TURNING WHEEL
Journal of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship
Spring 1998 $4.00

DHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP
BOX 3470
KELEY, CA 94703-9906

WEAPONS

Daniel Ellsberg on Nuclear Weapons

Gun Victims on Gun Control • Bombs into Bells

7 50644 89284 3
81>

From the Editor

Here are some of the weapons I've used in my life: cap pistols, a shoe I threw at my ex-husband, the silent treatment, sarcasm, loud sighs.

Lots of handy objects around the house can be weapons. I leave it to your imagination to think of what you could do with a spatula, dental floss, spaghetti tongs, super-glue. Colonel Mustard did it in the Conservatory with the candlestick. If you have malice in your heart, practically anything can be a weapon.

But the fact remains that certain things are ***made*** to be weapons. Try to flip a pancake with an AK-47, or floss your teeth with a "bunker buster."

In the case of guns and bombs, I believe malice resides in the object itself. Guns and bombs are physical manifestations of hatred and death. The NRA likes to say "Guns don't kill people; people kill people," but guns *do* kill people, even when there is no malice, as happened to Kenzo Dix (p. 31). His death was in the gun, not in anyone's heart.

Designing and producing a weapon with the plan in mind that it will be able to destroy life—that in itself is already wielding the weapon. You are planting in it the destruction that will come to some later fruition you can't even know about. Karma. Which is why Buddhist precepts say it's not right livelihood to make or sell weapons, even though you might never fire a gun at anybody.

So how can we allow the Pentagon to have weapons of mass destruction? Why would we want a weapon to be ***able*** to do something we don't want it ever to do? Yes, I've heard of deterrence, but get real. A chair begs to be sat in.

On the news last night a man in a suit was cheerfully praising the "bunker buster," the newly developed tactical nuclear weapon the U.S. is considering using against Iraq. Fabricated film footage illustrated his unselfconscious description of how the sleek phallic bomb, guided by state-of-the-art computer technology, "penetrates the underground cavern" it's aimed at with such accuracy that "it could hit a circle you can put your arms around," and then explodes in a great burst of radioactive orange flame. Today, February 19, I'm praying (Buddhists can pray) that when you read this editorial, some time in March, the Pentagon's curiosity about how these bombs work in real life is still unsatisfied.

Prayer ***might*** be enough, but we're not taking any chances. With this issue of *TW,* we reaffirm our belief that the pen is mightier than the sword. And that doesn't mean that we should spray Iraq with packages of BIC pens. It does mean that we should write letters and bear witness. Cut through delusion, like Manjusri. His sword could take the form of a pen or a pencil. A word processor.

Admittedly, the pen appears to be helluv ineffective sometimes, especially in the short run. So what's the use of publishing a magazine at a time like this? In a world full of such heavy weaponry? Well, to nourish our intention, right now and over the long haul. Reading these pages, you'll know you're not alone. The people who speak here have ***studied*** weapons (not always because they chose to). They tell, with courage and humor, of how they keep on keeping on, working to take apart the weapons that hold us all hostage. Here, in words, you'll find ideas for actions. Here, as BPF member Karen Payne puts it, you're joined "with people who are committed to raising our voices and putting our bodies on the line in a way that is completely congruent with the principles of nonviolence."

I believe it's a matter of intention. We don't need to get rid of dental floss and loud sighs, and we certainly ***can't*** get rid of the bright flares of our anger, but we can help each other hold the strong intention to get rid of guns and bombs, and keep on acting from that intention. For a long time to come. ❖ —*Susan Moon*

Coming themes for *Turning Wheel:*

Summer, '98: **BPF 20th Anniversary**; Deadline: April 13

Fall, '98: **Education**; Deadline: July 13

Winter, '98–'99: **The Death Penalty**; Deadline: October 5, '98

Cover: "Beast of War," by Elly Simmons

Turning Wheel

Editor
Susan Moon

Associate Editor
Denise Caignon

Advertising Director
Lewis Woods

Book Review Editor
Barbara Hirshkowitz

Consulting Readers & Editors
Tova Green, Shannon Hickey, Mushim Ikeda-Nash, Karin Meyers, Karen Payne, Maylie Scott, Meredith Stout, Lewis Woods

Production & Design
Lawrence Watson

Production Assistants
Melody Chavis, Linda Hess, Barbara Selfridge, Mindy Toomay, Dan Wing

International Advisory Board
Robert Aitken, A.T. Ariyaratne, V.B. Dharmawara, Christina Feldman, Maha Ghosananda, Ane Pema Chödrön, Lodi Gyari, Mamoru Kato, Joanna Macy, Thich Nhat Hanh, Sulak Sivaraksa, Gary Snyder, Christopher Titmuss

Director
Alan Senauke

The Buddhist Peace Fellowship was founded in 1978, to bring a Buddhist perspective to the peace movement, and to bring the peace movement to the Buddhist community.

See insert card for subscription information. Single copies $5.00 postpaid from:

BPF National Office
P.O. Box 4650, Berkeley, CA 94704
T: 510/655-6169; F: 510/655-1369
www.bpf.org/bpf

© 1998 Buddhist Peace Fellowship

ISSN 1065-058X

printed on recycled paper

CONTENTS

When Gandhi was asked to respond to the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, he said, "The effect on the conquering nation remains to be seen."

Mayumi Oda

LETTERS

[All letters are subject to editing.]

Thank you very much for the wonderful "Health & Health Care" issue, and especially for Darlene Cohen's essay "The Only Way I Know of to Alleviate Suffering." It is one of the best teachings on "no-self" I have encountered. I shared it with many of my friends. May we all learn to love with mindfulness and compassion from her example.

—Soo-Hi Nayer, Mill Valley, California

Greetings from the fine state of Texas where I am presently incarcerated. (I inhaled.) I would like to thank all the people who contribute monetarily to BPF and subscribe to *Turning Wheel*. Your effort makes it possible for indigent incarcerated Buddhists to receive the publication for free. I look forward to each issue, as it is one of my main links to the Buddhist world. When I see it in my mail I feel as though I am receiving a letter from my "family." I bow to each and every one of you.

—Charles Motsenbocker, Texas

I disagree with Thein Wah's suggestion (*TW*, Winter '98) that one can't be both a Jew and a Buddhist. There is a distinction between being a Jew and believing in Judaism. I have disavowed Judaism, but I can't (and don't want to) disavow my Jewish culture. I have also, by choice, committed to Buddhist dharma and therefore identify myself as a Buddhist, popularly known as a "JUBU." There are many Western students and teachers of Buddhism who still see part of their identity as being a secular Jew. I'm one of them.

—Don Seiju Goldberg, La Mesa, California

I had to see on TV, yesterday night, some young people, mainly university students, clapping and rejoicing at the news of Karla Tucker's death. It was incredible, horrible—even the journalist was astonished.

I'm in correspondence with two prisoners on Death Row in Texas. Through their voices I came to know what is Death Row. I urge the Buddhist movement, but particularly American Buddhists, to raise this issue. Now!

One of my friends on Death Row says that American society is anesthetized to the death penalty. Well, Buddhism is about awakening—not about forgetfulness. You can't forget that your government, your politicians, are killing in the name of justice—in your name! The death penalty is not an answer to the violence in American society: it is the perpetuation of it.

Compassion is an easy word to spell, but hard to apply in everyday life. If we keep closing our eyes and forget ourselves to engage in deep tantric-zen-blah-blah-blah, will the result be a compassionate reality or just some more false religion? I wait to see if American Buddhism, if sanghas everywhere, are real and living, or just dead corpses claiming to be alive. (Italian Buddhism is not better, but in Italy we have no death penalty—and I'm proud of it.)

—Sergio Orrao, Italy

Fran Peavey on the Iraq Crisis

Our friend Fran Peavey, a San Francisco Bay Area activist, recently sent us the following fax from India. From there she traveled to Jordan, where she is trying, unsuccessfully so far, to get a visa for Iraq.

Suppose a truck is parked at the end of a road. Its driver announces that he intends to drive the truck into a crowd gathered at the other end of the road. He appears crazed enough to carry out his threat, and his history indicates that he may well commit violent acts. His friends and generals say, "Go do it." Those who disagree with this sentiment keep silent, or are not given a microphone. What does a reasonable person do in the face of such violence?

The body is soft, fragile in many ways. Buried in the soft body are bones that are tough but can be all too easily crushed. Each body hates pain. Everything can be crushed.

Bodies close to the truck must do what they can to stop it. Wherever a body is, it can work to stop the truck and its mad driver, his advisors and generals. They may cut off the fuel supply, blockade the road, wail along the path.

Others, also soft and tough, will say, "Let us go to the crowd at the end of the road. From there we may be able to stop the truck—or at least bind the wounds, witness the accident and report what the ordinary people felt, thought, and saw."

This business between Clinton and Hussein is not only about weapons, but about domination, the power of the military, and about different ways of life. It's as crazy as a person about to drive a truck into a crowd.

So stand on every platform, block every bridge, lie down on every road, shout in every center of power: "Stop violence!" Bodies are soft. Life is precious to each person. No one alive was born except of woman's pain, no breath is ever wasted, no prayer is ever unheard.

Power wildly careening on the road must come to rest. Violence is not the way. It will of course take energy and years of work to stop the momentum of militarism and violence. Already much work has been done. We can only continue. Let your voice be heard in your lunch room, in your place of worship and play, in the halls of power, and on the roads throughout the country. Shout, whisper, stand with a sign, weep.

Stop violence now! Enjoy the benefits of kindness at every opportunity. ***—Fran Peavey, February 5, 1998*** ❖

READINGS

World Leaders Support Abolition

The movement to abolish nuclear weapons is gaining support worldwide. On February 2, during the National Press Club's Newsmaker Luncheon, retired General Lee Butler and former U.S. Senator Alan Cranston released an international statement signed by civilian leaders and current and former heads of state, calling for immediate action to abolish nuclear weapons. The statement was signed by 117 people from 46 nations, including 47 past or current presidents and prime ministers. Among those were former heads of state from four of the five declared nuclear powers: Michel Rocard of France, Mikhail Gorbachev and Egor Gaidar of the Soviet Union and Russia, Lord James Callaghan of the U.K., and Jimmy Carter of the U.S.

Hope for Peace in the Chittagong Hill Tracts

For the past thirty-odd years, over half a million indigenous people in the Chittagong Hill Tracts (CHT) of southeastern Bangladesh have suffered terrible human rights abuses at the hands of successive governments (first Pakistani then Bangladeshi).

The CHT borders on Hindu India, and the region's indigenous population is mostly Hindu and Buddhist. Bangladesh's government has seen the people of the region as a threat to the territorial and cultural integrity of the Muslim state. The ten ethnic tribes of the CHT, collectively known as the Jumma, have been the victims of a decades-long campaign of genocide, intended to establish a Muslim majority in the region. The CHT is one of the most militarized regions in the world, with one soldier for every six civilians. But the area may have at last found peace. On December 2, 1997, after much international pressure, a peace treaty was signed by the Bangladeshi government under Prime Minister Sheikh Hasina, and the Jana Sangha Samiti (JSS), the political party representing the Jumma people.

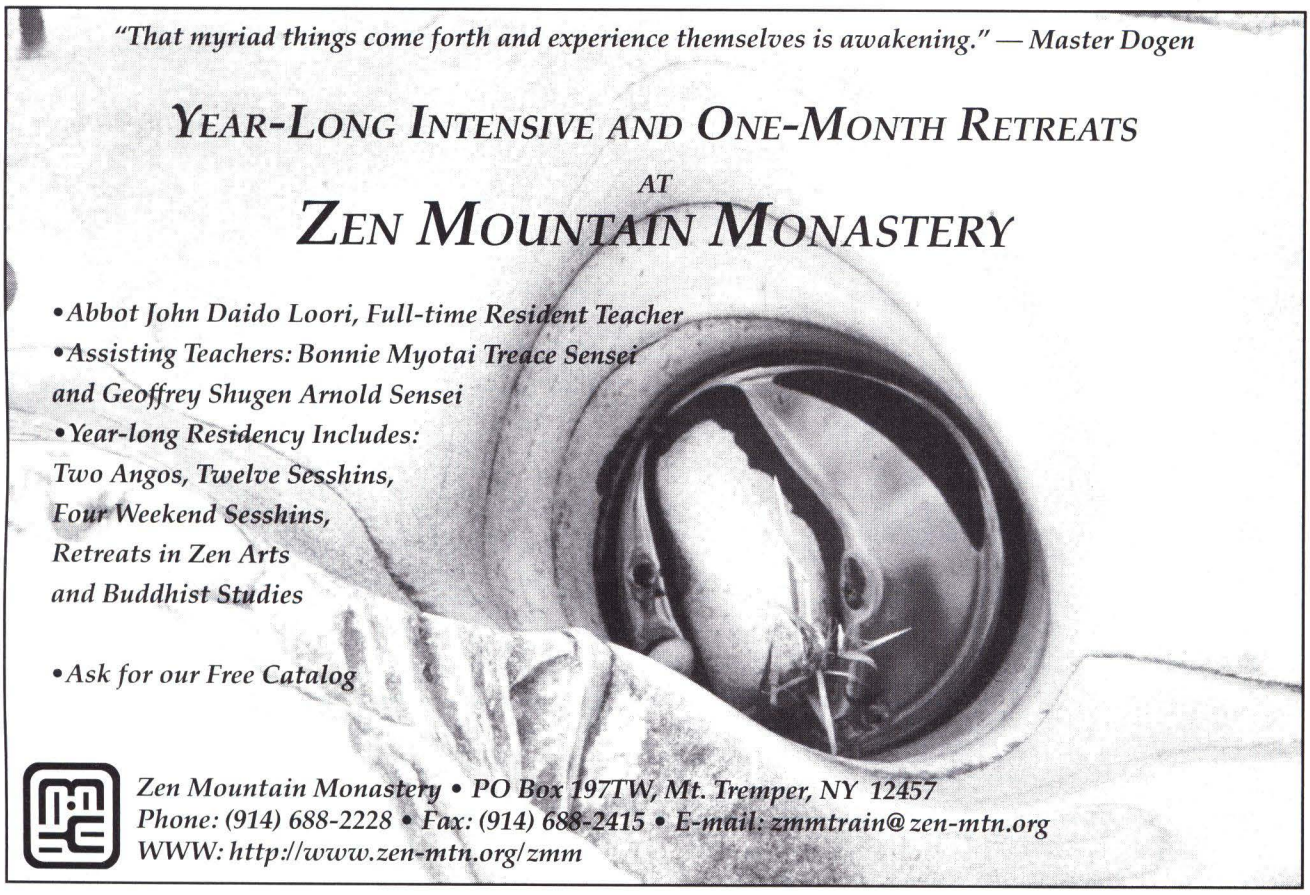
The treaty is a compromise for both the Jumma people and the government. Military presence in the area will be reduced drastically, but will remain along the Indian border. Fringe lands will be returned to Jumma people, and a commission will begin settling land disputes, but it will be difficult to resettle all of the Bengali Muslim families now living on Jumma lands. The Jummas also will be represented on national and regional levels, and in all administrative bodies there will be both non-tribal and Jumma representatives.

Bengali Muslims first began moving into the CHT after India was partitioned into India and Pakistan in 1947. When Bangladesh fought for independence from Pakistan in 1970-71, the Jummas supported

"That myriad things come forth and experience themselves is awakening." — Master Dogen

YEAR-LONG INTENSIVE AND ONE-MONTH RETREATS
AT
ZEN MOUNTAIN MONASTERY

- *Abbot John Daido Loori, Full-time Resident Teacher*
- *Assisting Teachers: Bonnie Myotai Treace Sensei and Geoffrey Shugen Arnold Sensei*
- *Year-long Residency Includes: Two Angos, Twelve Sesshins, Four Weekend Sesshins, Retreats in Zen Arts and Buddhist Studies*
- *Ask for our Free Catalog*



Zen Mountain Monastery • PO Box 197TW, Mt. Tremper, NY 12457
Phone: (914) 688-2228 • Fax: (914) 688-2415 • E-mail: zmmtrain@zen-mtn.org
WWW: http://www.zen-mtn.org/zmm

The Life, Times, and Teachings of Shunryu Suzuki-roshi

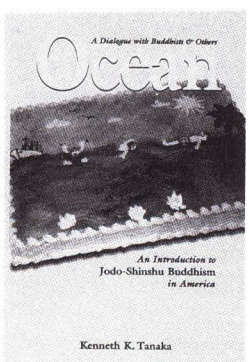
A conference assessing the person, his teachings, and his influence on American Buddhism, featuring students, friends, and scholars who knew him.

May 30-31, 1998, Palo Alto, CA

Sponsored by the Sati Center for Buddhist Studies

(415) 646-0530
email: suzuki@sati.org
http://www.sati.org

"Let go... you're fine just as you are!"



OCEAN

AN INTRODUCTION TO JODO-SHINSHU BUDDHISM IN AMERICA.

Kenneth K. Tanaka
$14.95 paperback

"Ken Tanaka's *Ocean* provides a thorough overview of Shin Buddhism, one of the largest and oldest schools of Buddhism in North America. With its emphasis on faith, awareness, and ethics for western Shin Buddhists, *Ocean* confirms that the Dharma has just one essence — liberation for all beings."

Hozan Alan Senauke, Soto Zen Priest and Director of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship

Available from:
The Buddhist Bookstore,
Buddhist Churches of America, 1710 Octavia St.
San Francisco, CA 94109; Tel: (415) 776-7877; Fax: (415) 771-6293

Bangladesh. When independence was won, the Jummas asked the Bangladeshi government to reinstate the level of regional autonomy the CHT had enjoyed under British rule. Instead, the Bangladeshi government began violent military raids in the CHT. In 1979, the Bangladeshi government made the transfer of Bengali Muslims to the region an official policy, offering land and cash incentives to settlers. Over the years, the government has defended its policy by claiming it needs the region's arable farmland to support Bangladesh's burgeoning population.

That reasoning cannot explain the rigorous program of ethnic cleansing and human rights violations that have accompanied the transfer, however. In 1988, the government began moving Jummas into "cluster villages"—areas that Jummas describe as concentration camps. In 1990 alone, more than 600 cases of human-rights abuse were reported, including killings, disappearances, torture, rapes, assaults, and forced religious conversions.

Since the government's transfer program began, more than 400,000 Bengali Muslims have moved into the CHT. A population that was 98 percent Jumma in 1947 is only 50 percent Jumma today. Tens of thousands of Jummas have been massacred or forced out of their homes and off their traditional lands. During a single government attack in 1992, approximately 1,200 Jummas were burned to death in their homes, according to a human-rights group.

The campaign of genocide precipitated the flight of an estimated 57,000 Jummas to refugee camps in Tripura, India. Tens of thousands more are thought to be hiding in CHT forests. In 1994, Jumma refugees faced starvation as Indian authorities cut their rations. That same year, the Indian and Bangladeshi governments began a coercive program of repatriation. With the promise of support packages and of land restitution, thousands of Jummas returned to the CHT—only to find the very people responsible for the massacre still occupying their homes and farming their lands. Last year the Jummas refused to continue repatriation unless it is monitored by the international community.

Until recently, the situation seemed to have reached an impasse, but under intense international pressure, negotiations for the treaty got underway late last year. As the treaty signing approached, the outspoken leader of Bangladesh's opposition party, former Prime Minister Begum Khaleda Zia, called for a country-wide strike to protest the signing. Summing up the sentiments of her ultra-nationalist party, she claimed that any concession to the Jumma people would be tantamount to ceding the territory to India. On the other end of the spectrum, the militant wings of tribal organizations also protested the treaty, calling it an unsatisfactory compromise.

While the more extreme groups on both sides feel

the treaty is suspect, moderate groups have lauded it, as have foreign diplomats. Brother Jarlath, the Buddhist Peace Fellowship's Bangladesh chapter contact, summed up these sentiments when he said, "We concerned citizens of Bangladesh have gone through two decades of strife and hatred in those hills; let us now consolidate the peace mood achieved after so much flow of blood." With so much violence in its history, the healing process is likely to be a difficult one, and Brother Jarlath calls on international peace groups to help support the hard-won peace.

Battle Against Landmines Still Not Won in U.S.

The Nobel Peace Prize awarded to Jody Williams for her work in the International Campaign to Ban Landmines (ICBL), and the consequent signing of the Ottawa treaty, which condemned the use of anti-personnel landmines, were historic victories for humanity in 1997. But we cannot afford to rest on these laurels now. The U.S. and Cuba were the only two countries in the Western Hemisphere not to sign the treaty, and the U.S. ICBL is calling for a no-holds-barred effort to get the U.S. to sign by December of this year. By pressuring uncommitted members of the House and Senate, ICBL hopes to have Congress enact a law forcing compliance with the treaty. WRITE, VISIT, PRESSURE, SHAME YOUR REPRESENTATIVES. That the U.S. should be a hold-out on this very clear humanitarian issue is a national embarrassment.

Burmese Monks Killed

Since the military crackdown in Burma ten years ago, Burmese monks have been at the forefront of the pro-democracy movement. Consequently, they have also borne the brunt of the military regime's fury. Last November, the Burmese government changed hands as the State Peace and Development Council (SPDC) replaced the State Law and Order Council (SLORC). SPDC took over in an attempt to privatize the economy more rapidly and to clean out several corrupt ministries. However, it seems the SPDC is maintaining the status quo vis-a-vis Burma's democracy movement.

An exiled monk group said that the SPDC has interfered with religious freedom by forcing democracy activists to get permission from the government before ordaining as monks. In December, the SPDC prevented monks from holding a meeting in which they were to discuss human rights, government interference in religious affairs, and the problems between the military and the monks. The exiled group also reported that in recent months the military has arrested 60 monks, executed three, and destroyed 2,254 monasteries. ❖

INCOME TAX and
SMALL BUSINESS SERVICES

Christopher Ikeda-Nash, CPA
436 14th Street, Suite 1201
Oakland, CA 94612-2710

Tax Preparation, Planning
Audit Representation
Business Formation
Accounting and Payroll

Voice (510) 267-0171
Fax (510) 267-0172
email ina@dnai.com

LIN-CH'I

by Diane Patenaude Ames

Although Zen writings show great appreciation of nature, we do not usually associate Zen with environmental activism or conservation efforts. The Zen masters of the past were supposed to spend all their time in the zendo, enlightening their students by kicking them. It's hard to imagine them leaving their zafus to embark on, say, a reforestation project. Yet it seems that no less a figure than Lin-ch'i (died C.E. 866)—the founder of the Rinzai school, the teacher who said, "If you meet the Buddha on the road, kill him"—once did exactly that.

A teaching story in an old Rinzai text opens with Lin-ch'i planting fir trees in the local mountains with his famous teacher Huang-po (died C.E. 849). Huang-po, who almost certainly was the actual instigator of the tree planting project, since he was the one who would have had to order the monks in his monastery to go out and do the work, nonetheless asks, "Why should we plant so many trees in these mountains?" And Lin-ch'i, instead of knocking him down or hitting some article of furniture as is his wont, gives a straightforward conservationist answer: "In the first place, for future generations; they may be used as a record of the old days. In the second place, these trees improve the scenery of the monastery."

Lin-ch'i and Huang-po apparently thought that planting trees was perfectly appropriate behavior for Zen monks. This is not surprising. For one thing, Lin-ch'i was Chinese, and the deforestation of mountainous areas had long been recognized as a problem by Chinese intellectuals. The neo-Confucianist sage Mencius (372?-289 B.C.E.) had written a famous essay describing the ecological ill effects of clear-cutting mountain slopes about a thousand years before Lin-ch'i was born. For another thing, at the time of the story, Buddhist monasteries in China were not only running virtually all the social welfare programs in the country, they had also assumed a variety of miscellaneous responsibilities, such as the maintenance of bridges, ferries, and footpaths in remote areas. If any agency in Chinese society undertook a reforestation project, it was very likely to be a Buddhist monastery. And this documentary evidence that a Zen (or in Chinese, Ch'an) monastery did exactly that—that Huang-po decided to make it part of the training of his famous successor, in fact—is surely more proof that Buddhist concern for the environment goes back a long way. ❖

[Direct quotations are from Chang Chung-Yuan, *Original Teachings of Ch'an Buddhism: Selected from The Transmission of the Lamp.* Translated with introductions by Chang Chung-Yuan. Vintage Books, 1971, pp. 118-119.]

Buddhism at Millennium's Edge

A LECTURE AND WORKSHOP SERIES TO BENEFIT SAN FRANCISCO ZEN CENTER

Joanna Macy Natalie Goldberg Yvonne Rand
Joseph Goldstein Reb Anderson Sharon Salzberg
David Whyte Pema Chodron Ed Brown

Events now thru November, 1998. Phone 415 863 3133 or www.zendo.com/~sfzc for information. Tickets available thru TicketWeb 510 601 TWEB or www.ticketweb.com, A Clean Well-Lighted Place for Books, and Cody's Books.

How Real Is It?

by Mushim Ikeda-Nash

When my son was a toddler, he chewed toast into a pistol-shape and "shot" me. A broken Army plane he found in Tilden Park and an orange "phaser" gun from Grandma followed. Now, six years later, Joshua's room is littered with action figures and their weaponry, a video game system, and drawings of spaceships and cyborg warriors. The room contains many "educational" books and toys as well, and original artwork by adult artist friends hangs on the walls. My eight-year-old loves his messy room, and relaxes here after school, watching a "Life of the Buddha" cartoon video and reading *Charlotte's Web*. A moment later, Hot Lava Predator engages Terminator in a battle to the death. I hear thumps, cries of simulated pain, and a final, victorious "YESSSS!"

Is playing board chess all right, but animated computer "Battle Chess" not?

When my son was in preschool and I vainly tried to repress his aggressive interests, Josh asked why I wouldn't allow weapons play at home.

I thought of the psychological studies I'd read, and said, "I am worried you will grow up to be a violent person."

"I *am* a violent person," he replied.

I was stunned. This was a boy who wept, placing his palms together, when he came upon a dead pigeon or crushed snail. He was sad if he found a broken flower. What was he saying? He wanted me to love him as he really was, including his aggressive feelings.

Over the years, I've repeatedly expressed my doubts about weapons play (video games in particular), and the answer is always the same: "I know the difference between fantasy and reality." Years ago, he could have touched my brother-in-law's police rifle, but instead shrank fearfully away. He had only to glance briefly at a grainy documentary image of bodies at Auschwitz on educational TV before stating, "I can't watch this." We watch many videos together, discussing how a movie like "The Terminator" is a fantasy composed of special effects, whereas "Das Boot" is a more realistic depiction of the horror and even boredom of war. Through making dialogue my priority, I have grown to know and trust my child's ability to distinguish between what is real and what is not. Rather than repress or deny, my husband Chris and I try to practice a vigilant acceptance of wholeness in our parenting practice.

We do not own or use guns. Chris, like me, played with cap pistols and toy bows and arrows during his childhood, but grew up protesting the Vietnam War. He thinks most boys naturally want to wrestle, spar, and play-shoot. And where do we draw the line? Is *Star Trek* okay but *Mortal Combat* not? Is playing board chess all right, but animated computer "Battle Chess" not? How do we steer a path between omnipresent, numbing, violent imagery on one hand, and a rigid moralism on the other?

Some years ago my nephew invited me into his punk band's rehearsal shed. On the wall, "FAGGOT" was spray-painted in large letters. I felt assaulted by this word-weapon, yet my nephew was obviously a good-hearted kid, trying to free himself from a small-town lifestyle. Later I called a gay friend. "Who or what is really being harmed here?" he said. This became my koan. (Recently, a way to respond to my nephew came to me. "You might enjoy this," I said, handing him a copy of Allen Ginsberg's poem "Howl" as a Christmas present...)

A human hand can be a deadly weapon. In the newspaper I see that the first Oakland homicide victim of 1998 is a three-year-old, apparently beaten by his aunt's boyfriend. And many weapons are invisible: a child who is never hugged or rocked suffers terrible wounds. In middle-class American families, my own included, a common weapon is chronic busy-ness and over-scheduling. Unless we slow down, really hold one another and speak from our hearts, we will lose the raw artistry of our lives. ❖

San Francisco Zen Center

Beginner's Mind Temple
300 Page St. San Francisco CA 94102
Phone (415) 863-3136
e-mail: sf-zen@pacbell.net

Green Gulch Farm
1601 Shoreline Hwy. Sausalito CA 94965
Phone (415) 383-3134

Tassajara Zen Mountain Center
39171 Tassajara Rd. Carmel Valley CA 93924
Phone (415) 863-3136

Zen Center offers daily meditation, classes, lectures, one-day sittings and extended sesshins, practice periods and guest programs. Different programs are available at each of our three residential centers. Call for information.

Visit our website: www.zendo.com/~sfzc

THE NEED TO REPENT

by Stephanie Kaza

"Do not avoid contact with suffering or close your eyes before suffering. Do not lose awareness of the existence of suffering in the life of the world." In Thich Nhat Hanh's original fourteen precepts, suffering is at the center of practice. The challenge lies in facing it again and again. The precepts ceremony of the Zen tradition begins with an invitation to repent for the actions that have caused such suffering:

> All my ancient twisted karma,
> From beginningless greed, hate and delusion,
> Born through body speech and mind,
> I now fully avow.

I'm thinking about suffering from weapons, suffering from wars, in particular the Vietnam War. How do we carry that suffering now? How do we repent the collective burden of that damage?

Though the Vietnam War was over 25 years ago, its environmental legacy lives on. B52s dropped 2.8 million tons of bombs over eight years, often in carpet-bombing raids, with each bomber releasing 108 500-lb. bombs. Thirty percent of South Vietnam was bombed, leaving 250 million craters, ruining countless acres of farmland and mangrove forest. The craters were 15 feet deep and 30 feet across. The Vietnamese people who survived the war were vulnerable to bomb crater malaria spread by mosquitoes that bred in the craters. The gaping holes, now full of water, are still one of the most significant topographic features on the landscape.

From 1961-1971, 20 million gallons of herbicides were sprayed on a tenth of the country, destroying more than half of the mangrove forests. Agent Orange and other herbicides acted as defoliants, accelerating the action of growth hormones, causing leaves to fall off early. Areas sprayed once lost 10 percent of the canopy cover; areas sprayed five times were virtually stripped. Chickens and wild birds were paralyzed from the chemicals. Today the defoliant is still active, causing miscarriages and genetic damage in people living in the spray zones.

Mutations from defoliants, bomb crater malaria, shrapnel injuries in water buffalo—these are all part of our eco-karma, a term Ken Kraft has suggested. For those of us who are Americans, we bear some collective responsibility for the massive environmental damage done to this small southeast Asia peninsula. How do we repent? How do we continue to keep our eyes open before this suffering? Most of us were so relieved when the war ended that we turned our attention elsewhere. And yet even today, the people and the land carry the terrible legacy of this physical and chemical bludgeoning of their country.

I wonder if we don't need repentance ceremonies like those at Rochester Zen Center:

> Before Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, and in the presence of each other, may we acknowledge and repent whatever misunderstanding and pain we have caused.

The long-term impacts of weapons of war are still a heavy piece of our collective eco-karma. Thich Nhat Hanh, who has so bravely kept on facing the suffering of Vietnam, his own country, reminds us of this need to repent. "What is going on in the world can be seen within oneself and vice-versa. Once having seen this clearly, we cannot refuse to adopt an attitude and to act. In fact, to see the true nature of [nuclear] weapons is to see one's own true nature." And for that, we must ask repentance, over and over, as long as there are weapons on earth.

> Tonight we have offered incense, candles, fruit, bread, and tea,
> Chanted sutra and dharani.
> Whatever merit has come to us from these offerings
> We now turn over to you who have been maimed and killed by war.
> May your sufferings cease!
> May every poison be unearthed and safely destroyed!
> May all beings attain Buddhahood! ❖

[Rochester Zen Center]

Six Weeks That Can Change Your Life

Summer Dharma Intensive

June 14-July 26

Experience an intensive study environment including meditation instruction, work practice, special outings and weekend retreats. $600. For information, call Tom at (408) 338-6654.

Family Camp

July 31-August 2

Children ages 5-12 and parents learn traditional Tibetan Buddhist practices and principles. For information, call Bev at (408) 338-3054.

Vajrayani INSTITUTE

PO Box 2130
Boulder Creek, CA 95006
Tel: (408) 338-6654
Fax: (408) 338-3666
Web: http://www.geocities.com/Athens/2094

Straightening Our Spines Against Guns

by Melody Ermachild Chavis

Back in the Fall of 1995, I was in my office, with my feet up, just thinking about things, as all good detectives do, when the phone rang. Maylie Scott wanted to know if I'd take a trip to the gun store with her. I always like to hear from Maylie, one of the activist priests at the Berkeley Zen Center. When Maylie isn't wearing her long black Zen robes, she's down at the homeless shelter, in blue jeans, dishing out oatmeal. She knows I call myself the "soft-boiled private eye," and I'm no friend to guns. The trip to Traders, one of the biggest gun stores in the Bay Area, was a scouting mission for an interfaith protest and vigil that was planned for later in the month. "I want to see if we can begin a dialog with the store owner," Maylie told me.

My files are filled with court transcripts and police reports all about what people do with guns. Crime rates are down in America, but guns still create plenty of investigations for me to do, since homicide is still the leading cause of death for young men.

"Why would you have a gun at a party?" Ernest asked in a barely audible voice.

So I told Maylie I was ready, and we headed for the border. The Oakland-San Leandro border. Like many big cities trying to reduce gun violence, Oakland has taken steps to limit gun sales. But next-door San Leandro hosts Traders, mecca for anyone who wants a Saturday night special: a small cheap handgun that sells new for just $35-200 and is easily concealed in the pocket of a scared or angry youngster.

In her car on the freeway, Maylie told me that Traders had sold close to 10,000 handguns in 1994. The Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms has traced more guns used in crimes to Traders than to any other store in California. Traders has been implicated in the sale of guns to ineligible purchasers, whether by not checking identification or by allowing "straw" sales—where one person, sometimes a minor, selects a gun, and another person fills out the application for a background check and signs for the gun. A TV news crew caught two such straw sales with a hidden camera at Traders.

When some people think of gun-control advocates, they might picture middle-aged white religious ladies like me and Maylie. But actually, higher percentages of people of color oppose guns than whites. And most police want to see guns controlled. So do lots of teenagers, who after all, are much more likely to be victims of guns than anyone else. When I see a group of four or five young black men walking down the street together, I think, "There goes a bunch of guys who hate guns."

Traders is a big glass-fronted store on a busy street. We ventured in, and found the long sales counter lined two-deep with customers. Men of every age and race—white, Latino, black, and Asian, some in suits, some in overalls—and a few women, were busy hefting handguns, rifles, and shotguns, squinting through scopes, intently discussing caliber and firepower. Salesmen stacked heavy boxes of ammunition and pushed them across the counter. The door to the street swung constantly as people pushed out, carrying their purchases to their cars, while more customers came in, bellied up to the counter, and bent their heads over rows of shiny barrels under the glass.

Something about us—our awe-stricken expressions? Maylie's Birkenstocks? my Guatemalan bag?—must have alerted the salesmen that we were not customers. They ignored us even while we craned our necks at the salesmen, vainly waiting for an opening.

Watching the buyers, I thought about their hopes that owning a gun would make them safer. It made me think of two interviews I had done, first with a mother whose 16-year-old son had been killed when he and a friend had tried one night to burglarize a home. Then I had interviewed the homeowner, who had heard a noise, tiptoed downstairs with his gun in his hand and fired at a shadow crouched under his dining table, never imagining a frightened boy. The reality of the consequences didn't come home to him until too late. He had wept, telling me he owned nothing that he wouldn't give to bring the young burglar back to his mother.

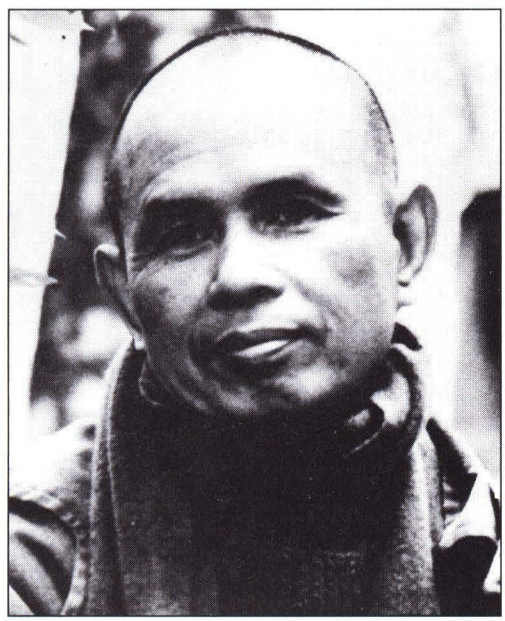
Above the store counter, pairs of glassy eyes stared blankly down on the scene—a moose, a big-horned sheep, deer and elk, their ears frozen in leathery poses.

Maylie and I, feeling like a couple of tea drinkers in a bar, retreated to a position behind the magazine rack.

"Do you think we *look* like meditators from Berkeley?" I asked Maylie. "Maybe we should say, 'Excuse us. Give peace a chance!'" I giggled, holding up my finger0s in a peace sign.

Part of me felt silly, yet all the while, fragments of autopsy reports I'd read were flashing through my

THICH NHAT HANH



THE PATH OF EMANCIPATION

A 21 day retreat offered for the first time in North America at:

Saint Michael's College
Burlington, Vermont

Saturday, May 23rd - Friday, June 12th 1998

"During the retreat we will learn in depth the teaching and practice of mindful breathing in order to nourish and heal ourselves and help others to heal and liberate themselves. The Sutra on Mindful Breathing (Anapanasati) will be studied in depth and we will discover that the practice of mindful breathing can lead to the release of all suffering and to the attainment of the state of no-birth and no-death..."

– Thich Nhat Hanh

For registration information contact the Omega Institute at:

1-800-944-1001

OMEGA INSTITUTE 260 LAKE DRIVE, RHINEBECK, NY 12572

mind: the entry wound, small; the exit wound, gaping. The way the jacket on the bullet peels back and tears the flesh as it tumbles through the body. Or how shot pellets leave the barrel and fan wide, taking the knee, the scalp, the vertebrae into the air.

"Look at these booklets!" Maylie pointed. I woke up to where I was, standing with her before a rack of pamphlets: *Get Even: The Book of Revenge, How to Protect Your Home with Claymore Mines,* and *So Many Criminals, So Few Bullets.*

"Who buys this stuff?" Maylie wondered.

"I hate to think about it," I said, remembering several cases I've worked on in which extremist literature played a role. In one death penalty investigation, the defendant was a white man whose "voices," influenced by Klan literature, had told him to go out and shoot interracial couples. Someone had sold him a gun and he had done just that, hunting lovers he saw holding hands in public places.

"Let's just knock on the door to the office in the back," I suggested to Maylie. Leaning through the partly opened door, Maylie explained to an indifferent curly-haired white man we took to be the store owner that our group would be there on the coming Sunday, and that we planned a peaceful protest. Did he have any questions or concerns? Nope. He stared at us scornfully, his expression saying, "So?"

"We'll be sure not to block the entrance to your parking lot," Maylie reassured him. He rolled his eyes and turned away with a snort that clearly meant that he'd like to see the likes of us *try* to block his parking lot!

"Well, good, we got it all arranged," Maylie kidded as we headed out the door.

"Yeah, I sure am glad we had that dialog," I agreed.

* * *

On the cold and windy November morning of the protest, Reverend Clara Mills, a United Church of Christ Pastor dressed in a smart wool coat and high-heeled boots, addresses a gaggle of about 20 protesters gathered in front of Traders. One of her gloved hands holds the hand of her young daughter, and the other holds up a framed photo of her son Frankie, a handsome young African-American man in uniform. Reverend Mills explains that Frankie was killed by a bullet fired on a Virginia street, just after he returned from service in the Gulf War. She holds her head high, and speaks in a strong voice both sad and angry, as she tells us Frankie's story. Her son was "mistakenly" killed because he was driving a borrowed car that resembled a gang member's car.

Sherman Spears, a dark-skinned black man with lively eyes in his expressive face, is bundled up in a warm jacket and hat in his wheelchair. Sherman, whose spine was injured by a bullet, is a leader of the anti-gun movement, as Director of Teens On Target. Raising his voice over the traffic noise, Sherman tells our

group, "The teens I talk to ask: Why is it that in our neighborhoods we can walk to the corner to buy a gun or alcohol or drugs, but we have to take a bus to get school supplies?"

All during the speeches, customers pass by and look contemptuously or uneasily towards our little vigil as they push empty-handed through Traders' doors. Later they emerge toting guns in boxes, or rifles in long leather cases.

After prayers led by several pastors, we take turns reading the names of all those murdered in Oakland in the past year. Maylie, kneeling on the sidewalk, strikes a brass bowl after each name is spoken, sending one long low tone reverberating through us all, gun buyers and protesters alike. The bell-ringing takes a long time, for there are more names than there are days in a year. After a while, I focus on watching Maylie's hand fall evenly to the rim of the bowl, no stroke louder or softer than the last, her bell-ringing posture much like her zazen posture, her back very straight, as if she could go on doing it forever.

from a gun catalogue

After the ceremony, some protesters go inside the store to gape at the pamphlets and the animal heads, and to argue with both staff and customers. I watch for a while, and then head home.

* * *

Sixteen months later, March 19, 1997, I got a call from Shyaam Shabaka, a social worker for the City of Berkeley and the mentor of the Strong Roots gardening project where I volunteer. Shyaam said that a Berkeley High student who was a friend to almost all of our young gardeners had been killed the night before. His name was Yaheem King.

"This was such a special young man, Melody," Shyaam said. "Eighteen, and about to graduate. College-bound for sure, on the football team, very popular with everyone, a good kid."

At our meeting the next evening, all the youngsters sat down heavily around the table. Ernest, 17, who was also on the football team, could hardly speak. He had witnessed the killing. There had been a party for some of the football players and their girlfriends at the home of an older man, 24, who had a gun. There was an argument over a girlfriend's affections. The older man brandished a gun, then shot Yaheem.

All of the Strong Roots young people were going to the funeral the next day. "I hate guns," Sephra, 16, said, her face looking pinched and tired. The kids at the party, she told us, were so frantic and angry about what had happened, they had blocked traffic on the nearest busy street until police had dispersed them.

"Why would you have a gun at a party?" Ernest asked in a barely audible voice.

Shyaam later helped the kids set up a shrine at the high school for Yaheem.

The week after Yaheem's death, I had planned to drive Sephra to a job interview, but she called to cancel. In a voice much smaller than her usual cheerful tone, she said, "I just can't go today, Melody. I feel too bad after Yaheem's funeral. I didn't go to school today. I went over to Ernest's, and all the football guys were just sitting there, not talking or anything."

But the next day, the kids did go to school, and later in the week, we went to Sephra's job interview. I never stop admiring the youths' determination to keep on going, trying to accomplish something in their lives. It's important to realize that only a tiny percentage of young people are ever violent. Only half of one percent of all youths arrested have committed a violent crime.

A few days after Yaheem's funeral, though, Shyaam got a call to come to juvenile hall to get one young man in Strong Roots, who had been taken there by police for tampering somehow with a car.

"I've seen this so many times before," Shyaam says. "Often, a youth will get into trouble when he's in shock."

A few weeks later, I was talking on our local radio station about the obstacles young people face, including repeated trauma from the violence around them. "That's why the kids in Strong Roots call their project 'Gardening for Survival,'" I said. I mentioned Yaheem King, his life and his senseless death. After the show, the radio host told me there was a caller waiting on the phone to talk to me. Adama Mosley introduced herself as the mother of Yaheem King.

When I visited Adama, a slender African American woman, she was sitting on the porch of her modest stucco home talking to a neighbor. Adama introduced me as "the woman who talked about Yaheem on the radio." She thanked me, adding that she had never tuned to that station until the moment before she heard me say her son's name.

"I raised my son to be nonviolent," Adama said. "I taught him to turn away, walk away from any kind of fight. And he did. He was walking away, and the man shot him in the back of his head."

As Reverend Clara Mills had done, Adama is attending the court hearings of the man charged with shooting her son. She does not want him to get the death penalty (he is not charged with capital murder), but she wants to see him put in prison for a long time. "I was one of those people who never allowed my children to play with guns," she said. "Never bought them guns for Christmas, told them never to handle a gun, never let anyone bring a gun into my house. And then my son's future was robbed this way.

"That man had several guns. He went to shooting ranges. He was gun-crazy," she continued. "I found out his favorite video game was one where you shoot people down.

"I *blame* him, because he had a choice, and he wrecked our family—not just my son, but all of us—none of us will be the same. But I don't blame him only, because I feel that society, by tolerating violence and guns, is also to blame, not just that person."

Adama Mosley told me she wants to work with youth, to find a way to teach them to avoid violence. She wants to write and speak of her experience so that other mothers can learn from what she is going through.

I marveled that Adama Mosley was thinking of how to help others just weeks after her son's death. "Why aren't you more bitter, Adama?" I asked her.

"Sometimes I want to just go into a shell, but I know that in there is only darkness," she replied. "And I know everybody's not like this man who killed my son. I know young people are good. And I know there's more people to be faulted than just that guy. If he didn't have access to guns, maybe it would have been just a fight, like it used to be, and my son would be alive. Killing is what our society breeds—our media, for one thing. Supposedly, we're not at war, but we *are* having a war."

Deane Calhoun, Executive Director of Youth Alive!, a leading gun control organization, confirms Adama's perception of a war. Calhoun says that the equivalent of a classroom full of children is killed by guns in America every two days: fourteen American children die from gunfire every day.

Polls show that over 70 percent of Americans want to see assault weapons banned and handguns stringently controlled. But politicians, many in the pay of arms manufacturers, gun merchants, and their lobbyists, have refused to pass even obvious safety regulations such as requiring trigger locks or banning guns made of plastics that can evade metal detectors.

It is illegal to import Saturday Night Specials into the U.S., so most cheap handguns sold in America are made near Los Angeles in five factories dubbed by gun control activists "The ring of fire."

Deane Calhoun says that many California cities have banned the sale of handguns within their limits. Following the lead of city councils, California's State legislature finally voted in 1997 to ban manufacture of handguns within the State. But late in 1997, Governor Pete Wilson vetoed the bill.

Deane Calhoun comments, "The governor says he's for the education of youth—what he's done will result in the killing of youth."

* * *

In January, 1998, nine months after Yaheem was killed, I talked to Adama Mosley again. She says she is trying to write about what she has been through. She now is not so sure what to do about guns. She still hates and fears them, but so many people have them. She wants to oppose guns, but she wonders now, with the guilt of a mother who has lost a child, if she did wrong to teach her children not to have them.

She tells me a story of how she gave her little granddaughter a dollar in the corner store, and when the child bought a little plastic gun, Adama, who before would have said she couldn't have it, didn't know what to say. "Should I tell her to go ahead and learn to shoot to protect herself? I don't want to do that.

"I'm just trying right now to get through this winter. Every time I hear the word "college," or "football," I have to go through it all over again."

The alleged perpetrator's court case is still pending; another hearing is coming up soon.

* * *

It's easy to feel despair. Our prayers and speeches at Traders gun store two years before were not enough to save Yaheem. And every 20 seconds, another gun is produced in America. But something Maylie Scott said inspires me to keep on going: "Social action has two sides, just as meditation does. People think sitting is passive, but zazen has an active side. The passive side is just being aware—letting things come and go, not trying to block anything. But the active side is the spirit of intention. It's the side with which we maintain our posture—our upright bodies."

I'm glad we made a stand together at Traders. It helps to be able to tell young people that some adults I know are doing something to oppose guns. Think how much more painful it would be to have to admit that we had done nothing. I am nearly certain that Yaheem King would want us to work to get rid of guns. ❖

[Deane Calhoun of **Youth Alive!** and Sherman Spears of **Teens On Target** can be reached at Summit Medical Center, 3012 Summit Avenue, Oakland, CA 94601. (510) 444-6191. Donations are needed for both organizations.]

Melody Ermachild Chavis is a private investigator who works on death penalty appeals. She's also a Zen student, community garden activist, writer, and author of the recent memoir Altars in the Street *(Bell Tower, 1997).*

STRAIGHT TO THE HEAD

A shooting survivor speaks on rage, detachment, and the power of the gun

by Alison S. Granucci

That weapon will replace your tongue. You will learn to speak through it. And your poetry will now be written in blood.
—Indian in *Dead Man*

It was more than three years since my friend Nancy and I had been shot in the head during a robbery at my office in downtown Burlington, Vermont. After three years, I was still struggling to comprehend the violence that had been committed against us.

Not knowing *why* it would help, but feeling that it would, I decided to make a trip to the local firing range and learn how to shoot a gun. I felt compelled to do this by some force larger than my own reasoning, for the thought of actually touching a gun repulsed me. Yet I knew myself well enough to know I would not be able to get the idea out of my head until I followed my mind's impudent urging. I simply wanted to understand the power of the gun from the other side of the barrel. I wondered: Could I grasp the mystique of the gun? Could I understand why so many people are attracted—even addicted—to guns, and fight so fervently for the right to own one? Could I confront my fear of and disdain for guns? Could my fear be lessened?

I put myself on the aggressor's side of the barrel and experienced firsthand the disconnection that the gun allows the one who shoots it.

And could I feel, while aiming at a paper target, what it might be like to shoot at another person's head?

My outlook on guns is biased because I am a survivor of a shooting crime, an attempted homicide in which a .38 snub-nosed pistol was the weapon of choice. The perpetrator, Keith Roland stopped in Arizona on his way east from San Diego specifically to buy a gun in a state with no gun-control laws. As I had been a vehement opponent of guns my entire life, I had never even seen a real gun until I found myself looking down the barrel of the one Keith Roland, was pointing at my face; and even then I assumed it was not real. (*The gun is so small. It must be a toy*, was my immediate thought.)

Yet I had to look at my negative attitude toward guns because—as odd as this may sound—I wanted to be as free from any predisposition as humanly possible when I got to the firing range. Even though I had always favored nonviolence, I wanted to be open to any and all reactions and emotions that surfaced in the moment of shooting the gun. I did not want to assume that I would hate it. I wanted to come fresh to the experience and possibly be surprised.

I was also hoping for some sort of resolution. A closure. What better way to put the shooting behind me once and for all than to face the very instrument of destruction that had been used against me? If I could master my fear of the weapon used in the attempt against my life, then I would truly and finally be healed. Or so I thought.

My first of two visits to the firing range left me stunned. Shooting a firearm shook up my insides. I felt a pounding in my belly for several hours afterward, accompanied by an urgency to write the experience down in order to simply get it out of my body. I had been nervous to go to the firing range, and incredulous at my own audacity: What was I thinking, anyway? Once there I still did not understand what I was doing with a .22 in hand, aiming at a target and pulling the trigger.

I went with Corporal Robert Booher, the police officer who had been the first person at the scene of the crime, and who stood beside me, smiling kindly through his big handlebar mustache, in the emergency room. We had recently had a two-hour conversation over coffee and muffins to tell each other our (very different) responses to the day of the shooting. That conversation had ended with Robert's offer to teach me to shoot (he thought I should learn for self-defense) and my saying no. Before long the idea took hold, however, and I was on the phone asking if he really meant it.

It was a crisp October day. Robert and I met at the commuter lot between our towns; the short ride from there to the range was not long enough to calm the apprehension in my stomach. I spoke, simply so I would not feel. At the range, Robert taught me firearm safety and showed me the basic mechanics of how a gun works. When I was ready to shoot he instructed me: "Stand with your legs apart. Hold the gun in front at shoulder height, elbows locked." What a bizarre experience, to stand in combat position, my gun at the ready...

I shot several guns. A .22 automatic, a .357 magnum revolver, and a .45 automatic. It was not until the second visit that I shot a .38 and a .38 snub-nosed gun, the kind Keith Roland used against Nancy and me. In fact, I went back the second time specifically to experience the weapon he had used. I wanted to sense what Keith Roland had experienced as much as possible; then perhaps I could also, in some visceral way, feel what he felt, and maybe even begin to comprehend what went on inside his head when he fired the first

bullet into Nancy's back and the next four bullets into our heads.

On this first visit I began with the .22 and stayed with it until—and I could not believe this—I was quite enjoying myself! I found an unexpected satisfaction in the concentration required to aim at the target and shoot. I was even good at it, and I took pride in my unexpected abilities. Yes, I thought, I could understand why people would want to shoot for recreation, and I almost let myself think *I* would like to also. In an odd way, engaging with this weapon became a practice in meditation, for it demanded such single-minded focus. To hit the target close to the bull's-eye meant I had to be fully present and aware in each moment, maintaining a distilled attention, the kind of attention I invoke in my massage practice. The irony of this did not escape me.

Then Robert pulled out a .357 and fired it. The louder noise, the smell of gunpowder, the bigger recoil all upset me terribly. After I fired one shot I screamed and nearly threw the gun down, as if it had stung my hand. I persevered through a few more shots, then I was done, disappointed that I did not have the fortitude to stay with the larger caliber pistols. When a little flame came out of the barrel I lost my nerve altogether. But by the time I got home I knew I would go back and try them again. There was still something I had to face in the shooting of a gun—and in myself—and I was determined to know what that something was. For the time being, though, I had to respect the fact that my body and mind had quit. After the last few rounds my hand vibrated for a long time. And my heart ached. I was overwhelmed by the power of these weapons and by the fact that, as Robert so bluntly put it, "They are designed to kill people."

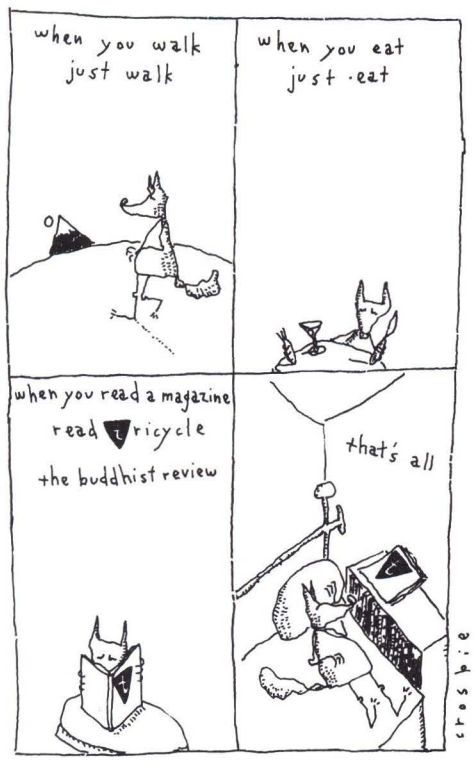
Later that evening I wrote:

I am sure this experience today made an energetic change in my body and psyche. It will take time for that to sort itself out and make itself known. There is a post-performance letdown settling in now that is making me want to cry. But the tears are not near the surface. They are deep in my belly. They are buried behind a wall of protection and they are nameless. Are they tears for me or tears for the state of the world? It is a grief that comes with wounding and I do not believe it matters to these tears who they cry for.

Robert says he hopes I find what I'm searching for, because I seem to be searching for something. What am *I searching for, I wonder? It seemed clear until he asked. I would have to say it is still about resolution and healing, but what beyond that? Am I looking for a universal experience, or one so completely personal that only I can hold and understand it? This is part of my learning. It is part of my autobiography, my spiritual practice. I* long *for understanding; that is my nature. I no longer mind searching for it in places I am afraid to look.*

It is seven hours later. My arms and hands are still vibrating. The gunshots reverberate in my chest.

Slowly, my other responses began to sift out. I was



tricycle
THE BUDDHIST REVIEW

From traditional teachings to popular culture, from literature and sports to the toughest social issues facing us today, *Tricycle* offers a Buddhist perspective that is unique and engaging.

4 issues/$24 annually

1-800-783-4903 for subscriptions

92 Vandam Street, New York, NY 10013

The World Comes to Light in *Tricycle*

most struck by the feeling of detachment that shooting a gun sent through my entire system. I had put myself on the aggressor's side of the barrel and experienced first-hand the disconnection the gun allows the one who shoots it. While holding the gun I felt I could say to anyone, "I am over here, I am the one with the power. You are over there. There is no connection between us. I can shoot this gun and not be involved." Robert suggested that if all guns were taken away and people had to fight with their bodies again, using hand-held weapons such as knives, the number of murders would drop dramatically. After experiencing the emotional distance allowed—or required—by the gun, I believe he is right.

If the gun could speak, I am sure it would go further and say, "I am also not connected to you, the one who holds me." I felt so clearly that the shooter must disengage from himself or herself as well as from whatever he or she is shooting at—a target, a deer, or a human head. It was suddenly obvious to me why, in a time of such acute cultural separation and divorce from a spiritual base, from a perspective that would understand the connection of all humanity—no, all *life*, the gun would be the weapon most prevalent and most sought after: the gun can only reinforce detachment from spirit. The gun then becomes the ultimate weapon of separation.

Alison Granucci on the firing range

Through learning to shoot I have come to feel how severe the fracturing of self from spirit truly is in this society. We fracture every time we give someone or something outside of ourselves more of ourselves than we keep. In a fractured environment the gun as the instrument of detachment becomes the false hope for reclaimed power. Give a gun to a lost and angry adolescent and the sense of power it gives him is overwhelmingly seductive. My friend Shawn, who worked with inner city gangs, saw this repeatedly in the way these teenagers would come to life even when they just talked about their guns. "The seduction was obvious in their faces as they recounted how their victims would deflate in the presence of their gun," Shawn told me. The gun holds a counterfeit power, however, one we cling to in an increasingly violent world; mistaking it for true power, we use it thinking it to be the only sane or practical means of protection.

The gun also becomes the carrier of a deep cry for help from those so far removed from the power of soulful living that they turn instead to this idol of power, thinking it will give them what they lack. There is a strange irony when I consider that those who feel this existential hole inside use the gun to blast a literal hole in someone else.

I believe this is uncannily true in the case of Keith Roland. Once enough years had passed and I was over the most acute anguish of having been shot, the cry I came to hear in his violent action was, "I am so detached, I do not exist. I am in such pain I must separate myself from all life, my own included."

I have no desire to absolve Keith Roland of his monstrous deed; I hold him fully accountable for his radical violation against Nancy and me. The intention to extinguish the life spark in another—whether or not the intention is fulfilled—is the greatest sacrilege. And yet, from the part of me that holds human compassion, I also see this shooting as the way he exposed his plea for recognition. It is through the gun that he voiced his plea; I can never say this for sure but I now sense that his act of trying to destroy our lives was a first desperate step toward trying to find his own.

I do not believe Keith Roland has ever acknowledged his own inner torment—certainly not *before* he shot us, and from what I hear from his prison caseworkers, not much since then, either. I do not know if he has ever felt remorse for shooting us, but if he does not feel connected to his own life, he will most likely not feel connected to his actions, even one that exploded from him in the ultimate violence.

These realizations caused me to wonder what underlies such detachment, and how it can go unchecked for so long. I began to study myself, to pay attention to the times I felt detached from my own heart, my own inner life, my own sense of belonging to community. I watched a relationship emerge between fear, grief, shame, and rage, in which detachment is the end of the line—a kind of emotional domino effect.

For myself and for those who live relatively stable lives, detachment can manifest as depression, anxiety, or simply a feeling that something is not quite right. It can also translate as a general antagonism toward the world, one in which we become bitter, feel like a victim, and blame others for our misfortunes and miseries. But in some people this rage and blame is directed inward, toward the self. This leads to a life so out of control there seems to be no way out of the internal chaos it causes. Then the rage escalates further, traveling beyond the bounds of safe containment, motivating violent actions such as Keith Roland's and those of countless thousands of others like him. James Gilligan, in his book *Violence: Our Deadly Epidemic*, gives his definition of violence as "an intolerable condition of human shame and rage, a blinding rage that speaks through the body." He speaks of the hundreds of violent inmates he has worked with through the years: "I have seen it many times—men who have

BUY A BOOK
AND HELP THE BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP

Order any book reviewed in *Turning Wheel* or any book in print and BPF receives 5% of sale.

CREATURA BOOKS

Specializing in books that contribute to the creation of a socially just, a spiritually awake, and an ecologically sustainable civilization.

To Order call: 800 306-1778 (phone & fax)
707 762-1075 (local phone & fax)
e-mail: CreaBooks@ap.net

or mail to: 903 Marylyn Circle Petaluma CA 94954
Shipping: $2 per order ($4 UPS).
Mention BPF when ordering.
Visa/MC/Discover accepted. Call for brochure.

ENTER HERE

INTRODUCTION TO ZEN MEDITATION VIDEO
A unique exploration of silent sitting! Zen Mountain Monastery's Abbot John Daido Loori offers an opportunity to bring the powerful Zen tradition into one's life at home. 54 minutes. **$24.95 plus $5.50 s/h.**

INTRODUCTION TO ZEN BUDDHISM VIDEO
A rich overview of the 2,500 year-old religious life-force and its relevance today. Abbot Loori awakens compelling questions about the nature of being, presenting a way to discover our inherent clarity. 87 minutes. **$24.95 plus $5.50 s/h.**

BOTH VIDEOTAPES for only $44.95 plus $5.50 s/h. NY state residents please add 7 3/4% tax. Ask for our free catalog!

DHARMA COMMUNICATIONS
P.O. Box 156TW • Mount Tremper, NY 12457
(914) 688-7993 • Fax: (914) 688-7995
E-mail: dharmacom@mhv.net
http://www1.mhv.net/~dharmacom

If I experienced remorse over shooting the outline of a paper head, how could Keith Roland shoot the real thing and walk away?

brought the roof down on their own heads as the only means of expressing their boundless rage, when the whole world appeared to them as their enemy."

Could I feel this unbounded rage in myself?, I wondered. Could I feel such uncontained hostility that I could imagine it bursting out of me in a brutal act against another? I did not know, but I thought I would try. *Then*, I thought, perhaps I could understand what went on inside Keith Roland's head. *Then,* perhaps, I could understand the unbearable pain, confusion, and fury he must have felt to make Nancy and me the outer objects of his inner turmoil. It was in search of my own undiscovered rage that I went back to the firing range a second time.

****

It was a month later, a sunny but frigid morning in November, and I was scared. Did I really want to do this again? Robert had brought the .38 pistols, and just seeing them put me into a state of remembered panic. How could I dare touch them? But as I did on the day I was shot, I breathed through the fear and rose to meet the challenge, relying on some inner strength—or foolhardiness—that seems held in reserve exclusively for moments like this.

I returned to the firing range with great resolve and even greater doubt. After having felt the detachment that a gun allows the shooter, I wondered if I could map that separation in my body and find how it related to my own rage and grief. I also wondered if I could shoot the gun while staying connected to my body, my emotions, and my spirit, like the samurai who practices violence with detachment as a form of spiritual purity.

Again, Robert started me with the .22 for a warm-up. We moved quickly to the larger caliber guns, as I was anxious to do what I had come to do. I dredged up courage from somewhere to begin each shot, cutting through the wave of grief I felt from just holding the pistol. Then I felt my body shut down in slow motion as I fired. My breath stopped, my chest and belly tightened, and my back went rigid. I pulled the trigger so slowly that sometimes I would lose the strength in my finger and have to start over. Tension took over my face, squeezing my eyes and mouth. As the bullet exploded out of the gun, my eyes shut tight and some expletive exploded out of me as the recoil traveled down my arm and jolted my shoulder. Opening my eyes again, I released my breath in one tremendous sigh. I wondered, How could anyone get used to this? Why would they *want* to?

These larger guns, as it turned out, were not so

daunting as the first time I tried them. Still, to meet them required my full attention, every ounce of concentration I had. It exhausted me. Shooting a .45 was not meditative in the way shooting the .22 had been. Physically, it was a tough contest as to who was stronger. After an hour I could hardly hold my arms up in front of me, even empty-handed. When I went home it was with a painful spasm in my left shoulder, and a bruised right thumb, tender to the touch, that persisted well into the next week.

At the second meeting, Robert also brought a target that outlined a human head and torso. In the center was a large Q, more or less where the heart would be. I found this target disturbing, but I did not say so. "Aim at the Q," Robert instructed me. I wanted to aim at the head, but I kept that to myself. I did as I was told. I aimed at the Q, the heart of the matter, and fired.

Again, my aim was good, and I found that satisfying. I *liked* shooting with precision. After several shots, however, one bullet hit the outlined head. On the left, close to the spot where I had been shot. I stopped abruptly. I had to catch my breath. I had to keep looking at it, feeling it, remembering it, quietly wondering to myself, Did I just shoot someone in the head? How did that happen? A very sad and sobering feeling swept through me. Robert called me out of my reverie. "That one was in the head. Lower your sights. Look at the Q over the top of the gun." He thought I had done something wrong! There was no way to explain to him how right it had been. That one shot ripped through my entire body. My head resonated with this paper head.

What must Keith Roland have felt when he shot me in the head? Search as I might, I could find no answer to this question. But fearing he felt *nothing* sparked my anger. Good! Now I could let my rage surface. Now I could use the gun and match the force it was designed for. Now I could see how the power of the gun matches the power of rage, and how man has cleverly found a way to harness that out-of-control feeling in this superconcentrated form.

I wondered now: If I experienced remorse over shooting the outline of a paper head, how could Keith Roland shoot the real thing and walk away?

My blood boiled at the thought of Keith Roland. I envisioned him as the target and pulled the trigger. Shot in the heart! And again! And again! Then I let loose—shooting several bullets in a row with no hesitation. Bam! Bam! Bam! I met the intensity instead of fighting it. The surge of power was *exhilarating.* I was almost high from it! Again, the gun felt powerful and *I* felt powerful. Oh yes, this *could* be fun. Robert smiled like a proud father and said, "Looks like you're getting pretty comfortable with that." But with each additional shot I felt progressively less invigorated by my anger. Personalizing it only defeated me. Instead of my rage prevailing, I was again overcome by a deep grief.

At first I thought I had failed in my mission because I could not sustain my own fury and direct it against another person; it took me a long time to see that, in fact, I had accomplished my goal. I went to the firing range. I stood strong in my fear. I picked up and shot the .357, the .45, the .38. I let myself detach, I felt my anger, and I became the wounder. Then I came back. I rejoined my center. From there my grief at the state of the world spilled forth, but in that grief also came a glimmer of awareness that the world's unrestrained rage is merely an attenuation of the soul's vital force. And I saw that we have the ability—*every one of us*—to extend ourselves in alliance with that vitality.

The evening after my second visit to the firing range, I wrote these words:

I have so much energy since shooting the guns today. A huge force is welling up inside my belly. I've tapped into something that is bigger than me—dare I call it the energy of creation? It is certainly the energy of desire and the motivation to go forward, as I moved headlong into my new life.

I am vibrating this time with some knowledge of the nature of duality. I allowed myself to experience both extremes—the force of creation and the icon of destruction—so I now find the power of myself as I stand in the middle, newly strong, aware of my relationship to both sides.

My desire to learn to shoot was based on my need to return myself into the world *as it is* with all its imperfections, contradictions, and flaws. I had to finally see the violence a large part of the population lives with on a daily basis. I have always experienced the spiritual aspect of life easily—almost greedily—for I thought it meant I did not have to partake in the mundane, sometimes horrific way in which much of the world lives. Now I used the gun to stabilize my effervescent spirit and put it back into the context of the physical world—the world that I live in, the one that houses weapons and murderers, hatred and bitterness, as well as saints and sweet love and the simple pleasures of being alive.

I will never own a gun or use one for self-defense, but I am grateful for what guns have taught me. They have helped me to live more fully, for they have given me a more accurate perception of both sides of human nature. I now know the dance between light and shadow. I have been to the edge and back. And I am glad I know the edge—not because it is a place to like; it isn't—but because it anchors me in my humanity and helps keep me alive.

I never thought I would be grateful to guns, especially since I was almost murdered by one, and I am still as opposed to them as ever. Yet I am left with this gratitude. And what do I do with it? As hard as it is, I accept it; and I quietly remind myself that I *asked* to be surprised. ❖

A massage therapist, writer, dancer, and mandala artist, Alison Granucci's spiritual practice is rooted in the creative process. She works at the Omega Institute for Holistic Studies in Rhinebeck, NY, and lives part time in northern Vermont.

HOPE GAINS A BODY

by Greg Mello

I live in New Mexico, and for the past six years I have worked in a small nonprofit that attempts to intervene in nuclear weapons research and manufacturing. I have been a Zen student for some years. My work is a stew of investigation, research, writing, supervision, media relations, organizing, and lobbying.

Nuclear weapons are New Mexico's largest industry, and I can report to you that business around here is booming. Funds for research and development have never been higher. New weapons are being designed and deployed.

All this, and more, is an important story to tell, and it is my job to tell some parts of it often, although I notice that the context in which questions like these can be raised, i.e. the moral context, seems to be fading.

That moral context is, in the broadest sense of the term, simply human discourse, and it is important to speak it. Because without use, moral discourse, in which we value ourselves without reference to price, will join the thousands of human languages vanishing into the black hole of global anti-culture, or be silenced by the hiss emanating from the coils of the Internet.

If we don't speak up, our collective silence will be taken as assent, not just to improved nuclear weapons, but to far worse things just around the century's corner. And if we can only speak up meekly, won't that really be assent, with ominous consequences? An authentic song of protest, a celebration, or a cry of grief—even a litigation—nourishes the human spirit and keeps our traditions alive. Such activity creates its own tangible community in which we are renewed.

So I think it is primarily souls, not bodies, at which the missiles are aimed. The greatest damage they inflict may be "collateral": breaking our resistance to becoming commodities—the consumers and the consumed.

Fortunately, the story of weapons is only part of our story. Like you, I am also a Buddhist—and like you, an engaged Buddhist, whether I want to be or not. So we can together tell another story, and, if we would save ourselves and all that we love, I think we must tell it, with all our hearts and lives.

For as much as weapons are about coercion, our story is about liberation. And unless we can tell it, unless we can really establish human liberation as the core of our identity, and not just as a hobby, or as our other responsibilities allow, liberation will forever be for us a receding mirage, and we will live, not just under a bushel basket, but figuratively and even quite literally under the gun.

Without our whole effort—which is itself a very real liberation—few of our children's children may in any full sense of the term even live at all. Why? Because "living" is being radically redefined for us by the engines of organized greed, which are finding ever more effective ways to subdue and commodify consciousness and even bodily life. Bill Gates calls Microsoft's goal "the mediated life," and it is the goal of his industry to sell such a life to you, or you to it.

The liberation in our story, the one we celebrate together or not at all, is not a transcendence *from* this world, but *into* it. We liberate ourselves into true responsibility, an ability to respond. The Cold War of separation from life has a personal meaning. Disarmament, as it turns out, is not a grandiose or far-away goal. This is hugely encouraging.

An authentic song of protest, a celebration, or a cry of grief—even a litigation—nourishes the human spirit.

If we live and practice in the First World, we are likely to be aware that we too have weapons in our hands, or in our wallets, with plenty of blood on them. We are in many ways forced to be affluent, and that affluence is wrested, in substantial and increasing part, from the poor, and from the exhausted earth. We are essentially imprisoned within choices that are destructive to us and to others, and we know it. The truly ethical life is not an easy option. In devising our paradigms of practice we have not adequately taken these facts into account.

Even if we do not know them precisely, we feel the horrifying statistics in our bones. Every day, 36,000 children under the age of five die. Others barely live: today there are about 190 million chronically malnourished children under the age of five. Should world grain prices rise, many more of them will die. The Superbowl will continue, of course.

Are such problems hopelessly intractable? Well, taken on a human scale they obviously are not. I could feed many children with the money I spend on a good restaurant meal. This is not theoretical. We all know very well that it is possible to put that money in an envelope and send it to organizations who will use it wisely and efficiently, sometimes essentially without any overhead at all. There is no question: real lives, or fields, or forests, can be saved. While there is much I cannot do, there is also much I can.

While strategies are important, the ratio of what I can accomplish to what I cannot is not. Why? Because the mental preoccupation with abstract quantity is itself a symptom of our disease, a kind of violence in itself.

We have to get real.

The resources are there—in us, in our pockets, in corporations, and in government. Did you know that the budget for any one of our three nuclear laboratories is larger than the entire budget of the World Health Organization? Suppose that just one percent of the U.S. defense budget—almost three times this amount—were redirected toward the needs of the very poor?

It does not happen because we have not asked for it loudly and insistently enough. We are right to fear our latent violence, but overall we are far too timid and polite. The circumstances which have led us into a planetary crisis unrivaled since the end of the Mesozoic Era are not exactly "acts of God." The children, their families, along with entire ecosystems, the species that vanish every day, the vast tracts of farmland, the cultures and even nations—these have been selected for their participation in a "final solution" by the invisible hand of the market, which is really not that invisible after all.

Sometimes we may find ourselves discouraged, either in our religious practice or in our efforts for peace and justice in the world. Many of us could, I am sure, create topographic maps of the canyons of despair, very detailed. But even so, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Well, where is it? "This very place is the Lotus Land,/This very body, the body of Buddha."

How do we present our mature understanding of this *in our lives and in our communities*? And failing such a convincing presentation, what then? Or, in my work, failing to stop the nuclear bomb project, what then? How can we sustain hope—a gauzy feeling if there ever was one?

To the extent that we invest ourselves in it, hope gains a body: ours. So, our question might better be: How do we sustain ourselves?

With friends, I think, above all. Not just the social friendships that can be squeezed into the interstices of a coercive mass society, but friendships that carry weight: vehicles of commitment, and *creative organization*—in short, friendships that embody what Robert Thurman has called "the Buddha's social revolution."

In Barbara Kingsolver's novel *Animal Dreams*, a character named Haille who is working in Nicaragua as an agronomist writes to her sister back home:

> Codi, here's what I've decided: the very least you can do in your life is to figure out what you hope for. And the most you can do is live inside that hope. Not admire it from a distance but live right in it, under its roof. What I want is so simple I almost can't say it: elementary kindness. Enough to eat, enough to go around. The possibility that kids might one day grow up to be neither the destroyers nor the destroyed. That's about it. Right now I'm living in that hope, running down its hallway and touching the walls on both sides.
>
> I can't tell you how good it feels. I wish you knew. I wish you'd stop beating yourself up for being selfish, and really *be* selfish, Codi....I wish you knew how to squander yourself.

"The very least you can do in your life is to figure out what you hope for." Many people in our society have essentially given up all hope. "Wait a minute," they say, "I tried hope once or twice—disappointment is the outcome." And it's true: hope vested externally will always disappoint, sooner or later. This disappointment seems to be a necessary experience. It can be very fertile.

T. S. Eliot wrote, in The Four Quartets,

> I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope,
> For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love,
> For love would be love of the wrong thing...

Such waiting is extremely active and vital. When we truly give up hope, our waiting is complete.

Or when we stand fully "in our hope," as Haille says, or within our vow, simply and without inflation, quite alone, our death is there too—no longer excluded, no longer a feared stranger. Such an awakening of *bodhicitta* removes fear. "Perfect love casts out fear," as Paul says. A very substantial decline of fear—which is to say, of neurosis ("inauthentic suffering," as Jung called it)—is not the final fruit of Buddhist practice, accessible to a few only, but the simple result of knowing one's heart's desire and living within it, in unexpected solidarity.

> *One hears so much about having a balanced life...Forget it! Impossible! Why don't we lose our balance, for once?*

This is certainty, not hope.

"I wish you knew how to squander yourself," Haille said. Like Kannon, with a thousand hands. Like a flower, bearing seed in autumn for a winter that is coming and a spring it will not see.

One hears so much about having a balanced life, as for example from liberal activists who must balance, they feel, the personal and the political—or Zen students, who must balance practice with making a living, etc. Forget it! Impossible! Why don't we lose our balance, for once? As Thoreau said in a letter, we must make our living by loving.

It is instructive that Kingsolver has Haille express her living hope in terms of "elementary kindness." But the consumer society in which we live has other things besides kindness on the altar. It is, as they say, a dog-eat-dog world. How can anybody live "in the world, but not of it?"

> As for conforming outwardly, and living your own life inwardly, I do not think much of that...It will prove a failure....When you get God to pulling one way, and the devil the other, each having his feet well braced—to say nothing of the

conscience sawing transversely—almost any timber will give away. [Henry Thoreau, letter to Harry Blake, August 9, 1850]

Our personalities are constrained by the way we live, the machines we use, the institutions of which we willy-nilly are a part, and the belief systems we need in order

> ***We may not believe in war, but war believes in us.***

to function. We cannot play-act our way through the world. As the 19th-century strategist Clausewitz put it, we may not believe in war, but war believes in us. So there is a limit to my embodiment of the Way that is set by the world in which I live. Our world provides a kind of "glass ceiling" for our realization, to use a current business metaphor. We are, thus, not really liberated, because true knowing is through the body and mind, not separate from anything. We are not separate from our wildlife, our checkbooks, our communities.

To the extent that we realize anything in our meditation that is not embodied in our characters, which is to say our lives, we have realized it in imagination only.

I am worried that in much of the Buddhist world, we seem to have given up on changing anything but our own minds. We have gone inward, and wonder why our practice doesn't bear more fruit. But what we need is not a kind of merit-based "good works" ethic, so prevalent in our culture, which all too often has its root in a kind of guilt. It seems that what we need is, rather, to help each other lead wholly consecrated, mature lives.

Perhaps the social face of Buddhism has nothing to do with politics *per se,* with disarmament or permaculture or prison reform *per se,* but with the quality of relationships and institutions we can create, which will transform us. Institutions are nothing more than patterns of and for relationships. If we abjure them, we limit ourselves to what we can do in institutions set up for other purposes, usually profit.

Surely, neither our religious nor our political aspirations can be realized until people's basic economic and security needs are met, until children are cared for and loved by an alert community as well as by their parents, until the anguish and loneliness many people feel in their hearts is addressed.

How do we sustain hope? The answer is that we live it. More simply, we are it. Do we despair of creating a peaceful and just society? Well, let's not. Let's create one. It is a work within our power. To think globally is of questionable use, but to act locally is definitely possible and is indeed the only option. And to act locally means, I think, to act very locally, with and for family and friends, first and foremost. The answer to coercive, structural violence is Sangha.

What is bondage? and what is liberation? To indulge in liberation from the world without employing liberative technique is bondage for the bodhisattva. To engage in life in the world with full employment of liberative technique is liberation for the bodhisattva. To experience the taste of contemplation, meditation, and concentration without skill in liberative technique is bondage. To experience the taste of contemplation and meditation with skill in liberative technique is liberation. [*The Holy Teaching of Vimilakirti,* Robert Thurman, translation, Pennsylvania State University Press, 1976, p. 46] ❖

Greg Mello is the Director of the Los Alamos Study Group in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He's a BPF Board member and a Zen practitioner.

Defining a Weapon: Capital Punishment

By Kobutsu Malone

"Abandoning the taking of life, the ascetic Gautauma dwells, refraining from taking life, without stick or sword."

—*Digha Nikaya*

On August 8, 1996, Jusan Fudo Sifu Frankie Parker was executed by the state of Arkansas. He was a practicing Buddhist, and I'm a Buddhist priest teaching contemplative practice in prisons. I went to Arkansas to be with Jusan while he died. For me, this was a turning point in my life, a traumatic and violent event that I watched unfold on a hot and muggy Mississippi Delta evening in the Arkansas death house. In a matter of 13 minutes after I embraced him in my arms, Jusan was as dead as if he had been fatally shot by a gun or cut in half by a sword.

The gun and the sword are familiar weapons; the result of their use is injury or death. Capital punishment is not generally thought of as a weapon, even though it has a target, it has a trigger, a switch, a plunger...It is activated by a human being, and the result of its use is always the death of a human being.

We can define the individual machines used in a capital punishment protocols as weapons. Certainly the handguns used by the Chinese government to murder those adjudged enemies of the state are weapons. It's easy to see that the rifles used by the Utah firing squad to execute Gary Gillmore in 1977 were weapons. It is perhaps a little more difficult to see an electric chair or gas chamber as a weapon. It is harder still to see an IV administration set and three syringes of clear liquids as a weapon. Yet dead is dead, and the cause of death listed on the death certificate of a condemned man or woman, no matter what the method, reads "Homicide." ❖

Kobutsu Kevin Malone is a Zen priest and a co-founder of The Engaged Zen Foundation in New Jersey.

THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY CALL "CONSCIENCE."

by Mike Price

In 1984, Mike Price accepted a position in Systems Development at a large national laboratory. It was an exciting and lucrative opportunity for a new physics graduate. For four and a half years he was immersed in the hidden world of nuclear weapons development and production, with its vast resources, enormous bureaucracy, high professional standards, and silence. This is an excerpt from a letter written to a friend, Karen Payne, a peace activist in Berkeley, shortly after he resigned. Mike now lives in the Cascades in Washington and does liberation work with men's groups in rural areas.

It is a hideous reality, these weapons. I felt that we were hired to prevent the country's annihilation by very real weapons of enormous destructive power targeted at us by a declared enemy. The history and politics of the arms race was beside the point. The weapons were real and now, and it would be grossly irresponsible not to maintain the option of deterrence by massive retaliation or the capacity for interdiction or interception.

We were hired to maintain that option. The weapons were a reality to us; we knew them intimately. They were an inevitability to us. If you are going to have such weapons, you need the best people you can find to build, maintain, and manage them. That was us, beyond a doubt, and I still feel that way. If the technology were to be entrusted to only one group of people in the world, I would nominate my colleagues.

I never felt that I was surrounded by hate-mongers, or worked with anyone who had a desire for genocide. We did not have the perception that these weapons represented real peace and safety. Our job was to buy time. Someone else, the politicians, maybe, or God, was going to have to come up with the solution.

On the other hand, the whole situation is crazy. To me it was ethically impossible. Through my work, the weapons became more than an abstraction or a rumor. And I could conceive of no enemy against whom I would consider using such weapons. The very idea of them was an abomination, a nightmare that tainted all of us with its madness. Eventually something inside me overcame my rationale, like an alarm inside getting louder, warning me that I was losing something I didn't even know I had, something precious to me.

I can remember sitting through a colloquium on "Weapons Modernization," and following the presentation very soberly, while all the time this revulsion was growing in my chest, choking me. I was profoundly uncomfortable, no longer able to suppress it. I recognized that it had been building for a long time. This must be what they call "conscience," I thought. What an amazing thing! I have driven it out of my mind and now it returns in my body!

I knew it would eventually kill me rather than let me continue in that work. Finally I was absolved, defeated by something greater than myself, after a long struggle. It was such a personal conviction, not a matter of reason, that I could not discuss it with my coworkers. It wasn't a matter of argument or judgment. My feeling was this: They spend a million dollars a day on this stuff; they can afford anyone they want. They don't need me. I need to be doing something else.

I don't believe we will back away from the brink by reason alone. The current state of affairs can be justified by arguments we haven't even heard yet. It seems to me that what separated me from my coworkers was some difference in the way I perceived the meaning of it all, a matter of consciousness; I was not smarter than they. I had forged good human connections with these men, by crossing that gap and understanding their perspective, but it was on their terms. Perhaps a more courageous man would have been able to confront them (or wouldn't have been in my position in the first place).

It was enough for me just to get out. I imagine this epithet on the door of my empty office: "He didn't have the stomach for it." ❖

PROGRESSIVE ASSET MANAGEMENT

Socially and Environmentally Responsible Investing

Balance your investments with your values.

We are a full service investment firm, offering mutual funds, stocks, tax-deferred mutual funds and retirement plans for individuals and companies.

Ten percent of all net fees received from members of the Buddhist community will be contributed to the Buddhist Peace Fellowship.

Eric Packer
70 Walnut Street
Wellesley, MA 02181
800-327-7003 • 617-239-8213

ABOLITION 2000

by Karin Meyers

"We cannot at once keep sacred the miracle of existence and hold sacrosanct the capacity to destroy it." *—General Lee Butler, former U.S. Commander-in-Chief of Strategic Command, February 2, 1998.*

In the past fifty-odd years, just a blinking of the cosmic eye, we have gained the power to destroy on a truly unimaginable scale. The burden of this power has weighed heavily on our conscience, but too often we have felt helpless against the fear used to justify nuclear arsenals. Now that the Cold War is behind us and a new millenium approaches, we must bring the issue of nuclear abolition to the front of world consciousness.

As Buddhists we have undertaken responsibility for the welfare of all beings, not only so they may live healthily and happily, but so they may live without the suffering of fear. As engaged Buddhists, we are committed to taking action toward this end. But in our increasingly cynical world, where the powers-that-be seem to act so often without conscience, it can be difficult to find courage to act.

But we may no longer have the right to be discouraged. Last year, with the wonderful success of the International Campaign to Ban Landmines (ICBL), we learned that it *is* possible to effect dramatic change from outside the traditional echelons of power. Civilian organizations working with small and mid-size world powers can form "a superpower," in the words of Nobel Laureate Jody Williams, coordinator of ICBL.

The Buddhist Peace Fellowship is one of more than 900 organizations participating in Abolition 2000, a global coalition working to eliminate nuclear weapons. The movement is gaining momentum and support worldwide. Like ICBL, Abolition 2000 is a network relying on the infrastructure of existing organizations. It formed during a 1995 Non-Proliferation Treaty Review and Extension Conference, when activists from around the world discovered that nuclear abolition was not even on the agenda. More than 60 non-governmental organizations (NGOs) from every continent signed the Abolition Statement (see below), and within days, 300 more had added their names.

The network's primary goal is to see a nuclear weapons convention negotiated by the year 2000. This convention would function like the Geneva conventions or the Anti-Personnel Landmines Treaty. States that sign would agree that to use and/or possess nuclear weapons without the intention to dismantle them is an unconscionable crime against humanity. Network affiliates drafted a treaty which was recently submitted by Costa Rica to the UN as a discussion document.

Abolition 2000, like ICBL, brings together a broad range of humanitarian organizations, and addresses the far-reaching effects of nuclear weapons on our social, economic, and environmental well-being. Last January, Abolition 2000 adopted the Moorea Declaration as a supplement to the original Abolition Statement. Drafted at a meeting in Polynesia, where nuclear testing has wrought terrible devastation, the Moorea Declaration "recognizes that colonized and indigenous peoples have, in large part, borne the brunt of this nuclear devastation," from uranium mining and weapons-testing, to plutonium transport, storage and dumping, to thefts of land for nuclear infrastructure. The Declaration "affirms that indigenous peoples must be central to the work of Abolition 2000." Under-represented groups, small and mid-sized governments, and the organizations involved in Abolition 2000 hope that together they will be heard by the world powers. You can add your voice in a number of ways.

• **Send a letter to U.N. Ambassador Eugeniusz Wyzner of Poland, and to your own foreign minister and head of state, asking them to help NGOs gain greater access to the 1998 Non-Proliferation Treaty Preparatory Committee conference in Geneva, April 26-May 8.** Abolition 2000 has a master draft letter. The coalition will hold its annual meeting in Geneva May 1 and 2, to coincide with PrepCom.

• **U.S. Citizens: urge your senators and representatives to initiate or sign a petition to revise the government's "Stockpile Stewardship" program.** Congresswoman Lynn Woolsey (D-CA) is circulating such a petition in the House of Representatives, but no comparable petition has been introduced to the Senate. Drafts are available from Abolition 2000. Contact Alice Slater of GRACE (Global Resource Action Center for the Environment) with your results: (212)726-9161; aslater@igc.apc.org.

U.S. citizens have a particular obligation to act. Our nation has the world's largest nuclear arsenal, estimated at 20,000 warheads, and we are all complicit in its maintenance and development. Since 1940, the American government has spent approximately $6 trillion on nuclear weapons research and development. The cost this year is likely to exceed $34 billion, of which $24 billion will be spent on maintaining our arsenal.

In a deal between the U.S. government and the weapons industry, the government will ratify the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty, but will also invest a proposed $4.5 billion in the Science-Based Stockpile Stewardship (SBSS) program, to be run by the U.S. Department of Energy (DOE). The ostensible aim of

SBSS is to study nuclear components while maintaining the safety and reliability of our nuclear arsenal. This costly "stewardship" program amounts to a smokescreen for the continuing development of nuclear weapons technology. One new weapon, already developed by the DOE, is the so-called "Bunker Buster." The DOE claims this weapon is not "new," because it uses an existing warhead—only the deployment mechanism is new. This mechanism bores through the earth to seek its target, and it was deemed "necessary" after the Persian Gulf War. As *Turning Wheel* goes to press, the "Bunker Buster" has not been ruled out for use against Iraq. Currently, 39 groups are suing the DOE for violating the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty.

• **Have your organization sign the Abolition Statement** (see below). Abolition 2000 would like to have at least 1000 organizations sign on as sponsors of the Abolition Statement by this April's NPT PrepCom conference. To sign on, send your organization's name, contact information, mailing address, fax and phone numbers, and e-mail address to David Krieger at Abolition 2000 Network (address below).

• **Sign and circulate the Abolition 2000 International Petition.** (See centerfold.) Abolition 2000 hopes to have 3 million signatures by 1999.

• **Urge your city to pass a resolution supporting nuclear abolition**. So far, 146 cities have passed such resolutions. (See centerfold)

• **Contribute money.** Abolition 2000 needs financial support to maintain its momentum and keep the network's lines of communication open. Please make checks payable to "Abolition 2000/Nuclear Age Peace Foundation." Send to the address below.

ABOLITION 2000 STATEMENT

A secure and livable world for our children and grandchildren and all future generations requires that we achieve a world free of nuclear weapons and redress the environmental degradation and human suffering that is the legacy of fifty years of nuclear weapons testing and production.

Further, the inextricable link between the "peaceful" and warlike uses of nuclear technologies, and the threat to future generations inherent in the creation and use of long-lived radioactive materials must be recognized. We must move toward reliance on clean, safe, renewable forms of energy production that do not poison the environment for thousands of centuries. The true "inalienable" right is not to nuclear energy, but to life, liberty and security of person in a world free of nuclear weapons.

We recognize that a nuclear weapons-free world must be achieved carefully and in a step-by-step manner. We are convinced of its technological feasibility. Lack of political will, especially on the part of the nuclear weapons states, is the only true barrier. As chemical and biological weapons are prohibited, so must nuclear weapons be prohibited.

We call upon all states—particularly the nuclear weapons states, declared and de facto—to take the following steps to achieve nuclear weapons abolition. We further urge the states' parties to the NPT to demand binding commitments by the declared nuclear weapons states to implement these measures:

1. Initiate immediately, and conclude by the year 2000, negotiations on a nuclear weapons abolition convention that requires the phased elimination of all nuclear weapons within a timebound framework, with provisions for effective verification and enforcement.

2. Immediately make an unconditional pledge not to use or threaten to use nuclear weapons.

3. Rapidly complete a truly comprehensive test ban treaty with a zero threshold and with the stated purpose of precluding nuclear weapons development by all states.

4. Cease to produce and deploy new and additional nuclear weapons systems, and commence to withdraw and disable deployed nuclear weapons systems.

5. Prohibit military/commercial production and reprocessing of all weapons-usable radioactive materials.

6. Subject all weapons-usable radioactive materials and nuclear facilities to international accounting, monitoring and safeguards, and establish a public international registry of all weapons-usable radioactive material.

7. Prohibit nuclear weapons research, design, development and testing through laboratory experiments, including, but not limited to, non-nuclear hydrodynamic explosions and computer simulations; subject all nuclear weapons laboratories to international monitoring; and close all nuclear test sites.

8. Create nuclear weapons-free zones such as those established by the treaties of Tlatelolco and Rarotonga.

9. Declare the illegality of the threat or use of nuclear weapons publicly before the World Court.

10. Establish an international energy agency to promote and support the development of sustainable and environmentally safe energy sources.

11. Create mechanisms to ensure the participation of citizens and NGOs in planning and monitoring the process of nuclear weapons abolition.

A world free of nuclear weapons is a shared aspiration of humanity. This goal cannot be achieved in a non-proliferation regime that authorizes the possession of nuclear weapons by a small group of states. Our common security requires the complete elimination of nuclear weapons. Our objective is the definite and unconditional abolition of nuclear weapons. ❖

Abolition 2000, c/o Nuclear Age Peace Foundation, 1187 Coast Village Rd. #123, Santa Barbara, CA 93108, USA tel: 805-965-3443; fax: 805-568-0466, e-mail:wagingpeace@napf.org, website: www.wagingpeace.org/abolition2000. html

Karin Meyers is on the BPF staff.

PEACE IS POSSIBLE

by Daniel Ellsberg

[In December 1997 and again in January 1998, Karen Payne and Susan Moon of BPF talked with Daniel Ellsberg in his home in Berkeley, California. Following is an edited version of his comments. Our questions have been omitted. —SM]

Nonviolence

I believe in nonviolence as a principle for social change, without any reservation and with less question in my mind than I had twenty years ago. As the years go by, I'm clearer and clearer about this. Obviously there's tremendous injustice, and obviously nonviolence offers no easy way of alleviating it. But violence doesn't, either. The idea that violence offers an easy way to bring about liberation is a belief that has been disproven time after time after time.

South Africa shows what can happen nonviolently. No one would have expected that. They saw nothing ahead but violent revolution. The armaments and strength were overwhelmingly on the side of the whites, even though the numbers were on the side of the blacks, and so no one was eager to say the blacks should take up arms. And yet people on all sides thought that was the only way South Africa would change. They were wrong. Apartheid was eliminated without violent revolution. The power of nonviolence has really demonstrated itself. So I'm more confirmed than ever in my belief that nonviolent spirit, not just nonviolent tactics, has power. It's the only approach I'm going to associate with. And that's been true for me for the last thirty years.

Wrong Livelihood

Buddhism is the only religion I know of that specifically states that one must not be a weapons maker or a maker of poisons. That notion of right livelihood doesn't occur in any other religion or moral framework. And the United States is claiming the identity of weapons dealer to the world. The University of California has designed every nuclear weapon we have. This is news to most people at the university! Every nuclear weapon we have, from the Hiroshima weapons to the neutron bomb to the latest B-61 weapon that might be used against Iraq, has been designed by this university. Both Los Alamos and Livermore are listed in the catalogue as campuses of the University of California. If anybody should not be a weapons maker, you'd think it would be a university. But it's not so paradoxical, after all. Our country is a weapons maker. We used to say the business of America is business. At the heart of that business is weapons making.

We are not just building weapons for national security; we are arms merchant to the world. Our national policies encourage the proliferation of nuclear weapons at the same time that we pay lip service to opposing proliferation. The truth is, this administration, like all of its predecessors, has a secret policy of tolerating, and even in some cases encouraging, nuclear proliferation. And being an arms merchant is intertwined with that. One of the ways of encouraging another country to acquire nuclear weapons is to sell non-nuclear weapons to its neighbors. And that's what we're doing all over the world. We're on a course here which, I believe, will lead to nuclear terrorism, nuclear accidents, nuclear civil wars, and at least small nuclear wars, and these are small only by comparison with the all-out war that we've been preparing for, for the last fifty years.

The people who are rationalizing our arms race are saying we could make certain kinds of attacks that would be very clean, very discriminating, with high-precision weapons like the MX, that would kill only one million, two million, five million, or ten million people. All the wars of American history, including the Civil War, which killed 600,000 people—they all add up to less than 1.2 million deaths. So we're talking about a strategic weapon that would kill more people than we've lost in all of our wars. People have totally lost perspective! We're on a terrible course, and I don't think this is happening with the full awareness or approval of the public.

The truth is, this administration, like all of its predecessors, has a secret policy of tolerating, and even in some cases encouraging, nuclear proliferation.

Nuclear Proliferation

When the Cold War ended, a lot of people thought they could stop worrying about nuclear weapons. That's one reason we don't have a stronger anti-nuclear movement. Another is that people think they can't do anything about nuclear weapons anyway. It's like an earthquake. So that's a problem. But the chances of people getting their hands on plutonium *increase* in a world where proliferation is happening, where nuclear weapons are legitimized.

People have been educated to ignore the link between the terrorist problem and our own policies of proliferation. They think these are two different things. And our own policies are seen as not dangerous because they're not leading to war with Russia anymore. Actually, Russia is immensely more dangerous, in many ways, than the Soviet Union was, because of the lack of control there, the corruption, and the enormous numbers of weapons. We are not moving to change any of those dangers, which are tremendous

dangers for ourselves. We are living on a volcano here.

The most outrageous aspect of Clinton's nuclear policy (which is a terrible policy, with the exception of the test ban) is that like every President before him since Harry Truman, he relies on threatening to initiate nuclear war. We have made threats against Russia and China on a couple of occasions, and we've made them on a dozen occasions to countries that did *not* have nuclear weapons. And of course all of our threats today are against countries that don't have nuclear weapons. All eight countries that now have nuclear weapons—the U.S., Britain, France, China, Russia, India, Pakistan, and Israel—essentially all of them are friends. China is the only one that isn't our formal ally and the President is insisting on most-favored nation status for China. So the prospect of conflict with another nuclear power is not a reason to maintain the threat of nuclear weapons.

In November 1997, Clinton signed a secret Presidential Decision Directive that rejected a general no-first-use commitment, and specifically permitted targeting of "rogue" states like Iraq in various contingencies. In the current confrontation with Iraq, Pentagon spokesman Kenneth Bacon said publicly on January 27 that the U.S. does not rule out first use of nuclear weapons against Iraq in the air attacks now being prepared.

The United States is saying that we, the richest, most powerful nation in the world, cannot do without threatening and preparing to initiate nuclear war against an adversary. If we need it, who doesn't? We're legitimizing the weapons; we're telling them that if we need 'em, they need 'em. Moreover, we're encouraging others to acquire these weapons for the purpose of threatening their non-nuclear neighbors, just the way we do.

Precepts for the State

We need to say the truth: that this is outrageous, intolerable, wrong, and mad. Patricia has always helped me see this, because she keeps reminding me that we're talking about behavior that, if an individual did it on their own, would get them committed to an asylum or prison. But we let states get away with it. An anthropologist once told us that there was no primitive society anywhere that did not recognize the taboos against murder, lying, theft, and incest. And Patricia said, "Except for incest, violation of those first three taboos is what we call foreign policy."

For five thousand years of "civilization," there's been a continuous understanding that the precepts—Buddhist, Christian, Islamic, or whatever—that guide individual lives and relationships do not, should not, need not, apply to the behavior of states and groups. Realpolitik goes back a long way. War is accepted as a legitimate activity, and in time of war the precepts do not apply. This is somewhat less true in peacetime, but in this century we've seen the erosion of the distinction between war and peace. The Cold War taught us to live continuously in a war-time morality.

In 1995, I wrote a list of five basic arms-control measures that could be taken in order to reduce the risk of nuclear war. [See box, page 30.] It's an up-to-date program; these are things Clinton should do, and *could* do, immediately, with the broad support of establishment arms control experts. And with public support as well. The aspects of this program that have been presented to the public—in terms of unilateral reductions, the goal of zero, the commitment to no first use—virtually all of these things that have ever been presented to the public have had large majorities in favor of them for a long time. Now, since the end of the Cold War, even many former military people would strongly support this program. The last commander of the Strategic Air Command, General Lee Butler, has a program that's almost identical with this. Even Newt Gingrich is in favor of a no-first-use commitment. But no progress has been made on any of these things in the last five years.

What I'm doing now, personally, is writing from my own experience, in the form of a memoir. I'm writing of the origins of our war plans, and the inherent dangers of this system that were revealed 30 years ago, all of which still exist today—the same dangers. Just yesterday, I was telling Patricia about what I'm doing, and she said, "Well, the good news is that your work isn't dated, and the bad news is that your work isn't dated."

I hope to share my manuscript with a number of people, and to encourage them to do the same thing, to join me in this effort, people like General Lee Butler, who is now speaking out against nuclear weapons. I hope my work will inspire him to see that he can go even further in telling what he knows.

Enemies

I have no trouble having compassion for the people who make weapons and who plan to use them, because I was one. I know exactly how they think and how they feel, because I felt that way myself. They do virtually everything they do in good conscience, no matter how mad or destructive it may seem, but they have premises that give coherence to what they do, that make them feel that they're good boys and girls. (And an increasing number of them are girls.)

I might feel angry at the people who profit from weapons, but I don't think anger is the same as violence. Angry, certainly; violent, no. The instruction I get on the relation between anger and violence is from Gandhi. He made a big distinction between what people do and what they are. He speaks of better and worse behavior, but not of better and worse people. One of the ideas I learned from Gandhi was to discard the notion of enemy. This was a very radical thought for me, because my work at Rand and in the Defense

Department and the Marines—in other words, my whole adult life—had been entirely focused around the notion of enemy. Looking back at the second World War, I, along with the rest of the country, tended to think of our adversaries as morally inferior. And we, even with all our faults, were morally superior. So our adversaries were not just adversaries, but really enemies of the cause of good. And becaused they were unchangeable, and entirely unlike ourselves, we could make the world a better place by destroying them.

Gandhi discards all these notions, without losing his judgment about what others may be doing. If they are doing something wrong they should be opposed. He doesn't use the word "evil," but certain behaviors must be obstructed and exposed. So you can have a very clear judgment, but it's not a judgment of a person, it's a judgment of the way they are behaving, and you can appeal to them to change, in the context of an interaction in which you yourself are open to be changed by them, and to learn from them.

Bodhisattva of Action

It's possible to see Gandhi as a bodhisattva. (Chögyam Trungpa actually made this point to me.) But he's different from the traditional bodhisattva, whose approach to the salvation of others was purely exemplary, as I understand it. They delayed their final achievement of nirvana, and practiced on behalf of others, pursuing the eightfold path. There are many examples of saint-like bodhisattvas, corresponding to the idea of Christian saints, who performed individual acts of compassion or self-sacrifice. But Gandhi organized other people to act *together* in a disciplined way, against a social evil.

History is full of people who've organized others for social justice, but Gandhi combines the notion of a spiritual approach, which is very close to Buddhism, with social activism. He may have invented that. Of course he had people who direcly influenced him, like Tolstoy, and Thoreau, going to jail to protest the Mexican war. But Gandhi said, "Let's get a lot of people to do that." When he said "I invented jail-going," he meant *mass* jail-going, and he did invent that. Gandhi was indistinguishable from an engaged Buddhist.

Rituals of Community

For me, nonviolent civil disobedience is, among other things, a ritual of community. It's part of my religion. That *is* my religion. Communities need rituals, and our community of resistance has this rite.

At the time of the Gulf War I was in Washington, knowing there would be people getting arrested in front of the White House. I went to a conference of anti-war people, and they asked me to speak. I said, "I'm a Jew who was raised as a Christian, and as I got older I would have said that I had no religion. But for the last 20 years, I've had a community, and it's you people here. The people in this room are my community. And we're a minority in the country, but it's not a tiny minority. It's a lot of people. We should think of ourselves as a community, and a community needs ritual. Going to jail on some occasions for me is one of those rituals. And this is a time I want to be in jail."

Civil disobedience is effective on many levels. Sitting on the tracks at Rocky Flats, for example, you could say you were stopping the arms race. You were keeping the trains with radioactive material from coming out of Rocky Flats. If they didn't arrest you, Rocky Flats would have to close down; they would choke on their own radioactive material. And since they made all of the plutonium triggers for all of our nuclear weapons, you could, in theory, stop the nuclear arms race. People say, "But the trains will get through." Yes, but not without arrests. They don't get through invisibly, silently, anymore. So you're stopping the weapons makers from doing their job in the way they have to do it, which is invisibly. With enough visibility and enough attention drawn to weapons development, we get it stopped. Just by sitting we're acting effectively.

Patricia couldn't come to the tracks then because she was nursing Michael, and the danger of the plutonium dust was too great for a nursing mother. I talked to her on the phone and she asked what we were doing, and I told her, "I'm persuading people to just sit."

In the Tradition of Thich Nhat Hanh
and The Order of Interbeing

Manzanita Village

In the Chaparral hill country of Southern California,
East of the Coastal Ranges, West of the Anza-Borrego,
2½ hours from Los Angeles, 1½ hours from San Diego.

Retreats, Long & Short-term stays, Aikido, Work-study
Catriona Reed and Michele Benzamin-Masuda

Write or call for full schedule or more information:
PO Box 67, Warner Springs CA 92086. 760-782-9223

**Entering the Realm of Reality:
Towards Dhammic Societies**

Edited by Jonathan Watts, Alan Senauke, and Santikaro Bikkhu

"A long-awaited collection of Buddhist visions of the good society." —Donald Rothberg

Published by the International Network of Engaged Buddhists, Thailand, 1997. Available for $15 from BPF, POB 4650, Berkeley, CA 94704

She said, "You sound like Baker Roshi."

I said, "Yeah, sitting is all you have to do. But, as Gandhi taught, it does make a difference *where* you sit."

I was afraid I was going to miss Michael's first steps—he was just a year old at that time. (We had a birthday party for him on the tracks.) I asked Patricia, "Has he started to walk yet?" And she said, "No, like his Daddy, he's still just sitting."

Hope

To work on the nuclear arms race is to confront despair—I won't say constantly or hourly, but frequently. And over many, many years. During the eight years I was fighting against the Vietnam War, people sometimes asked me how I stayed hopeful. I'd have to say that hope doesn't depend too much on rational calculation. You feel hopeful for other reasons, like being in love, having a loving partner. Getting enough sleep is important; it's almost impossible to stay hopeful without that. And exercise, and being in nature. I made a list once—being around children, and babies. Meditation.

But the main thing is actually the stakes that are involved. Love and exercise and children enable you to live on a very thin diet of hope, which I *am* able to do, as opposed to being hopeless. The more you know about the world, the more you realize you can't be certain that things are hopeless. The truth is, we *do* have a chance, and nobody can say we don't. We're not entitled to that certainty.

The truth is, we do *have a chance, and nobody can say we don't. We're not entitled to that certainty.*

Nobody would have expected that the situation in South Africa would change without terrible violence. No one would have said that the Berlin Wall would go down in this century without violence, or even *with* violence. Changes like that do occur.

Hope is the basis for action, because without hope you can't act. But hope alone doesn't get you into activity.

The reason that just a thin amount of hope is enough to keep you going is that the stakes are so high. Everything is at stake, really. When we threaten first use—as we're doing right now against Iraq—we're talking about the threat of mass terrorism by our country. For the U.S to make such threats defines us as a terrorist nation on a major scale. This is intolerable. It has to change. I cannot accept that our country is a terrorist state. And if we're going to talk about "rogue" states, as the President likes to do, then we are top rogue.

But the larger threat of nuclear war is the end of life on earth, and I don't mean just human life. Some forms of bacterial life would perhaps survive, and cockroaches would conceivably survive, even in the worst-case scenario. But vertebrate life, civilization as we know it, cities—we're talking about ending all that. Being in nature gives you a sense not only of nourishment and energy and hope, but a realization that we are threatening most of what we see.

With those stakes, you don't have to be very romantic about human life to want to go on. For five thousand years, human "civilization" has meant racism, war, imperialism, slavery, torture, massacre—right from the beginning. All those things have been with us in a pretty continuous way, and they are still with us today. Despite all that, enough compassion and freedom and creativity and joy have existed alongside all those other phenomena to make it seem worthwhile to go on. And yet, our country's number one national project over the last 50 years has been preparing the machinery to end it all. And that's got to change.

Taking Risks

The behavior of our governments and our major institutions has to change, drastically and fast. The change has to be of the same order as the end of the Cold War. And that will not happen without a lot of us changing the way we live our lives. We have to inform ourselves, and we have to take responsibility for change.

There are innumerable people who may have read a news story about nuclear accidents, and who have had the conscious thought: this is outrageous, this is immoral. And then they went on, of course, as we all do, to other matters, making a living or whatever. Those people could begin to express what they feel: that this is wrong, that it's dangerous, that it should change. In this way we all will become aware that we're not alone in those feelings, that we're part of a movement.

A lot of people in the government know what is happening and could be informing the public of what they know. They could do what I did, even if they have to pay a price for it. That course is open to thousands and thousands of people who could tell us things at some risk to themselves that would be very worth knowing.

The change in society that has to come will not come without masses of people taking risks. They have to ask, they have to act, they have to change their lives to some extent. And what has to be done entails some risk, not usually of going to jail, as I did; that's not necessary for everybody. We can get the job done without that. But we can't get it done without people risking their advancement, their jobs, the good opinions of some of their colleagues. Rocking the boat calls for that. People have got to take conscious risks in some cases, and they can encourage their spouses and their parents and their children to do the same.

I don't think people take action—or *should* take action—out of guilt. I didn't have a sense of guilt about

Vietnam. I *did* expect to go to prison forever. Well, let's not exaggerate—a hundred and fifteen years is what I was charged with. But I didn't think in terms of a hundred and fifteen, I just thought: the rest of my life. Many people assumed that what enabled me to do what I did and to risk such a long sentence was that I must have felt guilty about what I had done earlier and I wanted to be punished. But that was not the case, and actually, I didn't feel very guilty. I thought that I had done what I had done in good faith, given what I knew at the time. I had done the best I could, and I was misinformed.

As I look back, I can see many more reasons for feeling guilty than I felt at the time. But what I did feel was that if I didn't do everything I could, then I *would* be complicit, then I *should* feel guilty in connection with the deaths of a great many people who were still alive and who would be killed. And it's worth taking a great risk to avoid being guilty of terrible complicity. So I don't think it's helpful to point fingers at people as if to say, "Here's what you have been guilty of," but rather to say, "Here's what you *can* do, and you *will* be complicit if you don't take some action." That helps to justify the risk for people who have responsibilities: they have families, their children need to go to college, they need the income, and they feel it would be wrong to take risks with their income. But if they think about the stakes, they might decide it would be wrong *not* to take such risks.

There are more people now working toward the abolition of nuclear weapons than there have been since the end of the Cold War. [See article on Abolition 2000, p.24.] It's a growing movement, a respectably-sized movement, but it needs to be a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand times larger. ❖

Daniel Ellsberg is a former Defense Department and State Department official who, in 1971, revealed to the press the Pentagon Papers, a 7000-page, top-secret history of U.S. decision-making in Vietnam from 1945 to 1968. President Nixon was unsuccessful in enjoining the New York Times and other papers from publishing this history, but Ellsberg was indicted on 12 felony counts, and faced 115 years in prison. His trial was ended in 1973 on grounds of a pattern of governmental misconduct against him by the White House, including the burglary of his former psychoanalyst's office and a later attempt to assault him. These criminal actions to silence him figured in President Nixon's resignation to avoid impeachment, and the conviction of a number of his White House aides.

Since the ending of the Vietnam War, Ellsberg has lectured and taken part in many nonviolent direct actions against other U.S. interventions and against the nuclear arms race. He lives with his wife Patricia, sometimes in Berkeley, California, sometimes in Washington, D.C.

Karen Payne was producer/director of Turning the Tide *(Channel Four, England, 1989), a film about nuclear strategists and scientists who had a crisis of conscience, left their professions, and became anti-nuclear activists. She is a member of BPF.*

Five Steps the U.S. Could Take toward a Nuclear-Free Future

[The following points are excerpted from Ellsberg's article "Manhattan Project II: Abolishing Nuclear Weapons" in the excellent resource book *Critical Mass: Voices for a Nuclear-Free Future,* edited by Greg Ruggiero & Stuart Sahulka.]

1. Reaffirm the Goal of Abolition of Nuclear Weapons

The United States and Russia should schedule the onset of multilateral negotiations to this end, aimed at completing and signing by the year 2000 a Global Convention on Comprehensive Nuclear Disarmament.

2. Make Strategic Force Reductions Deeper, Faster and Irreversible

The United States and Russia should agree to:

- dismantle warheads and missiles scheduled to be reduced, with accelerated implementation of the process.
- aim to reduce their arsenals to that of the other declared nuclear states by 2005.
- make early commitments to seek multilateral ceilings in the order of tens to 100 nuclear weapons.

3. Commit To No First-Use and Implementation

- The United States should join China, and call on Russia and other nuclear states to do likewise, in declaring that the United States will not, under any circumstances, be first to use nuclear weapons, and will not threaten or use nuclear weapons against non-nuclear-weapons states.

The United States and Russia should:

- seek to establish under the UN Security Council a universal prohibition against such initiation or threats of nuclear weapons use.
- agree to withdraw from deployment all United States and Russian tactical nuclear weapons.
- move toward "zero alert" for operational missiles and aircraft.
- encourage regional nuclear-free zones.
- cease fueling regional arms races by conventional arms sales and transfers.

4. Increase Transparency and International Accountability of Nuclear Weapons, Fissile Material Stockpiles and the Dismantling Process

The United States should seek to achieve:

- bilateral monitoring of transport and storage of US and Russian weapons to be dismantled.
- disclosure of stockpile data and registry of all nuclear weapons and all weapons usable fissile materials.
- all nuclear-weapon states to open their nuclear facilities to the same international verification and monitoring procedures that are demanded of non-nuclear-weapon states.

5. Ban Production of Weapons-Usable Fissile Material and Provide for International Control of Stockpiles and Disposition

The United States should seek to achieve:

- international monitoring of the transport and disposition of all fissile materials from dismantled weapons.
- a global, verified cutoff in the production of fissile materials for weapons purposes.
- increased funding and inspection capabilities of the IAEA or a new international agency for inspection, and strengthened UN Security Council procedures for bringing international sanctions to bear on violators.

THERE WAS A GUN IN THE HOUSE

Lynn Dix talks about her son's death

From the editor: I talked with Lynn Dix in January, 1998. We have a lot in common: we are both Buddhists, both the middle-aged Berkeley mothers of two sons. But both of my sons are alive. Lynn's son Kenzo was killed four years ago in a gun accident.

TW *readers don't need to be persuaded that handguns can cause terrible tragedies. But we may need to be reminded that the possibility of such tragedy is not so far away, and that we are not separate from the ones whose children die. The victims of gun violence are everywhere among us. We must give up the notion that it's only the parents' job to keep their children safe from guns. That's not enough. It's the job of all of us to make the world safe for all of our children.*

Kenzo was a student at Berkeley High School when he died. There's a mural of him on the handball court there.

I started out by asking Lynn to tell me the circumstances of her son's death. —Susan Moon

Lynn Dix

I got a call from Kenzo on a Sunday afternoon. He was at a friend's house and wanted to stay for dinner.

Later that afternoon, there was a knock at our door. Two people from Social Services said something had happened on the street where Kenzo's friend lived, and that we needed to go immediately to Children's Hospital. That's all they could say.

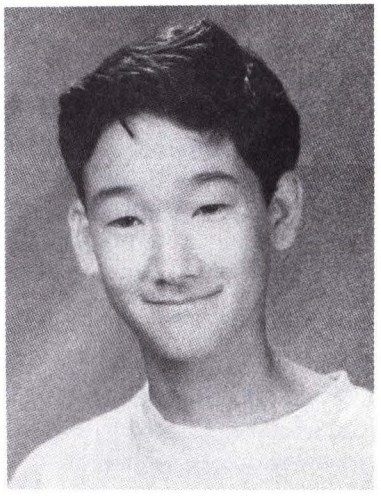
So my husband and I went to Children's Hospital, and waited. Finally they told us that Kenzo had been accidentally shot to death by his friend. They had done everything to try to save him, but he died. Our world just shattered at that point.

The detective who had interviewed the other boy explained to us that Kenzo wasn't shot in anger. One thing came to me clearly, then. I felt I had to tell the boy that we knew he didn't do it on purpose.

The way it happened was that the boy got his father's gun, which was kept loaded in a camera case next to the bed. He wanted to show it to Kenzo. He was quite proud that he had been taught to use a gun at a shooting range. He knew the semi-automatic was loaded, and so he removed the clip and inserted a blank. Then he ran up the stairs and got into a shooting stance, pointing it at my son, you know, as a joke. He called to him, released the safety, and pulled the trigger. It went off. He'd forgotten to remove the one bullet that's in the chamber.

I had no idea they had guns in the house. You can't rely on the kids to tell you, or gun owners to keep their guns stored safely. The gun manufacturers say that the way to handle it is to educate the kids—the famous "Eddie Eagle" program. Teach every kid the dangers of guns. But the fact is, that's not a reliable way to protect our kids, any more than telling your kids to stay away from medicine bottles is. You put safety caps on; it's much more effective.

My son was fifteen and the other boy was fourteen. Especially at that age, kids are fascinated by guns. Due to the entertainment industry, a gun has a certain aura; it gives you a feeling of power. When you have a gun around, you want to see it, and you want to see what it feels like to pull the trigger. There's a natural curiosity about it. But the gun actually puts everyone in the house in much more danger than if you didn't have one. The idea is to protect your family, but statistics show that someone in the house is three times more likely to die from a gun if you have one. People don't realize that the *leading cause* of death for children in California is guns.



Kenzo Dix

I never imagined that anybody I knew would have a gun in the house, especially if their kids were there. You see shooting on television, but it's just not real. You don't feel the impact of it; you don't see what guns can really do to our bodies and our families.

It turns out that 50 percent of American homes have guns. And people don't tell you, of course. Had I

known, I would have told the kids to come to my house to play instead.

A friend of mine in San Diego was talking about what happened to me and to Kenzo to a group of her friends. She's a professor and they were all professional people. She asked, "Do you guys have guns?" and some did. We can't say it's only people who live in dangerous parts of town. People who live in nice neighborhoods have guns, too. They think someone's going to break into their houses and take their computers. She said, "But how can you do that? You have kids." You never know, just as I didn't know.

Different things made it possible for me to keep going. Meditation helped a lot, to stop the spinning in the head. Not that it ever really stops, and not that I'm a very good meditator. But it helped. And friends and family really helped a lot. And the neighbors. We didn't know each other that well at first, but this really pulled us together.

The day after, two neighbors came over and asked if they could do anything. I couldn't think of anything I needed except fresh air, and I said, "If you want to go for a walk with me, let's go at three." I looked out the window at three and there must have been 50 or 60 neighbors, from a ninety-year-old woman to little children. And we all walked together.

It's hard to talk about your child's death, you know. But I do it because I don't want other children to die the way he died.

I didn't go back to work for a long time, and I just took time to be with the pain. I took some comfort from the Buddhist teaching not to turn away from suffering. Not avoiding the pain was important, not carrying on as usual. I mean, you *can't* carry on as usual—there's no way. So just feeling the pain, even though it's scary.

It helped me to connect with other parents who had lost a child. Nobody can really understand unless they've gone through it. It's just beyond anything you can imagine. I talked to survivors of the 101 California Street shooting [a law office in San Francisco where eight people were shot to death by an irate businessman in 1993]. But everybody's at different stages, and sometimes it wasn't helpful to talk to them. Sometimes people were consumed by anger, even years later. I didn't want to become bitter. What good would that do?

Also, I didn't want Kenzo's life just to be here and then forgotten the next day. There had to be some heritage, something done in his memory. I wanted to do something to make sure that other children didn't die the way he died. And so I started to do work in that area, though it was hard.

I've given interviews on television, on Oprah Winfrey, for example. And to newspapers and NPR. I testified before the California State Legislature on gun bills. One bill has to do with effective load indicators, so people know that the gun is loaded, because with most guns, you can't even tell that they are loaded. Also, Kenzo's father and I are bringing a lawsuit against the gun manufacturer, about product safety.

Kenzo's life was positive, and I hope something positive will come even from his death, to make the world safer for other kids—not just kids, but other people. That's why I do the interviews. It's hard to talk about your child's death, you know. But I do it because I hope it has some impact. Otherwise I wouldn't do it.

I know my speaking out has made a difference, because friends tell me that they've told my story to people they know, and as a result, families have gotten rid of their guns. You can't know what lives might have been saved.

I've also worked with Californians for Responsible Gun Laws, which is a very good organization. And I testified at different city council hearings on banning cheaply made guns called Saturday night specials, and that's been very successful. Some 34 communities—cities and counties—in California have banned the sale and manufacture of Saturday night specials.

After Kenzo died, I only spoke a little to the father of the boy who shot him. What was there to say? He apologized. I asked him why he had a gun at his house and he said it was for protection. And that was basically it. People said to me, "Don't you want to go to his house and just scream and yell at him?" Of course there was anger, but even greater was the tremendous, heavy sadness in my heart, and that was the biggest thing. The sadness of not having your son anymore. There's his room, his clothing, but he's not at the dinner table to talk to us.

As for the other boy, he was charged with involuntary manslaughter because he was fourteen, and according to the California law, the child is responsible if he's fourteen or older. In this kind of situation, the court wants to know what the parents of the victim want to see done. Buddhism helps you put yourself in other people's shoes. We said we wanted to make sure there was no gun in the house any more. When we heard the options—sending him to a boot camp, or juvenile hall—we didn't think it would do him any good. It would have been totally counter-productive to put him in that kind of environment. He was already feeling terrible about himself and he would have come out worse. So I wrote a letter to the court saying that we hoped he would grow up to be a responsible citizen, and that the best way that that would be served would be for him to remain in the custody of his parents, but not have any guns in the house. So that's what happened. It's not enforceable, by the way. Nobody's going to go check the house.

Buddhism helps, because you try to see things as they really are. I work for nonviolent solutions, but I try to understand why people would want guns. I try to take their perspective. What if the only people who had guns were the government? Depending on the government, that wouldn't be very good. Being in the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, I hope to talk to other people who are thinking about this. I think about the Indians in Chiapas who had no guns and were slaughtered. And I think: if they had guns, would they have been safer from attack? Or would they have lost the sympathy and attention of the international community?

The tendency is to demonize gun manufacturers and gun owners. I think about the Dalai Lama and how he doesn't want to alienate the Chinese. He says we should continue to communicate with them; they're people, too. It's important for me to understand that people who have a gun in their house may really believe they need it. So we should treat them respectfully, and not just call them "bad guys" and "gun nuts."

People who live in nice neighborhoods have guns, too.

There's a better chance of reconciliation if we understand where they're coming from and see what solution we can come to together.

If you're concerned about guns, there are things you can do. First of all, keep informed, and contact legislators on bills that are coming up, because that has had an impact. A phone call or a fax at the right time makes a difference.

Although designed to kill, guns were excluded from the Consumer Product Safety Act in 1972, because legislators gave in to political pressure from the NRA. In a country where almost 40,000 people are killed by guns every year, guns need to be regulated. If any kind of product should have safety standards, it's guns.

Also, and I know this seems strange, just ask people if there are guns in the house. Especially if you have children, before you send your children there, ask if there are guns in the house and how they're stored. If you're hesitant to ask, just tell them that you heard a woman speak about how she lost her son, and you were moved by her story. If you need an excuse to ask, I'll be the excuse, because it happened to me. And I didn't think to ask. ❖

For more information on what you can do, contact Californians for Responsible Gun Laws, at 510-649-8946.

Special thanks to Edie Hartshorne, who generously arranged for this conversation to take place.

Lynn Dix lives in Berkeley, California, works as a provider of library and information services, and practices Buddhism. Her older son lives in Kensington with his father.

QUESTIONS

by Lewis Woods

Dealing in weapons is one of the five trades specifically mentioned in the Pali canon as examples of wrong livelihood. Trade in living beings, meat production, poisons, and intoxicants are the other four.

Weapons, like everything else, arise into existence and cease from existence in dependence on causes and conditions. A human hand can become a weapon, and a handgun can become a toy, a work of art, an instructional aid, or even a paperweight, depending on the purposes of the user.

- Under what conditions does a given object become a weapon?
- How do you respond emotionally to the sight of various kinds of weapons?
- What weapons have been used against you?
- What weapons have you used against others?
- What weapons have you used against yourself?
- Does Buddhism allow for self-defense? If it does, can weapons be used for self-defense?
- What, if any, karma is involved in playing with weapons in video games, virtual reality, or in a laser-tag arcade?
- As Buddhists do we consider ourselves bound by a different standard than the one we apply to others in the use of weapons?
- Under what social, political, or ecological conditions would you carry a gun? use a gun? consider someone else who used a gun justified?
- How should children be educated concerning handguns? rifles? nuclear weapons?
- Is the development of non-lethal weaponry (such as sticky-foams or slippery-suds that can immobilize people without killing them) a positive development from a Buddhist perspective?
- Should law enforcement personnel be allowed to use chemical agents such as pepper-spray? Under what conditions?
- Can weapons ever have a truly skillful, non-metaphorical use in Buddhist terms? On what does this depend?
- Can modern-day weapons like handguns or bombs be transformed into Buddhist symbols ("blowing away" delusions with an M-16) like the sword of wisdom wielded by the Bodhisattva Manjushri?
- Does the use of martial metaphors and symbols (armies of Mara; subduing the mind; Buddhas as conquerors—*jinas;* sword-wielding Bodhisattvas) by Buddhists subtly foster a cultural environment in which the use of actual force or weapons is more tenable?

BELLS TO BOMBS AND BACK AGAIN

by Alan Senauke

Threads of action weave together across continents and generations. Three strands teased from the fabric of my own life are woven into a new story, a story of temple bells and bombs.

More than fifty years ago in Japan the imperial government collected bronze bells from thousands of temples. Japan was at war all across Asia and in the Pacific, a war of expansion falsely framed as a matter of honor, duty, and enlightened nationalism. In the name of these misused virtues the bells were taken, melted down in vast crucibles, and recast as weapons and ammunition.

There's an old photograph I found in a dusty album at Rinso-in, the home temple of Shunryu Suzuki Roshi in Yaizu, a fishing town on Japan's Pacific coast. This is the same Suzuki Roshi who brought his Soto Zen practice to San Francisco in 1959, wrote *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*, and was the teacher of my teacher. In the photograph the bells are surrendered to the Emperor at a makeshift altar in the temple courtyard. Villagers, monks, and soldiers grimly face the camera. A young Suzuki Roshi in brocade robes stands beside the big bell. To his left, an old man looks away, disconsolate. To the right, a young man looks into the sky. No one is smiling.

Hoitsu Suzuki Roshi, the present abbot of Rinso-in, is the young boy in the dead center of the photograph, maybe three or four years old, held by his mother. I asked him what the picture was about. Hoitsu said this was the day the army came to claim the bells.

At Suan Mokh, the late Ajahn Buddhadasa's Garden of Liberation in southern Thailand, a rusting bell hangs in the corner of an outdoor pavillion. It calls the monks to meditation each morning before sunrise. I noticed its peculiar elongated shape. I had seen such bells everywhere in rural Thailand. Their strong, bright sound carries surprisingly far. I had a flash of recognition: these were American bomb casings! On some bells I could still read the parts designation and serial number.

When the aerial bombardment of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia ended in the early 1970s, the U.S. military left thousands of these weapons at their secret B-52 bases in northeast Thailand. They also left behind an enduring legacy of misery and environmental destruction, a burgeoning population of prostitutes, and the virus of western culture. But the bombs themselves could be put to use. Explosives and fusing devices were

The temple at Rinso-in gives up its bells to the imperial army of Japan, ca. 1942. Shunryu Suzuki Roshi stands on the right side of the big bell. His son, Hoitsu, is held by his mother on the left side of the bell.

Ven. Suthep & Jim Perkins bringing the bomb-bell to Sulak Sivaraksa's house in Bangkok, as a gift to BPF, 1994

removed, the casings were cut in half, and metal rings were welded on so they might be hung. Bombs were made over into bells. Good American steel.

My monk friend Tan Suthep arrived in Bangkok from his temple in the north with one of these bells for me, a gift from the International Network of Engaged Buddhists (INEB). It was painted in bright colors and inscribed "Turning Bombs into Dhamma Bells."

We carried this bell to the Nevada nuclear test site to mark Buddha's birthday in April of 1994. Buddhists, Catholics, and Western Shoshone created a ritual in the desert, consecrating the scarred earth and sky with offerings and prayer. The children in our group rang the bell a hundred and eight times—a hundred and eight delusions, a hundred and eight gates of enlightenment—as dozens of us stepped purposefully across a line in the road demarking "government property" and were led away by sheriffs, under arrest.

In the holding pen, under the hot sun, several of us had an idea. We could present a "bell of nuclear abolition," a bell that had been a bomb, and a copy of the photograph from Rinso-in of the bells that would become bombs, to the International Conference of Disarmament meeting the following July in Geneva, Switzerland.

With the collaboration of BPF, INEB, the Nevada Desert Experience, and the Western Shoshone, a bell was found in Thailand, shipped to Switzerland and given to Conference chairman Marin-Bosch by Shoshone leaders Ian Zabarte and Johnnie L. Bobb. They asked for reparations to the victims of nuclear testing, an end to the callous theft and desecration of indigenous peoples' lands around the world, and a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty as a first step towards the sanity of complete nuclear abolition. The bell and the photograph clearly distinguish our options. We can make our weapons into tools of spirit. Or we can turn all that is sacred towards the purposes of death and destruction.

The work continues. There are some successes, but it goes slowly. Deeply wedded to our fears, we don't readily relinquish our weapons. We don't quite know how to convert the industries of war to peaceful ends. So we Buddhists and our friends bring our bomb bell to gatherings and demonstrations. It's pretty heavy to carry, but its very weight reminds us of the difficult task at hand. And the yellowing photograph from Japan sits on my office wall. It brings back the old sorrow of my Zen family, the sorrow which weaves through all our lives even now. ❖

Billy Pilgrim padded downstairs...turned on the television...saw the late movie backwards:

American planes, full of holes and wounded men and corpses, took off backwards from an airfield in England. Over France, a few German fighter planes flew at them backwards, sucked bullets and shell fragments from some of the planes and crewmen. They did the same for wrecked American bombers on the ground, and those planes flew up backwards to join the formation.

The formation flew backwards over a German city that was in flames. The bombers opened their bomb bay doors, exerted a miraculous magnetism which shrunk the fires, gathered them into cylindrical steel containers, and lifted the containers into the bellies of the planes. The containers were stored neatly in racks. The Germans below had miraculous devices of their own, which were long steel tubes. They used them to suck more fragments from the crewmen and planes. But there were still a few wounded Americans, and some of the bombers were in bad repair. Over France, though, German fighters came up again, made everything and everybody as good as new.

When the bombers got back to their base, the steel cylinders were taken from the racks and shipped back to the United States of America, where factories were operating night and day, dismantling the cylinders, separating the dangerous contents into minerals. Touchingly, it was mainly women who did this work. The minerals were then shipped to specialists in remote areas. It was their business to put them into the ground, to hide them cleverly, so they would never hurt anybody ever again.

The American fliers turned in their uniforms, became high school kids. And Hitler turned into a baby, Billy Pilgrim supposed. That wasn't in the movie—Billy was extrapolating. Everybody turned into a baby, and all humanity, without exception, conspired biologically to produce two perfect people named Adam and Eve, he supposed.

—from *Slaughterhouse 5*, by Kurt Vonnegut

Dear Jarvis Masters

Turning Wheel *readers are familiar with the writing of Jarvis Masters, an African-American prisoner on San Quentin's Death Row, and author of the recently published* Finding Freedom: Writings from Death Row. *Teachers and mentors of young people have begun to use Jarvis's writings with their students, to encourage them to understand the violence in their lives before they, too, find themselves irrevocably caught in the jaws of the prison system.*

Jarvis passed on to us at Turning Wheel *some of the letters he has received from children and teenagers. When Jarvis sent his words out into the universe, he didn't know who would hear them or what effects they would have, but they seem to be spreading out in widening rings, touching people in unexpected places.*

A fifth grade teacher writes:

✍ I am sending you some letters written by a fifth grade class in Chicago. We have been studying about violence and abuse, and your story moved them very deeply. The class is from an inner-city school and the children come from one of the worst housing projects in the U.S. Many of them have experienced abuse, or have close friends who have been abused by their parents. I hope that by reading stories such as yours they will be able to understand their experiences better and be able to talk openly about the pain, so that they will not get caught up in the type of cycle you describe.

✍ Dear Jarvis Masters, Toak to god and pray And god will help you. you might will get out. I wish you can get to see the sun the moon and the star. I don't know you but I still have feeling for you I have love for every body. At night think about your Abuse And then get it out you mind think about the fun thing you did in life. It not what you did in the pass is what you going to do in the future if your life get save. We Art Black And Beatful and I glad that you was brave to say what happen. Black history month is coming up. you salabrat it in Jail And have fun read A Book And get off your mind. My name is Andrea my dad name was Andrew he got shot I did not get to see him I was little. —*Andrea*

✍ Hi I'm sorry what happened to you when you were little. I know how you fell Because I was abuse too and hope you don't get killed by the chair —*Dawn*

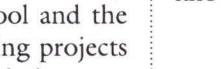
✍ I know you hate being in prison. I hope you get out that stupid prison. I am trying to follow the right track so I won't throw my life away of being in a gang or killing people. Killing is not the right track to take. If you get out please stay out of trouble. —*Sincerely, Lerico*
P.S. stay out of trouble

✍ I never been really hit. I just get hit when I get into fight. I like to fight. I like to see fight. I hate to be nere a gunshot when I think it point at me, I hate to see people dies and especially me. I pray to god that it not me. —*Lamerr*

✍ you is a brave men to be Alive. you cannot see the world no more but I wish that you see the world one more time. —*Omar*

✍ I know how you was treated because I haved a friend like you and she haved lots of abuse on her body and she got tookin from their mother because she was on drugs and drinks Alcohol and when she do that stuff she hurt her kids and one day her kids was tookin from her and I do not like the way she was not right to her kids. I love you very much but I do not no you —*Bianca*

✍ I didn't wanted to write to you but my teacher made me. The only reason that I didn't wanted to write to you was because I barely write to my two uncles. I hope that you like it in there. The only reason why I "said" that was because my two uncles don't like it in jail. I will write back when I get to know you better. —*P.S. Love Takesha*



The following letters were sent to Jarvis from a counselor at a youth detention camp, who used Finding Freedom *with the young men in the camp:*

✍ Dear Jarvis Masters,
Whats up dog? How you doing? I know I don't know you or anything but I just wanted to let you know to keep on keeping on. Your book you wrote, sounded hella cool even though you had to become sucessful while in jail. Don't even trip cause I done been through some of the same stuff you been through and now I'm trying to get my life together cause I aint trying to see the pen or nothing like that cause that aint how I boggie but yea, I'm about to start going to college. Get a job, stuff like that. Just basically go legit and say fuck the dumb shit. I got the positive influence over me and I'ma use it cause I got potential and I ain't gonna let it go to waste so I just gotta do what I gotta do to make it and I am gonna make it! It aint easy but you gotta stay breezy in the weather and do whatever you gotta do to stay true and remember stick wit God. —*Keiante*

✍ Well, I can't really say I feel what your goin' threw, but in a since I can. I've been goin' threw my own lil tribes and tribulation.

To make a long story short: Right now I'm doin' some light weight time at this camp where I'll be until late '98. It hurts to be down like this, so I couldn't help but feel for you an what you goin' threw.

(Continued on page 41)

Tax Resistance

Celeste West, a BPF member who runs the library at San Francisco Zen Center, sent us this copy of her annual letter to the IRS. Tax time is coming, and you might want to draft a similar letter when you file.

A lover of the Way does not kill, but cherishes all life.
—First Buddhist Precept

Dear IRS Workers & Friends,

Again, as a matter of conscience, I am enclosing no tax payment with my carefully completed tax return. The truly effective means of stopping U.S. military interventionist action is to stop paying for it. I thus continue to withhold my money from the military's bloated 52 percent of the U.S. budget. Here is a cash boycott on all Pentagon-fueled death, maiming, environmental destruction, and waste of resources and energy.

U.S. citizens once survived quite nicely without a trillion-dollar Pentagon, a secretly funded C.I.A., or "defense industries."

With deep satisfaction and enjoyment, I redirect the dollars of my tax bill. I am donating the money to selected social change community groups via a "peace tax" escrow interest fund. Interest on the taxes we put in these escrow funds, or tax dollars contributed outright, go to progressive community organizations. Such groups wholeheartedly work to enhance life and alleviate suffering more directly than a government driven by a Daddy Warbucks mentality.

I also look forward to passage of the "Peace Tax Fund Bill" now in Congress, whereby we taxpayers can designate on the tax form itself how our tax money will be allocated. Since corporations pay only around 6 percent of the U.S. tax bill, citizens without corporate loopholes gain another kind of leverage: taxation with representation! Think of choosing whether to fund areas like health, arts, education, and environment—or military interventions, spy and drug networks, weapons research and development, not to mention Savings & Loan bailouts. Please call or write your Congressperson or candidate in support of the "Peace Tax Fund Bill." Increase the peace with

Love & action,
Celeste West, San Francisco, CA
Beyond the Nation State

For information about tax resistance and the redirection of your tax dollars, contact National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee (NWTRCC), P.O. Box 7734, Monroe, ME 04951-0774. Tel: (800) 269-7464. ❖

Reviews

VIDEO REVIEW

Peace is Every Step—Meditation in Action: The Life and Work of Thich Nhat Hanh

Produced and directed by Gaetano Maida, Legacy Media. Narrated by Ben Kingsley. 60 minutes. Available from Mystic Fire Video, 800-292-9001; email: mysticfire@echonyc.com. Also available from Parallax Press and bookstores nationwide.

Reviewed by Tim Dunn

Every step of the path is the destination. —Paracelsus

Thich Nhat Hanh is perhaps the most beloved teacher of Buddhism in the West. He is known through his writings, but even more so through the powerful witness of his life. In an hour's time, a video called *Peace is Every Step* outlines this life and work, succeeding as a portrait of the man as well as an introduction to his ideas. The video is framed by a gathering Thây led eight years ago for U.S. Vietnam War veterans. Several of the participants speak frankly of their experiences in the war (and in the workshop), and so does Thich Nhat Hanh. This sharing of stories between people from formerly clashing cultures creates a profoundly healing environment.

We glimpse black-and-white fragments of footage: Nhat Hanh's youth in French-occupied Vietnam, the monk discovering social engagement: "anxious to shine Buddhist insight" on the oppression and suffering around him. The creation of the school of Youth for Social Service, with Sister Chân Không and others, is mentioned briefly, in a glimpse of biography. The French leave, Thây's country divides, and the war intensifies with the arrival of U.S. forces. Both Thich Nhat Hanh and Chân Không speak simply and eloquently of life "under the bombs," each describing near-death experiences and horrific events. Thich Nhat Hanh asks the workshop participants to look deeply for the "truth of war" in order to transform the roots of war within each of them. This transformation is evident from the comments of several participants.

In 1966 Thich Nhat Hanh left Vietnam to come to the United States to speak, hoping to promote a cease-fire. He met with a surprisingly bitter response from some Americans, and found the anti-war movement here "very angry and violent."

He led the Buddhist Peace Delegation from Vietnam to the Paris Peace Talks, and he met and befriended Thomas Merton and Martin Luther King, Jr. But the cost of speaking out was exile, something Thich Nhat Hanh does not touch on directly in the film. Perhaps he touches it with his mind when, during

walking meditation, he repeats, "I've arrived, I'm home" with every step. He is a monk who is not so much homeless as home-free.

Home becomes Plum Village in southern France, a farming and meditation community dedicated to mindful living for monks, nuns, and lay people, but especially for victims of the war. Most residents are Vietnamese. Life in Plum Village promotes cooperation through mindfulness, and the video gives us the taste of that life: a hillside orchard soon to bear fruit, the faces of children playing, the movement of willows in the wind. We hear from Vietnamese exiles thankful for the gift of Plum Village, who remember those left behind by writing letters and sending needed material aid. All this work is done in peace, which Nhat Hanh calls "the fruit of practice." He encourages us to "sit like a mountain," to "breathe like a flower." We must practice, he says, "to become our best."

Thich Nhat Hanh's teaching on interbeing has had a profound effect on writers, activists, and ecologists as well. The video includes appearances by Joan Halifax, Peter Matthiessen, Maxine Hong Kingston, and others. Each reflects on a different aspect of the teaching, just as the war veterans did. Lives are changed when we realize our ultimate connection.

Peace Is Every Step ends with the poem that is its title. The poet-monk is smiling; his heart's sun is hugging our world. ❖

Tim Dunn lives and works in Philadelphia. He is a member of Food Not Bombs and Books Through Bars, and he works in many capacities with Project Home. He performs and promotes art and film in his spare time, and sits vipassana under the tutelage of S. N. Goenka.

Books in Brief

by Barbara Hirshkowitz

Dirty Laundry: 100 Days in a Zen Monastery

by Robert Winson and Miriam Sagan, with an afterword by Tom Ireland

LaAlameda Press, 1997, 208 pages, paper, $14
(Distributed by University of New Mexico Press)

As the name implies, *Dirty Laundry* provides the reader, via the diaries of a husband and wife, a behind-the-scenes look at life in a Zen monastery. This candid view of the intersection of career, marriage, parenthood and practice may be of particular interest to *TW* readers. Isabel, the three-year old, is chronicled frequently (my favorite parts). For example, "Isabel gives Randy an abstract painting for his birthday. 'What is it?' he asks. 'Paint,' says Isabel."

Sadly, Robert Winson, one of the authors, a poet and parent, was struggling at the time with an illness that was more serious than he knew. He has subsequently died.

The book's format and writing encourage the reader to glide through on the surface. It's kind of fun. Would a deeper reading yield some important truths about Buddhism's integration in the West? That the reader must decide.

The (Il)legality of Threat or Use of Nuclear Weapons: A Guide to the Historic Opinion of the International Court of Justice

by John Burroughs, forward by Phon van den Biesen

1997, 184 pages, paper, $12
Available from Western States Legal Foundation, 1440 Broadway, Suite 500, Oakland, CA 94612. Tel: 510-839-5877, fax: 510-839-5397, e-mail: wslf@igc.apc.org.

This guide has some mechanical problems that go with the territory of self-publishing: the title, cover, and tiny margins act as a deterrent to all but the most serious-minded. Also you need to order the book. But beyond those difficulties it is a wonder, a must-have tool for anyone taking a legal approach to questions of disarmament. Despite the dry title and headings, the book is very readable, written in plain and fluid English. It chronicles the World Court's deliberation and decision regarding the use and threat of use of nuclear weapons in the light of international law, environmental law and human rights.

John Burroughs, the author, was the legal coordinator for the International Association of Lawyers Against Nuclear Arms, and attended the hearings before the International Court of Justice that form the basis of this book. He currently works with the Western States Legal Foundation, based in Oakland, California, an organization dedicated to nonviolent activism and legal work for a nuclear-free world.

Gods of Commerce: How Business Really Works

by Michael Phillips

Clear Glass Press, San Francisco, 1997, 134 pp., $45

Michael Phillips is well known in the progressive business community for his book *The Seven Laws of Money.* He has impeccable credentials as a business guru (banker, foundation president, and consultant), and in *Gods of Commerce* he gives us the benefit of his current thinking about trade, industry and clientism—how they function, their gods and world views. He posits three gods: Urbanus for trade, Ganesh for industry, and Honestas for clientism. Every business falls into one of these three realms, and if you understand your god and worship accordingly you increase your chance of success.

The book has an easy-to-read format and is understandable to the novice as well as useful to the expert. The effect of reading it is to think holistically about the business community. There is enough here that one can return to for further ideas and inspiration. ❖

Zen At War

by Brian Victoria
Weatherhill, 1997, $19.95

Reviewed by Alan Senauke

"It is difficult to know who we ought to be if we cannot recognize who we have been." This admonition from the last paragraph of Brian Victoria's challenging work, *Zen At War*, underscores the broad context of his writing. From earliest times Buddhism has had a dynamic relationship to the state and to the military. Shakyamuni Buddha was himself born into a regal warrior family and caste. The Buddhism of Ashoka's India, of the Chinese empire, and of Japan has always preached peace. And yet, as Buddhism became institutionalized, like most organized faiths, it often became entangled in the marketplace of patronage, power, and accommodation to the state.

Zen At War focuses on the relationship of Buddhism—Zen in particular—to Imperial Japan, from the Meiji Restoration beginning in 1868 through 1945, a period encompassing an initial suppression of Japanese Buddhism, the Sino-Japanese War (1894-95), the Russo-Japanese War (1904-05), and expansionism and violence throughout Asia leading to Japan's wholehearted entry and defeat in World War II. Victoria suggests that the Meiji construction of state Shintoism provoked a patriotic and self-serving response from most Buddhist sects, who performed a complex doctrinal dance to maintain their own power and to curry favor from the state.

In 1896 a young D.T. Suzuki, the most prominent purveyor of Zen ideas to the West, was instrumental in articulating an ideology of Buddhist nationalism. He wrote:

> At the time of the commencement of hostilities with a foreign country, marines fight on the sea and soldiers fight in the fields, swords flashing and cannon smoke belching, moving this way and that...This is what is called "religion during a (national) emergency." This religion doesn't necessarily have to be described by (the words) "Buddha" or "God." Rather, if one simply discharges one's duty according to one's position (in society), what action could there be that is not religious in nature?

Suzuki's own teacher, Shaku Soen, who had earlier presented Zen at the World Parliament of Religions in Chicago, answered Leo Tolstoy's plea for peace between Russia and Japan with these words in 1904.

> Even though the Buddha forbade the taking of life, he also taught that until all sentient beings are united together through the exertion of infinite compassion, there will never be peace. Therefore as a means of bringing into harmony those things which are incompatible, killing and war are necessary.

The ensuing decades, moving from the Meiji to the Showa period, brought about the crystallization of a new religious expression, Imperial Way Buddhism, intimately linked with Japan's imperialist wars in Asia and the Pacific. Victoria devotes the main part of his work to a painful recounting of this distortion of the dharma. He points to Zen student and officer Sugimoto Goro as the exemplar of Imperial Way Buddhism. Sugimoto's work *Taigi* or *Great Duty* was published in 1938 after he died in battle in China a year earlier, and inspired a generation of schoolboys and young soldiers.

> Warriors who sacrifice their lives for the emperor will not die. They will live forever. Truly, they should be called gods and Buddhas for whom there is no life or death...Where there is absolute loyalty there is no life or death.

There is a compelling complexity to this difficult history. For all the detail in *Zen At War*, I feel we are just beginning to grasp how religion, culture, and the state can be complicitous. Victoria does an excellent job of outlining the doctrinal pronouncements of various sects, and the almost impossible efforts of brave monks, priests, and practitioners to protest and resist militarization. These efforts, like that of Uchiyama Gudo, the self-styled anarcho-socialist Soto priest, were taken as treason and met with isolation, imprisonment, and execution.

Victoria also shares with us the martial and nationalist expressions of other key teachers who carried Zen to the west through their own efforts and those of their dharma heirs. These include Harada Daiun and Yasutani Hakuun, teachers of Robert Aitken, Philip Kapleau, and Taizan Maezumi, who themselves have charted quite a different course of political and social expression.

Brian Daizen Victoria is a Soto Zen priest who teaches at the University of Auckland in New Zealand. His ties to Japan as a priest, scholar, and translator are close and critical. Flowing through the clear writing of this important book, as Victoria traces the development of modern Zen from Imperial Way Buddhism to late twentieth century Corporate Buddhism, there is a simultaneous sense of sadness and inquiry. It seems to me that his is not a scholar's dispassionate critique of Japanese religion and culture, but a way of getting at a more fundamental human question. How is it that we "sentient beings" so readily turn toward war and delusion, even when we have a faith that explicitly raises ethical and moral standards? How was Buddhism twisted from its own tenets? Christians, Jews, and Muslims might ask themselves the same painful questions.

When I met Brian Victoria in San Francisco this fall, just as *Zen At War* was coming out, he raised a further question that stays with me. What can we do to insure that Zen and Buddhism will never again pick up the sword? That is the heart of his work and ours. ❖

Alan Senauke is a Soto Zen priest and the Director of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship.

BUDDHIST VISIONS OF A JUST SOCIETY

Entering the Realm of Reality: Towards Dhammic Societies

Edited by Jonathan Watts, Alan Senauke, and Santikaro Bhikkhu

Bangkok: International Network of Engaged Buddhists, 1997, $15 (available from BPF office)

Reviewed by Donald Rothberg

Engaged Buddhists have often appreciated Catholic liberation theology for its relatively clear analyses of many social problems, and its spiritually-based vision of the good society (as well as for some of its practical strategies, such as the formation of base communities). They have frequently wondered why there exists little corresponding Buddhist social analysis and vision.

This book was born out of an attempt within the Thailand-based International Network of Engaged Buddhists (INEB) to take the preliminary steps toward developing Buddhist social analyses of current problems, and visions of "dhammic" (or, in Sanskrit, "dharmic") societies, that is, of ideal, spiritually-based societies. In 1992, a "social analysis" group was formed within INEB, and three years later, a small conference on "The Dhammic Society" was held near Bangkok.

Most of the essays in this book were presented as papers at the conference. There are essays by Robert Aitken Roshi, Santikaro Bhikkhu (a monk from the U.S. living in Thailand, who is a senior student of the late Buddhadasa Bhikkhu), Chatsumarn Kabilsingh (a Thai writer and activist on women's issues), the Ven. Jinwol Sunim (a Korean monk studying in the US), Simon Zadek (a British economist), and interviews with the co-founders of INEB: the Rev. Maruyama Teruo (a Nichiren priest and activist from Japan), and Sulak Sivaraksa (the well-known activist and writer from Thailand). Later, an essay by Helena Norberg-Hodge on Buddhism and the global economy, and a visionary postscript of a "dhammic" Wales in the year 2050 by Ken Jones were added. (Unfortunately, there were no contributions from the perspectives of Thich Nhat Hanh and the Dalai Lama, who are linked closely to INEB and whose work inspires many of the writers.)

The intention to develop more theoretical resources grew out of a recognition that much of the suffering and violence of our times is linked to large-scale social, political, ecological, and economic institutions, and not simply to individual greed, hatred, and delusion. As the editors suggest in their introduction, engaged Buddhist action to address structural violence requires a better grasp of both current institutions and alternative visions:

> Without...a Buddhist social analysis, we may not know where our attention and energy should be directed. Without an open, flexible social vision, we have no idea where we are heading...In our community and organizational work many of us are painfully aware of these pitfalls; we feel pulled from emergency to emergency without time to take a proper breath. (Introduction, p. 11)

The hope was also that such Buddhist analyses and visions could make a significant contribution to the wider social discourses of our societies through their moral and spiritual grounding.

Despite the international flavor of the contributions, common themes emerge in the essays. Most of the contributors link social and ecological problems to a global, Westernizing capitalism, and they stress the importance of developing small-scale forms: base communities, economic cooperatives, networks of mutual aid, farmers' markets, and other forms promoting local autonomy and traditions. Several of the authors maintain that such local forms are dhammic because they make possible more wisdom and flexibility than occurs with larger forms. Robert Aitken writes, "Huge *anything* collapses, including governments, banks, multinational corporations, and the global economy itself—because all things collapse. Small can be fluid, ready to change." (p. 9) Helena Norberg-Hodge claims, in fact, that wise and compassionate action is hardly possible in the global economy, due to the fact that we have but a dim view of the consequences of our actions in such a complex system.

A number of other aspects of dhammic visions are also presented. Chatsumarn Kabilsingh argues that gender bias is rooted in ancient Indian culture rather than in the essentials of Buddhism, and that a contemporary dhammic society with gender equality (and a renewed Theravada community of fully ordained nuns) is possible. The Ven. Jinwol gives some very interesting accounts of the lives of Korean "engaged" Buddhist masters in the last 1500 years, and the contemporary work of KUSU ("The Enlightenment for Society Movement") in Korea since 1995.

Although all of the essays were for me useful and often informative and insightful, I found the long essay by Santikaro Bhikkhu the most innovative and exciting, and worth the price of the book! It was also perhaps the essay most explicitly rooted in Buddhist teachings. Santikaro, following Buddhadasa Bhikkhu, applies the framework of the Four Noble Truths to the question of a dhammic society, looking for: (1) the manifestations of social dukkha or suffering (and its links to more personal dukkha); (2) the root causes of such dukkha in individual and structural greed, hatred, fear, and ignorance; (3) the nature of a dhammic society

(for them, a "dhammic socialism") guided by generosity, lovingkindness, wisdom, etc.; and (4) a "Noble Twelvefold (!)" path to such a society.

He suggests that we can look at many of our institutions as crystallizations of greed, hatred, and delusion. For example, he sees the structures of capitalism and consumerism as institutionalizing greed; the structures of racism, classism, and national or ethnic exclusivism as institutionalizing hatred; and so on. I found such analyses extremely helpful in guiding my responses to our institutions. How do our economic or community or educational institutions manifest both the *kilesa* (Pali: "defilements" or "afflictive emotions") and their opposites (awareness, empathy, moderation, wisdom)?

Santikaro writes of the ways that individual consciousness and social structures mutually condition each other, implying that appropriate responses may sometimes be individual, sometimes institutional, and often both:

> These [social] structures are rooted in the personal defilements—the greed, lust, anger, hatred, conceit, competitiveness, delusion, fear, worry, boredom, excitement...happening within individuals. At the same time, these very potent structures of selfishness and defilement impinge and impact upon individuals with great intensity, making it even easier—many believe it necessary—to be greedy, angry, frightened, and so on. There is an interaction and dynamic, an interdependence, between these structures of defilement within each of us and the structures of selfishness and defilement built into society. This is one way we can analyze the causes of social dukkha. (p. 110)

Of course, as might be expected with such a beginning collection, there remain many unresolved questions about engaged Buddhist social analyses and visions. Is there some kind of natural affinity between Buddhism and modern and (usually) Western Green, anarchist, decentralist, anti-capitalist, and socialist approaches, as is implied by many of the authors, despite the fact that Buddhism has also historically sometimes been harnessed to nationalist and right-wing approaches, notably in Japan in this century? Simon Zadek, on a more cautionary note, warns against the following argument: "I am a Buddhist and think this way about social issues. Therefore, this way of thinking is Buddhist." (p. 243)

How can we locate the emancipatory as well as the negative features of contemporary institutions? Many of the essays give one-sided analyses (common as well in the secular left-wing press) of contemporary Western and Westernized societies, as if the main institutions of such societies are monolithic expressions of greed, hatred, and delusion. But can we criticize consumerism while also exploring the wise use of, for example, the information and communication technologies that few in the "North" or "South" choose to give up? Can we criticize a Western-enforced globalization "from above" and many centuries of imperialism, while also recognizing some of the positive (and far from fully realized) values of Western societies—such as democracy, human rights, political equality, rationality in politics and science, and the idea of a planetary culture—that have also been globalized?

In fact, none of the authors explicitly links his or her social analyses with the principle of "nondualism," with the notion of the co-existence of ignorance and enlightenment, or with a number of more nuanced Western critiques of modernity and global capitalism. In these contexts, the work of Thich Nhat Hanh and the Dalai Lama, as well as Western social theorists such as Robert Bellah (in *The Good Society*), Jurgen Habermas (in his critique of capitalistic modernity), bell hooks and Cornel West (in their treatments of the intersection of class, race, gender, and democracy), and Jeremy Rifkin (in *The End of Work*), all might inspire and support more "dialectical" and subtle analyses.

Despite these concerns, I believe that the book makes a long-awaited, good beginning to the project of developing engaged Buddhist analyses, visions, and strategies, a project that has been recently continued with a wider audience through the international "Think Sangha" (http://www/bpf/think.html). I hope that this project will bring in more and different voices to analyze particular institutions, specifically and concretely, and to help guide practices and activities—in conversations that have been well initiated with this volume. ❖

Donald Rothberg is on the BPF Board and the faculty of Saybrook Graduate School in San Francisco, and is a mentor for the BPF BASE program. He has written widely on engaged Buddhism, and recently edited a special issue of the journal ReVision *on "Responding to Violence," and co-edited* Ken Wilber in Dialogue: Conversations with Leading Transpersonal Thinkers *(Quest Books).*

Jarvis (Continued from page 37)

Just picture me out here as a lost solja.

But still, the real reason for me writin' is because as long as I'm livin' I'm on that steady quest for the game (knowledge). So I'm hopin' that you'll hit me back and tell me a lil more about this "karma" that you speak so fondly about. I'll holla as soon as you hit me back. Keep ya head up!! *—Your potna, '97 until infinity, R.S.*

✍ I'm not in anything like what your in, however I'm still in jail. I'm here for a short time so reading and listening, really reading books like yours make a young brother like me think twice about things, so I don't wind up in your position.

I'll be praying for you brother. It'll be greater, later. Stay strong. *—Ishmael*

✍ I have a brother facing the death penalty 4 murder so I tell him the same thing that I'm telling you stay up and strong keep to yourself. *—Earl* ❖

What To Do About Weapons

Do not take life. The U.S. has more weapons, nuclear and conventional, and spends more on them than any other country. **Do not steal.** The weapons budget for 1997 was 49 percent of the tax dollar. **Do not lie.** Article VI of the 1968 Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons says, "Each of the Parties to the Treaty undertakes to pursue negotiations in good faith on effective measures relating to cessation of the nuclear arms race at an early date and to nuclear disarmament."

We can try to keep the precepts by educating ourselves and others, by persevering in sending messages to our representatives (White House: 202-456-1111, Congress: 202-224-3121), by joining committed groups, and by participating in anti-weapon actions.

We can take refuge in our bodhisattva intention—no matter what the outcome, we do not give up trying.

Nuclear Weapons

The Cold War ended five years ago, but the annual budget for U.S. nuclear weapons programs is greater now than it was during the Cold War. The "Stockpile Stewardship Program" keeps U.S. bomb designers at work and endangers global acceptance of the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty at a cost of $40 billion in the next decade. This program includes several "sub-critical nuclear testing" programs like the National Ignition Facility at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory (California) that are expensive, threaten compliance with the Non-Proliferation Treaty, and are provocative to other countries (see Ellsberg article, p. 26). For information, contact **Tri-Valley Cares**, tel: 510-443-0177.

Join **ABOLITION 2000**, a global network to eliminate nuclear weapons by the year 2000 (see p. 24). Fill out and mail in the petition in the centerfold.

Contact the FOR-affiliated **Alliance of Organizations Working to Address Issues of Nuclear Weapon Production and Waste Clean-up.** They are planning a "D.C. Day," May 3-6, for activists to talk to senators and representatives on nuclear weapons production issues. Tel: 202-833-4668.

Defense Spending

In fiscal year 1998, 49 cents out of each tax dollar went into past and current military spending. This enormous expenditure needs to become a matter of national debate. A major rationale is that we need to be ready to fight two wars at the same time. WHY?? **Peace Action** has a well-targeted election year campaign to give the weapons industry the same scrutiny that health and welfare receive. Does your congressional representative get large contributions from the weapons industry? Peace Action publishes a valuable, action-oriented newsletter. 3127 B Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94110. Tel: 415-695-9077.

Current military spending for fiscal 1998 was $293 billion. Write to the **War Resisters League**, 339 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012, for analysis and information on fiscal 1999 military budget.

An FOR project, **Interfaith Call to Restore Sanity and Compassion to the National Agenda**, is leading a campaign to educate Americans on the realities of defense spending. 2200 people and 360 organizations signed a *New York Times* letter last October. Contact them for a sample of their letter and a resource packet. Tel: 914-358-4601; email: crramey@igc.apc.org

Landmines

Continue to pressure President Clinton to sign onto the Canadian international treaty to ban landmines. For more information, contact **U.S. Campaign to Ban Landmines**, 202-483-9222.

Handguns

An average of 14 children and youth are killed in the U.S. each day by handguns. Toy guns are subject to more regulations than real guns. Call upon congress to introduce the Gun Industry Reform Act sponsored by **Handgun Control,** 1225 I Street, NW, Room 1100, Washington, DC 20005-3991. Tel: 202-289-7319 Their Legal Action Project assists victims of gun violence to hold the gun industry responsible. Receive their periodic mailings that address a variety of gun-related issues.

The **Lion and Lamb Project** is an initiative by and for parents, helping families find alternatives to violent toys, games, and entertainment. The Project produces a parent-action kit, sponsors violent toy trade-ins, and offers training programs for parents and teachers. Contact Daphne White (a Buddhist) at 4300 Montgomery Ave., #104, Bethesda, MD 20814. Tel: 301-654-3091. Fax: 301-718-8192.

Inform yourself about the practices of your local gun store and plan a demonstration. Several BPF groups have done this (see article, p. 11).

U.S. Weapons and Human Rights Abuse

In 1994, 73 percent of all weapons sold to the Third World came from the U.S. The State Dept. acknowledges that 78 percent of those weapons were sold to human rights-abusing nations. Contact Peace Action (see address above), and **Promoting Enduring Peace,** 112 Beach Avenue, Woodmont, CT 06460, tel: 203-878-4769, for actions and more information.

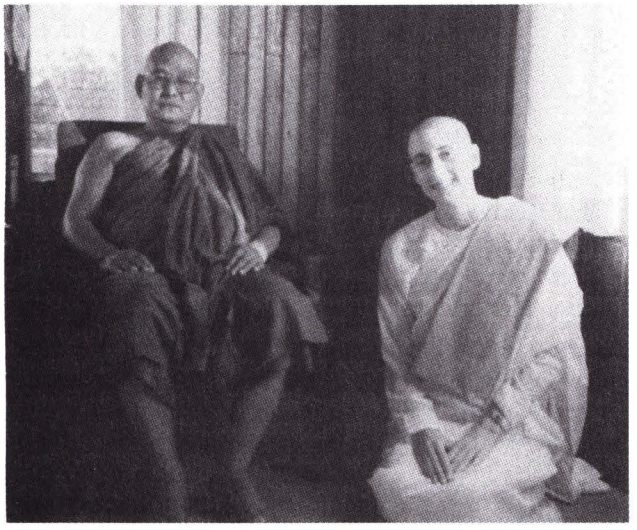
Books

Critical Mass, ed. Greg Ruggiero, Open Media
And Weapons for All, by William Hartung
Guns and the Constitution; Guns and Public Health, Aletheia Press
The Real War on Crime, Report of the National Criminal Justice Commission, ed. Steven R. Donziger. ❖

—Maylie Scott

BPF Activist News

We received a letter from Diana Winston, BASE founder, who left in September for six months of practice with her teacher U Pandita in Burma. As you can see from the photograph, she's been ordained (presumably temporarily). After Diana leaves Burma in March she hopes to meet Alan Senauke, BPF's director, in Bangladesh at an engaged Sangha meeting.



Ma Nananandi (Diana Winston) with her teacher Sayadaw U Pandita, on her ordination day, November 22, 1997

Chapter News

The **Los Angeles Chapter now** has a steering committee to plan and conduct meetings, which are the first Monday of every month. I'll be visiting them in April.

The **Twin Cities Chapter** will be hosting a public talk and workshop with Joanna Macy on June 12 and 13. Coordinator Lee Lewis writes: "Doing this event is having some wonderful spin-off effects. The Chapter is most definitely going to have to formalize a bit more, e.g. establish a checking account, become clearer on decision making, etc., and it is requiring us BPF representatives to make connections both with other Buddhist communities and individuals and with community groups (especially environmental). In addition it is giving a few of us the opportunity to work with and get to know one another."

The **Boston Chapter** meets the third Wednesday of each month. In January they discussed Gandhi and nonviolence. They will be exploring ideas about actions they may do together.

The **New York Chapter** is under new leadership while Amy Krantz travels in India for the next several months. They will meet in March; BPF members and others are encouraged to attend meetings and provide input for new directions.

Ella Rozett of the **Sonoma County Chapter** writes, "We've decided to meet in public more often, making our usual opening meditation a vigil for peace, silence and turning inward, in the heart of the city. Thus, when the weather permits, we will meet in the central courthouse square in Santa Rosa. Surrounded by traffic and noise we feel like an island of peace."

The **Seattle Chapter** is researching existing programs that focus on social action opportunities and is sharing that information with the wider Buddhist community via the *Northwest Dharma News*. The first topic, literacy, was researched by Ernie Smith.

Mark Pringle writes that "several members of the **Arcata** Zen Group are involved in HIV support through the North Coast AIDS Project and local AIDS food projects. Others are contributing to the effort to save Headwaters Forest. In December, members attended a vigil for the many beings affected by a recent oil spill in Humboldt Bay."

At the Naropa Institute in **Colorado**, there was a spirited discussion concerning Engaged Buddhism with Jerry Shishin Wick, Sensei of Great Mountain Zen Center, and Danan Henry, Sensei of Denver Zen Center. The 40 participants wanted to know each other's vocations and social outreach goals in order to better plan activities. The steering group designed a survey and will summarize results.

BASE News

In the Bay Area, the **BPF-Spirit Rock BASE** group organized a one-day retreat on unlearning racism and multicultural alliance work. This retreat included BPF board and staff members and alumni of other Bay Area BASE programs and was facilitated by Yeshi Sherover Neumann and Sala Steinbach.

The **Boston BASE** group, which completed its six months in December, had a daylong reunion in January and will continue to meet once a month. According to Rob Weiland they are "becoming a sangha."

The **Bay Area Internship BASE** began with a retreat in mid-February. The ten participants come from Montreal, Minneapolis, Nevada, and the Bay Area, and range in age from 25 to 59. ❖ —*Tova Green*

Director's Report

Hard winter rains in California are beating down. There's a beauty to the sound of the rain against the windows, and danger, too. Rivers, creeks, the streets themselves are flooded. More storms are forming in the Pacific. In Texas Karla Faye Tucker went peacefully to her death by lethal injection, while death penalty advocates and opponents argued at the prison gate. In Washington and Iraq the war of words moves inexorably toward military action. Incredibly, Clinton has hinted at using "tactical" nuclear weapons if Iraq deploys chemical or biological missiles.

BPF organized a Town Meeting on military intervention in Iraq on February 11 in Berkeley. Four hundred concerned people came to hear Joanna Macy, Allan Solomonow from AFSC, Iftekhar Hai from United Muslims of America, and actress Naomi Newman, but most of the evening was listening to our diverse community speak from the heart, dreading death and destruction, seeking peace.

Maybe I am naive, but I wish that instead of sanctions that have killed a half million Iraqi children, instead of bombing that will kill many thousands more, we might offer the Iraqi people all the medicine and food they might wish. We could also tell them of our concerns and fears, and begin talking from generosity, rather than from threats. That would be a Buddhist approach to peace. Could it be any less effective than war?

This year, 1998, marks the twentieth anniversary of Buddhist Peace Fellowship. Twenty years ago a handful of Buddhist activists met on the porch of Aitken Roshi's Maui Zendo and began work that challenges and invigorates us today. We will celebrate this anniversary in various ways and places. Throughout the year we'll organize workshops and retreats in the East, Midwest, and West to develop peacemaking skills and build a wider community of socially engaged Buddhists. In the fall we plan a large public event in Berkeley—with teachers, writers, and friends—to talk about how we practice in the world and to inspire new directions. We also want to have some plain old parties, sharing food, music, and the fellowship that's built right into our name. If you have ideas about how we might celebrate, please let me know soon.

We also intend to mark this anniversary by extending our work with prisoners. For years we have been corresponding with inmates who are studying Buddhadharma. With your support, we have been sending them subscriptions to *Turning Wheel* (see letter, p. 4), offering donated Dharma books, and featuring their writing. But our efforts have lacked focus. Last year, BPF's Futures Committee began to explore a prison program. At our National Board meeting in October, the board created a Prison Program Committee and budgeted seed money for research. Our new committee, chaired by Maylie Scott and Tracy Thompson, includes board members, staff, friends who work in the prisons, and Jarvis Masters on San Quentin's Death Row. We are moving carefully, because we take this commitment seriously. The committee has begun to define several areas of work: prison ministry—teaching Buddhism and stress reduction; correspondence; education of ourselves and those inside; working on structural change and the prison industry, prison labor, the death penalty, women in prison, and more. This is obviously an enormous undertaking, but many BPF members are already in the thick of it. We want to know your thoughts about prison dharma, and we need to know about the work you are doing.

We were pleased to host a benefit talk here with teacher and writer Sharon Salzberg on January 16. Sharon's new book, *A Heart As Wide As the World*, locates the place of practice anywhere and everywhere in that wide world. Her words and her Metta meditation were warmly received by three hundred people on a damp Berkeley night. It's wonderful for BPF to develop a connection with Sharon.

BPF's Membership Coordinator Karin Meyers is leaving this month. Over the last year Karin has quietly developed the membership work, written clear (and sometimes witty) letters, and thrown herself into organizing a growing number of BPF events. Her intelligence and ability to see what's going on are wonderful personal qualities. We will very much miss her at the office. At the same time, we're happy that Karin's going back to graduate studies in religion and Buddhist Philosophy. That's what's really calling her, and we need more scholars with a heart of compassion.

As you read this, I will again be in Asia for several weeks, meeting with friends on INEB's Executive Committee in Thailand and attending the third INEB Ordained Sangha Meeting. I look forward to seeing BPF's Diana Winston, following her six-month practice with U Panditta in Burma. This year's meeting is hosted by Buddhist Peace Fellowship Bangladesh in the long-contested Chittagong Hill Tracts. The CHT has been caught in a cycle of civil and ethnic violence for twenty years that has hopefully ended with a peace treaty last month (see the Readings section for details). Twenty years ago BPF began reporting on the plight of ethnic Buddhists in CHT and supporting a reconciliation process there. As weapons are surrendered, our hope is for lasting peace and the restoration of land and homes. I look forward to sharing my travels in Bangladesh with you when I return. ❖

—Alan Senauke

ANNOUNCEMENTS & CLASSIFIEDS

JOB ANNOUNCEMENT: New Mexico anti-nuclear non-profit seeks: 1) senior analyst to do research, analysis, and production of published products; requires excellent writing and organizational skills; $30-35K plus benefits; 2) investigator to research and report on nuclear weapons policy issues; requires good writing and organizational skills; $26-30K plus benefits. Must be capable of working with scientific and legal materials in a political context. Creativity, warmth, zest, and flexibility required and rewarded. Graduate degree or comparable experience. Send resume to Los Alamos Study Group, 212 E. Marcy St. #7, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

WAR RESISTERS INT'L brings people together from around the world, with different careers, different spiritual paths, and different experiences of war and violence—people who believe that war is a crime against humanity and must be resisted. WRI needs your financial support. Send check to WRI Fund, c/o Ralph Di Gia, 339 Layafette Street, New York, NY 10012.

ENGAGING BUDDHISM: The Active Integration of Inner and Outer Peace. A collection of articles from ***Indra's Net***, journal of the **UK Network of Engaged Buddhists**. 40 pages available for $6.40 postpaid from NEB, c/o BPF, P.O. Box 4650, Berkeley, CA 94704.

GREEN CITY VOLUNTEER NETWORK lists over 430 Bay Area green environmental groups who are offering services and/or looking for volunteers. For free environmental information referral, give the network a call at 415/285-6556.

SCHOOL FOR INTERNATIONAL TRAINING—Excellent training opportunities, starting in June, for the professional development of NGO/nonprofit staff members working in the areas of community development, specifically in civic participation or conflict resolution. For more info. or registration, please call 802/258-3339 by April 15th.

PROPERTY CARETAKING JOBS available. Enjoy peaceful rent-free living! Worldwide! **The Caretaker Gazette**, 1845 Deane-TW, Pullman, WA 99163. 509/332-0806, $24/year.

PILGRIMAGE WALK to Dharma centers of Santa Cruz Mountains, April 18-24; Spirit Rock to Green Gulch, in May—date to be set. For information and schedule of events: Arya Marga Foundation, 2130 Fillmore Street, Suite 124, San Francisco, CA 94115, 408/477-4180; e-mail: aryamarga@apc.igc.org.

SOCIAL CHANGE SANGHA A sangha for those interested in blending mindfulness practice in the tradition of Thich Nhat Hanh and social change work is forming in the East Bay. If interested contact Lawrence (e-mail is best, le@dnai.com; or call 510/482-0750).

PRISON SANGHAS need supplies for Buddhist practice and services. Zen group in Ohio requests zafus, zabutons, study materials, bells, a mokugyo, malas, incense, robes, and a baby Buddha image. Send to Zen Buddhist Group, c/o Chaplain Tim Smith, Religious Services Department, North Central Correctional Institution, 670 Marion Williamsport Rd. E., P.O. Box 1812, Marion, OH, 43301-1812. Theravadin group in Michigan requests books, tapes, incense, robes, pictures or posters of Buddha, an altar cloth, and a visit from a Bikkhu. Contact Richard L. Kaufman, #224865, Riverside Correctional Facility, 777 West Riverside Dr., Ionia, MI 48846.

THE UNTRAINING is designed to help you "untrain" the subtle programming of white liberal racism. Put your meditative awareness to work for all beings. Ongoing groups: 510/235-6134.

Inflate your zafu, deflate your ego! Our **INFLATABLE ZAFU,** at only 6 ounces, is great for travel! Black, Navy, Royal, Purple, Burgundy, Green. $27 Postpaid! Also: traditional ZAFUS and ZABUTONS, BENCHES, YOGA VIDEOS, BELLS, BOOKS & more! Satisfaction guaranteed. Credit cards accepted. Free brochure. Carolina Morning Designs, Dept. TW, Rte. 67, Box 61, Cullowhee, NC 28723. 704/293-5906.

HOMELESS WOMEN & children need personal care items—toothbrushes, soap, shampoo, combs, and lotions. Donate to the Women's Daytime Drop-in Center in Berkeley. Volunteers are also needed to work with the women and children. For more info call: 510/548-6933.

SUPPORT HOMELESS PEOPLE: The Berkeley Ecumenical Chaplaincy to the Homeless is seeking supporters for its "Community of Compassion," a group of people underwriting monthly rent for the Haste St. Transitional House, which seeks to empower adults in their move to permanent housing. This interfaith program involves homeless people in counseling, volunteer work, job development and community living. For information, write: 2345 Channing Way, Berkeley, CA 94704, or call 510/548-0551.

HOMELESS AND HOUSED people meet weekly in Berkeley, California, for meditation and discussion. Volunteers from Berkeley Zen Center and East Bay Insight Meditation facilitate sessions oriented toward stress reduction. Free coffee and bagels. Mondays, 7:30 to 9 p.m., 2345 Dana St., Berkeley. For more info, call the Chaplaincy to the Homeless at 510/548-0551. All are welcome.

BISEXUAL BUDDHIST ASSOC. affirming unity, positive self-image, and bisexual identity for those committed to meditation and mindfulness practice. P.O. Box 858, Amherst, MA 01004.

GAY BUDDHIST FELLOWSHIP: sittings, speakers, and discussions every Thursday evening and every other Sunday morning in San Francisco. Classes, workshops, retreats, monthly potluck dinners, and work in Buddhist AIDS projects. Newsletter, with information and articles on topics of concern to gay Buddhists, available for $15/8 issues. (See inside back cover for address).

EVENING OF MUSIC & POETRY with Betsy Rose, celebrating the release of her new recording, "Motherlight." Saturday, March 28, reception: 6 pm; concert: 8:15 pm. In Berkeley. For info, call 510/525-7082.

INTERFAITH PILGRIMAGE of the Middle Passage: From June '98 to June '99, there will be a walk through the eastern U.S., the Caribbean, Brazil, West & South Africa. Retracing the history of slavery by foot and boat, it is hoped that the journey will help heal all those connected with this history. For information on how to support or join the pilgrimage, write: Interfaith Pilgrimage of the Middle Passage, First Congregational Church, Rm 11, 165 Main St., Amherst, MA 01002, or call 413/256-6698.

HELPING TURN THE WHEEL

BPF gratefully acknowledges contributions above membership received between October 1 & December 31, 1997.

Martha Aaron ❖ Diana Abrashkin ❖ David Ahrens ❖ Selene Aitken ❖ Elizabeth Alexander ❖ Kathy Altman ❖ Jane Ariel ❖ Karen Arnett ❖ Paula Bakule ❖ Steve Bartelt ❖ Jerry Bass ❖ Tim Bean ❖ Ann Bell ❖ Marvin Belzer ❖ Stephen Bergman ❖ Cheryl Bishop ❖ Dena Bliss ❖ Robert Boblin ❖ Maureen Bodo ❖ Arthur Borden ❖ David Bordinat ❖ Gary Boren ❖ Donald Brokenshire ❖ Kathleen Bryant ❖ Jamie Burnett ❖ Frank Cadwell ❖ Les Cammer ❖ Ralph Cantor ❖ Jay Cantor ❖ Joseph Capitani ❖ Paul Caver ❖ Edward Celinicker ❖ Robert Chender ❖ David Chura ❖ Leonard Cizewski ❖ Mollie Clarke ❖ Prentiss Cole ❖ James Coleman ❖ Jean Coleman ❖ Cliff Collins ❖ Karen Connelly ❖ Ann Constantino ❖ David Curto ❖ Mary Kay Dadab ❖ Jane Davis ❖ Marcella Davis ❖ Susan Day ❖ Martha & Lee de Barros ❖ Christie Denhart ❖ Donna Denman ❖ Danna Denning ❖ Lynn Dix ❖ Christopher Dodge ❖ Susan Dregely ❖ Nancy Eaton ❖ Robert Elkins ❖ Paula England ❖ Fredric Eppsteiner ❖ Howard Evans ❖ Mary Fabri ❖ Carmen Federowich ❖ Joseph Ferrandino ❖ Ron Filiault ❖ Anna Fisher ❖ Dot & John Fisher-Smith ❖ Victor Fitterman ❖ David Foecke ❖ Andrew Fort ❖ George Franklin ❖ Jan Freier ❖ Barbara Gates ❖ Joan Gattuso ❖ Jake Gibbs ❖ Ava Gips ❖ Brian Goller ❖ Andrew Goodman ❖ Barry Gordon ❖ Sarah Gorin ❖ Marc Graham ❖ Ann Greenwater ❖ Winston Grizzard ❖ Barbara Grossman ❖ Dan Grussing ❖ Patricia Haas ❖ Robert & Donna Halcomb ❖ Mary Jean Haley ❖ Marcia Hansen ❖ Phillip Harris ❖ Robert Harris ❖ Barbara Hatfield ❖ Lynn Hays ❖ Joann Hickey ❖ Donna Hildreth ❖ Greg Hill ❖ Kurt Hoelting ❖ Jill Holmes ❖ Jeannine Hopfensperger ❖ Gary Hughes ❖ Dr. & Mrs. Thanh Huynh ❖ Leavenworth Jackson ❖ Rose Jambrone ❖ Martha James ❖ Bernadine Janowitz ❖ Linn Jones ❖ Robert Jordan ❖ Athalie Joy ❖ Janet Kahn ❖ Les & Mary Kaye ❖ Lisa Keller ❖ John Keller ❖ Jill Kelly ❖ Charles Kemper ❖ Marti Kennedy ❖ Terry Kinzel ❖ James Kline ❖ Murali Krishnaswamy ❖ Larry Kuechler ❖ Sharon Leahy ❖ Anne Leonard ❖ Stella Levy ❖ Jo & Don Lohr ❖ Donald Longfellow ❖ Bill Lucero ❖ Kenneth Luurs ❖ Diana Lynch ❖ Terry Lyon ❖ Martin Macaulay ❖ Barry Magid ❖ Mary Mahan ❖ Sheila Malone ❖ Genjo Marinello ❖ Michele Martin ❖ Sam Masser ❖ Rebecca Mayeno ❖ Ian Mayo-Smith ❖ Norbert McCloskey ❖ Adrienne McCoy ❖ Spero Michailidis ❖ Faith Miller ❖ Cathy Miller ❖ Ann Miller ❖ David & Donna Mohler ❖ Susan Moon ❖ Frederick Moon ❖ Cathleen Moore ❖ Miriam Morgan ❖ Virginia Mullin & Bernard Somers ❖ Mary Myers ❖ Ronald & Irene Nakasone ❖ Penny Nakatsu ❖ Stephanie Nestlerode ❖ Lily Noon ❖ Pat O'Hara ❖ Thomas Olson ❖ Karen Orazio ❖ Sergio Orrao ❖ James Osborne ❖ Michele Papen-Daniel ❖ Mary Parsons ❖ Ellen Pasternack ❖ William Patterson ❖ Howard Paul ❖ Tom Pedulla ❖ Lewis Pell ❖ Jonathan Perry ❖ Thomas Pilarzyk ❖ Ron Powell ❖ Elaine Pratt ❖ Elizabeth Pratt ❖ Mark Pringle ❖ Ralph Quillman ❖ Laura Rabbit ❖ Francine Rainone ❖ Lynda Rappaport ❖ Mark Redmond ❖ Gloria Reed ❖ Bob Repoley ❖ Herman Rettman ❖ Chris Ritter ❖ Lauren Roberts ❖ Diana Roberts ❖ Russell Roberts ❖ Kenneth Rosen ❖ Richard Rowley & Deborah Lebeaux ❖ Nancy Rudolph ❖ Susan Ruml ❖ Irene Saikevych ❖ Stephen Saltonstall ❖ Barry Samuel ❖ Cecilia Santan ❖ Bill Santisteven ❖ Carol Sawyer ❖ Jane Schaeffer ❖ Debra Schneider ❖ Judith Sharp ❖ Sally Sheridan ❖ Jane Sirianni ❖ Michael Smith ❖ Gary Snyder ❖ Madame Sok ❖ David Spurgeon ❖ Michael Steiner ❖ Maryanna Stewart ❖ Robert Stone ❖ John Stott ❖ J. Bradley Stroup ❖ Nancy Taylor ❖ Kamala Tiyavanich ❖ Ann Townsend ❖ Mary Evelyn Tucker ❖ Taitetsu Unno ❖ Regan Urbanick ❖ Cornelius Vandenoever ❖ Douglas Wade ❖ Tom Wakefield ❖ Paula Walker ❖ Barratt Walton ❖ Steve & Melpa Warres ❖ Michael Wasmer ❖ Phyllis Watts ❖ Mel Weitsman ❖ Ronald Wheeler ❖ Judith White ❖ Stephen & Susan Wilder ❖ Brian Williams ❖ Sherry Wilson ❖ Robert Wist ❖ Mary Wolfe ❖ Elizabeth Wood ❖ Sandra Worz ❖ Rachel Young ❖ Phillip Ziegler & Tobey Hiller ❖ Maria Kannon Zen Association ❖ Monterey Bay Zen Center ❖ United Way ❖ The Swig Foundation ❖ Zen Mountain Monastery ❖

For donations above and beyond the call of fundraising:

William & Diane Ames ❖ James Albright ❖ David & Roberta Borglum ❖ Beverly Burch ❖ Bruce Buschel ❖ Eric Clauson ❖ John Cooper ❖ Judy Dean ❖ Peter & Stella Elliston ❖ Apiwat Ford ❖ Sheilah Glover ❖ Anne Hench ❖ Jan Hinkle ❖ Stan Hoffman & Gail Foord ❖ J.C. & Nancy Hotchkiss ❖ Alexandra Hunter ❖ Anne Jennings ❖ Anne Just ❖ Ronna Kabatznick ❖ Mari Mayeda & A.J. Kutchins ❖ Frederick Lancaster ❖ David & Jan Lear ❖ Mary Marshall ❖ Karola Moore ❖ Craig & Devra Morton ❖ Johnny Mullen ❖ Nick Patterson ❖ Pamela Pettinati ❖ Judith Ragir ❖ Jean Reyes ❖ Peter Richards ❖ Thomas Riihimaki ❖ Sharon Salzberg ❖ Leslie Schiller ❖ Peter & Jill Schireson ❖ Maylie Scott ❖ Gail Seneca ❖ Diane Steingart ❖ Clifford Straehley ❖ Paul Sugar ❖ Julie Summers ❖ Clay Taylor ❖ Nonnie Welch ❖ Daniel Winheld ❖ Jonathan Woodbridge ❖ Debra Wuensch ❖ Eva Yarmo ❖ Gabilan Foundation ❖ The Elsie Lee Garthwaite Memorial Foundation ❖ The Kapor Family Foundation ❖ The Schuab Foundation ❖ Shambhala Booksellers ❖ Socially Responsible Investment Advertising ❖ Straus Family Foundation ❖ Vanguard Public Foundation ❖ **Thank you!**

Thanks to all our event and office volunteers, with special thanks to Isabella Rosekrans & Bosco Nobrega. ❖

BPF Chapters & Affiliates

BPF National Office
P.O. Box 4650
Berkeley, CA 94704
Tel. 510/655-6169
Fax: 510/655-1369

Chapters

Boston, MA
Rob Weiland
62 Three Pond Rd.
Wayland, MA 01778
Tel. 508/358-0145

Colorado
Robert Knott
1930 Niagara St.
Denver, CO 80220
303/388-0808

DeKalb, IL
Prairie Buddha
Bruce von Zellen
136 Ilehamwood Dr.
DeKalb, IL 60115
815/756-2801

East Bay, CA
Sandy Hunter
1409 Oxford St. #3
Berkeley, CA 94709
510/654-8677

Eugene, OR
Steve "Faddah" Wolf
P.O. Box 744
Eugene, OR 97440
541/465-8687

Honolulu, HI
Laura Prishmont
P.O.Box 62312
Honolulu, HI 96839
808/956-9704

Los Angeles, CA
Kara Steiniger
732 Howard St.
Venice, CA 90202
310/821-8564

Milwaukee, WI
Paul Norton
3238 N. Shepard Ave.
Milwaukee, WI 53211
414/961-9281

New York, NY
Emily Weinstein
201 Brighton First Rd., #6N
Brooklyn, NY 11235
718/648-5375

Sacramento, CA
Steve Walker
c/o Mandala Institute
3550 Watt Ave. #2
Sacramento, CA 95821
916/481-0424

San Diego, CA
Ava Torre-Bueno
1818 Tulip St
San Diego, CA 92105-5150
619/266-2442

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

Sonoma County, CA
Ella Rozett
3961 Acreage Lane
Sebastopol, CA 95472
707/874-3397

Spokane, WA
Merry Armstrong
1504 S. Walnut St.
Spokane, WA 99703
509/455-3987

Triangle Area, NC
Hans Henning
558 East Road
Pittsboro, NC 27312
919/542-6060

Twin Cities, MN
Lee Lewis
1493 Lincoln Ave.
St. Paul, MN 55105
612/699-1330

Yellow Springs, OH
Eric Lang
743 West Sparrow Rd.
Springfield, OH 45502
937/327-9491

Contacts

Albany, NY
Beverly Petiet
8 Wendell Drive
Albany, NY 12205-3222
518/438-9102

Arcata, CA
Mark Pringle
P.O. Box 2085
Trinidad, CA 95570
707/677-0429

Cape Cod/
Southeast MA
Chuck Hotchkiss
P.O. Box 354
North Truro, MA 02652
508/487-2979

Charlotte, NC
Bob Repoley
P.O.Box 26938
Charlotte, NC 28221
704/597-3737

Marin County, CA
Ken Homer
83B Clark St.
San Rafael, CA 94901
415/457-1360

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

Mid S.F. Peninsula, CA
Lance Miller
1020 Foster City Blvd.# 280
Foster City, CA 94404-2345
415/340-9698

Nevada City, CA
Daniel Flanigan
16874 Jackass Flats Rd.
Nevada City, CA 95959
916/292-1801

Oklahoma
Jill Lacher Holmes
P.O. Box 981
Stillwater, OK 74076
405/377-2180

Philadelphia, Pa
Barbara Hirshkowitz
4709 Windsor
Philadelphia, PA 19143
215/724-8131

Portland, OR
Bob and Celene Ryan
1724 S.E. 33rd Ave.
Portland, OR 97214
503/234-7713

Santa Fe, NM
Greg Mello
204 Alto Lane
Santa Fe, NM 87501
505/820-7822

Vermont
Richard Dunworth
45 Pleasant St. Ext.
Ludlow, VT 05149
802-228-2476

Yakima, WA
Douglas C. Ray
261 Rowberry Way
Toppenish, WA 98948

Yuma, AZ
Sally Sheridan
1423 Pebble Beach Lane
Yuma, AZ 85365
520/726-9168

Affiliates

BPF Australia
(Melbourne)
Jill Jameson
9 Waterloo Crescent
St. Kilda 3182, Victoria
Australia

BPF Australia
(Sydney)
Gillian Coote
31 Bonnefin St.
Hunters Hill, NSW 2110
Australia

BPF Bangladesh
Brother Jarlath D'Souza
St. Joseph's School, Hsad
Gate, Mohammedpur
Dhaka, 1207 Bangladesh

BPF Ladakh
Ven. Bhikkhu Sanghasena
c/o Mahabodhi International
Meditation Centre
P.O. Box 22, Leh, Ladakh
194101 Himalaya, India

Buddhist AIDS Project
555 John Muir Drive #803
San Francisco, CA 94132
415/522-7473

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

Institute of Spirituality
and Aging
Paul Takayanagi
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
510/649-2566

International Network of
Engaged Buddhists
P.O. Box 19
Mahadthai Post Office
Bangkok, 10206
Siam
tel/fax: 662-433-7169

INEB Japan
Suzuki Ryowa
81 Honyashiki
Minowa Anjo
Aichi 446, Japan
81-566-76-2486

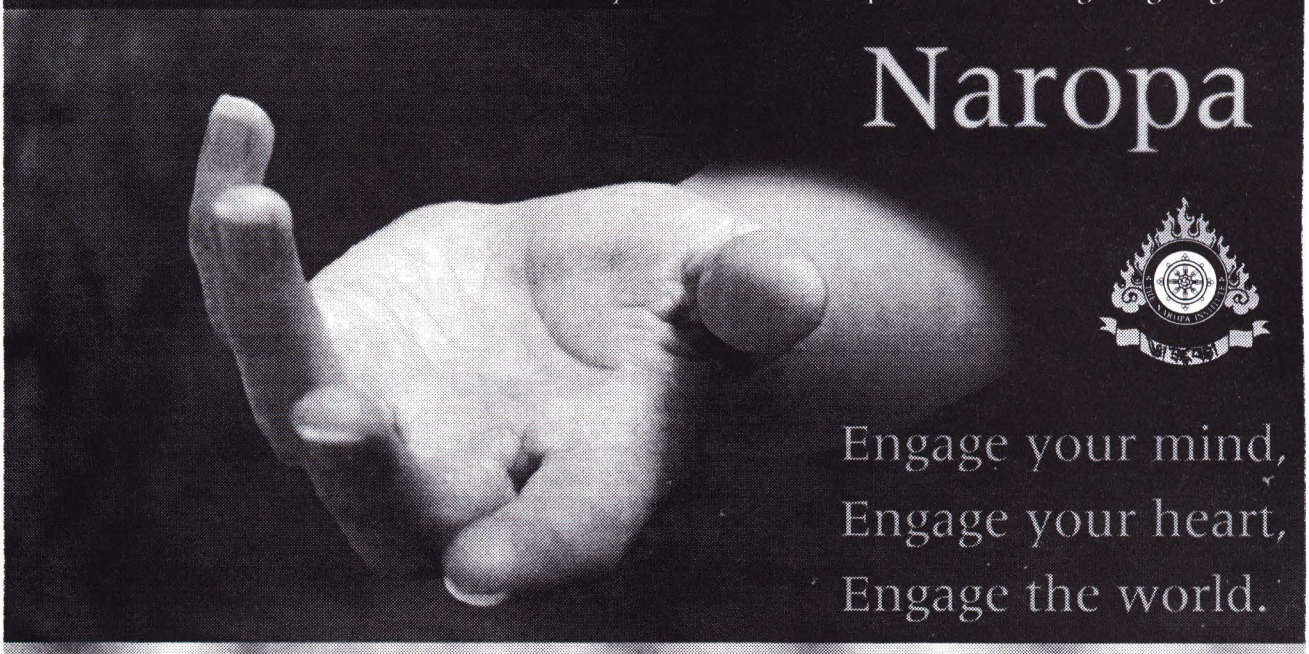
Karuna Center
Paula Green
49 Richardson Rd.
Leverett, MA 01054
413/367-9520

Leeds Network of
Engaged Buddhist
91 Clarendon Rd.
Leeds LS29LY
West Yorkshire, U.K.
0113-2444-289

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

Engaged Buddhism

This may be the most unique Masters Degree going...



The Naropa Institute also offers training in the field of contemplative social action, a language concentration and a contemplative religion concentration in Buddhist Studies / N.C.A. accredited / B.A., M.A., & M.F.A. degrees offered
2130 Arapahoe / Boulder, Colorado 80302 / 303-546-3572 / www.naropa.edu

STEPHEN BATCHELOR

author of *Buddhism without Beliefs* will give a talk entitled

"Toward a Culture of Awakening"

Wednesday, May 13 at 7:30 PM

at the Northbrae Community Church, 941 The Alameda, Berkeley
Suggested Donation: $10. A benefit for the Buddhist Peace Fellowship
and The Sati Center for Buddhist Studies.
Tickets at select Bay Area Bookstores, by phone from BPF at 510-433-9928, or at the door.

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