historical tapestry includes Greek kings and Jesuits, monks and Theosophists, adventurers, and philosophers. The scope of this book is broad and well-documented, surveying the main lines that lead us to Dharma practice today. I recommend it most highly.

Opening the Hand of Thought: Approach to Zen

by Kosho Uchiyama, translated by Shohaku Okumura & Tom Wright, edited by Jisho Cary Warner. Arkana/Penguin Books, 1993, \$12.00.

There is a dizzying profusion of Zen books available at better book stores these days, but the modern classics are few—books like Suzuki Roshi's *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*, Thich Nhat Hanh's *Being Peace*, Kapleau's *Three Pillars of Zen*, Aitken's *Taking the Path of Zen*, and Joko Beck's *Everyday Zen*.

Approach to Zen by Kosho Uchiyama Roshi, first published in 1973, is in the same class, stressing a non-nonsense style of "zazen without toys" that goes hand in hand with a critical look at modern life. This short volume went out of print in 1980, but, happily, it is now reprinted and substantially expanded as *Opening the Hand of Thought: Approach to Zen*. The new translation by Shohaku Okumura and Tom Wright, two long-time students of Uchiyama, draws out his intimate voice, which is at once entirely confident and without any pretension. This is relevant teaching for new students of Zen, who are getting their bearings in practice; but there is plenty for all of us to consider here.

Lord of the Dance

by Chagdud Tulku. Padma Publishing, 1992, \$16.95.

Lord of the Dance is the compelling autobiography of Chagdud Tulku Rinpoche, the dynamic teacher, poet, and scholar of the Nyingma tradition, who settled in the American West 15 years ago at the request of His Holiness Dudjom Rinpoche. The book's tone is

light and modest, but the joys and hardships of Chagdud Tulku's life—from his childhood as the son of Delog Dawa Drolma, a powerful and respected woman practitioner, through his flight from the Chinese, to new life in the west—detail a modern spiritual odyssey. Chagdud Tulku's devotion and flexibility through every trial tempered his practice, and his life story testifies to the true freedom of impermanence, of dancing in the eye of the hurricane.

Back Care Basics: A Doctor's Gentle Yoga Program for Back and Neck Pain Relief

by Mary Pullig Schatz. Rodmell Press, \$19.95.

While sitting meditation is certainly not the only path to liberation, it is the root practice common to many traditions, even for socially engaged Buddhists, who need a grounding in silence and stillness to confront the suffering of beings. It is good to remember that sitting is also a yoga practice, and that the realities of bad backs, injuries, and incorrect posture need to be taken care of, not just ignored.

In *Back Care Basics*, Dr. Schatz offers basic techniques and yoga poses that encourage us to take responsibility for and to heal our own bodies. This is an attractive and thorough-going book in the Iyengar yoga tradition. Clear writing and illustrations show how one can develop the flexibility of body—as well as mind—that is basic to Buddhist meditation.

Dr. Ambedkar, Buddhism and Social Change

edited by A.K. Narhain & D.C. Ahir. B.R. Publishing, 1 Ansari Rd., Darya Ganj, New Delhi 110002, India. 1994.

B.R. Ambedkar was one of the towering figures of Indian Independence, though as a Hindu untouchable his accomplishments were often in the shadow of Gandhi and others. Having wrested a first class education from a system where, even as a respected barrister, a Hindu canteen boy refused to serve him tea, Dr. Ambedkar vowed that although "he was born a Hindu, he would not die a Hindu." His search for appropriate spiritual refuge led to Buddhism, long dormant in India. In October of 1956, Dr. Ambedkar took refuge, leading thousands of other ex-untouchables in a mass conversion ceremony in Nagpur. Only weeks later he died, leaving a new Buddhist movement groping to find its way.

Dr. Ambedkar, Buddhism and Social Change is a collection of essays that focuses on the social and ethical dimensions of this movement that today numbers in the millions. Though the essays, by Indian and Western academics, are a bit scholarly, this excellent volume provides a rare glimpse of social engagement within a minority Asian context, a perspective that is useful for Western Buddhists who also wonder how to bring change within a culture that has other guiding principles. ♦

—Alan Senauke

TIBETAN CHILDREN'S REFUGEE PROJECT

by Gordon Tyndall

BPF's project to aid Tibetan children in refugee camps in Nepal and India is now facing a difficult financial problem. School fees have been increased by approximately one-third, and if the children whom we are presently funding are to remain in school, we need new donors immediately! The children's parents are eager to help, but their small wages, mainly from working in rug-weaving factories, barely pay for food and shelter. For us, the cost of sending these children to school is very small, but for the children the benefit is enormous. Letters from the refugees reaffirm that the children, as well as the parents, understand the urgency, as well as the pleasure, of acquiring an education. We hope that you will share in that sense of urgency and will find deep pleasure in supporting the Project.

For those who are not acquainted with the Project, and to up-date our present contributors, we summarize how the contributions are used in the six camps for which we are presently able to provide some support:

Tashi Palkhiel, Nepal

1. We provide funds to serve milk twice a day in the nursery, and to employ two "ayas," who care for the one- and two-year olds while their mothers are working. We also provide funds for three trained teachers for the three-, four- and five-year olds in the nursery school.

2. We sponsor five children in high school and 31 in grade school.

Bylakuppe, India

We sponsor three children at boarding school.

Kham Kathok, India

We provide funds for supplementary nutrition for 60 children at the midday meal.

Cholsum, India

1. We sponsor 15 children in grade school.

2. We provide funds for five elderly bed-ridden persons (\$ 100 per year for each).

3. We fund supplementary nutrition at the midday meal for 95 children.

Dekyiling, India

1. We sponsor 10 children going to boarding school.

2. We fund supplementary nutrition in grade school for 200 children.

Tezu, India

We provide funds for basic food, medical supplies, and clothing for elderly and infirm persons in a "home" for those who have no family support.

During 1993, Paula Green and Jim Perkins, both former BPF Board members, were able to visit most of the

camps to which the Project contributes, in both India and Nepal. They talked with administrators, parents, and children. They heard deep appreciation, particularly because in this case the assistance is coming from a Buddhist group. Paula said that nowhere in Asia was education so valued as by the Tibetans. The children are happy and proud of their academic achievements. Also their lives are enriched by music, dance, drama, and activities in which the whole community participates. We are always pleased to hear from people visiting these areas, and would like to hear from you if you go to the refugee camps in the future.

We also receive letters from the children. Khando Yanden is a 10-year-old girl with whom we especially enjoy corresponding. In her first letter she reported



Children receiving supplementary nutrition at Kham Kathok

that she was doing well in all her studies and that what she most enjoyed was "joking and skipping at 6:30 A.M." We wrote back that she started joking very early in the morning, and Khando replied in her next letter, "Dear, so sorry for my joking and skipping. I want to write you that at 6:30 we have jogging (that means morning walk). I also love to play skip and that means—sorry I don't know."

Another student, Tsewant Choedon, reassures us in her letter from Kathmandu, "I am getting tutoring for my hardest subject, Maths. The man who teaches me teaches very well and I think mathematics will become my favorite subject, so please don't worry about my education."

We thank the many readers of *Turning Wheel* who have made the Children's Refugee Project possible. At present about 10% of BPF members are contributing to the Project, so if you are not yet a contributor, we hope you will now choose to help these children. Without more contributors, children like our correspondents, Tsewang and Khando, will have to be dropped from the program and will probably have no chance to complete their education.

Checks should be made payable to BPF and sent to: BPF, c/o Margo and Gordon Tyndall, 88 Clarewood Lane, Oakland, CA 94618. ❖

IN MEMORIAM:
Anne Hopkins Aitken

by John Tarrant

Anne Aitken died on June 13 of this year in Honolulu, with her husband Robert Aitken Roshi, her stepson Tom, and Don Stoddard, friend and temple builder, by her side. She was 83. Anne is one of the mothers of modern Zen in the West. She is remembered best for her generosity with the gifts of life: encouragement, telephone calls, conversation, books, poetry, music—she liked to play the recorder with friends—tea and sympathy, tolerance, money, and more encouragement. Immensely gracious and strong, she helped guide several generations of Zen students. She had a fruitful and long Zen partnership with her husband, Aitken Roshi. It began when, on their honeymoon trip to Japan, they stayed at Ryutakuji and went in to sesshin, without her understanding quite what a sesshin was. This is a story she told with a relish that reflected both her delight in absurdity as well as her ultimate pleasure in the dharma. In 1959 she helped found the Koko An Zendo in her living room in Hawaii; it became the foundation temple of the Diamond Sangha—now an international association with many temples.

She studied with some of the great teachers of her time—Soen Roshi, Yasutani Roshi, Yamada Koun Roshi—and helped bring them to the West to teach. Her early studies were in art, literature, and social work, and these influences can be seen in her later Zen work. In the Maui Zendo she was tough enough to run the work crews and help a band of undisciplined and unfocused young people to function and to discover Zen.

Anne inherited money, and it seemed the only interest she could find in it was to be a benefactor of Buddhism and social causes. She had a great empathy for the poor, disadvantaged, and just plain eccentric. She acted as if people would live up to her standards of service and civility, and mostly they did. She loved people into being dedicated and even courteous.

Maui Zendo was one of the early temples in the West where you could do hard training, and without Anne it couldn't have come to be. In countless sesshins, she inspired us in her particular fashion. She conveyed her understanding of Zen by her presence, her floating, dance-like walk, her welcoming words, so consistently dazzling and intimate that they were like an embrace, her sense that a beautiful heart and beautiful things and beautiful actions were all on the one thread, her serenity, humor, and perseverance; these were her teachings. She deflected flattery and even sincere praise; she saw her gifts as those of service and loyalty. She was particularly encouraging to senior women, telling them, "Yes, you can do it, you'll do it

very well," when they took on a new responsibility. The importance of this support cannot be underestimated. She liked to be in the background herself, but did not believe that others should be. Her final gift was her candor about the approaching end. Her image for death was this: We are waiting at a bus stop—our bus comes along and we get on. ❖

John Tarrant Roshi is a dharma heir of Robert Aitken Roshi. Originally from Tasmania, he lives in Santa Rosa, California, where he practices psychotherapy and teaches Buddhism.

COMING:

Veterans' Day Anti-Gun Vigil

In keeping with the First Precept—not taking life—the Buddhist Peace Fellowship and the Fellowship of Reconciliation encourage you to join us on Veterans' Day, November 11, by holding a vigil for disarmament at a gun shop in your community. It's a sad fact that most of us live near a gun shop where semi-automatic and assault weapons are sold. Just look in the phone book.

Veterans' Day began in 1918 as Armistice Day, to commemorate the end of the First World War, to honor those who served in the Armed Forces, and to remember the countless dead and wounded. As Buddhists we can honor, too, the peacemakers and war resisters.

We want to bring the Armistice home to the streets where we live, where each of us is a kind of veteran, witness, and sometimes victim of violence. While our government sells weapons all over the world, thousands are killed by guns here at home, a majority of them young men of color, who find guns much more plentiful than jobs. Aggressive gun marketing campaigns are now being directed at women. We all live under the gun.

The BPF office will provide fact sheets to give to passersby at the vigil, as well as a sample press release and possible text for public service announcements. Seek out local religious leaders, trauma physicians, and morticians who can talk about the toll taken by guns in our communities, especially on the youth. Remember the names of all those who have died by gunfire in your community. During the vigil, children could turn in toy weapons and receive a nonviolent toy in exchange. Be creative and flexible in shaping the vigil. See Maylie Scott's article in the Summer 1994 *Turning Wheel*, to read about a successful vigil at a gun shop in the Bay Area last April.

We are now at the beginning of what can become a strong movement against guns—guns in the community and armed adventures around the world.

We hope there will be many BPF-sponsored vigils all over the U.S. on November 11. Contact the BPF office to tell us your plans and to get materials, suggestions, and information. ❖

SPEAKING TO NUCLEAR POWER

An Open Letter to Engaged Buddhists

by Alan Senauke

Nuclear power is coming to Thailand. This is no surprise. As Western nations confront the inherent dangers of this dubious technology—accidents, leaks, waste disposal, cancer—the utility companies and large corporations that market and build reactors find themselves hemmed in by concerns and regulations that have brought construction to a standstill in the West. So, nuclear manufacturers are looking toward Asia as a vast new market for their wares.

Imagine yourself at the International Network of Engaged Buddhists' (INEB) Wangsanit Ashram, in the countryside close by Bangkok. Across the *klong* [canal] you can see the spires of a nearby *wat* [temple], and several miles beyond that rises the cooling plant of a nuclear power plant. Does this sound far-fetched? It isn't. Current plans call for the construction of one of Thailand's first nuclear plants five miles from the ashram on a nearby *klong* in the rural district of Nakorn Nayok.

I would argue that this should be among the highest priorities for INEB and its friends in the near future. There needs to be organizing among the local villages. We hope to call on the world-wide resources of nuclear activists, including many in the Buddhist community. Many reactors have been stopped, but once construction has begun, it's almost too late, particularly in a country that has to build awareness of these issues from scratch.

I am by no means experienced in such matters, but the following concerns seem obvious:

1. Where will the energy generated go? To a bigger, more congested Bangkok, wedded even more closely to the consumerism that is swallowing traditional Thai culture whole?

2. What will happen to the agrarian district surrounding the plant? There are physical dangers to the land, and even greater economic hazards that come with the influx of hundreds of millions of development and industry dollars into the region, as farms are replaced by roads, suburbs, and factories.

3. Can the government or private industry safely manage such a plant? Where will they put the nuclear waste? While Thai people certainly have the technical skills to manage such a facility, the record of public and private sectors does not inspire confidence. Much of the nation has been stripped of priceless forests. Bangkok's water table is suffering from increasingly higher salinity due to overuse. Toxic wastes are hardly monitored at all. Environmental concerns are too often traded away for personal gain.

4. Who will guard the plutonium by-products, which can so easily be converted into weapons material, as is

happening in North Korea?

I'm sure there are many other such concerns. The frightening examples of Three Mile Island and Chernobyl suggest that even the most technologically sophisticated nations cannot guard against human error and foolish cost-cutting.

The question is whether INEB and other concerned people and organizations in Thailand can shape a strategy for local organizing that raises the principle of *ahimsa*, non-harming, despite a floodtide of greed and opinion that runs strongly in another direction. I think we have little choice but to act. Our time is very short. ❖

BPF Announces the Formation of THE BUDDHIST VOLUNTEER CORPS

As practitioners, many of us have asked how to take our practice off the cushion to directly confront the suffering of the world. How can we put into action the compassion which naturally arises as the fruit of our practice? BPF is responding to this question with a new vision.

Grounded in principles of mindfulness, interdependence, and sangha, this program proposes a multi-leveled approach to service. The intention is to provide a structure for a group of volunteers who will together explore issues of "engaged Buddhism" through a merging of practical, theoretical, and contemplative modes.

Our six-month pilot program, beginning in January 1995 in the San Francisco Bay Area, will combine the following elements:

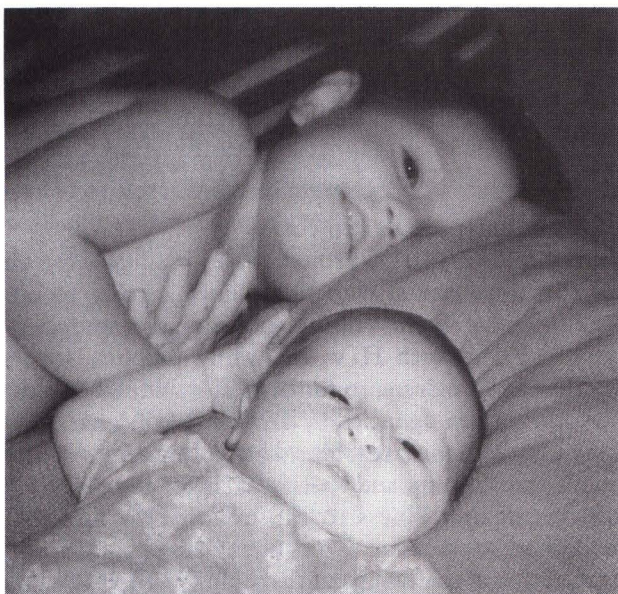
- A 30-hour-per-week service or social action placement in a Buddhist or spiritually-based service or educational organization in the Bay Area.
- A training/retreat program, including the following for the group of volunteers:
 - Intensive orientation period
 - Weekly gathering—sitting/lecture/discussion on issues of engaged Buddhism
 - Monthly days of mindfulness
 - One 5-10 day group meditation retreat
 - Opportunity for dialogue with Buddhist activists and thinkers
 - Ongoing spiritual mentorship with locally "engaged Buddhists"
 - Community living option or residence in homes of Bay Area Buddhists

This program will require a full six-month commitment, and most outside work will not be possible.

Financial support will be available. Buddhists and interested others are encouraged to apply. Please write or call the BPF National Office for information. ❖

COORDINATOR'S REPORT

Despite my "elevated" title of National Coordinator, I don't feel very coordinated in recent days. Aside from the usual maelstrom of work, meetings, practice, there is something new in the mix of our family life, at once joyous and overwhelming. Laurie and I have a brand new son and Silvie has a new brother—Alexander Dainin Senauke, born on July 29 at 1:02 AM. Alexander is named for my father's father; Dainin, meaning Great Patience, is the dharma name of the late Katagiri Roshi, a Zen teacher we both loved and respected. Mother, child, and the rest of us are doing well, and even thriving, aside from parental sleep deprivation. We thank the BPF board for its enlightened policy of paternity leave. I really don't know how we would have made it through these last weeks otherwise.



Silvie and Alexander Senauke

Children are natural teachers. They come into the world already manifesting qualities that could not have come from their parents. Some Buddhists see this as a compelling argument for rebirth. Our daughter Silvie is verbal (I suppose that *could* come from us!), deeply inquisitive, and social in a way I never was. Alexander seems to generate great peace and ease around him; even his birth was marked by that feeling. These are not qualities that I come by easily. My responsibility as a father is to encourage this true nature, not to use it or manipulate it to fit my own shortcomings, and, finally, to learn the source of a child's and my own original face. There's a life's work here.

But this work is never apart from other beings. In fact, most of what I learn from children is how they are with others, including animals, plants, rocks, and rub-

ble. In my own life as a so-called adult I hope to keep growing and to be of some use to others. This is, after all, the Bodhisattva Vow. So I continue to be grateful to BPF, particularly in this new period, as BPF tries to re-examine and focus itself, based on the cries of the world and the wonderful resources we have at hand.

The tasks we are taking on this year are challenging, and our modest accomplishments have to sustain us. Actually, you can read about most of them elsewhere in this issue. The challenges include: holding disarmament vigils at local gunshops on November 11; starting up a Buddhist Volunteer Corps model in early 1995; continuing our work against nuclear weapons with a second Buddha's Birthday witness at the Nevada Nuclear Test Site next April; organizing local trainings against violence and weapons, with a week-long BPF Institute in the summer. And we keep our close ties with our friends in Asia as well, continuing our work with the International Network of Engaged Buddhists, with the Tibetans, Burmese, and others.

To do all these things, or any of them, we need your help and the wide support of Buddhist centers and communities. Money is always in short supply, of course. But your commitment and energy is more to the point. In fact, it is exactly the point! In relationship, working in harmony, treating adversaries and difficulties as precious teachers, we realize the truth of interdependence. Understanding this truth is the only basis for changing ourselves, others, and the institutions that seem to run our lives. So I invite you to join in these projects for the sake of yourself and everyone. This is what an old Zen text calls "throwing yourself into the house of Buddha." ♦ —*Alan Senauke*

DONATIONS IN KIND

If you would be so kind!

The Dharma is always marked by impermanence. One expression of this is that, for worse or better, we are always upgrading our computer equipment. If you are upgrading, please consider donating your old useful equipment to BPF. We use Mac format in the office here, and our friends at INEB in Thailand and on the Burmese border use IBM equipment. We'd love to send them your old 386, and we can find good use for anything from a Mac II on up.

And while we are asking for donations in kind, we would be grateful for any Mileage Plus-type coupons for air travel, which help the staff to attend meetings, and our friends abroad to visit us.

Donations made to BPF, including donations in kind, are fully tax-deductible. Thanks.

CHAPTER & BUDDHIST ACTIVIST NEWS

We try to keep Turning Wheel close to the ground. Actually, wheels work better that way. BPF chapters are an important part of our work. But the efforts of individuals, dharma centers, and other communities are also important. The Bodhisattva Ideal, saving all beings, doesn't depend on any particular name or organization. So we are trying to expand the scope of this column, formerly "Chapter News," to include work that all of us should know about and learn from. -AS.

Los Angeles BPF

After a period of inactivity the Los Angeles BPF chapter has started to hold regular monthly meetings again. The chapter meets in Venice at Ordinary Dharma on the third Sunday of each month, as part of the regular Day of Mindfulness. People can come at 9 AM for the whole day or at 1:30 PM for the BPF meeting. It begins with a brief sitting, then continues with an open discussion. In the future the chapter is planning to have visiting speakers and to engage in a peace action in the community.

East Bay BPF

In June, the East Bay BPF Chapter enjoyed a presentation by Sandy Hunter and Larry Harris on their trip to Cuba. They showed slides and discussed the difficult situation in Cuba, due in part to the embargo by the U.S. of such essential items as food and medicine. They have initiated a project to help supply building materials for people in Atares, a barrio in Havana. If you want to contribute to this project or seek further information contact: the Atares Friendship Association, P.O. Box 413, Berkeley, CA 94701-9413, or call Sandy at 510/548-7843.

Other special events included a session on the Single Payer Health Initiative with a guest speaker. In September there will be a presentation on Haiti.

San Diego BPF

The newly formed chapter in San Diego will hold its first meeting on September 7. The chapter will hold a Mindfulness Weekend on October 15 & 16, with Vipassana teacher Sylvia Boorstein. The cost is \$25. Call Ava Torre-Bueno at (619) 296-6001 (before 9 PM.)

Making Peace with Animals

As a direct result of her meditation practice, BPF member Cynthia Branigan founded the organization Make Peace With Animals, Inc. (MPWA). One of the main projects is the Racing Dog Rescue Project (RDRP), a retired racing greyhound adoption service. Through arrangements with several race tracks and greyhound owners, RDRP finds homes for dogs who would

otherwise be destroyed or sold to research laboratories. In the U.S. alone, approximately 40,000 greyhounds per year are discarded when their racing careers are over.

Every Saturday at 12 PM EST, MPWA invites people from all over the world to gather in spirit for 15 minutes to meditate and visualize making peace with suffering animals. [For more information please contact: MPWA, P.O. Box 488, New Hope, PA 18938. 215/862-0605.]

Reuniting Earth and Spirit

The EarthSpirit Council of Northern California seeks renewal of humanity and respect for the Earth by reuniting persons from all spiritual traditions with nature. EarthSpirit recognizes humanity's estrangement from nature as a spiritual crisis, threatening the health of all creation. EarthSpirit Council is a diverse gathering of social, ethnic, economic, scientific, and spiritual communities who are dedicated to sustainable living.

Please join EarthSpirit on Saturday, September 24 for a spiritual gathering and equinox celebration in the Bay Area. [For more information on EarthSpirit Council and location of the gathering please contact Cindy Crowner at Montclair Presbyterian Church, 5701 Thornhill Drive, Oakland, CA (510) 339-1131.]

The Buddhist AIDS Project

The Buddhist AIDS project (BAP) is a newly formed support organization with the following goals: to provide information and referral to Buddhist resources for anyone living with HIV, including families, lovers, friends and caregivers; to function as a spiritual resource for other AIDS agencies by arranging consultation by qualified Buddhist teachers and volunteers; to offer meditation training and specific skills for responding to life-threatening illness to those with HIV and their loved ones; to function as a contemplative support community for those living and working with HIV. [For more information and how you can get involved please contact: BAP and Steve Peskind, 555 John Muir Drive, #803, San Francisco, Ca 94132. 415/586-4368.] ♦

BPF NATIONAL MEMBERS' MEETING

Please join the board and staff of Buddhist Peace Fellowship for our annual National Members' Meeting to share fellowship, food, and to discuss the activities and direction of BPF. This year's meeting will take place on Saturday, October 29 (following the training with Santikaro Bhikkhu), 5:30 PM at Berkeley Zen Center, 1929 Russell Street, Berkeley, Ca. A vegetarian dinner will be offered by BPF. To reserve your place or for further information, call the BPF office at 510/525-8596.

ANNOUNCEMENTS & CLASSIFIEDS

Announcements

SUPPORT THE BUDDHIST VOLUNTEER CORPS (see page 42). Open your home to a volunteer for the BVC for 6 months, January-June 1995. If you can provide a room and possibly board, please call the BPF national office. This would be a significant contribution to BPF's work in engaged Buddhism.

THE BALKAN PEACE TEAM hopes to establish a long-term presence of international volunteers, in crisis areas of former Yugoslavia. Members of the team will identify possibilities for dialogue between the different groups, serve as a channel of independent and non-partisan information from the region, contribute skills in such areas as mediation and nonviolent conflict resolution, and serve as third party observers at the scene of incidents or potential flashpoints. Six-month commitment. Information: Balkan Peace Team, c/o Christine Schweitzer, Luetzowstr. 22, D-50674 Koeln, Germany. Fax +49. 221. 240. 1819.

NEEDS OF HOMELESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN—You can help people in need by donating personal care items, such as toothbrushes, toothpaste, soap, shampoo, and hand lotion to the Women's Daytime Drop-in Center in Berkeley. Due to budgetary restrictions, the center cannot afford to purchase these necessary items. To make a donation or for more information, please call 510/548-2884, or Thelma Bryant at 510/524-2468 to arrange to have donations picked up.

INTERNATIONAL BUDDHIST CHILDREN'S RELIEF program seeks sponsors for needy children in Sri Lanka, India, and Chile (\$16/month). Contact them at 1511 Alencastre St., Honolulu, HI 96816, 808/593-6515.

TO SEND LITERARY materials to prisoners: Prison Library Project, 976 W. Foothills Blvd. #128, Claremont, CA 91711.

GAY BUDDHIST FELLOWSHIP publishes a monthly newsletter, with

information about their activities in the S.F. Bay Area and longer articles on topics of concern to gay Buddhists generally. \$15/year. For subscriptions or information, write GBF, 2261 Market St. #422, San Francisco, CA 94114; or call 415/974-9878.

VOLUNTEER M.D.'S AND NURSES are needed to provide outpatient care at the Tibetan Clinic, a small facility in Bir, India, administered by the Tibetan Government-in-Exile. Minimum commitment: 1-2 months. Contact Barry A. Samuel, M.D., 18324 Newell Rd., Shaker Heights, OH 44122.

SULAK SIVARAKSA, Thai social activist and founder of the International Network of Engaged Buddhists (INEB), is involved in what will certainly be a lengthy court case (see Summer 1993 *Readings*), and needs money for this purpose. To help, send a check payable to INEB and marked "Sulak/lese majeste." Sulak will be told the names of contributors but not the amounts. INEB, P.O. Box 1, Ongkharak Nakhorn Nayok, 26120 Thailand.

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION (a multifaith movement committed to active nonviolence) celebrates its 75th anniversary, October 1-2, in Amsterdam and Alkmaar, the Netherlands. Nobel Laureate Mairead Maquire of Northern Ireland and Thai social activist Sulak Sivaraksa will be participating in the celebrations. Information: IFOR, Spoorstraat 38, 1815 BK Alkmaar, the Netherlands; Tel. +31 72 123014; Email: ifor@gn.apc.org.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED in Guatemala. The Jaguar Project of the Seva Foundation (an international non-governmental, non-religious, progressive, development organization) is now recruiting volunteers to provide accompaniment and support for returned Guatemalan refugees. A commitment of at least 3 months is necessary, as well as good health and proficiency in Spanish. Volunteers finance their own travel; Seva pays in-country expenses. Information: Seva Foundation, 38 Village Hill Rd., Williamsburg, MA 01096; 413/268-3003.

Classifieds

DEEP ECOLOGY/DESPAIR AND EMPOWERMENT workshops, with Jeff Scannell and Molly Young Brown. Join with others in facing the social and environmental realities of these times, acknowledging our heartfelt responses to them, and finding our paths for action. North SF Bay Area and for groups nationwide. For information, call Jeff at 707/546-6029 or Molly at 707/762-5143.

MEDITATION AND LIBERATION: one-day retreat for people of color. Sunday, October 9, 1994 at Spirit Rock Center in Woodacre, CA with Michelle Benzamin-Masuda and Jack Kornfield. Information: 510/649-1899.

GROWING WHOLE: SELF-REALIZATION ON AN ENDANGERED PLANET (Hazelden/Harper San Francisco); Molly Young Brown offers the psychosynthesis approach to healing and wholeness to anyone on a spiritual path. Drawing upon principles and practices of Eastern and Western psychologies, psychosynthesis guides us in seeking our inner truth and in bringing our gifts into service in our troubled world. Ask for the book and audio tape/journal at bookstores, or order from Hazelden at 800/328-9000.

THE CONCH-US TIMES, journal of the Dead Buddhists of America: for those who appreciate Grateful Dead and Buddhist meditations and cultures. Latest issue features new Karmapa controversy, Hopi prophecy, swastikas, tantric sexuality, psychotropics and the dharma, reviews on *The Little Buddha* and *Flashing on the 60s*, imprisoned Deadhead poetry, other controversial etc's. \$8/yr payable to Ken Sun-Downer, P.O. Box 769, Idyllwild, CA 92549.

THE HARBOR SANGHA is a small Zen group located in San Francisco. Our teacher, Joseph Bobrow, received permission to teach from Robert Aitken-Roshi in 1989. We offer weekly zazen every Monday evening, as well as periodic retreats and other special events. Beginners are welcome to attend. The opportunity to practice more inten-

sively and do koan study with Joe is also available. For more information, contact the Harbor Sangha at 415/241-8807.

BUDDHIST/SOCIAL JUSTICE community. We are interested in joining or beginning a Buddhist, spiritually based community devoted to social change work. Would like to talk with anyone with similar interests who is also ready. Willing to relocate. Call Margaret or Gary, 408/753-1874.; or write us at 715 Jefferson St., Salinas, CA 93905.

THE INFLATABLE ZAFU is actually an inflatable beachball inside a fine quality zafu cover. Lightweight-Convenient-Guaranteed. Colors: Plum, Burgundy, Navy, Royal, Green, Black. Cost: \$22 postpaid. Meditation supplies. Free brochure. Carolina Morning Designs, Dept. BPFN, P.O. Box 2832, Asheville, NC 28802. 704/683-1843.

HELP WANTED! Small home-based Buddhist-oriented business (wholesale and direct mail) seeks part-time help for approximately 20 hrs./wk. Must be strong, MAC literate, and have enthusiasm & energy to help expand business base. Send letter and resume to: Bodhidharma Ink, PO Box 1697, Sausalito, CA 94966 or FAX to 415/331-5476.

Gratitude

The Buddhist Peace Fellowship gratefully acknowledges financial contributions above membership between May 15 and August 15, 1994:

Sharone Abromowitz ♦ Craig Adams ♦ Stephen Ascue ♦ David Aus ♦ Susan Baldwin ♦ Michael Balmutt ♦ Martha De Barros ♦ Kallon Basquin ♦ Scoby Beer ♦ Mona Bernstein ♦ Paul Berry ♦ Bonnie Beverage ♦ John Bizzarro ♦ Virginia Bollero ♦ Patricia & Ruth Borri ♦ John P. Boyd ♦ Bruce Brod ♦ Jan Brogan ♦ Sheila Brown ♦ Eric Brus ♦ Greg Bruss ♦ Thelma Bryant ♦ Kurt Buckner ♦ Gregory Bush ♦ Frank Carmel ♦ John Carrol ♦ Pamela Carson ♦ Robert Chinery ♦ Sharon & Scott Christian ♦ David Chura ♦ Dennis Claggett ♦ Margot Clark ♦ Jack Coddington ♦ Tom Cook ♦ John Cooper ♦ William & Susan Copeland ♦ Rita Good & Joanne Costanza ♦ Pamela

Crawford ♦ Joseph Cucchisi ♦ Nanda Curren ♦ Marcia Curtis ♦ Darla Darville ♦ Natalie Dawson ♦ Renee des Tombe ♦ Bradford N. Dewan ♦ Melody Ermachild & Stan Dewey ♦ Ordinary Dharma ♦ Rosemary Donnell ♦ Susan Dregely ♦ James Drum ♦ Kevin Dubrow ♦ Andy Easterlin ♦ Wally Taiko Edge ♦ Lydia Egan ♦ United Way/Bank of America Employees ♦ Mike Fedel & Jean Eridon ♦ Takane Eshima ♦ Alan Fishman ♦ Virginia Nunn Flanagan ♦ Andrew Fort ♦ Jan Foster ♦ Carl Fredericksen ♦ Frances Freewater ♦ Kathleen Fryia ♦ John Gibbs ♦ W.L. Gilbert ♦ Colleen Glass ♦ Trudy Goodman ♦ Kirk Gray ♦ Jane Grissmer ♦ Pat Haas ♦ Andrew Haas ♦ Fred Hanson ♦ Alice Hayes ♦ Charles Henkel ♦ Connie Hershey ♦ Ruth Heyes ♦ Dan Hill ♦ Diana Lee Hirschi ♦ Lesley Rae Hodell ♦ Gene K. Hoffman ♦ Kathleen Holloway ♦ Jack C. Holmes ♦ Derek & Judith Van Hoorn ♦ Sean Hopper ♦ Nancy & J.C. Hotchkiss ♦ John M. Howard, Jr. ♦ Margaret Howe ♦ Sarah Hsia ♦ Sara Hunsaker ♦ Herb Isenberg ♦ Dr. Warren R. Jones ♦ Athalie Joy ♦ Anne Just ♦ Janet Keyes ♦ Ian Kleiman ♦ Rick Klein ♦ Jim Kramer ♦ Roger B. Krohe ♦ Bernice Lamar ♦ Kathy Lubar & Robert Lane ♦ Ami Laws ♦ Joanna Macy ♦ Genjo Marinello ♦ Michele Martin ♦ Charles Martin ♦ Alice McClelland ♦ Shelley McEwan ♦ Kay McNamara ♦ Billy Meegan ♦ Suzie Mihara ♦ J. Mikus ♦ Jack & Tonya Miller ♦ S. Grace Miller ♦ Bill Milton ♦ Marshall Mittnick ♦ Richard Modiano ♦ Sheila & Jim Molnar ♦ Penelope More ♦ Larry Morrow ♦ Erica & George Moseley ♦ Susan Mulhall ♦ Tony Mullaney ♦ Elizabeth Muller ♦ Susan Murphy ♦ Marc Murphy ♦ Susan Musciant ♦ Nancy Napier ♦ Dr. Barbara Newton ♦ Deborah Newton ♦ Lily Noon ♦ John Nyquist ♦ Lauren Oliver ♦ Johanna Operschall ♦ Margaret Howe & Gary Pace ♦ Anne Page ♦ Andre Papantonio ♦ Anne Parrott ♦ Linda Peer ♦ Jonathan Perry ♦ Steven Peterson ♦ Robert Philleo ♦ Tom Pilarzyk ♦ Lore Anne Politzer ♦ Florence Pollikoff ♦ Dennis Porter ♦ Natalie Caompagni Portis ♦ Premena ♦ Jenny Ruth Yasi & Albert Presgraves ♦

Tony Prokott ♦ Douglas W. Pullin ♦ Alby Quinlan ♦ Margaret Rader ♦ Sue Regan ♦ Larry Robinson ♦ Judy Robison ♦ James F. Robison ♦ Ellen Rozett ♦ Patricia Samovar ♦ Grace Sanchez ♦ Debra Schneider ♦ Kathy Schwern ♦ Steve Schwichow ♦ Maylie Scott ♦ Suzanne Segal ♦ Gary Bravo & Susan Seitz ♦ Alan & Laurie Senauke ♦ Jane Hawes & David Shapiro ♦ Seimi D. Shiba ♦ Nancy Shinno ♦ Beverly Shoenberger ♦ J. Sillers ♦ David Silver ♦ Jude Sim ♦ Ken Sloan ♦ Stephen Slusher ♦ Kenneth L. Smith-Shuman ♦ Bernard Somers ♦ Marsha & John Soucheray ♦ Gretchen & Doug Spiro ♦ Charles R. Stern ♦ Susan Strasburger ♦ Anne Bikou Strong ♦ Edith Sullwold ♦ Paul Takayanagi ♦ Nancy Tamarisk ♦ Katherine Thanas ♦ Judith Thomas ♦ W. Thompson ♦ Martha Thompson ♦ Gary Thorp ♦ Nena & Robert Thurman ♦ Heloisa H. Tigre ♦ Charles Tilden ♦ Lana Touchstone ♦ J.P. Townsend ♦ Fran & Al Tribe ♦ Mary Evelyn Tucker ♦ Taitetsu Unno ♦ M. Vegher ♦ Anthony Vital ♦ Robert Vogel ♦ Bruce Vonzellen ♦ Thein Wah ♦ Judyth Weaver ♦ Robert Weiland ♦ Tony White ♦ Homitsu White ♦ Kokin Steven Whitney ♦ Kyenne Williams ♦ Bill Wilson ♦ Denoya Wyatt ♦ Kate Wylie ♦ Patricia Yenawine ♦ Jane Yudelman ♦ Linda & Douglas Yule ♦ Susan Zakin ♦ Richard Zukowski ♦ Berkeley Zen Center ♦

For donations above and beyond the call of fundraising:

Tenshin Reb Anderson/GGF ♦ Paul & Tamara Carignan ♦ Tona Cornette ♦ George Drasin ♦ Marcel Geisser ♦ Rhoda Gilman ♦ Linda Haller ♦ Sandy Hunter ♦ Bodhidharma Ink ♦ James Jaranson ♦ Karl Koehler ♦ Toinette Lippe ♦ Craig Morton ♦ Pete Nelson ♦ Ralph Presnall ♦ Barry Samuel ♦ Dharma Seed Tape Library ♦ Robin & Scott Ray-Jackson ♦ Judith Weylch ♦ David D. Williams ♦ International Network of Engaged Buddhists ♦ San Francisco Zen Center ♦

And special thanks to BPF volunteers:
♦ Felicia Fields ♦ Judy Smith ♦

♦ Thank you! ♦

BPF CHAPTERS & AFFILIATES

BPF National Office
P.O. Box 4650
Berkeley, CA 94704
tel. 510/525-8596
fax 510/525-7973

CHAPTERS

Boulder BPF
Jeff Roush
1408 Kalima Ave.
Boulder, CO 80304; 303/443-9034

Cambridge/Boston BPF
Jim Austin
43 Richfield Road
Arlington, MA 02174; 617/643-2343

Durham BPF
Jackie Wilson
1004 N. Buchanan
Durham, NC 27701; 919/286-2005

East Bay BPF
Margo Tyndall
88 Clarewood Lane
Oakland, CA 94611; 510/654-8677

Los Angeles BPF
Christopher Reed
247 Horizon Avenue
Venice, CA 90291; 310/396-5054

Marin County BPF
Ken Homer or Wendy Johnson
2901B Sir Francis Drake Blvd.
Fairfax, CA 94930; 415/257-3059

Mendocino County BPF
Gail Deutsch
P.O. Box 1490
Mendocino, CA 95460; 707/937-3638

Minnesota BPF
Paul Norr
2832 Coolidge St. NE
St. Anthony, MN 55418
612/788-7159

New York BPF
Amy Krantz
115 W. 86th St.
New York, NY 10024; 212/873-3142

Oahu BPF
Pat Masters
2466 Ferdinand Ave.
Honolulu, HI 96822; 808/943-6833

Orange County BPF
Ralph McDowell
P.O. Box 328
San Juan Capistrano, CA 92693-0328
714/496-1644

Pennsylvania BPF
John Sellers
1808 Perkiomen Ave.
Reading, PA 19606; 215/376-9581

Portland BPF
Russ Zachmeyer
711 NE Randall #201
Portland, OR 97232; 503/233-4065

Prairie Buddha BPF
Richard Quinney
345 Rolfe Road
DeKalb, IL 60115; 815/758-4310

Sacramento BPF
Steve Walker
7211 Brookridge Ct.
Citrus Heights, CA 95610
916/725-3547

San Diego BPF
Ava Torre-Bueno
4737 Lomitas Dr.
San Diego, CA 92116; 619/296-6001

Santa Cruz BPF
Tom Misciagna
610 Hanover St.
Santa Cruz, CA 95062; 408/423-6769

Seattle BPF
Rick Harlan
911 29th St. So.
Seattle, WA 98144-3123
206/324-4153

Sonoma County BPF
Tom Collins
Box 1811
Healdsburg, CA 95448; 707/795-0692

Tallahassee BPF
Ellen Gwynn
2028 Chuli Nene
Tallahassee, FL 32301; 904/878-5796

Vermont BPF
Alison Gardner
119 Buell St.
Burlington, VT 05401; 802/658-2531

Cherry Blossom, D.C. Area BPF
Mitchell Ratner
6814 Westmoreland Ave.
Takoma Park, MD 20912
301/270-3009

NW Washington BPF
Matthew Jacobson
1435 Franklin St.
Bellingham, WA 98225; 206/647-1160

Yellow Springs BPF
Arida Emrys
115 W. Center College St.
Yellow Springs, OH 45387
513/767-2191

Yuma BPF
Sally Sheridan
1423 Pebble Beach Lane
Yuma, AZ 85365; 602/726-9168

AFFILIATES

Australia BPF
Gillian Coote
31 Bonnefin St., Hunters Hill
Sydney, NSW, Australia

BPF Bangladesh
c/o Maung Thaw Aye
Teksara, Rice Market Rd., Cox's Bazaar
Bangladesh

Gay Buddhist Fraternity
2261 Market St. #422
San Francisco, CA 94114
415/974-9878

Int'l Network of Engaged Buddhists
P.O. Box 1
Ongkharak Nakhorn Nayok
261210 Thailand
Tel/Fax: 6637-391-494

Interracial Buddhist Council
Marlena Willis or Lewis Aframi
P.O. Box 11211
Oakland, CA 94611
510/869-2767

Karuna Center
Paula Green
49 Richardson Rd.
Leverett, MA 01054; 413/367-9520

Network of Engaged Buddhists
Ken Jones
Plas Plwca, Cwmrheidol
Aberystwyth, Wales, U.K. SY23 3NB
097/084-603

BPF NATIONAL BOARD

Melody Ermachild, Berkeley, CA
Tova Green, Oakland, CA
Margaret Howe, Salinas, CA
Stephanie Kaza, Burlington, VT
Kenneth Kraft, Haverford, PA
Jack Lawlor, Evanston, IL
Jigme Palmo, Soquel, CA
Rev. Piyasilo, Berkeley, CA
Caroline Sinavaiana, Pago Pago, AS
Diane Solomon, San Jose, CA
Paul Takayanagi, Berkeley, CA
Ken Tanaka, Berkeley, CA
Gordon Tyndall, Oakland, CA
Peter Wood, Penngrove, CA

BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP



STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

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

MEMBERSHIP/SUBSCRIPTION FORM

BPF membership requires only a commitment to the general spirit of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship. Please see Statement of Purpose, at left. A year's membership & subscription to *Turning Wheel* (four issues) is \$35 for U.S. residents, \$40 elsewhere. Subscriptions help to support the work of BPF. (A low-income rate of \$20 is also available.) Please make checks payable to "Buddhist Peace Fellowship." Contributions are tax deductible.

For contributions of \$75 or more, we will also send you a copy of *The Path of Compassion: Writings on Socially Engaged Buddhism*.

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

Please send me ___ BPF brochures.

Name _____

Street _____

City, State _____

Zip, [Country] _____

Phone _____

BPF encourages members to join the BPF chapter in their area (or start one!), and to join the Fellowship of Reconciliation in their home country.

Buddhist Peace Fellowship

P.O. Box 4650
Berkeley, CA 94704 USA

Address Correction Requested
Forwarding & Return Postage Guaranteed

Non-Profit Organization U.S. Postage Paid Permit No. 413 Berkeley, CA
--