



TURNING WHEEL

Journal of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship

Summer 1991

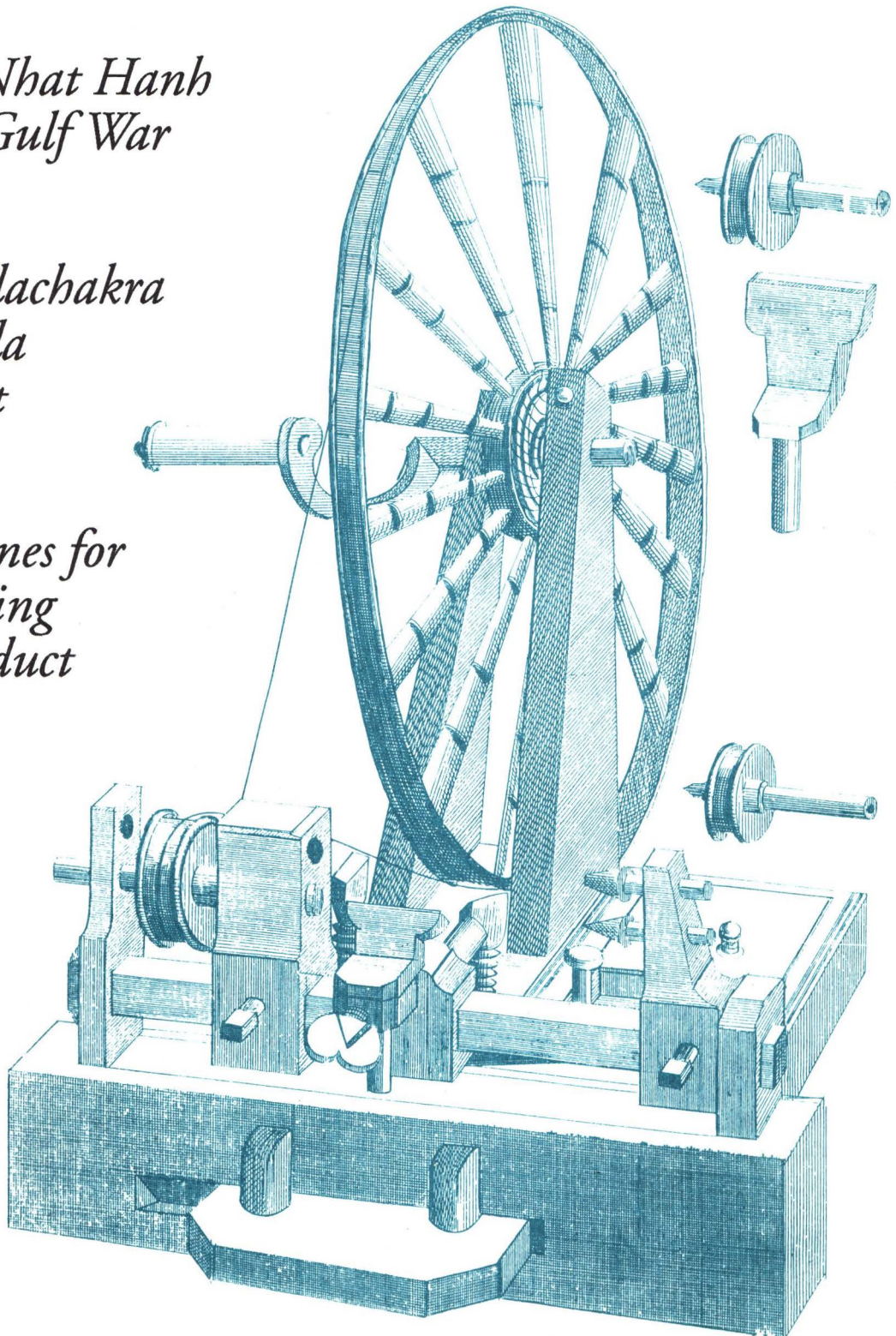
*Thich Nhat Hanh
on the Gulf War*



*The Kalachakra
Mandala
Incident*



*Guidelines for
Preventing
Misconduct*



FROM THE EDITOR

We have a new name. *Turning Wheel* refers to the wheel of the dharma — I'll come to that in a minute — but the words remind me first of all of a spiritual we used to sing in the school I went to as a child.

*Ezekiel saw the wheel
Way up yonder in the middle of the air.
And the little wheel turns by faith,
And the big wheel turns by the grace of God.
A wheel in a wheel,
Way in the middle of the air.*

I loved the song, and never wondered what those wheels were doing up there. Maybe they were UFO's. But I imagined an enormous golden bicycle wheel, and a slightly less enormous one inside it, just floating and spinning, their spokes flashing in the sun, and Ezekiel standing far below on the ground, craning his neck, struck dumb by the beautiful sight.

Or maybe he saw a total eclipse, as I was just lucky enough to do: the dark wheel of the moon inside the bright corona of the sun, crimson ribbons streaming out from behind, and the wheel of the earth on which we stood turning through the yellow darkness of the moon's shadow, way in the middle of the air.

Other miraculous turning wheels come to mind. A favorite is Waterwheel Falls, in Yosemite, where at the bottom of the drop, the water is shaped by curve of rock to splash up and fall again in an endless circle (if there's enough water in the Tuolumne River). This one sparkles in the sun, too.

Some wheels worth contemplating: spinning wheels, yoyos, mill wheels, prayer wheels, old clocks, wheelchair wheels, sand mandalas (see page 19).

In "Song of Myself," Walt Whitman might be talking about the same wheel Ezekiel saw:

*And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the wheel'd universe,
And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool and composed
before a million universes.*

When was the wheel invented, anyway? It must have been before Buddhists started talking about the "wheel of the dharma," and that was a long time ago. In the steep terrain of Tibet, however, the dharma wheel came hundreds of years before wheeled vehicles. And Waterwheel Falls was probably invented even before the dharma wheel.

Once my mother went to hear Chögyam Trungpa speak, perhaps out of loyalty to her Buddhist daughter. She said he kept talking about "turning the wheel of the dharma," and what in the world was that supposed to mean?

Well, what *does* it mean, anyway? I guess maybe it means alleviating suffering, working to save all sentient beings, pedaling your bicycle to nirvana, and not being in too much of a hurry to arrive. ("Are we almost there yet?") Does the wheel turn by itself, or do we have to push it? Or does it turn us? I think of those playground merry-go-rounds you run along beside and then jump onto. We push it, we ride it, we push it again.

A wheel doesn't have a top or a bottom. You keep turning it, but you can't tell where one revolution ends and the next one begins, unless the wheel is calibrated, and I don't think the dharma wheel is. So you can't tell whether you've made "progress" in turning the wheel, you just have to go on faith. You just have to keep forever turning the wheel of the dharma, way in the middle of the air. ♦ — Susan Moon



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

BPF National Office.
Box 4650, Berkeley, CA 94704
415/525-8596

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Cover drawing from John Wyke's *Catalogue of Tools for Clockmakers*, ca. 1760.

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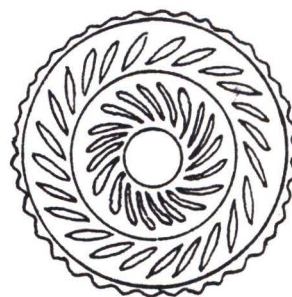
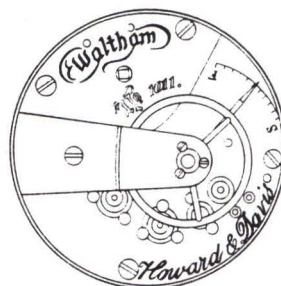
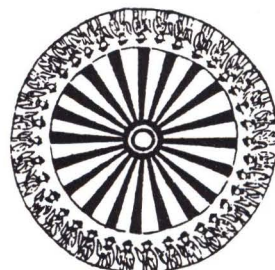
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LETTERS

Dear Editor:

I am grateful for Mark Gardener's letter, "Facing the Issue of Partisan Peace Warriors," in the Spring *BPF Journal*. It enabled me to examine my position on the Israeli-Palestinian conflict more deeply. I am also grateful for this opportunity to comment on it.

I wonder if Mark's concern about a sentence in my article was a misreading of my intent because it was not clearly stated. I wrote: "We peace people, who wanted no enemy, always seem to have one. It's been mostly our government. But there have also been the Nazis, the anti-communists, the military-industrial complex, the torturers, the Contras, and, most recently, the Israelis." Then Mark added a note saying that I had made no reference to "the PLO, Syrian, Libyan or other terrorists."

What I believe I said is that we peace people may not want enemies — any enemies — but we create them anyway. I lament this. I was alarmed that many peace people were so opposed to acts of the Israeli government and to the people who supported them that they refused to listen to them to learn what truth they might speak. So last September I went alone to Israel to listen to some of them. (My interviews appear in a booklet called "Pieces of the Mideast Puzzle: Israelis and Palestinians," just published by Pax Christi.) I did not refer to the PLO, Syrians or Libyans because, to my knowledge, no peace people have made them their enemies.

I can understand Mark's objection to my listing Nazis, Americans and Israelis together. Even though I feel none of these should be my enemy, it was insensitive to lump them together.

I, too, am an admirer of Thich Nhat Hanh, but I don't always agree with him. I do not agree that I should be silent to avoid discord (or diversity of opinion), or from fear of causing the community to break. I believe discord and the breaking of community is sometimes part of the healing process. I know conflict is valuable and we must learn new ways of dealing with it. Compassionate listening is one small effort.

I am deeply concerned about oppression and feel I must speak out on it wherever I see it. I clearly saw the oppression Palestinians suffered from Israelis when I stayed with them in Gaza and Beit Sahour last Spring. I did not see similar oppression of Israelis by Palestinians or I would certainly write of that. I do not believe this is "anti-Israel" and I know there is a large percentage of loyal Israelis who agree with me.

I hope what I write is out of love for the divine potential in people on both sides. And when I fail — as I am sure to — I hope my readers will care enough to point it out to me.

—Gene Knudsen Hoffman, Santa Barbara, California

Dear Editor:

I'm pleased that the *BPF Journal* and BPF members are willing to address education as a "peace" issue. I think teaching young children will be the most significant "political" and "Buddhist" work of my life, along with trying to be a good husband and good father.

—Buff Bradley, Menlo Park, California

Dear Editor:

As someone who attended last year's Second Generation Zen Teachers' Conference, and as one of the hosts of this year's conference, I read with interest the references to last year's conference in the Spring '91 issue of the *BPF Journal*. I share the concern about abuse of power and sexual misconduct that was so evident in many of the articles. At last year's conference, I was one of those in favor of making a statement clearly indicating that sexual relations between teachers and students is wrong. After much discussion by those attending, it was decided that even though everyone there agreed with the principles, the group should not issue such a statement. Those who felt strongly about it had several basic objections. First, the Second Generation Zen Teachers' conference is an informal gathering that does not claim to represent Buddhism, Buddhist teachers, or even the lineages of those involved. The decision not to set policy, made early on, was to preserve the informal nature of the group. Secondly, the real value of these meetings has been the way it has developed into a peer group for people who could otherwise become very isolated. It was also agreed early on that isolation was one of the biggest dangers Zen teachers face and a primary cause of many of the problems that have developed in Zen Centers. The original reasoning, which I agree with, is that should we become a standard-setting, policy-making body, the nature of the group would become much more political, which would change the nature of the meetings completely. Jockeying for position and promoting points of view would quickly replace the open exchange of ideas and personal contact that takes place now. The debate last year about issuing a statement focused on these concerns. Despite my own feeling that it would be worth the cost to ourselves to make some sort of statement, when the majority felt otherwise, I agreed to it.

Articles in the *BPF Journal* implied that the Second Generation Zen Teachers' Conference group was involved in a conspiracy of silence on the issue of sexual misconduct. At times our meetings have been closer to an encounter group than a typical conference. They are intense, honest, intimate, and direct. Comparing our dealings on this particular issue to politely looking the other way, which is how Dr. Rutter describes the conspiracy of silence in *Sex in the Forbidden Zone*, is way off the mark.

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One very good thing (in my opinion) that occurred because of the fuss raised about last year's "non-statement" on sexual misconduct is that it caused us to look at the problem again this year. After considerable thought, we drafted something we could issue as a statement of feeling shared by those attending. [See page 29.] It was also agreed that we would contact Zen Centers around the U.S. urging that an ethics committee be formed that could represent the different lineages and points of view.

On the other hand, there was also damage done by the brouhaha over the "non-statement." Accusations such as insensitivity and a conspiracy of silence that were implied in the last issue of your *Journal* are impossible to disprove. Sandy Boucher also implied there has been some sort of deliberate exclusion of women from these meetings, when it has been very difficult to get more women teachers to come. When a new social or psychological problem is identified, then popularized, a tendency develops to hang the label on just about anything, to the point that the label loses real meaning. I think this has happened to concepts around "addictive behavior," and to some extent to those concerning "dysfunctional organizations."

If it isn't completely clear by now, I want to state categorically that those of us involved in the conference view matters of sexual misconduct as extremely serious. I feel great sympathy for those who have suffered because of misconduct by Zen teachers. Having been on the receiving end of abuse of power, I understand the anger, frustration, and feelings of powerlessness that are so evident in what they have to say. What I am hoping for is some clear-headedness in the long run, as we together tackle this issue, and others that are sure to arise in the future.

—*Kyogen Carlson-sensei, Abbot*
Dharma Rain Zen Center, Portland, Oregon

Dear Editor:

Your recent issue on sexual misconduct by Buddhist teachers prompted me to look back to an old issue of *Kahawai Journal of Women and Zen*, which I co-edited for ten years beginning in 1979. We took up the topic of teacher-student relationships and sexual abuse in one issue which we entitled "Speaking Out." The date was Spring 1984.

Now, reading your issue seven years later, I am struck by how little seems to have changed. But even more important, I am deeply concerned to see how narrowly the problem is still being defined. It is almost as though we have been forced to talk about this one "fatal flaw" (since it has been made public in spite of ourselves), but otherwise we consider American Zen centers exemplary models in our society of non-discrimination, offering equal opportunities for women, minorities, and children.

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Yes, the issue of sexual relations between teachers and students needs to be addressed. But it should be placed within the context of the need for overall guidelines on sexual harassment and discrimination that apply to *all* members of the religious community or organization.

For the past 12 years I have worked full-time for a variety of nonprofit organizations, both large and small. I have come to believe that the existence of sexual discrimination and sexual harassment (whether overt or subtle) is no different in a Buddhist community than it is in a university setting.

Unless we recognize and work to change attitudes and behavior about gender and power that exist within our own culture (plus those we are importing when we embrace a tradition embedded in, for example, Japanese culture), we will continue to have subtle and not-so-subtle abuses of power, instances of sexual harassment, and discrimination against women in American Buddhism.

Speaking out is not enough. I would strongly urge women and men involved in American Buddhism to take the initiative and advocate strenuously within your own communities for the adoption of codes of ethical behavior, sexual harassment guidelines, and grievance procedures for addressing instances of sexual or racial discrimination.

—Deborah Hopkinson, Honolulu, HI

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the articles about Buddhist teachers and sexual misconduct. It seems to me that the feelings and attachments which result in sexual misconduct include physical desire, use of power to get what you want, desire to be close to power, fear of being rejected by the powerful, and desire to please, among others. These are present everywhere, and of course will be present in Zen centers. They should be dealt with as part of practice. To act on these sexual feelings seems to me to be like getting up and leaving the zendo because your legs hurt. It is a failure of practice, and how will we learn to deal with these feelings elsewhere if we don't deal with them in practice?

Yvonne Rand suggests that we agree on a standard of sexual conduct for teachers and students. How about: "Don't do anything you will not talk about to everyone," and "It is the responsibility of anyone who finds out to talk." The articles indicate that silence has been necessary to the occurrence of sexual misconduct, and that the knowing silence of the sangha has been damaging. Of course, this would mean that we students would have to risk our teachers' wrath if we thought they were engaging in misconduct, and so we too would have a chance to practice with our feelings about power.

—Linda Futai Peer, New York City

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READINGS

World Peace Card Club

Sandy Berrigan writes from Albion, California:

I've been making my own Valentine's cards with friends for several years. This last Valentine's Day I was in Florida with my parents, without my usual card-making friends and equipment. But I made cards anyway, using *Redbook* and *McCalls*. I got my mother to make a Valentine for my dad. She was delighted. Then I worked with my dad, who made a secret Valentine for my mom. This was the first time my parents and I had ever done anything creative together.

When I returned home, I started attending Quaker meeting again. There they passed out a list of the young men and women who had resisted the call to fight in the Persian Gulf. It was suggested that we write a letter of support to these people. Many of them were already in jail at Camp LeJeune.

A day or so later, riding home with one of my card-making friends, I mentioned this project; I told him I'd written to four young men, but I didn't think I could write to all 50 people on my list. My friend suggested we throw a card-making party. So the next weekend nine of us got together and made cards.

We sat around a big table with lots of scissors, paste, colored paper, and *National Geographic* magazines and flower catalogs. At first there was a lot of talking. Lots of preliminary cutting up. Then it got quieter and quieter. We didn't even listen to music; we cut and pasted and folded and wrote messages. We passed cards

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around to be signed by all. The evening passed quickly; at 10:30, when it was time to go, I took with me 21 unique and heartfelt cards to conscientious objectors. The evening had been the most moving and creative letter-writing experience of my life.

We have created a card-making sangha. We are continuing to meet to make cards and write to people who really need and appreciate our support.

Just a few days after our first party I received two warm replies from Marine CO's at Camp LeJeune.

The evolution of this simple, creative activity has been so illuminating for me on the possibilities for making a visible difference in another human life. Although I want to change the world, I know that I can't alone; but I can brighten up the day for at least one or two human beings by sending a card.

U.S. Congress Resolutions on Tibet

The U.S. Senate passed the following resolution on May 23, 1991 (Senate Concurrent Res. 41):

"Resolved: That it is the sense of the Congress that Tibet, including those areas incorporated into the Chinese provinces of Sichuan, Yunnan, Gansu, and Qinghai that have historically been a part of Tibet, is an occupied country under established principles of international law, whose true representatives are the Dalai Lama and the Tibetan Government in exile as recognized by the Tibetan people."

The House of Representatives will soon be voting on exactly the same bill. Please write to your (House) representatives asking them to co-sponsor H.R. 145. For more information, contact the International Campaign for Tibet at 202/628-4123.

Native Americans to Teach Tibetan Buddhist Peoples of Siberia

The Buryat Autonomous Republic of the USSR, situated in Siberia across the border from Mongolia, is populated mainly by Mongol peoples who migrated there a thousand years ago, and who have practiced Vajrayana Buddhism since that religion first came to Mongolia. When the Soviet regime came to power, and particularly under Stalin, the Buryats who practiced Tibetan Buddhism were persecuted and forbidden to profess their religion. All but two of their monasteries were destroyed.

Today, glasnost has reached even to Siberia, and the government is for the first time allowing the Buryats to reclaim their traditional heritage, including the open practice of Tibetan Buddhism. [For a closer look at the Buryats and how glasnost has affected their religious practice, see *BPF Journal*, Winter, 1990. -Ed.]

At the same time, the Soviet educational system is undergoing a radical reevaluation and decentralization. Educators are seeking to replace the rigid, centrally planned curriculum with programming that addresses

local needs in a more humanistic, less authoritarian way.

To assist in this endeavor, a group called Rediscovery International Foundation (RIF) has formed the Buryat Education Project. RIF was born out of Native American communities in British Columbia, where, in response to substance abuse, juvenile delinquency, and family disruption, programs were created for native and non-native youth to help them appreciate and respect the traditions of the local indigenous people.

With the support of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, this project will send a team of American Indian educators for two weeks this August to work at the Buryat Scientific Center and visit Buryat schools to do teacher training workshops.

The Buryat project has two aims: first, assisting Soviet educators in developing school curricula that incorporate Buryat traditions and culture. The project will use models developed over the course of many years by the Native American educators.

The second aim is to establish a summer camp, patterned after the original project with Native Americans in Canada, for Buryat and local Russian youth. This program would be guided by community elders to insure an orientation to traditional values and culture. The involvement of non-native youth is intended to help plant the seeds of understanding of the Buryat world view in the local Russian community.

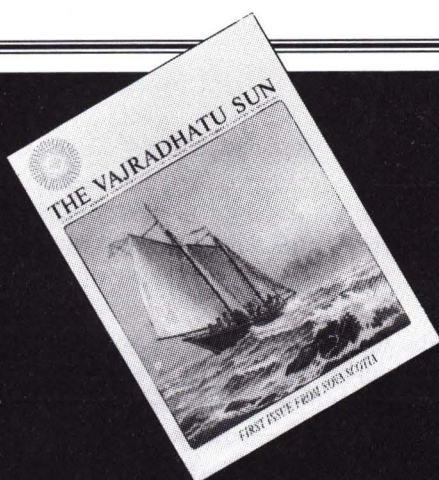
For more information, or to help support the Buryat Education Project, contact: Gretchen Kaapcke, P.O. Box 95560, Seattle, WA 98145-2560; tel. 206/368-0981.

Hopi Peace Pilgrimage in Ladakh

Native Americans are connecting with Buddhists all over the world, in various kinds of peace work. Following is another Buddhist/Native American connection which has come to our attention.

August 1991 will see the completion of a peace stupa in Ladakh in northern India. The construction of this stupa, which has been a pioneering collaboration by Japanese Buddhists and Tibetan Buddhists, was initiated by the disciples of Nichihonzan Myohoji Japanese Buddhist Temple (in the Nichiren sect of Japanese Buddhism) and received the blessing and support of His Holiness the Dalai Lama. (These are the same Buddhists who built the "Peace Pagoda" — a stupa — in Western Massachusetts some years ago.)

The teacher who inspired the construction of this stupa, Fujii Guruji, met several times with Hopi spiritual leaders and the Dalai Lama, and his followers have continued to work with Native Americans over many years. They see the Hopi nation in particular as committed to a spiritual path of living in harmony with the land. Hopi prophecies tell of a time of imbalance and great danger for all beings, and speak also of a great wisdom whose



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activation can avert the destruction of the earth. The Hopi believe that prophesied events mark this as the right time to carry their message of warning to all people.

To mark the completion ceremony of the Shanti Stupa in Leh, Ladakh, on August 25, the sponsors of the event are inviting Hopi Elders to be present alongside the Tibetan and Japanese Buddhists. Their hope is to spread the Hopi prophecy more widely and to help bring the Hopi's unique perspective to the international movement for nonviolent change.

More information is available from Kiyoshi Miyata, 444 Market St. #712, San Francisco, CA 94102; 415/433-7145, fax 415/433-1822.

Bonded Labor in Nepal

This report was submitted to us by Subodh Kumar Singh, who was a delegate from Nepal to the last International Network of Engaged Buddhists (INEB) Conference in Bangkok in February, 1991.

Nepal is not only the land of Buddha and Mt. Everest but is also a land of bonded labor. Bonded labor in Nepal is slavery in disguise. Laborers are sold like property from one landlord to another. The primary sale takes place on the Maght Sankranti Festival in mid-January. These wretched people, homeless and landless, cannot go against their masters, for they have no other means of support, and so are at their masters' disposal.

Although Nepal is experiencing democracy for the second time, there's no democracy for these bonded laborers, who are mostly Tharu people from the far western Terai region of Nepal. *Tharu* is a Pali word for the hilt of a sword, and those who fought with the sword came to be known as the Tharus. They were the warriors of the Sakya kingdom when Buddhism was at its zenith. From recent research we have learned that Buddha and Ashoka were both born in this community.

The historian Bryan Hodgson believes that it takes three thousand years for a tribe to acquire immunity to malaria, and the Tharus, who live in the tropical malarial climate of Nepal's Terai, have such immunity. Other scholars also believe the Tharus are the remnants of the Buddha's own clan.

In theory, Nepal's slaves were emancipated 70 years ago by Prime Minister Chandra Sumsher Rana. But in reality, there are more than 15,000 slaves in Nepal. They work 18 hours a day for their food, and often the whole family has to work in the master's house. Only one member of the family gets a salary, consisting of 720 kg of rice, sometimes less, for a year's work. This is not enough to support a family, and thus the workers get into debt. They depend on their masters, and they have no other source of income to pay back the debt. When they die their children inherit the debt, like a water-cycle which has no ending.

If a bonded laborer happens to fall sick, he is fined for

not coming to work. When bonded laborers marry, the bridegroom must send his bride to his master's house to work, and the master keeps her as long as he likes. If the bride tries to revolt she may be murdered, and 73 laborer wives have committed suicide in their masters' houses.

The few organizations trying to help these bonded laborers must do so secretly, as local administrators and police officers are on the side of the masters. Even the government is not able to do anything to eliminate bonded labor in these parts of Nepal. The political parties and their leaders are silent on this issue. One of the members of the newly elected Nepali Congress has 54 such laborers, and one of the members of the Communist Party has 27.

The only way to eliminate bonded labor in Nepal is to redeem laborers' debts and then provide vocational training so that they can earn their own living. The government, human rights organizations, and other social organizations must launch concrete programs to eliminate the injustice of bonded labor.

On the End of the Gulf War

We shouldn't be too quick to forget the Gulf War. BPF member Paul Walker sent us the following reminder.

It was sometime in the '60s. The Vietnam war was raging, and I was raging about the war. An older man, a close friend and mentor from the Hindu tradition, was with me. "There has always been war," he said mildly. "No!" I shouted, "I can't accept that! Once you could have said 'Man has always been cold.' Once you could have said 'There has always been slavery,' but now we have fire to keep us warm, and slavery has been abolished. We can change things!" He was silent. He looked at me mildly. I struggled with that mild silent look for 20 years. I knew what he meant. The political people around me were filled with anger. Their anger eventually consumed them. I could barely hold onto the thread of a yogic practice as it was, and blasts from political passions could have sent me careening off forever. And yet I was sure the world was going to hell in a hand cart and I had to do something to save it.

Then, one afternoon in Marin around 1980, I was talking to Sri Sunya, a 92-year-old Himalayan mystic. I asked him, "Even if you can walk with the Divine every moment, how can you walk past your brothers and sisters who are hungry, and homeless, and wounded?" He looked at me mildly. "If you feel yourself as a parent," he said, "you must act the role of a parent." Suddenly it all became very clear. If I saw my child in danger, I would naturally act to protect him. Caring for him — but not clinging to him — was the fulfillment of my spiritual practice, not its antagonist. And my role as a citizen is much the same. Right citizenship is obviously up there with right livelihood. Sri Sunya

had given me permission to be political.

But it's easier said than done, and the Gulf War presented a particular challenge. Right citizenship implies education. But how can I learn when the truth is being hidden or distorted by the authorities? How can I pass on what I have learned to others without being a blowhard fanatic? How can I face arrogance, brutality, and anger without becoming arrogant and brutal and angry myself?

While the armies were being mustered and the battle lines drawn I committed myself to learn enough to understand what was happening. I knew nothing about the history or economics of the Gulf, nothing of colonialism, neocolonialism, or U.S. foreign policy. With a little help from my friends, particularly at KPFA Radio in Berkeley and the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, I began to learn. I expected to learn about a series of colossal blunders by well-meaning people of limited vision. But I learned instead about an intricate web of lies, intrigues, venality, and barbarism obscured by cunning propaganda on all sides of the issue. What grew in me was not understanding but befuddlement, rage, disgust, sorrow, and impotence. When others were marching, making speeches, even lighting themselves with gasoline and matches, I could scarcely carry on a coherent conversation with the person behind me in the supermarket line.

At some point I remembered my sitting cushion. I began sitting seriously. At first there was something desperate about my meditation — like a half-drowned rat clinging to a floating branch. Then eventually sitting became a sluice of fresh water, washing everything. Washing the bombed soldier and the fat general, washing the politician and the dictator, the macho reporter and the dying cormorant, the burning tank, the scuds, the patriots, washing my TV. Washing them all clean enough to sit on the moist green Earth. And with it came an awareness that I am not alone in this. Clearly the most important thing is to share. To share gently with friends, acquaintances, casual contacts, even with those who oppose my views, to learn their views, their position, their feelings, and to express my own. And most of all in the community of like-minded people, to learn, teach, and encourage, to bring to each other the fruits of our practice. Now this war is over. The Earth is scorched, thousands are dead. But in their memory, I promise this: I will, to the best of my ability, practice right citizenship. And by that I mean to work hard, to study hard, to sit hard, and to share.

—Paul Walker, Kensington, California



Burma Petition

BPF urges you to tear out and circulate the petition on the reverse of this page.

Dear Secretary General de Cuellar,

We write to you on behalf of the people of Burma. They have been silenced since 1962 and are unable to speak for themselves at this time because of the brutal, systematic oppression of their present illegal, government

As you know, Burma held free and fair elections in May, 1990. Although Aung San Suu Kyi (the leader of the National League for Democracy) and many other opposition party candidates were put under house arrest the year before the elections, the NLD won by an overwhelming majority of over 80%. By all rights, those in power should have relinquished their hold on the reigns of government in a timely manner. Instead, the military government, the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC) repeatedly asserts its determination to stay in power. Since the elections, SLORC has filled the jails with almost all of the opposition party members, increased oppression and brutality, and sold off Burma's abundant natural resources to finance its regime.

The United Nations is the respected, world government. As its head, we ask you to take firm and deliberate action on this issue. We recognize that the isolation of Burma and the complexities of the world theater do not lend itself to easy answers. However, the world cannot look away while the Burmese people suffer from illegal imprisonment and torture, forced relocation, captivity by the military, genocide of the ethnic minorities and destruction of both the economy and the natural environment.

We ask you to:

- * recognize only the true, democratically elected government of the NLD
- * not recognize the military government of Burma under General Saw Maung
- * allow only the true, elected government occupy the Burmese seat at the U.N.
- * pressure Saw Maung for the release of all political prisoners immediately

Thank you for your good work in bringing peace and reconciliation to so much of our troubled world. Thank you for your understanding of, and attention to the very desperate plight of the Burmese people.

Name

Address

Please return completed petitions to:
Karuna Center, an affiliate of Buddhist Peace Fellowship, 49 Richardson Rd., Leverett, MA 01054, USA

WATERWHEEL KEEPS ON TURNING

by Stephanie Kaza

In this issue we begin a regular column on the environment.

It is no secret that the environment is "in" these days. Environmentalists rejoice that finally someone is listening. Recycling has become more than a grassroots movement. Corporate business has a new ploy for selling consumer products. The green market has come into its own.

Green seal, green cross — these symbols of approval indicate a product is environmentally okay. Quick to leap on the bandwagon, many businesses have bent over backwards to convince us they are also environmentally okay. I am suspicious. A green fad is not what we need.

"Greenwashing" comes in two basic forms — green PR and green products. Green PR is another form of propaganda — an ethical makeover for big corporations. Claims for environmental efforts have a hollow ring to them because they are inconsistent with the plunder and profit policy of most big corporations. Ethics are not something you can put in an advertisement.

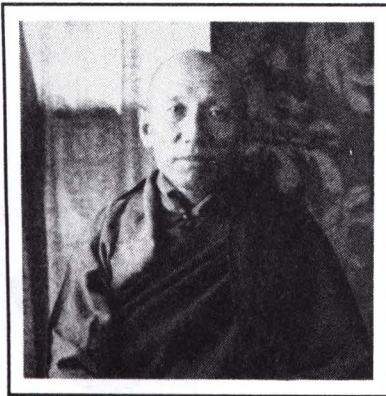
Green products range from luxury items to organic food. Cloth diapers may be touted as safe for the environment, but what did it take to produce them? And just how necessary are compost compactors anyway? As

a trying-to-be-green consumer, I'm searching for something more than a label or a fad.

The assault can be dizzying. My spiritual desire and vow is to honor the earth and all beings. This is my sangha, my interdependent practice community. Each tree, bird, insect is a teaching Buddha; the earth is the living dharma of truth in existence. To go deep with this practice requires constant attention to the act of consuming. Depth of ethical integrity comes from developing awareness around choice and intention. Why and how am I consuming what? Over and over asking the questions — whether about oil, fancy food, or someone's attention.

I keep returning to the simplest of all Buddhist practices — restraint. Restraint against the pervasive values of consumption as the driving economic force; restraint against mixing up needs and desires; restraint as a practice of self-awareness and consideration for what I consume — plants, water, fuel, money. It takes intention and enormous courage to resist the ideology of consumption and seek a deeper way of living. I can't say as I've met an ecological saint yet, but I do see a lot more effort to ask some hard questions about all the newfound greenery in the corporate world. It is encouraging to have some companionship in this difficult task of sorting through the green delusions. Restraint and simplicity support a more sustainable lifestyle. Understanding the connections in each bite of food, not wasting anything — it's a demanding practice, but who said Buddhism was easy? ♦

THE VENERABLE SOKTSE RINPOCHE



The Venerable Suktse Rinpoche is a reincarnated Tibetan Buddhist Lama who carries the complete lineage of both the Nyingma and Drukpa Kagyu traditions. Born in Central Tibet, Suktse Rinpoche is a highly realized master of Dzog Chen who has spent most of his life in retreat.

Suktse Rinpoche will be giving a series of blessings, teachings and empowerments in the San Francisco Bay Area and in Oregon.

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THE PRACTICE OF EDUCATION

by Patrick McMahon

Editor's note: In our last issue, we had a section on education and Buddhist practice, and there was a lot of interest stirred up. It seemed like a good idea to carry on the dialogue, and so we are going to try out a regular column in every issue, edited by Patrick McMahon and the Educators' Sangha.

Recently I stopped in on a colleague in his classroom after school. As we talked, his hands were in constant motion, ordering a jumble of objects on his desk. "I'm coming to the conclusion," he said, "that teaching's a messy profession."

Messy. So it is. No sooner do you clear a space than something fills it up — another office memorandum, a batch of assignments to grade, a confiscated comic book, a handful of roses. In the morning, before the kids come in, my room is clear and straight, fresh from the nightly work of the janitors. I sip a cup of tea at my desk as I survey lesson plans, and sometimes I even snatch a few minutes of meditation behind the locked door. But soon the doorknob's jiggling, the voices bounce with the balls down the halls, and as soon as I open the door I'm lost in the tumult for the next six hours — hormones mixed up in math, domestic quarrels from home echoing in Ancient History, events in the larger world — a prize fight, the recent war, the recession — reverberating in "social development."

All my ideas and ideals lose their clean edges in the daily grind. "Each student is Buddha." What about Buddha as a little jerk? "Teachers should get out of the way of their students' learning, facilitate rather than dictate." What about when students are addicted to dictation, and don't recognize, much less value, learning that doesn't come in information packages? "Don't coerce, blame, intimidate; be gentle, positive, compassionate." How does that translate to students who are accustomed to the language of threat, for whom gentleness is scarier than a whack? And what forces of cultural conditioning get in between my mission and the ethnic backgrounds of my students? I've come to see that even my concept of peace is culture-bound. When I tell my African-American boys not to hit back, they look at me incredulously, as if to say, "What town do you come from, white boy?"

I'm not putting down the ideals; they can be useful to help clear away my mental desk. And unless I thought there was a point to Buddhist peacemakers working in the schools, reforming society from within, I wouldn't be there. But in the clearing I have to

expect great horned dilemmas; peace must needs encompass sweating terrors.

This space in *Turning Wheel* is such a clearing, and I invite the mess into it. Educators, students, please contribute your experience, the raw fact that evades neatness. How do you teach peace in the war zone of present-day education? (California, at least, now spends more money on prisons than on schools.) How do you practice mindfulness, much less *teach* mindfulness, in the rat cage of an overcrowded classroom? How do you translate Buddhist teaching into the various languages of class, color, and culture of an inner-city school?

Or, if yours is an economically favored situation, how do you address the ways in which the privileged are estranged from diversity and deprived of the knowledge of how things are on the street?

We all labor and learn in muddy water. Send us your field notes. ♦



Bodhidharma, by Gary McCabe

The artist maintains an almost daily practice of drawing Bodhidharma.

THE WAR STILL BURNS

Kuwaiti oil wells burning as of late May, 1991 (conservative estimate): 400
Oil wells that will be burning, Fall, 1991 (conservative estimate): 300
Oil wells that will be burning, Spring, 1992 (conservative estimate): 200
Barrels of oil burning, per day: 2.5 to 3 million
Percentage of world daily oil consumption now ablaze: 10
Tons of soot generated by Persian Gulf oil fires, per month: 675,000
Places soot detected: Germany, Wyoming, Hawaii, Japan, the Himalayas
Projected amount surface temperatures will drop within 1000 kilometers of Kuwait: 2° celsius
Projected amount surface temperatures will drop within 100 kilometers of Kuwait: 10° celsius
Conclusion of May, 1991 EPA report: Emissions not "at levels of concern."
Barrels of oil spilled in Persian Gulf War: 3.3 million
Barrels of oil spilled by Exxon Valdez: 1 million
Source of oil that soaked cormorants according to television reports: Valves opened by Iraq
Actual source: US military attacks near Al-Khafji
Date UN Resolution banning military attacks on nuclear facilities: December 1970
Date US attacked Iraqi nuclear facilities: January 17, 1991
Percentage of US conventional bombs that missed their targets: 70
Estimated Iraqi deaths from starvation and disease due to bombing: 170,000
Barrels of oil imported from all Arab OPEC countries: 775 million per year
Barrels of oil saved if US autos met 45 mpg standard: 1,700 million per year
Status of Bryan bill, setting 45 mpg standard: Defeated by Bush Administration, 1990
Single largest consumer of oil in the world: US Department of Defense

It is important that we forgive the destruction of the past and recognize that it was produced by ignorance. At the same time, we should re-examine what we are responsible for, and what we will pass on to coming generations...If we develop good and considerate qualities within our own minds, our activities will naturally cease to threaten the continued survival of life on Earth.

His Holiness The Dalai Lama

Thanks to Gar Smith and *The Earth Island Journal*.

Quote adapted from H.H. the Dalai Lama's foreword to *Dharma Gaia : A Harvest of Essays in Buddhism and Ecology*, Parallax Press, 1990.

THE PRACTICE OF PEACE

by Thich Nhat Hanh

Excerpts from a talk given at the Berkeley Community Theater, Berkeley, California, April 16, 1991.

*Breathing in, I feel myself as a flower,
Breathing out, I feel fresh.
Breathing in, I feel myself as a mountain,
Breathing out, I feel solid.
Breathing in, I feel myself as a still pond,
Breathing out, I reflect things as they are.
Breathing in, I feel space within and without,
Breathing out, I feel free.*

What happened in Los Angeles the night that Rodney King was beaten was seen by people around the world. I saw it too. My first reaction was that it was I who was beaten. Tomorrow, or the day after, it could be me. It could be all of us. In fact, I *was* the person who was beaten by the five policemen. I suffered from violence and hatred and fear.

But as I continued looking deeply, I saw myself as one of the five policemen. Because the society is filled with violence and hatred and fear. If I were a young man entering into the police training academy, I might easily become one of the five. At first, you want to serve the society; you want to enforce law and order. But when you study to be a policeman, you are told by your trainers that there is a lot of violence on the streets, and you must take care of yourself. You could be killed by anyone — a poor person or a rich person, someone driving a motorcycle or someone driving a Cadillac. This is the training in the police academy: you have to be careful, you might be killed. And each morning when the policeman begins his job, he might practice something like, "Breathing in, I am aware that I might be killed. Breathing out, I must be quick to shoot first, before I am shot." This is the practice of fear. And when a policeman or policewoman is killed, the entire force comes to the funeral to demonstrate, their fear, their anger. I feel that I understand that; I could become one of the five.

In the Majjima Nikaya, the Buddha said, "This is like this, because that is like that." Our society is like this; therefore the policemen are like that. We are co-responsible. If you fire the police chief or put the policemen in jail, you don't solve the problem. You have to solve the problem on the level of the basement, not of the living room.

Let us meditate on the Iraq war. Let us visualize the 500,000 soldiers who were stationed in Saudi Arabia

ready for a land offensive. On TV in France, I saw an American soldier holding his bayonet jump up, down, and scream like a beast. Then he plunged the bayonet into a sandbag that represented an Iraqi soldier. The allied soldiers had to practice in that way every day, because they knew the land offensive was near. They knew they had to kill in order to be able to go home. Their mothers were waiting for them at home — their wives and their children. But how can you thrust a bayonet into the belly of a human being if you are a human being yourself? You have to train yourself to become a beast, jumping and screaming. This is the practice of hatred. Many soldiers practiced like that for six months, not only during the day, but during the night, in their nightmares. "I want to go home to my family, so I have to learn to kill." On the other side, one million Iraqi soldiers were practicing the same.

All of us were practicing violence, hatred, and fear, collectively, as a sangha. And many in the United States of America supported that kind of practice — I heard that 80 percent supported the war. The people of the U.S. did not see deeply enough into the soul of the soldier, into the basement. They may have thought that the war was clean, the war was moral, the war was quick, that there was not much damage, not many casualties. On TV you only saw the bridges and a number of houses destroyed, and so on. You did not practice looking deeply in order to see the real casualties that the 500,000 brought home with them. Can you practice the way the soldiers did and remain yourself? No — you get deeply wounded in your store consciousness. The returning soldier cries because he is alive. His mother, his wife, his children cry for joy. But what will happen after one or two weeks? The war will slowly come up from the basement, from the store consciousness. And who will have to endure that? The soldier's family and the whole society.

I have led retreats for Vietnam veterans in this country, and I know the tremendous amount of suffering that American veterans had to endure. One veteran told me that for twelve years he could not bear being in the same room with children. Every time there was a child in the room, he had to run out, because in Vietnam he had killed children. He told me that several friends in his unit had been killed in an ambush. Hatred and anger overwhelmed him, and he set up a small ambush in a village, and hid himself and watched as five children came out to play, and were killed by his ambush. That image was stored in his consciousness, and after he went back to America, he could not bear to be around children. It took him more than twelve years to come to a meditation retreat and practice breathing, walking,

looking, and transforming the seeds of suffering. It is very difficult; it takes time to transform. But it is not difficult to get the seeds of suffering into your store consciousness.

A medical doctor who went with the American Army to the Gulf told me that he was deeply wounded in his soul. He didn't fight, but what he heard and what he saw wounded him deeply. He had the role of transporting the wounded soldiers back. He said that when a soldier holds his automatic rifle and begins to fire, he is overwhelmed by fear, and once he has pulled the trigger, he just cannot stop. He has to continue firing until he runs out of ammunition because he is afraid that if he stops, he will be fired upon. The doctor told me that in the old days, when someone killed someone else with a sword or a bayonet, the vibration would come back to him and he would know that he was killing a person. But dropping bombs or firing automatic weapons, you don't get that kind of feedback. When the soldier is firing his automatic weapon, he can't hear anything, including orders from his superior. He hears only his own fear. That is the heritage of war. The war in Vietnam still has a lot of mental formations, a lot of seeds of suffering in the American soul, and now you've had to suffer from another war.

We must practice in such a way that we can see clearly. If you are a psychologist, if you are a playwright, if you are a novelist, if you are a composer, a filmmaker, a peacemaker, or an environmentalist, please look deeply into the soul of the soldier who has just returned, in order to see the amount of suffering that the war has caused, not only to that person, but to everyone on the earth. Then you will be able to project that image onto a huge screen for the whole nation to see and to learn. If you are able to see the truth concerning the Iraq war, I don't think you are going to start another war like that in the future. How can you talk about a victory? A victory for whom?

The night President Bush gave the order to attack Iraq, I could not sleep. I was angry. I was overwhelmed. That was too much for me. I was in a winter retreat at Plum Village in France, and I was teaching the *Avatamsaka Sutra*. The next morning in the middle of the lecture — I could not stop it, it just came up from deep in my store consciousness — I said to the class, "My friends, I don't think that I'm going to go to North America this spring. I just cannot. I don't have any desire now to go there and lead retreats and give talks." Then I realized that I had interrupted the lecture and I resumed it.

Afterwards we had walking meditation, and then a silent meal. At three o'clock we had a tea meditation, and during the tea meditation an American student who was living at Plum Village told me, "Thầy, I think you have to go to America. Many friends have worked so hard to arrange these retreats and talks, and I think that

you should go there and tell us how you feel." I did not say anything; I was not sure of anything at the time. But I practiced breathing in and out, and walking, and sitting; and a few days after that I decided to come. I saw that you and I, we are the same person. I saw that I was one with the American people, I was one with President Bush, I was one with Saddam Hussein. I did not see him as an enemy. I had been angry with President Bush, of course, but after having practiced breathing in and out, I saw myself as President Bush. I deserve President Bush. I deserve Saddam Hussein.

The war has to do with our happiness. Because we are not happy enough, we had a war. When we are not happy, we take refuge in many things, like alcohol, drugs, action, and war. I have worked with young people a lot. I have led many retreats for young people in many countries, and they've told me this: the most precious gift that parents can give to their children is their own happiness. If parents know how to make themselves happy, children will receive a lot of seeds of happiness in their store consciousness, and when they grow up, they will know how to be happy and to make other people happy. When they get married, they will know how to make their partner happy. I think that statement made by the young people is very important. Every time parents fight and make each other suffer, they sow seeds of suffering in the hearts of their children. With that kind of heritage, children will grow up unhappy, and that is the root of war. If they are unhappy, they will look for other things that are very much like war. Alcohol is war. Drugs are war. Television is war.

We know that if we don't eat properly, we get sick. To heal our body, we have to follow a diet. We have to avoid ingesting more poisons into our body. If we know how to breathe in and out deeply, to bring in more oxygen, then we improve the quality of our blood, and our blood will be able to eliminate the toxins in our body. If we practice massage, we'll be able to bring the blood into the painful zones of our body in order for the blood to wash away the toxins that are there and to transform the pain. We have to be careful about eating, practice breathing in and out deeply, and practice massage. The circulation of the blood is very important for our health.

From the point of view of our psyche, we also need good circulation. We ingest a lot of poisons into our consciousness. We consume a lot of "cultural products," which put poison in our consciousness. The practice of peace is to follow a diet, to refrain from ingesting more toxic products. We must learn to do this as individuals, and we must teach our children, our community, our town, our city and our nation to do so. If you are a playwright, a novelist, a filmmaker, or an educator, please practice so that we all can follow a diet that will help us transform our consciousness.

Because transforming our collective consciousness is the only way to make peace and to prevent war.

After a day of work, we feel tired, and yet when we go home we don't know how to relax, to recover ourselves. So we turn on the television; we want to consume more and more, because there is a vacuum inside. That is the product of our civilization; we always feel we lack something, and we want to fill it with whatever is available. A woman who came to Plum Village said to me, "Thây, every time fear and agitation come up, I just open my refrigerator and eat." A lot of these cultural items make you feel hungry after you eat them, and you want to eat even more. And the kind of civilization in which we find ourselves makes us feel alienated from ourselves. We don't want to go back and face our true self because we are afraid. There is so much anger, hatred, and fear in us, and we want to suppress it. And in order to suppress these things, we fill ourselves with poisons. Even though the television is very noisy and all the screaming, the shooting, the fear, the strong emotions make us tired, we do not have the courage to turn it off because we are afraid of going back to ourselves. And that is the root of the war.

How can we transform our consciousness, and the collective consciousness of our society, if we practice filling every moment with TV and other cultural products? That is why we must be in touch with what is healing, refreshing, and joyful. This is very important. When we practice walking meditation, we get in touch with the earth, our mother, with the air, the trees, and with ourselves, and we water the seeds of peace and joy, as individuals, and as a community.

Buddhism is made of non-Buddhist elements, a flower is made of non-flower elements, and President Bush is made of non-Bush elements — that's you and me. If we take care of the non-Bush elements, we take care of Bush. You may think that if there were another person in the White House, the situation would be different. But the nature of the society is like this, and therefore its government must be like that. It cannot be very different from what it is now, and therefore we have to change at the base, and the base is the store consciousness.

We have to understand in order to be of help. We all have pain, but we tend to suppress it, because we don't want it to come up to our living room. The most important thing is that we need to be understood. We need someone to be able to listen to us and to understand us. Then we will suffer less. But everyone is suffering, and no one wants to listen. We don't know how to express ourselves so that people can understand. Because we suffer so much, the way we express our pain hurts other people, and they don't want to listen.

Listening is a very deep practice. Avalokiteshvara Bodhisattva has a very deep talent for listening. The name means "listening to the cries of the world." You have to empty yourself. You have to leave space in order

to listen. A person suffers so much that he might die, he might explode like a bomb, and he needs us to listen. "Darling, I know that you have suffered a great deal. I know that. I know that I have contributed to your suffering, and I feel sorry, responsible. So please give me a chance, tell me of your suffering, I want to hear." If you can begin to say things like that, the other person will begin to suffer less. We have to listen in our family. And then we have to listen in our community, and to everyone, especially to the people we think are our enemies — the ones we believe are making the situation worse. Our government also. When you have shown your capacity for listening and understanding, the other person will begin to listen to you, and you have a chance to tell him or her of your pain, and it's your turn to get healed. This is the practice of peace.

Peace and joy are available in each moment, to some extent, and you can help yourself to them. Breathe in and out, and touch the beautiful sky. Know that you are alive, that your eyes are there, that your heart is functioning well, that you can practice walking and sitting, that your loved one is still there, that the flower is still fresh and the mountain is still solid. Each second of our daily lives is a diamond, containing the earth, the sky, the cloud, the wind, rain, birds, trees. You can be very happy just by breathing mindfully. Then every look, every smile, every gesture you make is a diamond that can make other people happy. If you are peaceful, if you are happy, whatever you do will be an offering for the people around you. ♦

Thich Nhat Hanh is a Vietnamese Buddhist teacher, poet, scholar, and peace activist.

Summer's End

In the still pond
the lily pads
rooted deep
as childhood memories.

Nothing moves.
Only a tiny ant
crawling across a rock.

Nowhere does the world
remain as it is.

—Eve Merriam

(from *Fresh Paint* —
reprinted with permission of the author)

SANDS OF TIME

by Susan Moon

The mandala is made in the spirit of impermanence and non-attachment, and it will eventually be ritually dismantled. The blessed sand will be carried to the ocean, where it will be entrusted to the spirits of the waters. The sand will circulate among the waters of the earth, blessing them. In this way, the work of art, rather than being hoarded by mankind, is returned to the environment, to the earth from whence it came. —Museum brochure.

I'm missing my eight-year-old friend Asar. It was just a few weeks ago that I took him to the beach at Point Reyes and we made a sand castle, and now he's back home in Senegal, where he lives in a house next to another beach.

Our sand castle was an elaborate one: kelp flags on sticks flew proudly atop the crenellated towers. Exerting meticulous effort, we made a moat with a driftwood drawbridge, a gateway guarded by ferocious crab shells, a road lined with iridescent mussels. Asar caught two fat sand fleas and pronounced them king and queen of the castle. He put them on the very top, and they burrowed straight down into their new home, as king and queen sand fleas are wont to do.

When it was time for us to go Asar was reluctant to leave. "The sea will destroy it!" he worried.

"But if we stay, you can't *stop* the sea from destroying it," I, the logical adult, pointed out

"I know." A sudden shift of tone, and a grin: "Shall I knock it down? Will it hurt the king and queen?"

"I doubt it," I said, admiring his readiness to let it go. "They're probably used to getting moved around a lot."

And with exuberant shouts and kicks, Asar returned our work of art to the environment whence it came.

Last May, a remarkable event took place at the Asian Art Museum in San Francisco — an object lesson in compassionate action.

On a Friday morning I went to the Museum (this was not the remarkable event) to watch a group of Tibetan monks finish creating a traditional kalachakra sand mandala, grain by colored grain. At 10:00 they were to give the last public demonstration of their work. I came into the big circular lobby a few minutes early. People were gathered around the mandala, murmuring in low voices. Something seemed to be the matter. The mandala — about six feet across — was under a clear plastic cover on a waist-high platform. When I got close I saw that the intricate geometric design was all messed up.

This traditional mandala represents the architectural design of the palace of the Tibetan god Kalachakra. Well, maybe it *is* his palace — I'm not quite sure. The

sand of which it is made sparkles, unreasonably. The head monk later explained to me that the sand is not beach sand, but ground rock from the Himalayas — green rock, black rock, red rock. "Like marble dust," he said. A mandala made of sand multiplies the blessing it conveys by the number of grains.

Anyway, flowing lines swooshed through the architectural detail, leaving some parts of the design still intact at the edges. I might have been looking at an aerial view of a magnificent city through which great floods had passed.

I saw my friend Maylie standing by the velvet rope. "It was in the paper this morning," she said. "A spectator destroyed it yesterday."

(Later, a friend who witnessed the event wrote to me: "Suddenly a demented woman jumped onto the platform in a demonic dance, hands and arms in wild gyration, and smeared the design with her feet. She was embattled with invisible enemies. It was as if she was compelled to stamp them out, to erase beauty and order. For a few disbelieving moments we were held immobile. Then two guards came running and removed the woman from the platform, while she screamed repeatedly, 'I'm from the CIA! I'm from the CIA!'")

"How awful!" I said to Maylie. "And they were almost done!" I knew that six monks had been working on the mandala for a month. I felt ashamed of my country (not a new feeling) for offering such rotten hospitality, especially to Tibetans who are themselves exiles from violence and oppression in their homeland. "What happened to the woman?"

"She's under psychiatric observation," said Maylie.

Howard was there, too — another friend. "Think of it as a different kind of mandala," he suggested. "It's just a different painting from the one you thought you were going to see. It's quite beautiful, really." Howard's an artist, so he should know.

At 10:00 the monks came out to talk to the disappointed spectators. The head monk said they felt no anger toward the woman, no blaming, but only compassion. She had brought suffering on herself by destroying the blessed palace of Kalachakra, but she hadn't hurt anyone else. The monks were going to destroy the sand mandala anyway, he said, and now they would just sweep it away a little earlier than planned. "Perhaps it was our fault," he said tactfully, "because we didn't want to leave San Francisco. We *like* working in the Museum, and now we're going to stay longer, and make another one!" He invited us to join them in chanting for "her" — he didn't need to say who — and sending her our compassion. And so we all sat on the cold stone floor around the kalachakra, about 100 of us American museum-goers, with our Guatemalan handbags, our birkenstocks, our good fortune, our assorted longings for Eastern spirituality, our disappointment and embarrassment. It was

crowded, and we bumped into each other's knees and feet and handbags in a friendly way. Suddenly we were a community — all tumbled together in a circle while Tibetan monks led us in chanting "Om Mane Padme Om" for our fellow American. *That* was the demonstration of Kalachakra sand painting that the universe had in mind for 10:00 that Friday morning.

I talked to Lobsang, the head monk, afterwards, and told him how moved I was by the monks' compassionate response. He said, "The kalachakra shows how delicate our life is. In Tibet, where the mandalas are sometimes made outside, the wind might blow them a little bit. Nothing lasts. We don't think we'll die, but we all will die. Our training as monks is to accept the impermanence of our life. When the painting was destroyed, the people in the museum were crying. But the monks didn't cry, because our practice prepares us." He gestured at the stone walls around us — "Even this building will die. She destroyed the mandala, but not our inner peace. The real mandala is inside us."

"Has this ever happened before?" I asked him.

"Not while we were traveling. But this is just one sand painting. In Tibet, millions of things have been destroyed. Over 6000 monasteries destroyed by the Chinese — paintings, statues, whole libraries." He didn't say it, but I added, mentally: *That's a real test of our compassion.*

Lobsang told me he had been brought out of Tibet as a refugee in 1959, at the age of three. He's been a monk since he was 15, and he lives in the Tibetan community in exile in Northern India.

"Are you a teacher of kalachakra sand painting?" I asked.

"No, that's not my specialty — others know it much better. But I speak English. I'm really more of a philosophy teacher."

No doubt about that — He was *my* philosophy teacher for the day.

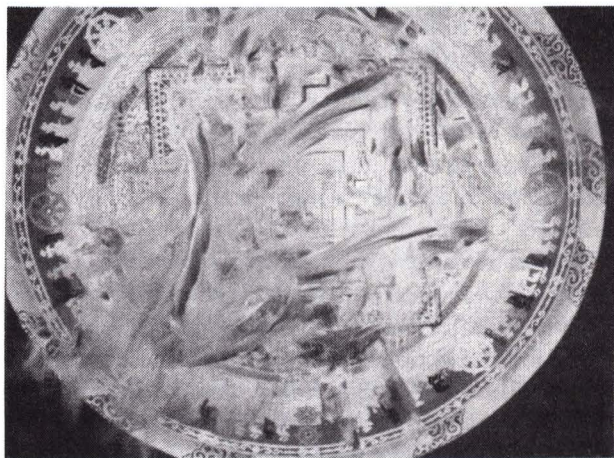
I was full of philosophical questions. What if the woman had destroyed a tangka painting or a statue? What if a traveling exhibit of American art went to Asia, and somebody slashed up "American Gothic?" Years ago, when I was in Rome, I went to St. Peter's to see Michelangelo's *Pieta*. But a crazy person had broken it, and they had put it away and put a fake one out on display, inside a glass case. I was upset — I wanted to see the "real" one.

Was the man who broke the *pieta*, like the woman who danced on the Kalachakra, the person most hurt by his own act? *Pieta*, after all, like the mandala of peace, is inside us. What's the difference between a real piece of art and a fake? Maybe the woman had only destroyed a fake kalachakra mandala? What *is* sacred, anyway?

What had actually happened? Even the monks had their particular point of view, which seemed to include the idea that something had been "destroyed." But

maybe it was a performance piece, an international collaborative art project. Maybe it was just that some colored sand got moved around on a table top by the hands and feet of various people. Everything is impermanent. That much of the lesson was clear. Tibetan monks whom we call "compassionate" and an American woman whom we call "disturbed" had joined together to bring us this teaching. ♦

Susan Moon is the editor of Turning Wheel.



The Kalachakra mandala after it was destroyed, May 9, 1991. Courtesy of the Asian Art Museum, San Francisco.

A RESTAURATEUR VISITS "THE SACRED ART OF TIBET"

by Mark McLeod

Wednesday, May 8, 1:00 pm: The three of us are career restaurateurs. We work for six months on the creation of a new cafe. We develop a concept that is novel to the Bay Area, construct an elaborate and detailed business plan, assemble a complex financial package, and locate an ideal space. At the last minute, the owner of the space gets cold feet and tells us he may not want to sell.

We decide we have to put the owner's feet to the coals. We meet with our attorney in his Market Plaza office, looking out over the Bridge and the Bay. We compose a final proposal. We give the current owner an offer which he has to accept within ten days or we will explore new spaces. We're afraid of losing the space around which we have developed our plan, for it offers many advantages, but we decide that we have to force a culmination to negotiations.

Wednesday, May 8, 4:00 pm: A hurried late afternoon introductory stroll through "The Sacred Art of

Tibet" exhibit at the Asian Art Museum. In the last room, I stand before the huge Particle Mandala of Kalachakra.

The only sound in the room is the sound of metal tubing gently stroking metal tubing. For this is the way the monks work. They put sand of the color they want in a metal funnel with a broad opening at one end, and a narrow opening at the other. They then tap and stroke that first funnel with a second so that the sand comes out of the narrow hole in a very fine ribbon. The result is a tapestry of colors equal in detail, delicacy and brilliance of color to the most elegant Chinese porcelains.

Thursday, May 9, 11:30 am: As I enter the Asian Art Museum lobby, children are everywhere. Mothers' Day is only 48 hours in the offing, and the schools have sent groups of children to do various musical and artistic performances for each other and for the assembled mothers. There is the same cacaphony of voices you hear when you pass a school playground at recess.

I return to the Tibetan exhibit to study some of the tangkas I had spotted the day before. I am standing in front of a late 18th-century tangka depicting Milarepa sipping nettle soup, the only thing he consumed during his early meditation retreats. Suddenly there is a crescendo of noise in the next room, where the Kalachakra sand painting is being created. I think to myself that a brigade of children must have just arrived to see it.

A woman rushes into the gallery in which I am standing, and says to her companion who is contemplating Milarepa beside me, "Do you know what just happened?"

I half listen.

"A crazy woman just threw herself on the sand mandala! She screamed and writhed around, and destroyed it, and then she was led away by the guards—"

I spin around and head for the sand mandala. About a hundred viewers are standing around it in shocked silence.

But I am more interested in the reaction of the monks. I spy them, beside the mandala, which is partly intact and partly destroyed. They are very relaxed. They chat with each other and with their western hosts, laughing and smiling. There is no evidence that they feel bitterness, surprise, or any other sort of consternation.

The head monk arrives from somewhere else in the museum. The crowd parts before him as he approaches the mandala. He catches my eye and greets me with a smile. When he reaches the mandala the monks gather behind him. He looks down at the sand which has been sprayed onto the floor and around the room. He smiles, raises an index finger, and everyone becomes quiet. He says calmly, "I hope you are not too disturbed by this incident, because we are not. You see, one of the central ideas of Buddhism is non-attachment. While this mandala was beautiful, it was not per-

manent. In fact, as you know, we planned to dismantle it in a ceremony at the end of the exhibit. So all that happened is that it got dismantled a little early."

He raised an index finger a second time and began a chant in Tibetan. The monks joined him. 60 seconds later, the chant, which felt like a cleansing, came to a halt. The largely western audience still stood in chagrined shock.

The head monk raised his right index finger one last time, broke into a full smile, and announced, "Time for lunch!" The tension broke. People laughed, turned and moved on their way. The room was soon almost empty.

Monday, May 13, 2:00 pm: We get the word that our bid for the new restaurant space has indeed been turned down by the owner. He has decided that "he would be bored if he didn't have a restaurant to run." We are disappointed, but make the determination to look elsewhere.

Wednesday, May 29, 6:00 pm: I pick up a copy of the San Francisco Examiner. There on the front page, in full color, is a photograph of the head monk in his red robes and a Giants baseball cap. He is sitting in Candlestick Park applauding his adopted team. The Giants have won their first game in many days.

Friday, May 31, 2:00 pm: We restaurateurs find a dream spot on Broadway in San Francisco. It has such extraordinary potential that it puts all other possible sites in a dark shadow. We are elated.

Sunday, June 2, 11:00 am: I tell a friend who is visiting from Santa Cruz the story of our search for a restaurant site. She says, "Obviously the function of the first site was just to keep you in a holding pattern until this great San Francisco site became available."

Monday, June 3, 1:00 pm: I read Robert Thurman's essay, "Tibet, Its Buddhism and Its Art," in the catalog to "The Sacred Art of Tibet." I come across this passage:

The Tibetans see the individual's role as that of working in his or her own heart and immediate circle of influence to manifest enlightened principles in living . . . Most importantly, they see the planet itself as having a positive destiny, not as a mere staging-ground for a heavenly ascent, and not as a mere random accident in a galactic chemical ocean. They see it as an emerging Buddha land, a land of enlightenment and compassion, in which it is crucial that those who can see through the sometimes horrific surface appearances work to help others see that it is only fear and hatred that cause sufferings, and not some fundamental inadequacy of life and its environment . . . Their optimism is amazing, and they are rarely discouraged in their small individual efforts, however hopelessly insufficient they may appear to be. ♦

Mark McLeod lives in Berkeley, California, and has returned to see the Tibetan art show four times since the writing of this article. When he's not there, you can find him either at the Bay Wolf Restaurant in Oakland or Enrico's in San Francisco.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN BUDDHIST COMMUNITY

by Diana N. Rowan

Last April, at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, I listened to the Dalai Lama speak with calm specificity about the sufferings of his people, as he has done for over three decades in the face of virtual silence from the world's leaders. As I listened, I thought of the early attempts by various American Buddhist sanghas' members to speak out on issues of abuse by powerful teachers, and of the enormous courage that effort required of individuals, and eventually of whole communities, in the struggle to end the wrongdoing.

I was struck by the direct parallel between the deliberate silence in relation to the decades of human rights violations by the Chinese regime in Tibet, and the "conspiracy of silence" around such abusive situations in *any* dysfunctional organization, be it a nuclear family, a professional peer network, or a Buddhist center. In the recurrent cases involving Buddhist communities, the misconduct of a teacher tends to be protected by silence from family, colleagues and senior students; and the collegial silence extends to peer leaders in other Buddhist communities who refuse to confront their fellow teachers, even in cases of extended misconduct.

As we sat in Grace Cathedral on April 13th, we heard the Dalai Lama speak of the fundamental necessity of loving our brothers and sisters. It has always been a major teaching for me that he truly *is* able to do so. He refuses to regard the Chinese as the "enemy," in spite of four decades of severe suffering by his people at the hands of the Chinese ruling party.

Yet he struck home with the point that "We cannot let them do everything they want to." We must speak out and act with the wisdom and compassion, with the skillful means that will end the wrongdoing.

An increasing number of us have been disappointed by developments in the American Buddhist community. While we remain grateful for the ancient beauty and profound sanity of Buddhist teaching, we are disturbed by the alarming frequency of unethical conduct at the highest levels and by the institutional breakdown that often ensues. The virtual absence of any effective checks and balances suggests the possibility of these abuses being repeated, unchallenged.

I have been interested in Buddhism since childhood. As an adult I made up my own meditation practice, and finally sought the experience of community practice at Tassajara, but in my brief time there, I had some uneasy intuitions which made me wary of institutional Zen — a wariness which has deepened with time. I followed the 1984 San Francisco Zen Center eruption

closely [abuse of power in a number of areas by the abbot, and his subsequent resignation], and watched other talented teachers and enthusiastic communities come to grief over similar issues of misconduct. I have visited centers and learned from many teachers, and practiced formally as a Zen student with two teachers. I lost both: one to a community convulsion around issues of sexual misconduct, and another to physical death — Maurine Stuart Roshi, to whom I am profoundly grateful, and from whom I am still learning.

I now practice regularly alone at home, and sit with various communities as I travel around to different centers and talk with people. I count everything as a teacher. ("Life Roshi," as Maurine said.)

In Helen Tworok's excellent book *Zen in America*, Maurine is quoted as saying:

In communities that have lived through disruptive teacher-student relations, members tend to agree that while sex itself has not been the key issue, it throws into relief the question of moral authority. . . . Our American democratic traditions will have a very important effect on the role of the teacher. One of the most important changes that will come out of our American heritage is that students will stand up to teachers and say no. Wherever teachers are misusing students for the sake of sex — using sex in the name of practice — wherever this is perpetuated, women have to stand up and say no. This is a very serious matter, not just among teachers, but in those communities where men [male students] feel they have permission to act in the same way [as their teachers].

The democratic process of questioning and of saying no when necessary is our heritage. The answer coming out of our contemporary collective experience is that teacher-student sex is not working to the benefit of the community.

It appears that Buddhism in America is at a virtual meltdown point. It is no longer enough to regard its institutional shortcomings and its frequent human abuses of position and power with the attitude that "growing pains are to be expected" (a phrase I've heard several times). We can no longer "tactfully" look the other way when power abuse occurs in yet another Buddhist community.

We must all, as sisters and brothers, turn the wheel in more effective ways. We can busy ourselves with our own concerns while other communities erupt and the embarrassing evidence is swept away (disillusioned students, community members and board members leave; the ranks are filled in with members faithful to the status quo and new students unaware of the center's history) and business continues as usual. Or we can, with courage and that elusive commodity — true compas-

sion — face and challenge these teachers and these breakdowns, in both “our own” and “other” communities. I put these words in quotes because I see the distinction as an artificial and even perilous one.

I have been told, in my travels, “Oh, we (at one center) can’t tell the next guy (sic) what to do.” That is not the point. The issue is one of achieving a healthy “spiritual democracy,” as one Buddhist scholar puts it. And that will take a great deal of painful work; it will demand that we face the systemic weak points in our institutions and create new structures and teaching codes within which the practice of suchness can’t be interrupted quite so often by eruptions which leave the community and individual lives and spiritual practice in wreckage.

A great danger point is the lack of constitutional safeguards or community councils in Buddhist centers.

In the case of one Zen center which foundered on this issue recently, closed its doors and moved on to another location, the community which was left behind — which had worked very hard to build and support the center — is now coming to terms with the unpleasant commercial reality intermingled with the emotional pain: that there were simply *no* safeguards in the legal structure of their Zen center to protect their personal investment. Nor were there any written codes of conduct, organized community council, bylaws or measures within the governing board to help the community deal clearly with the situation.

Boards of Buddhist centers rarely understand that they are there to protect the constituents of the community, including themselves. If a board is top-heavy with insider/resident members, they may find a serious conflict of interest at the prospect of challenging a teacher who also controls that board — in which case they may find their personal relationships, employment, income and/or careers in that lineage in jeopardy. Non-residents and lay practitioners who are not supported by the center do not have the same degree of conflict of interest, and a higher proportion of them on governing boards creates a healthier balance, more in line with conventional nonprofit institutional guidelines. Unfortunately, this is not always the trend.

The gaping void that now exists in terms of individual centers’ lack of legal safeguards, or a wider affiliation of teachers committed to ethical teaching practice, is deeply disheartening. It indicates that the human beings who are involved in running the Business of Buddhism in America are hedging, that they are reluctant to submit themselves to the moral standards that are at the heart of wholesome practice. And in the cases of abuse of spiritual power, those brothers and sisters involved have misapplied the concepts of non-duality and non-attachment, or simply twisted the concept that “Zen Buddhism has no teachings, no ethics” (Kiyohide Kirita, “Buddhism and Social Ethics”) in order to consider themselves above any secular morality.

There are serious implications in terms of future financial support for these centers. The national funding network is a relatively small, close-knit community. News travels quickly, and over the past decade, there has been plenty of troubling news. Allegations of financial and other material mismanagement, substance addiction, alcoholism, and sexual abuse (including that of teenage girls) by well-known teachers have reached near epidemic proportions. The same chronic behavior and the condoning of it by silence shadows the next generation. And this makes supporters wary, whether they are of minimal, modest or substantial means.

As for me, I am not willing to support any contributions to American Buddhist communities and organizations until they have addressed these issues by putting specific legal safeguards in place, and have adopted a publicly declared code of conduct, with clear consequences when that code is broken.

I would urge Buddhist centers to address the following questions:

- What legal safeguards exist in your constitution and bylaws to deal with misconduct by teachers or others?
- Is there a conscious policy of keeping a balance on the governing board between resident/staff and non-resident/non-staff board members?
- Do you have a code of ethics?
- What are the specific procedures for enforcing this code?
- What specific policies and plans do you have in mind for the training of future teachers, particularly as to the basic psychological challenges and potential pitfalls of transference, counter-transference, and abuse of spiritual power in the teacher-student relationship?

I close with a quote from His Holiness the Dalai Lama:

While we practice inner development, daily conduct according to moral principles is very important for the benefit of both ourselves and society.

If we who are supposed to be practicing Buddhist doctrines of kindness and so forth lead a good and reasonable life, it is a demonstration, an example, for others to help them realize the value of Buddhism. People who pretend to practice a system but whose conduct and way of life are not good and reasonable not only accumulate non-virtue themselves but also harm the teaching in general. Therefore, it is important to be conscientious. This is my appeal.

That passage was from a talk the Dalai Lama gave at Green Gulch Zen Center in 1979. His appeal was not truly heard then or in the next turbulent decade. Will we hear it now and find the skillful means to act upon it? ♦

Diana N. Rowan is a writer and editor. She has served as an educational and management consultant and as a board member of various institutions, including a Zen center. She is a Consulting Editor of Tricycle: the Buddhist Review.



William Clark

WHAT PRICE HARMONY?

by Barbara Blouin

Dear Buddhist Peace Fellowship:

Thank you for the articles in the spring issue on Buddhist teachers and sexual misconduct. The more the subject is aired, the better. I couldn't help noticing that almost all the material was by Zen teachers and students. Participation by students of Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche is notably *absent* in the activities of BPF, including the *Journal*.

I have been a student of Chögyam Trungpa and a member of the Vajradhatu community for 18 years. And I have known about Trungpa's drinking and sexual activity for 18 years. Looking back, I find myself wondering: Why have I kept silent for so long?

Sexual misconduct and heavy drinking were part of Vajradhatu, the community Trungpa founded, for two decades. Both Trungpa Rinpoche and Ösel Tendzin, his dharma heir, drank heavily and were frequently drunk. Although both men were married and had children, each had a great many sexual partners. Most of these were their students. Each also asked male students to act as go-betweens for them on occasion. Finally, drinking was encouraged in the community in a number of ways, including group practice situations. For example, toasts were drunk at the end of many formal gatherings, and sake was a ritual part of sadhana practice.

The first time I heard Trungpa speak, I noticed he was drinking a lot of water. After the talk, I learned that the water was in fact sake. It is difficult to remember exactly how I felt 18 years ago, but I think that learning the "water" was sake marked the beginning of stuffing a lot of feelings, the beginning of a process of denial that was harmful to myself and maybe also to others.

This is what I remember of my experiences of Trungpa, both at first and in the months that followed:

- He was brilliant and powerful as a teacher and as a human being. That overshadowed everything else and, I suppose, motivated me to "make allowances" for the things I either didn't understand or didn't like.

- I was bewildered. Since Trungpa Rinpoche was so brilliant and powerful, and since people said he was enlightened, why did he need to drink? Since I could not answer that question, I simply ignored it.

- The influence of others in the community was powerful for me. They all seemed to accept the drinking and sex; many even were proud of what they seemed to see as a manifestation of "outrageousness."

Eighteen years have passed. What was uncomfortable but acceptable to me for years is no longer acceptable. It's hard to explain what must look like a giant contradiction. I ask myself whether I have lost respect for Chögyam Trungpa; I wrestle with that question. I have

to keep reminding myself that Trungpa was, after all, human. Incredible as it may seem, I wanted to believe, as did thousands of other students of Trungpa, that he was more than human and could not make major mistakes.

I watched in dismay as the karma of drinking and sex inexorably ripened: Chögyam Trungpa died of alcohol-related causes in April, 1987, and Ösel Tendzin died of AIDS in August, 1990.

I now have a much deeper understanding of alcoholism, abuse, and sexual misconduct. I went into psychotherapy because I felt that Buddhist practice alone was not helping to heal damage that was done to me as a child in a massively dysfunctional family. I now see how the mechanism of denial prevents healing and allows the dis-ease to continue. I could not help but recognize that what happened in my family and in millions of families was also happening in the Vajradhatu community, or family. Just seeing that is very painful. But it is only the first step.

Once the dis-ease and the denial are seen, the silence needs to be broken. Once before I had broken the silence, when I wrote a letter to Trungpa Rinpoche in 1981, detailing a number of what I then saw as unhealthy and arrogant aspects of the community. Strangely, it did not occur to me to say anything about the drinking and sex. Trungpa wrote me a long letter in return, and asked permission to read both my letter and his to large community gatherings in Boulder and Halifax.

So I learned that it was possible to speak up, that the teacher really did listen, and that he really did respond. Then the teacher died.

Two years later I learned that the Regent, Ösel Tendzin, Trungpa's dharma heir, had AIDS and had been concealing his condition from others, even from his sexual partners. Although the news was a shock, it was no surprise. For several years I had been expecting something. Such a development seemed almost inevitable, given Tendzin's sexual habits. The shock came rather from the thought: Why didn't the Regent see it coming? How could he let this happen?

I "spoke up" again by writing a letter of resignation to the directors of the Halifax Vajradhatu community. I resigned as a member of the community not because the Regent did what he did but because the Board of Directors was in such denial that they had become paralyzed and had done nothing.

As a consequence of the news of Ösel Tendzin's illness and massive deception, a deep rift opened in the community between a relatively small number of students who were loyal to Tendzin and a much larger number who wanted him to resign as head of Vajradhatu. Millions of words were exchanged, and almost as many words were written. Several important

Tibetan Kagyu and Nyingma lamas were drawn into the fray. Both factions tried to enlist prominent lamas as allies in order to legitimize their own positions.

During the 21 months between the revelation that Ösel Tendzin had AIDS and his death, officers of Vajradhatu discouraged open discussion and actually tried to interfere with the dissemination of information, particularly to the smaller centers. The editor of the *Vajradhatu Sun*, Rick Fields, was fired because he would not toe the party line in holding back information. Many people spoke of the "heavy lid" they felt was being imposed on them by the leadership. One response to this feeling was the publication of three issues of *Sangha*.

This newsletter, published by an independent group in Boulder, Colorado, *without* the approval of Vajradhatu, quickly became an important vehicle for information and opinion for the entire Vajradhatu community. In its first issue, Fields went quite far in exploring the question of what had gone wrong:

The main point for us as students of buddhadharma is the uncomfortable fact that a certain number of our sangha — many of whom are still in positions of authority — acted out of what they considered their "devotion" to their teacher . . . Is this genuine devotion or is it — to paraphrase our late teacher — "idiot devotion?" . . . This most interesting of questions has seldom been raised in the countless discussions the sangha has engaged in. The reason, I think, is that it deals with one of the most difficult and treacherous areas of Vajrayana Buddhism: . . . the teaching that the guru or vajra master is to be taken as the Buddha — and the notion that therefore the student ought to follow the teacher's instructions, no matter what.

It is worth noting that the endless discussions about what Ösel Tendzin did, when, and to whom, focused quite narrowly on the fact that he had concealed his AIDS from his sex partners and from the community at large, and that in so doing he had put many people at risk. Discussions about Tendzin's sexual behavior in general, or about his drinking, did not arise publicly. Discussions about Trungpa's sexual behavior and about his drinking had not arisen publicly either. Nor was any explicit connection made between the actions of the guru and those of his dharma heir.

Bitter fighting continued until after Tendzin's death, when Trungpa Rinpoche's oldest son, Ösel Mukpo, known as the Sawang, was appointed leader of Vajradhatu. After the appointment of the Sawang, it seemed as if most of the community heaved a huge collective sigh of relief, something like: "Now we can begin to create harmony again, put our damaged community back together, and get our house in order." The entire board of directors resigned, and the Sawang appointed a new board. Other administrative changes were also made.

What strikes me about this whole hurtful history is how superficial the move to reform and strengthen the

community has been, how laden with denial. For the most part connections were not made, and those who made connections came to feel that they had no alternative but to leave the community. Over the 20 years since Vajradhatu began, many people have left the community. Often the drinking and/or sexual activity of the teachers, Trungpa and Tendzin, were primary among the reasons for leaving. Most of those who left did so quietly. This is a great loss to the community. Quite possibly those who left quietly did not feel that it was safe for them to speak up.

Others did speak up. And *then* they left the community. That too is a great loss. Those who stayed seem to have an unspoken consensus: namely, that "we" won't talk about certain things, that too much airing of uncomfortable subjects would create "dissension" and destroy the "harmony" of the community. It sounds a lot like the dynamics of denial that exist within dysfunctional families and other dysfunctional groups.

Ralph Jaffe, a psychotherapist who left the community in 1990, was brave enough to write a short article entitled "Teachers and Sex" for *Sangha*, the unauthorized journal of dissent:

"Access to desirable sexual partners appears to have become a 'perk' of seniority and teacher status. Having sex with a teacher has . . . frequently been a way of gaining access to the teacher."

Jaffe describes devoted students of Trungpa as caught in a defense mechanism known as "splitting." Splitting allows people to believe that Ösel Tendzin was all bad, but that Trungpa was all good.

To this insight I would add that Tendzin was the "scapegoat" in the huge dysfunctional family that is Vajradhatu. In the language of family systems theory, the scapegoat is the family member upon whom is projected the blame for the dis-eased and abusive patterns of other family members, particularly those of the parents. This is not in any way to exonerate Ösel Tendzin. It does, however, make it possible to understand what he did not as an isolated action but as part of a system which is in itself dis-eased and harmful. Only by coming to such an understanding can the community begin to work with its collective wounds and begin to heal.

My own journey has led me back to Vajradhatu after a year of not being a member. To be honest, I'm not sure why. I think I rejoined because, as I have said, when others resign, I feel their going as a loss to the community. All communities need dissenters. I worry, though, that many of my friends will not want to speak to me, that people will see me as lacking in devotion and understanding, that I'll be blamed. It's a scary and lonely place to be. ♦

Barbara Blouin has been a member of the Vajradhatu Community since 1973. She lives in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where she works with low-income women.

VIPASSANA TEACHERS ADOPT CODE OF ETHICS

by Jack Kornfield

This article about the guidelines recently adopted by the Vipassana Teachers' Collective will also appear in the forthcoming issue of Inquiring Mind.

Vipassana teachers from America and Europe have held regular teachers' meetings since 1975. Over the years we have become more aware of the responsibilities held by us as teachers and the care that such a role requires.

It is instructive to note that this is the first time in the history of Buddhism that there is a large Buddhist community led by lay teachers. The monks who are the main teachers of the Theravadin lineage in Asia take on 227 vows and follow strict Asian customs. However, these conduct guidelines for Asian monks and nuns are not appropriate for lay teachers in the West. Without monastic vows and Asian customs, we see a need for clear Western lay guidelines. Therefore, at the past two meetings, the vipassana teachers have worked together to articulate clearly a code of ethics for ourselves, as well as an ethics procedure to guide and involve our whole community in matters of teacher conduct.

There are several reasons for establishing a code of ethics for teachers. The precepts which make up this code are necessary for creating a safe and sacred space within which deep meditation can be practiced. Therefore, at every retreat and gathering of our tradition we ask ourselves to commit our hearts to the five fundamental Buddhist precepts. As teachers we feel united in our commitment to these principles in our lives and in our practice, as well as in our role as teachers. We are committed to practice what we teach and to bring the spirit of non-harming and virtue — the foundation for the holy life, according to the Buddha — alive in all parts of our lives. The practice of ethical conduct and the joy from a life established in virtue is essential to spiritual well being.

In establishing a clear code of ethics, we are confronting problems that can arise from misguided or unethical teacher behavior. Teaching can at times be an isolating and difficult role, which we as teachers are often just learning ourselves. In the history of all organized religions and similar institutions one periodically encounters some misuse of the roles of the leaders. In American Buddhist communities there have been a number of accounts of teacher abuse involving power, money, and sexual misconduct.

In the earlier parts of the 18-year history of vipassana in America there were several such problems, with teachers who are no longer actively teaching now. But in past years, when these difficulties arose for us they

were often poorly handled, largely because there were no guidelines for attending to them. This led to further confusion, conflict, and aggravation of the initial difficulty. Therefore, it is important for us to address this issue as a way of guarding against future problems. We believe that it is essential to establish guidelines for appropriate behavior and a procedure to follow on occasions of teacher misconduct.

Over two thousand years ago in the Patimokkha (Code of Discipline), the Buddha established a clear set of procedures to follow when monks and nuns broke their precepts. In minor cases, these included formal apologies, the admission of misconduct, and the retaking of precepts. In more serious cases a meeting was convened of twenty elders who would discuss the misconduct, and set periods of suspension and practices for reinstatement. A second meeting would be required to allow the return of suspended members to the community. In the very gravest cases, monks and nuns were suspended from the order for life.

As vipassana teachers in the West, we have established the following guidelines for ourselves. All of us recognize that the foundation of spiritual life rests upon our mindful and caring relationship to all the life around us. In keeping with this understanding, and for the long-term benefit of ourselves and the community at large, we, as teachers, agree to continue to uphold the five basic Buddhist training precepts we have taught for so long. Furthermore, in the discussions that led to this agreement, we refined these precepts to make them appropriate to our role as teachers of the dharma at this particular time in history and in this specific cultural setting.

[1] We undertake the precept of refraining from killing.

The essence of this precept is to acknowledge the interconnection of all beings and to respect life. Some, although not all among us, recommended vegetarianism. Some were concerned with the implications of this precept in issues ranging from abortion to the killing of cockroaches, lice and other pests. We all agreed to continue to refine our understanding of not killing and non-harming.

[2] We undertake the precept of refraining from stealing.

Beyond our fundamental agreement to respect the property of others, we agreed to bring consciousness to the use of all of the earth's resources, to be honest in our dealings with money and not to misappropriate money committed to dharma projects. We also agreed to offer teachings without favoritism in regard to students' financial circumstances.

[3] We undertake the precept of refraining from sexual misconduct.

In general, we agreed to avoid any sexual harm or exploitation. In particular, we are concerned with relations between teachers and students. We do believe that it is possible for a responsible and healthy relationship to develop between a teacher and a former student, but great care and sensitivity is necessary. Several teachers in our community have developed marriages or partnerships with former students. We agreed that the following guidelines are crucial: a) teachers should never exploit their authority and position in order to assume a sexual relationship with a student; b) a sexual relationship is not appropriate when a teacher and student are still in any teacher-student role with one another, or when either the teacher or student perceives those roles to exist; c) during retreats, any student-teacher romantic or sexual relationship or intimation of the possibility of future relationship is inappropriate; d) sexual relations between teachers and ex-students must be handled with great restraint and sensitivity; in no case should they occur immediately after retreats, a suggested guideline being at least three months; if a genuine relationship develops over time between a teacher and someone who has been their student, the student should be advised to work on their meditation practice with another teacher.

[4] We undertake the precept of refraining from false speech.

We agreed to speak that which is true and useful, to refrain from gossip in our community, to cultivate conscious and clear communication, and to cultivate the quality of loving-kindness and honesty as the basis of our speech.

[5] We undertake the precept of refraining from intoxicants that cause heedlessness or loss of awareness.

It is clear that substance abuse is the cause of tremendous suffering. We agreed that there should be no use of intoxicants during retreats or while on retreat premises. We agreed not to abuse or misuse intoxicants at any time. We agreed that if any teacher has a drug or alcohol addiction problem, it should be immediately addressed by the community.

Ethics Committee

Just as in monastic life groups of elders are established to deal with problems and misconduct, we recognize the need to establish such a council in our own community to deal with such difficulties. In the coming year, both IMS (East Coast) and IMW (West

Coast) will staff Ethics Committees comprised of four members who are widely respected for their integrity: 1) a teacher (chosen by the teachers); 2) a Board member (chosen by the IMS/IMW Boards); 3) a staff member (chosen by the IMS/IMW staffs); 4) a general community member (chosen by the Boards).

If a teacher's ethical conduct is questioned, members of the community who are concerned are requested to go directly to that teacher to discuss and try to solve the difficulty. If this proves unsatisfactory, or if the issue is of major concern, then the community members are requested to bring the concern to the Ethics Committee, which can be contacted through the IMS

and IMW offices; the committee will meet with the teacher and/or the concerned party (parties) either together or separately to address and resolve the problem, or to decide, if necessary, any steps toward further resolution. For matters of major concern which

might require the suspension of teaching at our institutions, the Ethics Committee will consult with the general vipassana teachers' body in jointly setting the best course of action. The Ethics Committee in conjunction with the teacher body will develop a set of guidelines for responding to ethical problems, based on the monks' rules of order (vinaya). These guidelines will be made known to the community.

Furthermore, the Ethics Committee, in conjunction with the teacher body, will also recommend ethical guidelines for staff and board members in the fulfillment of their responsibilities to these organizations.

In creating and further developing these guidelines, we hope to support and include our whole community in a continuing refinement and investigation of ethical living. We do not intend the Ethics Committee to be some kind of moralistic body that seeks out bad teachers or students to punish them. We all jointly hold a responsibility to create an environment of integrity. We invite all students and staff members to help us create this environment, and hope that any feelings and concerns can be shared among us all.

We hope that the issues that finally come before the Ethics Committee will be infrequent and easily resolved. By articulating and clarifying the basic Buddhist precepts and our commitment as teachers to follow and refine them, we are honoring a life of virtue and the liberation of all beings. As it is traditionally chanted after the recitation of the precepts:

*The five precepts of virtue
Are a vehicle for our happiness,
A vehicle for our good fortune,
A vehicle for liberation for all.
May our virtue shine forth. ♦*

*We all jointly hold a
responsibility to create an
environment of integrity.*

SECOND GENERATION ZEN TEACHERS' STATEMENT

In the last BPF Journal, a couple of articles referred to the fact that the Second Generation Zen Teachers, at their annual meeting in 1990, had decided not to issue a group statement on the question of sexual misconduct. Please see page 5, this issue, for a letter about why this decision was made.

Readers will be interested to learn that at their recent meeting in June of 1991, the group did issue such a statement, which appears below.

It was sent to us by one of the participants, with the comment, "It is our hope that you will see fit to print it as a reassurance that many Zen teachers are deeply concerned with the area of sexual abuse in the teacher-student relationship."

Everyone who attended the conference signed the statement.

Recognizing that anyone is capable of participating in abusive relationships and misuse of power, those of us who attended the 1991 Second Generation Zen Teachers' Conference have drafted the following:

Any sexual relationship between teacher and student can be damaging to the student, teacher, and the greater Sangha. Therefore, sexual relations between teachers and students should not be permitted. We feel that it is important for both teachers and students to be aware of this.

Signed,

Tenshin Reb Anderson, San Francisco Zen Center, California

Jan Chozen Bays, Zen Community of Oregon, Portland, Oregon

Gyokuko Carlson, Dharma Rain Zen Center, Portland, Oregon

Kyogen Carlson, Dharma Rain Zen Center, Portland, Oregon

Ananda Claude Dalenburg, Cloud Hidden Friends,

San Francisco, California

Sunyana Graef, Vermont Zen Center, Shelburne, Vermont

Les Kaye, Kannon Do, Mountain View, California

Genpo Merzel, Kanzeon Zen Center, Portland, Oregon

Joel Snyder, Minnesota Zen Meditation Center,

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Sojun Mel Weitsman, Berkeley Zen Center and San Francisco

Zen Center, California

Dear Tofu Roshi:

What do you think about Buddhist teachers having sex with their students? We are all human, aren't we?

—*Confused*

Dear Confused:

As a rule of thumb, I don't think Buddhist teachers should have sex with their students even if they *are* human.

Buddhist teachers should behave at all times in a way that is worthy of the respect of their students. For example, a teacher should always wear his robes in the presence of his students. It can be very disillusioning to students to see their teacher without his robes on, especially in my case. If by some misstep a teacher does find himself having sex with his students, then at the very least he should do it with his robes on.

Dear Tofu Roshi:

Some people in our spiritual community want to use our temple to hold periodic retreats for women only. I am not a woman (I am a man), so I will never know what it feels like to be in a room without any men in it. They say it can be a liberating feeling. I guess even by peeking through the window I can't get a sense of it. Anyway, I don't believe in single-sex meditation. I like having women around when I meditate. When I become enlightened, I want to do it in mixed company. If I have to hang out with a bunch of guys, I'd rather shoot baskets than concentrate on extending

lovingkindness to all beings. The bottom line is, I believe our sacred temple should be open to everyone at all times.

—*No Male Chauvinist*

Dear No:

Many people benefit from being with others of their own kind from time to time. At our center, for example, we have begun to hold — by popular demand — retreats for Middle-Aged Students of the Middle Way who are in Mid-Life Crisis.

It sounds to me as though your center may be more exclusive than you admit. Are your retreats for humans only? If you really think it's wrong for your temple to be used for all-female retreats, shouldn't you follow through on your convictions and open the doors to *all* beings? You could start by having everybody bring their pets and favorite houseplants to the next retreat. ♦

You say you have no sexual longing any more.
You're one with the one you love.

This is dangerous.
Don't believe I have a love like that.

If one day you see a picture of how you think,
you'll hate yourself, openly.

—*Rumi (13th century Sufi poet)*
translated by John Moyne and Coleman Barks

PROSTITUTION IN BUDDHA'S COUNTRY

by Shelley Anderson

Slim, sunburnt and sweet, they love the white man in an erotic and devoted way. They are master of the art of making love by nature, an art that we Europeans do not know.

—Advertisement for Life Travel, Switzerland

Thailand is a world full of extremes and the possibilities are endless . . . especially when it comes to girls. . . . It is frustrating to have to ask in broken English where you can pick up pretty girls. Rosie has done something about this. For the first time in history, you can book a trip to Thailand with erotic pleasures included in the price.

—Advertisement for Rosie Reisen Travel, Germany

Thailand's devotion to Theravada Buddhism is obvious. Monks in their brilliant orange robes and laywomen in their white robes are a common sight. The wats [temples] are staggeringly beautiful — and frequently crowded. Yet Thailand is also increasingly known as the brothel of Asia. The buying and selling of bodies is a major industry in this Buddhist country.

Although there has traditionally been a local market for prostitution, Thailand did not become synonymous with sex on the international scale until the Vietnam War, when it became a favorite rest and recreation area for American GIs. Today, tourism has filled the void the soldiers left — and the number of prostitutes is anybody's guess. According to a conservative estimate from the Thai Police Department, there are some 500,000 prostitutes in the entire country — of which 100,000 are thought to be girls age 15 and under. Thai non-governmental agencies like the Friends of Women give higher figures, and the Bangkok-based Center for the Protection of Children's Rights estimates there are 800,000 child prostitutes in Thailand — perhaps ten percent of them boys. I will focus here on female prostitution.

Sex tourism is booming all over Southeast Asia, but nowhere more so than in Thailand. Tourism itself is big business. By the mid-1980's the global tourism industry employed more people than the oil industry, and the United Nations World Tourism Organization predicts that by the year 2000, tourism will be the single most important international economic activity.

Tourism is the biggest foreign exchange earner in Thailand, one that brought in some \$1.5 billion in foreign currency in 1986. The ratio of male tourists to female tourists in Thailand is two to one, according to a report by the International Labor Office entitled *From Peasant Girls to Bangkok Masseuses*. "The major

attractions of a trip to Thailand were hardly obscured by those responsible for the marketing," the report states. "Embarrassment over the country's growing reputation led to action against some agencies running the most flagrant operations, and in early 1980 the head of the Thai tourist authority asked the tour agencies to moderate their emphasis on the erotic attractions of Thailand and to play up the temples and natural beauty of the country instead." But many critics believe that while Thai authorities publicly condemn sex tourism, they privately condone and profit from it.

Officials are not the only ones who profit from the sex trade. Most prostitutes in Bangkok's booming sex industry come from either the north or northeastern part of Thailand, the two most economically underdeveloped parts of the country. Researchers have discovered that many communities in the north now have special feasts when a girl baby is born — because the parents know that when the girl is old enough, she will be sent to Bangkok to work as a "hostess" or "bar girl," and be able to earn twenty to thirty times the salary she could make selling vegetables or fish in the village. "Parents are seeing their daughters as commodities — valuable products that will soon bring the family wealth," said Siriporn Skrobaneck of the Foundation for Women, a women's rights organization. She states that in some northern villages almost 100 percent of all girls from 12 to 15 years old will enter into prostitution after they finish their compulsory education.

In Thailand women are traditionally expected to contribute financially to the household. According to U.N. figures, the country has one of the largest numbers of women engaged in work outside the home — and some of the lowest salaries for women workers in the world. Given the increasing difficulties in making a living in rural areas and their general lack of education and skills, rural women turn to prostitution, or are pressured into it by families, and most prostitutes consider it their duty to send their earnings back to their parents.

The women who "go south" are looked upon with a mixture of admiration and contempt. Their loyalty to their family is praised, and they may even be envied for the time they've spent in the big city and their modern clothes and make-up. But there is also contempt because, despite euphemisms like "housekeeper" or "masseuse," it is common knowledge that they are working as prostitutes. Still, families point with pride to the new house, water buffalo, or motor scooter that their daughter's body has bought.

The situation is different in the northeast where many ethnic minorities live and where there is a stricter, more traditional code of behavior. While there are gangs of Thai and Burmese criminals that kidnap women and sell them directly to brothels, most prostitutes are recruited by older women, commonly referred to as "fisherwomen." These recruiters deliberately look

for farming families who are in debt. They offer to find their daughters jobs as maids or in factories, and loan the parents 2000 to 5000 baht (between \$80 to \$200), which the young woman is expected to pay back from her wages.

Investigative journalist Sanitsuda Ekachai interviewed the mother of one 15-year-old girl who was recruited by the wife of a brothel owner. The mother refused to name the recruiter, who is the village money lender, because she may need her help in the future. Sobbing, the mother insisted to Ekachai, "I didn't sell her. I just borrowed money. She is working to pay off the debt. She'll come home soon. . . . My daughter is still very tiny. They told me they only needed her to help wash dishes and clean the house. I only asked her boss for 2000 baht (\$80). That's all I needed to buy rice and food. They offered 10,000 baht (\$400) for her. But I didn't want her to have to work too long to pay off the debt. I want her to come back home." Ekachai discovered that the recruiter made a commission of 2000 baht on the girl's sale.

Girls like this 15-year-old are called "bonded" labor. They know their parents cannot afford to pay back the debt; they are often brutalized into silence, and few dare speak out. They end up in places like Bangkok's busy Patpong district. There, in bars with names like Pussy Galore and Paradise, they sit in glass cages, numbers pinned to their see-through blouses. The tourists (often Japanese, but also Australian, Jordanian and American) pick a number and then take them to small cubicles upstairs. Or the girls learn to dance for the customers, perhaps enlivening their act by blowing up a balloon with their vagina.

"I can no longer go into the bars," said Niramon Prudtatorn of Friends of Women (FOW), one of a number of groups that works with prostitutes. FOW won an important victory recently when a Thai court ordered a brothel owner to pay damages to the parents of a prostitute. The fine stems from an event that shocked the Thai public. In January of 1984 a fire started in a brothel in the resort town of Phuket. Five young women who had been lured into prostitution were burnt alive during the fire. They had been unable to escape because the door of the small room they inhabited had been locked, a common practice used to keep the girls from running away. The mother of one of the young women asked for help from FOW in filing charges against the brothel owner. FOW is now helping two prostitutes who were rescued during the fire to file damages also.

"People always focus on the women," Niramon continued. "Now we know so much about prostitutes: where they come from, their ages, their educational level — but now, because of AIDS we have to ask about men's promiscuity and ethics. We have five precepts — and the third precept is about no adultery. We know why women turn to prostitution: lack of other

alternatives. What about the men?"

Her question was echoed at a conference on child sexual exploitation that was held last year in Thailand. There a woman village leader from Chiang Mai, a city famous for brothels that cater exclusively to Japanese men, shocked participants by stating that young girls are now being sold to recruiters by weight. In some communities there is a belief that a man who sleeps with young girls will add years to his life.

Some men are attempting to deal with this question themselves. In 1988 Kazunori Taniguchi, a Japanese businessman who had himself been on company-sponsored sex tours, started the group Men Against Prostitution in Asia. The group has produced a slide show and a 52-page pamphlet against sex tourism and the mail-order bride business (an estimated 700 marriage brokers import Asian women into Japan, where — for prices up to \$20,000 — they are married to Japanese men). The group is small, but dedicated.

At least one other former customer also struggled with this question. Last year a letter appeared in a major English-language daily in Bangkok. The writer was an anonymous American male who had recently visited Thailand. "When I was diagnosed with AIDS," he began, "all my friends encouraged me to have one last fling." He described how, during a week's vacation in Bangkok, he had unprotected sex with several dozen women. He wrote the letter, he explained, out of guilt and sorrow — and because he wanted the Thai public to know how easy it was. "From the taxi drivers to the bartenders to the hotel owner — it was all smoothly set up."

There are many positive developments in the struggle to stop sex tourism. The Foundation for Women has developed a comic book designed to raise awareness among children about the danger of being lured into prostitution. Another comic book called "Kamla," based on the life of one of the young women who died in the Phuket brothel fire, has been introduced into primary schools in nine Thai northern provinces. The self-help group Empower is using theater to help prostitutes gain self respect and providing English language classes so the women can have more bargaining power with their customers.

But prostitution, and in particular child prostitution, is spreading throughout Asia. Sex tourism in Thailand has many causes: a land boom which is robbing peasants of traditional land, social values which emphasize a daughter's duty to her parents, and the generally inferior position of women in Thai culture. The question that needs to be asked in this most Buddhist of Buddhist countries is: How can this suffering be ended? ♦

Shelley Anderson edits Reconciliation International, the Journal of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation (IFOR). She was an IFOR delegate to the recent International Network of Engaged Buddhists conference in Thailand.

Lust for Enlightenment: Buddhism and Sex

by John Stevens

Shambhala, 1990, \$9.95.

reviewed by Merrill Collett

It happened years ago at the old Berkeley dump. I had just dropped off a load of construction waste and was backing my van away from the discarded debris when I looked into the rear view mirror and caught a glimpse of nothingness. The dump employed workers, mostly undocumented Mexicans, to do the dirty, unhealthful job of digging through the trash and scavenging saleable items. What I saw in my mirror was a group of men roaring with laughter at the bizarre antics of one of their fellow workers. Apparently he had found in the dump an enormous dildo; it looked to me like it was a couple of feet long. He had put this thing between his thighs and was rhythmically pumping it up and down with his pelvis. Under whirling flocks of gulls from nearby San Francisco Bay, amidst piles of rusting car fenders and other random junk, a half dozen men stood laughing and joking obscenely in Spanish as one of them beat out the rhythm of life with a bouncing foam rubber phallus. What a perfect portrait of *it*.

If that story offends you, then you probably wouldn't like this book. Although he doesn't come right out and say it, author John Stevens obviously admires the power of sex to obsess and enlighten. Stevens is a Zen scholar, Aikido instructor and Professor of Buddhist Studies at Tohoku Social Welfare University in Sendai, Japan. But not to worry. Despite its twenty-five pages of footnotes, this is not a deadly dull academic endeavor. It's a provocative, often ribald and occasionally hilarious peek at what has gone on underneath the robes over the centuries. As it turns out, Buddhists have been as horny as other humans. And they have expressed their horniness in just about every possible way. Stevens doesn't flinch from the duty of an author who has set out to write the first comprehensive survey of sex and Buddhism. Lesbianism is missing, but everything else is here, from celibacy to debauchery, from the repressive Puritanism of the early elders to the Tantra's celebration of sexual union, from the asexual transcendence of the enlightened Buddha to the phallicism of the enlightened Zen master Sengai. That sounds like a lot to cover in a scant one hundred and forty pages, but Stevens has put together a highly readable little book, if you can overlook the lamentable last chapter on love and marriage,

*As it turns out, Buddhists have
been as horny as other humans.*

*And they have expressed their
horniness in just about every
possible way.*

which was obviously stuck on as an ill-conceived afterthought. Other than that, this is a real page turner, full of anecdotes about legendary figures like Master Won Hyo, who had the characters "no obstacle" embroidered on the crotch of his trousers. The many illustrations include, for example, Daruma cuddled up with a courtesan, Hakuin's phallic brush strokes, and a monk in the blasphemous act of injecting his pillar-sized penis into a passion-struck nun. (I would have liked to know the sources of the illustrations.) Throughout, Stevens makes the case that woven into Buddhist history is a "red thread of passion." In fact one wonders after reading *Lust for Enlightenment* if the precept prohibiting the misuse of sex has been honored largely in the breach.

Logically enough, the book begins with the sex life of the Buddha himself. Since most statues of Gotama show not a trace of his private parts, it's hard to imagine him as much of a stud, but Stevens says that in his youth the Buddha was something of a golden boy — supremely handsome, well-built, smooth-skinned. As for those unseen sex organs, Stevens tells us that they were kept "enclosed in a sheath" even when he was naked. And apparently he was naked quite often.

Gotama's father, King Suddhodana, attempted to forestall the prophecy that his son would become a religious, rather than a political, leader by providing him with every imaginable worldly pleasure, especially sex. The king went so far as to build for Gotama a special love chamber decorated with erotic art and populated with women of extraordinary beauty and sexual skill. The dashing prince was the object of his harem's desire: "Gotama's life consisted largely of opening women's skirts, unfastening their girdles, pressing their swelling breasts, caressing their secret parts, and devouring them with love." If that sounds like too much of a good thing you're on the right track. Gotama went on to see indulgence in sex as enslaving, and after his awakening he passed into a sort of lofty asexuality.

How did the Buddha attain this transcendence? One legend has the Buddha saying that, "sexual passion can no more cling to an arhat than water to a lotus leaf." Perhaps it was a response to his satiation as a youth; he may have burned out. After all, he preached in his Fire Sermon that "when the blaze of passion fades, one is liberated." But however he managed to achieve sexual liberation, he kept the secret to himself. Aspiring to Middle Way is not enough, is it? In a purely physical sense "middle way sex" is an oxymoron because sexual pleasure is extreme by definition. One can choose to engage in sex or one can eschew it, but one can't

eliminate desire and have an orgasm at the same time. Perhaps the Tantric Tibetans, with their sexual yoga tradition of non-ejaculation, have something to say about this. Unfortunately, Stevens doesn't. In this, as in many other instances, he brings us to the edge of an intriguing question and then backs away. That's one of the unfortunate aspects of a survey, I suppose.

Although you can't have an orgasm without desire, you *can* take all the fun out of it. And that's just what a certain set of Buddhists did. Determined to extinguish all desire, these were the wet blankets. Stevens doesn't like them very much; he calls them "the Puritan elders." They weren't a separate sect but rather the expression of a tendency that surfaced in nearly every Buddhist tradition, the tendency to see sex and enlightenment as incompatible. These were the sort of Buddhists who, like one mythical monk, died, went to paradise and when met by a bevy of heavenly beauties cried out, "I don't want this! I want nirvana!"

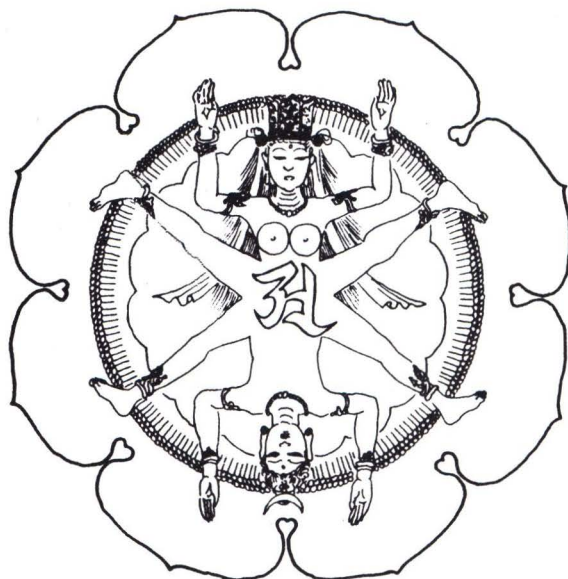
Of course it's understandable if celibate monks felt tormented by sexual fantasies. The error was to identify the source of their problem as the women who aroused them, rather than their own minds. As in the West, misogyny marched lockstep with sexual repression: women could not be trusted. Much of the Puritan literature is composed of cautionary tales about monks lured from The Way by a tantalizing temptress, or of monks who took heroic steps to escape the clutches of a sex-mad female. In one such story a monk slits his throat with a razor rather than succumb to the advances of a randy teenager. "An appalling proportion" of Buddhist literature in all traditions depicts women as if they were "depravity incarnate," according to Stevens.

But not all Puritans were male monks. There were female nuns as well. Stevens suggests that one reason women joined the Order of Nuns was to escape "loutish husbands," "unbearable mothers-in-law" and "intolerable children." Maybe so, but women were often just as fervent as men in defending their celibacy. Faced with the persistent advances of a young man, one nun plucked out her eye. Another shamed lecherous monks by disrobing boldly in front of them.

And there was plenty of lechery among the celibates. Puritanism bred hypocrisy. Repression was no better at restraining sex than it is now. (One nun of Buddha's time, Stevens tells us, complained that even after twenty-five years in the Order of Celibates "every thought was soaked with desire.") In fact the *Vinaya*, the rule book for the sangha, identifies and condemns a mind-boggling array of sexual misadventures and perversions practiced by those who were supposed to be chaste. There is in the *Vinaya* the well-known story of the monk who had sex with his monkey. But there are also the stories of monks who committed incest with their mothers, daughters and sisters; monks who performed fellatio and sodomy on themselves; monks who

injected their penises into, respectively, "an open sore on a dead body, a plaster decoration, a wooden doll, corpses in various stages of decomposition, a severed head, the bones of a dead lover, a dragon-maiden, a fairy, a ghost and a doe." Some of these must have been imaginary events, but that such events were even imagined suggests that something was seriously out of balance in these Buddhist communities.

Nor were the followers of an opposite tendency any better balanced. While the Puritans repressed sex, there were others who held to the early and persistent notion that passion might be an aid rather than an obstacle to liberation. Stevens quotes Manjushri: "Without entering the ocean of desire it is impossible to obtain an illumined mind." Such was the teaching of the *Splendid*



Tachikawa-Ryu sex mandala

Dharma Gate Sutra, in which the heroine is a courtesan named the Golden One of Illustrious Virtue. (Prostitutes are treated with great respect in many Buddhist stories.) While discoursing with Manjushri on the subject of passion and enlightenment, the Golden One defends sexual union as the source of existence. Don't get wrapped up in passion but don't try to escape it either, says she. Use sex as a skillful means when appropriate. Followers of the Vajrayana, the Tantric school of North India and Tibet, had a more extreme view. It was their notion that in non-dualistic sexual bliss, enlightenment was actually experienced, if only for an instant.

Followers of the Tantra tried to extend this experience and make it permanent; sex became woven into everything. Thus some Tantric texts begin with the sentence, "Thus I have heard: When the Buddha was reposing in the vagina of his consort he delivered this

discourse . . ." Without evaluating Tantric Buddhism, which involves long training in complex rites not casually disclosed, one advantage is apparent. In the Tantra women are not scorned, as they so often are in Theravada and Mahayana texts; they are venerated. Or at least their bodies are. Stevens quotes *The Secret Life and Songs of the Lady Tsogyel*: "The basis for realizing enlightenment is a human body. Male or female, there is no difference. But if she develops the mind bent on enlightenment, the woman's body is better."

Between the two sexual extremes, the Puritan elders on the one hand and the followers of the Tantra on the other, Stevens locates his own obvious preference — Zen. It's my preference too. If you can overlook its phallicism, an ancient tradition that continues in Japan to the present day, Zen has a lot to teach Americans about sex and situational ethics.

I was reminded of that the other day, when a friend told me what had happened to her at a Tantric yoga session. It was held at the palatial, garden-bedecked home of a teacher in trendy Marin county, across the Bay from Berkeley. Presumably eager for more and better orgasms, enormous crowds of people attend. (My friend says she didn't really know what she was getting into, but that's what *she* says. What she got into was a bunch of people on the floor moaning and groaning.) Anyway, when she drove up in her car she found that so many people had arrived before her there was no place to park. She looked and looked until finally she found someone who was getting ready to leave, so she waited. Just as he was pulling out — Wham! — a woman rolled up in a fancy car and zipped into the space, cutting off my friend, who was obviously lined up and waiting. Stealing a parking space to rush in and get an orgasm at a Tantric yoga session — somehow I don't think that's a lust for enlightenment. ♦

Merrill Collett is a writer and a Zen student.

The Anguish of Tibet

edited by Petra K. Kelly, Gert Bastian, and Pat Aiello

Parallax Press, Berkeley, CA, 1991

\$17.00

reviewed by Alan Senauke

Speaking to the European Parliament in Strasbourg, Tenzin Gyatso, the Fourteenth Dalai Lama suggests, "We are living today in a very interdependent world. One nation's problems can no longer be resolved by itself. Without a sense of universal responsibility, our very survival is in danger."

In this International Year of Tibet the issue of Tibet's independence from China and interdependence

with the community of all people and nations is spoken of in many quarters. The Dalai Lama, winner of the 1989 Nobel Prize for Peace, recently concluded a tour of the United States where he reached out widely for our support, even meeting President Bush and many of Tibet's congressional supporters. It is amazing how this small nation on the roof of the world speaks so clearly to us of compassion and the wish for freedom.

After forty years of brutal and systematic Chinese occupation, we can see a persistent and growing light of freedom. But the anguish of Tibet is by no means over.

The Anguish of Tibet is also the title of an excellent new book from Parallax Press, documenting the history, present circumstances, and international implications of Tibet's situation. Edited by Petra Kelly and Gert Bastian of the German Greens Party and Pat Aiello of the International Campaign for Tibet, this collection of articles brings us right up to date in a world that reacts hastily to the occupation of Kuwait, yet steadily turns its gaze away from Tibet.

Many of these articles have appeared elsewhere. Quite a few were presentations at international symposia, particularly at the Bonn Hearings of 1989. Although several pieces have a technical or legalistic tone, many are cast in the stark language of oppression. Mrs. Adhi's account of her survival in a Chinese prison camp, Blake Kerr's picture of forced abortion, sterilization and infanticide, Ackerly and Kerr's "Torture and Imprisonment in Tibet" are painfully graphic. But maybe we have to see the full dimensions of suffering before we act in the understanding that by accident of birth or karma we might find ourselves in these same terrible circumstances.

There are pieces by well known writers John Avedon, Orville Schell, and Galen Rowell and by numerous scholars and activists including Petra Kelly, Jamyang Norbu, Robbie Barnett, and the Dalai Lama. Moving from Tibet's history and the question of human rights today, the editors discuss the destruction of Tibet's environment and its strategic importance to China, concluding with a series of political initiatives which push for independence and reconciliation. Again and again, one is struck by the kind speech of Tibet's leaders, something that might be an example to our leaders and ourselves under much less trying circumstances.

The appendices offer the texts of several international resolutions and declarations, and extensive resources for those of us who would like to support the cause of Tibetan freedom. This one volume might be the best all-around text on Tibet's political situation. I encourage you to read it, pass it around, and let your voice be heard. ♦

Alan Senauke is the National Coordinator of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship and a priest at the Berkeley Zen Center.

Sacred Mountains of the World

by Edwin Bernbaum

San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1990, \$50.00.

reviewed by Will Waters

Sacred Mountains of the World is really two books. There's the book you probably think you're buying: a big glossy coffee table book with gorgeous photographs of mountains in every part of the world. This book is a very good one, and it's probably worth the \$50 price tag. But then you've only seen half of what you're getting, because there's another book here too. This is Bernbaum's text: an exploration of sacred mountains from 2000 B.C. to the present, from Mt. Sinai to Kailas to Mauna Loa. This book is also good. It's full of anecdotes and stories: Bernbaum is interested both in indigenous and mythic views of mountains and in the experiences of mountaineers, and he tells an equally good tale in either genre. While it is eminently readable, Bernbaum's prose is also extensively footnoted, with the kind of scholarly detail that will satisfy the most exacting reader. At times I wished that this book, the text, were separable from the other book, the photographs, only because the coffee-table format is unwieldy for the kind of sit-down reading that the text invites. But then of course the photographs are integral to the whole; it wouldn't mean as much to read about the sacred traditions surrounding, say, Mt. Rainier without the eerie beauty of the mountain before us in photographic form.

Bernbaum's earlier book, *The Way to Shambhala*, published in 1980, explored the legends of hidden valleys in the Himalayas, and told of his own treks there in search of secret kingdoms, and his gradual recognition that the search for Shambhala was, or was also, an inward journey. *Sacred Mountains of the World* extends this exploration to mountains all over the world. Judging from the photo credits, Bernbaum journeyed to an amazing number of these mountains himself. The first part of the book proceeds geographically, devoting a chapter to each of eleven regions, discussing the general place that the mountains of each region have held in the imaginative and spiritual life of the people, and relating the stories and traditional practices surrounding certain peaks. These practices range from the human sacrifices that the Incas and their descendants performed on Andean summits (as late as 1958!) in return for the mountains' gift of rain, to the ritual mountain climbing that is the central practice of the Japanese religion Shugendo. Modern practitioners of Shugendo pause during the ascent of a sacred mountain to hold one another upside down over a cliff by their heels. This experience is said to help one contemplate the transient nature of all life, and encour-

ages the practitioner to repent for evil doings. Throughout the book, there are photos not only of the mountains themselves but also of the ceremonies practiced in honor of the mountains by the people who live near them.

Bernbaum passes on a story told to him by the abbot of Tengboche, the main Tibetan Buddhist monastery on the south side of Mt. Everest, concerning the yeti, or abominable snowman. The monks believe the yeti is a messenger sent to watch over the practice of Buddhism. The tale concerns

a lama . . . who went on a house call one snowy night. On the way back he came to a mani wall of stones carved with . . . mantras. In accordance with Buddhist practice, he walked by it in a clockwise fashion with his right shoulder toward it. At the far end of the wall, which rose higher than a man, the lama found in the snow the fresh tracks of a yeti who had just passed going in the opposite direction on the other side. Since the lama had walked in the correct Buddhist manner, the abominable snowman had not seen him and had therefore not attacked and killed him. "The moral of the story," the Tengboche lama concluded, "is obvious: walk around prayer walls the right way."

The second part of the book, called "The Symbolism of Sacred Mountains," looks at the power of mountains to cleanse the doors of our perception and "awaken another, deeper way of experiencing reality." Sacred mountains may be seen as the center of the world, as the meeting point of heaven and earth, as analogues of the body in meditation, as gathering places of the spirits of the dead. "A person who regards a mountain as a temple becomes aware of another, deeper dimension of reality hidden beneath the superficial forms of mountains and temples."

Bernbaum deals with the sacred aspects of mountains in literature and art — there are beautiful reproductions of paintings of mountains — and in mountaineering. The final chapter, "Mountains, Wilderness, and Everyday Life," argues that we must, to paraphrase Dogen freely, find the mountains hidden in our own homes and communities, as well as the mountains hidden in mountains. "The sense of the sacred awakened by mountains," Bernbaum writes, "has a crucial role to play in our efforts to respect and protect the environment, both wild and civilized." He makes an eloquent plea for integrating this sense of the sacred with environmental ethics, and with our everyday lives as well. Looking on the awe-inspiring beauty of the world's mountains through the photographs here, it is indeed moving to think, with the Chinese poet Han Hung:

*Who need be craving a world beyond this one?
Here, among men, are the Purple Hills! ♦*

Will Waters is on the BPF staff, and is a graduate student in Comparative Literature at U.C. Berkeley.

We must find the mountains hidden in our own homes and communities, as well as the mountains hidden in mountains.

Without Warning

by Patricia Donegan

Parallax Press, 1990

reviewed by Frieda Gordon Dilloo

Poets do our work for us, just like drycleaners do, or the cooks in restaurants where we go to eat, or the landscaper who transforms our environment. Poets, if they work for us, transform our inner landscapes. They take care of the insight needs of our lives, right then and there, in fifteen minutes' bedside reading. They relieve us of the effort we'd otherwise have to expend to get to these moments of heightened experience: a long walk at Point Reyes, taking drugs, falling in love, traveling to distant places, meditating. What's more, poems have the advantage of being retrievable, of providing relivable experiences, thus giving lots of benefit for the buck. All we need to do is to buy a book of poems and keep it near us.

Patricia Donegan's volume *Without Warning* is solid, rich and varied reading. Her poems take us everywhere. In the first poem, "Awakened," she synchronizes erotic dreams with the Yellow Mountains of eastern spirituality, with an accident in a Chicago street, with death in a Calcutta riksha lane. Although her poems seem to include everything, Donegan doesn't get lost or overwhelmed; she gives us a feel of stillness in the midst of chaos which quite likely reflects her years of meditation practice.

The volume is organized into eight sections. "Longing," which includes many love poems, is followed by "Rock Meets Bone," a series of travel poems. Then come three shorter central sections: "Haiku" (fairly classical), "Hot Haiku" (sexy), and the strange "Bone Poems." The Whitmanish section called "Prairie" is all about the prairie, and lovingly so — about the Indians who lived there, the trains that cross it, the grass, the tractors, the sky. "I eat the space of the prairies." The book ends with a cycle of socially conscious poems, "The Summoning," and a final group of twelve poems about the telephone and its exasperating significance in our lives.

In his introduction Allen Ginsberg says of the telephone poems that they are "a piece of inspired middle-modernity, the glamour of the obvious and the ordinariness of Telephone miracle mixed."

*dial the time
your own karma
a heavy breather
Any message will do.*

Into the same poem Donegan weaves Li Po and a Chinese landscape. She is master of juxtaposing disparate elements, thus poetically fixing the mysticism of time and space:

Awakened at 3 a.m.

*I go down to the outhouse
absolute stillness, all asleep
over the Kyoto hills*

*Something happened somewhere
did my mother die
was there an earthquake in Tokyo
is my lover making love with another
was a Buddha born
did a leaf drop from this tree?*

I felt a great sense of authenticity in these poems. Donegan has *been there*; we know that from the autobiographical sketch which informs us about her years at Naropa Institute (the book is dedicated to Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche), and her extensive travels and studies in Asia, including a year-long training with a haiku master. In the moving poem "Your Black Slip" she talks about her ill mother:

*Mother, your black slip
came to me as I meditated
a phantom stark against the snow*

*I see your face in my mirror —
you in the hospital
while I get ready to go out
in your black slip.*

Our own epiphanies, too, are often stimulated by the most ordinary objects. And for me it was startling to find that another woman had had my own shocking dream experience of turning into my mother while looking into a mirror.

In some poems the ordinariness is not successfully transcended, and a few lines here and there struck me as trite; but on the whole this is a book which, if you keep it on your bedside table, will transport you all the way to "India" (my favorite poem) or help you stay home and see "The Thing Itself." ♦

Frieda Gordon Dilloo is a member of the Cheese Board Collective in Berkeley, and writes about her travels in Asia and her childhood in Germany.

REPLIES TO A HUNGRY BOWL

by Patricia Donegan

The following introduction and imaginary poems — all of them written by Patricia Donegan in the style of various poets — are selected from an unpublished manuscript entitled Replies to a Hungry Bowl: Homeless People U.S.A.

When I was a Zen student briefly studying with Aitken Roshi in Hawaii in 1974, I remember one afternoon doing a group koan session. The Roshi asked, "What are you going to do about the starving people

in Bangladesh?" which was a problem at the time — not that it still isn't, but it was then foremost in the media and in many people's minds. Each student, one by one, had to sit face to face with the Roshi in front of the whole group and give an answer. Answers given included sending of money and food, or just meditating, or "everything is empty so they're empty, too." I don't remember what I said. No one gave the "right answer," if there ever could be one, to the ageless question of suffering, and it stayed with me.

One day, about 12 years later, I was traveling through India, walking on the crowded hot streets full of beggars and flies. A thin young woman in a faded cotton sari with a baby in her arms approached me. I had seen many women like her before, and I would give them a little change if I had it; but this time, instead of giving her money, or ignoring her and walking away, or getting ready to push her away if she started clinging to me, I looked her in the eye. I just looked — her eyes were big, dark and haunting — we just looked at each other, and for those few seconds there was no India, no U.S., no street, no beggars, no crowds, no me, no her — just eyes looking at each other, just looking — and then the moment passed and I smiled slightly and she did, too. Something had been exchanged and it was enough. At that moment I recalled Aiken Roshi's koan and understood something I hadn't before.

When I returned to the U.S. in 1988, I attended a workshop on "Buddhism and Ethics," in Berkeley, led by Aitken Roshi, whom I hadn't seen since that time in Hawaii, and I told him my story, and he acknowledged that many people don't understand a koan till many years later.

I had been away from the U.S. for three years, and I was shocked by the extent of the homelessness in the streets of Berkeley and San Francisco. I had expected it in India and Nepal, but not in my own supposedly affluent country. So I again began to ask myself the question the Roshi had posed so long ago. I know there are no simple answers or perhaps no answers at all — perhaps it's even ludicrous to try to find an answer — but I thought I'd summon other minds to give me some hints, at least.

I invoked the Muses, and called on mostly the great poets of the past and a few from the present to elucidate the situation of the homeless in the U.S. Whatever small insights arise from these imaginary replies are due to the Muses, and I'm grateful for that connection, and for the thread that connects us all.

*I never saw the poor
they're alien to me
yet know I how the person looks
and what her pain must be.*

Dickinson (19th c., America)

*To see the pine
you must become one with the pine.
To see the poor woman
you must become her.
To do that
you must
squeeze the marrow from your bones.*

*Bright moon —
an old woman
sits and begs.*

Basho (17th c., Japan)



*I look the hungry man
in the center of his eye
his eye is my eye
I am the eye of hunger
I am that man
all hungry eyes are my eyes
I am you
come into my arms and weep.*

Whitman (19th c., America)



*Face it, I have a face. you don't want to face my
having a face. you lose face. don't like us in your
face. you prefer us faceless. face up to my face. let
your face look at my face to face. face me face you.
facing. all faces are faces. all faces our faces.*

*Talk, gotta talk, just talk
to me talking about talk
talking talk talk talk to me.*

Stein (20th c., America)



*The best poets of this generation
are sitting on their shapely asses
in torn blue jeans and vacant eyes
somewhere by their shopping carts
out on Telegraph Avenue.*

*Let the Pentagon get on their asses
meditate on their lunch hour
and give their sandwiches to the poor.*

Ginsberg (20th c., America)

Patricia Donegan is a poet and author of *Without Warning* (see review, above). She has traveled widely in Asia, and studied haiku in Japan. A student of Chogyam Trungpa, she has practiced and taught meditation for many years, was on the Poetics Faculty at the Naropa Institute for a decade, and currently teaches at the California Institute of Integral Studies. ♦

The Practice of the Wild

by Gary Snyder

North Point Press, 1990, \$10.95

Gary Snyder: Dimensions of a Life

edited by Jon Halper

Sierra Club Books, 1991, \$25.00 cloth, \$17 paperback

reviewed by Christine Keyser

A version of this review was printed in The East Bay Express.

Forty years ago a young fire sentry carved a few poems on the wall of his isolated lookout station high above the timberline in the northern Cascades, as signposts for fellow wilderness travelers. Gary Snyder has long since become one of our most vital poets and trailblazers, carving signposts to help us find a way through the ecological crisis strangling our planet. As a Far West poet Snyder's trail has diverged sharply from the "high culture" of European salons. From Zen koans to Eskimo myths to Aborigine bush legends he has cobbled together the wisdom of traditional cultures like rip rap on a High Sierra trail. For Snyder the true meaning of culture and the key to survival of our biosphere lies in finding our legitimate place as humans within the broader community of animals, trees, mountains, rivers, and oceans. He embraces 13th-century Zen master Dogen Zenji's teaching: "The blue mountains are constantly walking . . . If you doubt mountains walking you do not know your own walking."

Snyder's new collection of essays, *The Practice of the Wild*, is the summit view of a lifetime of deep inquiry into what it means to be a genuine human being. This may well be Snyder's most important work, a blueprint for survival deserving of a second Pulitzer Prize for the poet. The book is both a cold-blooded commitment to heading off an impending ecological holocaust and a warm-hearted, generous appraisal of humanity's capacity for self-awakening and growth.

Snyder takes us on foot like Zen pilgrims across sacred mountains and rivers, and into the ancient forests of the Pacific Northwest to study the mysteries of the old growth ecosystem. We travel north to the Bering Sea to visit Kobuk and Inupiaq Eskimo villages and listen to their traditional myths, and across the vast Australian desert following the drumbeat of Aboriginal shamans. Armed with this primeval wisdom, we return home to our North American watershed.

The real tragedy, it seems, is that we have lost any sense of being at home in our *Earth House Hold* (Snyder's word play on the root meanings of ecology). To survive, Snyder affirms, North Americans must cease to live as invaders and conquerors, and reclaim the trampled spirit of Turtle Island, the name the indigenous peoples gave to this land, and by extension,

to the world. It is a simple matter of respect. As a species we must rekindle our own wild heartbeat. For wildness is not apart from us. It is our true nature free from social norms and mental conditioning. "The depths of mind, the unconscious, are our inner wilderness areas . . . The lessons we learn from the wild become the etiquette of freedom."

Here Snyder's path diverges from Thoreau's. "Wildness is not just 'the preservation of the world,' as Thoreau held, it *is* the world," he argues. "Civilization east and west have long been on a collision course with wild nature, and now the developed nations in particular have the witless power to destroy not only individual creatures but whole species, whole processes, of the earth. We need a civilization that can live fully and creatively together with wildness."

For four decades Snyder has been at the vanguard of growing that new civilization. His rigorous Zen training and unflinching discipline have enabled him to approach poetry as an integral part of daily life — much like chopping firewood or driving his children to school — rather than as a sacred act divorced from "profane" worldly affairs.

Gary Snyder: Dimensions of a Life is a rousing tribute to the poet, who turned 60 on May 8 of this year, from his friends, colleagues and fellow travelers. (The title comes from *Dimensions of a Myth*, Snyder's distinguished senior thesis at Reed College on Native American folklore.) Editor Jon Halper recounts how the idea for the book germinated while he and Snyder were poking around a deserted Haida Indian village in the Queen Charlotte Islands in British Columbia. "Looking at him, I noted in silent acknowledgement how integral his perception and thinking were to who I had become, how inspired my life felt because of his, and knew that I was not alone in this inspiration."

Feminist author Charlene Spretnak echoes this appreciation, recalling that Snyder wrote about ecology and other now prevalent ideas thirty years before they were in vogue. "Some of the most insightful ideas about nature and culture and spirituality, about how we live and how we might think about living are indeed 'in the air these days' because Gary Snyder helped to put them there."

The first part of the book traces Snyder's life from his boyhood growing up on a small farm along the Puget Sound to his current stature of tribal leader at the Ring of Bone Zendo on San Juan Ridge. The second half is thematically arranged into chapters on Poetics, Dharma, Culture and Politics.

The contributions are diverse as their writers: from fellow poets Allen Ginsberg, Nanao Sakaki, Wendell Berry and Ursula Le Guin, to musicians and artists like Paul Winter and Peter Coyote, political thinkers and ecologists like Daniel Ellsberg and Peter Berg, and anthropologists, linguists, and folklore schol-

ars. Snyder's sons Kai and Gen convey heartfelt respect and appreciation for their father. One glaring omission, however, is the absence of Snyder's former wife, Masa, with whom he shared twenty years of married life.

Through the eyes of his lifetime companions we trace Snyder's life from his childhood in the rainy Northwest to his college summers working as a fire lookout to earn his college tuition. We drift south with Snyder to the Bay Area, arriving just in time to witness the birth of the San Francisco Beat scene, and the landmark North Beach poetry reading at which Allen Ginsberg read his epic work "Howl" for the first time in public.

We admire the young Zen poet immortalized in Jack Kerouac's *Dharma Bums* as Japhy Ryder. In real life Snyder bids his graduate studies goodbye and sails for Kyoto where he enters a Zen monastery. We join Snyder for his historic meeting with Japanese Beat poet Nanao Sakaki and his counterculture Tribe of longhair rebels, who inspired Snyder to hang up his Zen robes for good. Snyder meets and marries Masa Uehara, and

a year later, in 1968, with their infant son Kai, they depart for California, where they plant the roots of a new community in the backwoods above Nevada City.

At home finally in Shasta Nation in the Yuba River watershed, Snyder settled down to do "the real work," helping blaze new trails in the emerging ecology movement. In the 1970's Governor Jerry Brown appointed Snyder to the California Arts Council, driving up to San Juan Ridge from the Sacramento state house to seek the poet's counsel. Snyder also was a guiding light in founding the Buddhist Peace Fellowship and serving as an early board member.

Snyder concludes *The Practice of the Wild* with a Zen parable. "A monk asked Dong-shan: 'Is there a practice for people to follow?' Dong-shan answered: 'When you become a real person, there is such a practice.'" Gary Snyder has devoted 60 years to perfecting that practice. ♦

Berkeley writer Chris Keyser was delighted to discover that she has the same birthday as Gary Snyder. She was also proud to be arrested with Snyder for protesting the war against Iraq.

Inspiration

Think of those Chinese monks' tales:
 years of struggling
 in the zendo, then the clink,
 while sweeping up, of stone on stone . . .
 It's Emily's wisdom: Truth in Circuit lies.
 Or see *Grant's Common Birds And How To Know Them*
 (New York: Scribner's, 1901):
 "The approach must be by detour,
 advantage taken of rock, tree, mound, and brush,
 but if without success this way, use artifice,
 throw off all stealth's appearance, watchfulness,
 look guileless, a loiterer, purposeless,
 stroll on (not too directly toward the bird),
 avoiding any gaze too steadfast;
 or failing still in this, give voice to sundry whistles,
 chirp: your quarry may stay on to answer."
 More briefly, try; but stymied, give it up, do something else.
 Leave the untrappable thought, go walking,
 ideas buzz the air like flies; return to work,
 a fox trots by — not Hughes's sharp-stinking thought-fox
 but quite real, outside the window,
 with cream-dipped tail and red-fire legs doused watery brown;
 emerges from the wood's dark margin, stopping all thinking,
 and briefly squats (not fox, but vixen), then moves along
 and out of sight. "Enlightenment," wrote one master,
 "is an accident, though certain efforts make you accident-prone."
 The rest slants fox-like, in and out of stones.

— Jane Hirshfield

[Originally published in *The American Poetry Review*, and reprinted by permission of the author.]

Jane Hirshfield is a poet and long-time practitioner of Zen Buddhism, living in Mill Valley California. She is the author of Of Gravity and Angels (Wesleyan) and co-translator of The Ink Dark Moon.

THE ORDINARY WRITINGS OF FA POONVORALAK

Not long ago, I received four mysterious little booklets in the mail, from Thailand, with the titles A Book of Ordinary Writings, A Diary, Another Diary, and A Model of Functional Art. Each one is the size of a post-card, 20 pages long, printed on newsprint. Inside the front cover of one it says,

Dear madam/sir
Do you think this book
Is worthy of being published?

A few pages later, the author explains:

For this book, I am publishing 25,000 copies and have chosen a whole set as my target. I am posting them to all the publishers in the USA, from alphabet a to z, including numerous unlikely candidates, to create a complete field which, although is simple and always stands in front of us, usually escapes from our touch by our own cleverness and selections.

The operation itself is as important as the writings, and should be considered as an integral part of my work. It would be nice if there were an offer from a publisher. But it is still fine if there is none, because the operation is complete.

Anyone who would like to publish my works can do so with or without my permission, with or without acknowledging me.

I regard all of my works as general data which anyone is free to use.

From the booklets themselves, I learned that the author is Fa Poonvoralak, a Thai mathematician and poet, born in 1953, who has written many books of poetry, including Exhibition of an Idiot, and I am 8 Persons.

Yes, I do think these books are worthy of being published. I was intrigued and moved by these unexpected messages from the universe, and here share some gleanings with you. If you wish to communicate directly with Fa Poonvoralak, his address is: 1387/6 Tak Sin Road, Bukkaloo, Bangkok, Thailand. —Susan Moon

Do you have this experience? During an ordinary day, you find out that you are identical with whatsoever you think about. For the example; when you think about an atom, you are an atom; when you think about a prawn, you are a prawn.

A man may be weak, contradictory, perverse, querulous or pretending, because he knows he has time. But in singularity there is no time. If you wait, you will wait forever; if you don't know, you will never know; if you pretend, all of your pretensions are real.

If you are one moment old, you can not say you are young.

Have you ever heard the story of a group of friends, who exchange everything internal and external. They exchange energy. They exchange events. They exchange love. They exchange the particles of deeds, etc. As examples:

- 1) The first person exchanges a dream with the third.
- 2) The third person exchanges love with the fourth.

How can they do that? By accepting each other completely, by giving each other completely, even though in doing so they have to experience great pain.

One morning I got up and found out that each deed that I had done before separated itself from me, it was independent. When I investigated it, my investigation was independent from both me and what I was investigating. When I thought of madness, madness separated itself from me, it was independent.

I am going to define a new form of art which I will call Functional Art.

The idea of my model is this:

I will propose to a government, to declare a law that in front of the name of each person we are going to add a word 'Relation.' As examples: Mr. William Shakespeare and Mr. Albert Einstein in this model will become Relation William Shakespeare and Relation Albert Einstein.

So what mankind loses is just simply a set of non-essential words like Mr. Mrs. etc. But what we gain is beyond imagination.

The whole structure of mankind will be transformed by one single word.

My model is also a direct answer to the following unsolved questions:

It is a well-known fact that the earth is round, but can we feel the roundness of the earth?

Relativity is a well-known knowledge, but can we feel the relativity in everyday life?

You know that Mr. A who is standing in front of you is a human being, but can you feel that he is a human being?

From now on, a murderer is a relation, a prostitute is a relation, a postman is a relation, a bus driver is a relation, a student is a relation, etc.

My friend told me:

- 1) Whatsoever that you see outside is actually inside your body.
- 2) Whatsoever that you think is inside you is actually outside.

For example: a flower that you see outside your body is actually inside; a flower that you think is in your mind is actually somewhere outside. ♦

Shopping for Buddhas

by Jeff Greenwald

Harper & Row, 1990

reviewed by Mark McLeod

Though more of a journey of the spirit than of the body, *Shopping for Buddhas* is a "travel book." Upon returning to Nepal in 1987 for his third visit of the decade, the young California journalist, Jeff Greenwald, gives focus to his journey by setting himself a project with a goal. The project is to "shop for Buddhas," and the goal is to buy and bring back to the Bay Area a beautiful piece of Nepali Buddhist sculpture.

The use of a focusing device is frequently a good one for a traveler, particularly if the object of pursuit is totemic — Gothic cathedrals in England, wines and winemakers in Burgundy, plays in New York City, blown glass in Venice. The skillful employment of the device permits that traveler to slip out of the passive skin of the tourist and into the skin of a participant-observer in the events of the moment.

In superficial respects, Greenwald's search, which lasts several months, is a success both materially and spiritually. He discovers a nine-inch-tall bronze statue of Buddha which he finds stunningly beautiful. In the course of the search and then the return to the United States, he faces some existential trials presented to him by fate. He weathers these trials, because he has no choice, and grows into a wiser man in the process. At the beginning he has at his fingertips some of the Buddhist vocabulary but little knowledge of the life and spirit behind the words. At the conclusion, he begins to understand the Buddha as a spirit, a way of life.

This format of "the spiritual quest" is simultaneously the work's strength and greatest weakness. In order to dramatize the moment of illumination at the book's finale, Greenwald chooses to create an identity for himself through much of the book which is most unattractive. He is crude, bumbling, sycophantic, materialistic, condescending, self-satisfied, yet full of insecurities which stimulate him to play innumerable games of one-ups-manship — in short, a very ugly American. He participates in the ritual behavior of religious ceremonies without sharing the spirit. He treats Nepali craftsmen and merchants peremptorily and with disdain.

Only at the conclusion of the tale, faced with a sudden, shocking, and unexpected loss of identity does Greenwald manage to perform an act which is profoundly graceful. As sometimes happens, even in real life, the universe responds with grace. At the conclusion, though not enlightened, Greenwald has at least an inkling of the meaning of the Buddha. In all fairness to Greenwald, that is more than most of us ever get.

The problem with the book, however, is that the Greenwald of Chapters 1—8 is such a disagreeable curmudgeon that the transformation which takes place in Chapters 19—21 is rather implausible. I was left with the sense that either the Ugly American of the first five-sixths of the book was a disingenuous literary device or that the spiritual realization made in the final three chapters was necessarily shallower than Greenwald would like to have it.

The iconoclastic Mark Salzman, author of the highly acclaimed *Iron and Silk*, recently said in a round table discussion of travel writing, "For me, a sense of place is nothing more than a sense of people. Whether a landscape is bleak or beautiful, it doesn't mean anything to me until a person walks into it, and then what interests me is how the person behaves in that place." If I apply this to Greenwald's book, I would have to say that one of the great weaknesses of the work is that Greenwald, for most of the book, behaves very badly "in that place."

My suspicion is that Greenwald is considerably less inclined to the life of the spirit than he would like to think. The most interesting and well-rounded character he presents is the well known Nepali political dissident and journalist, Padam Thakurathi. Thakurathi's brave and hard-hitting investigative journalism in his weekly *Bimarsha* exposes the central role played by key members of the royal family in a vast conspiracy of heroin, gold, and art antiquities smuggling. He is rewarded with imprisonment, torture, and the loss of half of his upper skull in a savage beating administered by the Nepali secret police. This fellow journalist is far and away the most substantial and gutsy character that Greenwald presents. Toward this man it is clear that Greenwald feels unqualified respect, as well he should. Toward most of the other characters in the book — the monks, the merchants, the craftsmen, the peasants, the religious mystics, the American expatriates, even Buddha "himself" — I get the feeling that Greenwald thinks he *should* feel respect but doesn't know how.

Jeff, I admire the courage you exhibit in carrying out the travel journalism you undertake. You offer a real gift to your readers who, like myself, do not have the time, means, or ingenuity to travel with any frequency to the far corners of the world. Insecurity is inevitable when one throws oneself into wildly unfamiliar cultural settings, as you are wont to do. I just wish you would respond, not with the arrogance and bravado of a second-rate, stand-up comedian, which is what I all too often experience in these pages, but with genuine humor, wonder, and compassion, both for yourself and your subjects. I urge you to emulate your own spirit as displayed in the section on Padam Thakurathi and in your eloquent "A Brief Political Postscript." ♦

See page 20 for another piece by Mark McLeod.

The Hungry Tigress: Buddhist Legends and Jataka Tales

Revised and Expanded Edition with Commentaries by Rafe Martin

Parallax Press, 1990, \$15

reviewed by Bill Anderson

This revised and expanded edition of Buddhist legends and tales is a much-needed contribution to developing an American Buddhist tradition and culture. The Hungry Tigress presents a significant aspect of our Buddhist heritage in a form that is readily accessible to laypeople and to their families. Parents looking for ways to share Buddhist teachings with their children will find this book a wonderful resource.

The book is divided into four sections. The first collects and retells legends and stories about the life, awakening, and Parinirvana of the Buddha. I found Rafe Martin's telling of these legends powerfully moving and inspiring. They convey the Buddha's life in a way that encourages one to practice.

The second section retells a selection of Jataka tales culled from the centuries-old collections of simple folktales recalling the Buddha's previous lives. Most of the stories are about animals, and in them the Buddha appears as one who freely gives his effort, and in many cases his life, so that others may live. The development of compassion and lovingkindness for other sentient beings is the lesson of all these tales. These stories are especially suited to reading aloud, and many of them are also easy to learn by heart. The collection also provides ample material that can be incorporated into Buddhist celebrations and ceremonies.

The third section, entitled "Later Stories," contains more modern stories as well as several original stories. These contemporary tales help put the teaching illustrated by the Jatakas into a modern context. One tells a story of compassion during wartime and is particularly timely. Another is based on the life of a whaler and the whales he kills. It raises important questions about how

we humans treat other life forms. I hope that Rafe Martin will write and tell more of these stories. It is a way of creating and building a living Buddhist tradition.

Finally there is a section of commentaries that provide background information on the origin of the Jatakas and legends and the role of stories in providing a symbolic representation of many aspects of our lives. It is easy to feel that the commentaries are too short and that there is much more to say about the importance of how stories, myths, and legends can inform our daily practice. This is no doubt true, but for me the main value in this book lies in the stories themselves. The commentaries support and help frame the tales for our modern ways of thinking about literature.

Each of us has some personal experience in this life that is reflected in these simple legends and folktales. All the stories told in this collection express our deep desire that all beings be happy. ♦

Bill Anderson lives in Rochester, New York, and is on the Board of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship.

My Nepali words broken, fragmented

Sugar, I write sugar, and paraffin I write,
Whether or not it is right to write poems,
But I, I write petrol queues . . .
Really whatever I write I write ink, I write poems.

Do I ask in my language whether the taxi-driver has a heart?
One should hardly write the rickshaw-driver's pedals,
It is a poem that I write.

A motorbike I write as it chases along, music ringing,
And now I write a bus, kicking up the dust;
Perhaps a poem is not made in this way. I do not know.
I write the flying dust.

Market prices cheap and dear, thick and thin:
The common poets talk of these. Or is it that I am one?
The great poets smile, they talk of lovely rhododendrons,
Still greater poets speak of the Himalaya,
The greatest scratch poems about Heaven and Hell,
they can join the two together.
This is barely Nepali verse.
What are the great poets writing, their language arcane,
their words incomprehensible?
Nobody understands at all.

Maize and millet at the mill, lined up to be ground,
With rapeseed ready for pressing,
Youth queuing up for the oilpress,
Meal-debts, garlic-debts, ghee-debts,
Broken Nepali, broken lips,
Okra-debts, onion-debts.

Can Nepali poems be written at all?

—Mohan Koirala (reprinted from *Index on Censorship*, 1990)

<p>PAUL MINES DENTISTRY</p>	<p>GENTLE DENTISTRY, FINELY CRAFTED IN A MEDITATIVE SETTING.</p>
	<p>307 A SIXTH AVENUE SAN FRANCISCO 415-387-2313</p>

BRIEFLY NOTED:

Ethics of Enlightenment

by Ronald Nakasone

Dharma Cloud Publishers, 43109 Gallegos Ave.,
Fremont, CA 94539

This is a comforting and unpretentious book, from a priest of the Pure Land sect of Buddhism, who, as he says himself, attempts "to interpret and reconcile Buddhist lore and doctrine with the common ills of humanity."

Ron Nakasone has served as a temple priest in Fremont, California, and much of the book is from his sermons. He brings great compassion to his discussion of grief and suffering in our contemporary lives. He draws on Buddhist teaching throughout the book, telling stories such as what Buddha said to Kisagotami when she brought him her dead child, hoping the Buddha would bring the child back to life; Nakasone also quotes contemporary newspaper columnists like Ellen Goodman on Baby Fae (who received an organ transplant from a baboon, remember?). He quotes or refers to people as various as Buddha, Buckminster Fuller, Black Elk, Jean Giono, Rachel Carson, Erik Erikson, and Vimalakirti: "I am ill because the whole world is sick. If the world is not sick, my illness will be no more."

Nakasone's compassion draws me into the book. He

brings sincerity and psychological sensitivity to some of the hardest questions of life and death: euthanasia, suicide, abortion, the arms race. Somehow, I trust him when he says, "The opportunities to prevent and end war, encourage life, uplift the hopes of our poor, and nurture the dreams of children are endless. Nowhere but in this absurd, confusing, inhumane and fiery world can we give rise to the Lotus."

Do not be misled by the cover photograph: family silhouette, sunset, beach. When my son saw it on my desk he thought it was a sex education book. (Why did he think I was reading it?) This is the classic example of "Don't judge a book by its cover." On the other hand, inside the book there are 14 beautiful ink drawings of Buddha's life by Bay Area artist Lorraine Capparell. Her simple fluid style goes well with the text. It's too bad she didn't do the cover.

As an outgrowth of her drawings for the book, Capparell has created twelve ceramic bas-relief panels depicting scenes from the life of the Buddha. The series of panels has been exhibited at the Institute of Buddhist Studies, and received enthusiastic reviews. The panels are protected by redwood frames, making transport and installation easy. If you know of an exhibit space or an interested organization, contact Lorraine Capparell at 415/493-2869. ♦ —Susan Moon



Buddha's Death

Lorraine Capparell

Coordinator's Report

I'm sure you all noticed our new name and logo — *Turning Wheel*. It marks a coming of age for our modest journal, and gets me thinking about some simple words from the 13th century Japanese Zen master, Dogen.

"Dharma turns you, and you turn dharma. When you turn dharma, you are leading and dharma is following. On the other hand, when dharma turns you, dharma is leading and you are following."

My habit is to try to turn the wheel, turn the dharma myself. It's an old habit, that rises very naturally working at the BPF office. We have lots of meetings, make endless phone calls, read and write letters to all points on the globe. There is always a desire to help, to fix things (or meddle with things) that are way beyond my control — human nature and the elements, mind and body.

Sitting at my cluttered desk, I also risk becoming numb to cries of the world. This is the obverse of helping. Writing letters, sending money, making calls can seem ineffectual, hardly enough of an effort.

But even in my 5am doubt, I believe that turning the dharma does make a difference. I can't tell you why. We may not see it, but our small offerings can affect the whole universe.

The other side is being turned by the dharma. This



BPF Board Members turn the wheel. Clockwise from lower left: Susan Tieger, George Lane, Fran Levin, Stephanie Kaza, Donald Rothberg, Albert Kutichins, Jeff Scannell.

is the side that got me into this job when I wasn't even looking for work, the side that leads us along a path we may not see until we're already walking among mountains and rivers.

As the dharma turns us, we come to new places full of pain and joy, and we naturally sit down to find our balance and catch our breath. Turning and being turned make a whole life of effort and flexibility. Without these two qualities our compassion for ourselves and others is a halfway thing.

* * *

The office has been very busy as we gear up for the Meditation in Action Institute, the most ambitious project we've ever put on. Interest is very strong and registration is approaching the ceiling of one hundred twenty. That's how many people can fit in the dining room. Hammering out a curriculum, taking care of housing and transportation for all these people some days seems impossibly complex.

I am also looking forward to this year's Membership Meeting, graciously hosted by the Seattle Chapter — Friday, September 27 to Sunday, September 29. There will be time to get acquainted, a session of Despair and Empowerment work, a public event on Saturday night, and many opportunities — formal and informal — to discuss how we can carry on the practice of peace together.

One matter we hope to focus on is chapter activity — what guidance we can offer chapters, and vice versa; how we can keep a flow of information going in many directions. We'd like to have more chapter news, not just here in *Turning Wheel* but also in regular informational mailings to and between the chapters. We welcome your thoughts.

This is a special event for me, since I am so new here. I look forward to having faces and voices to go along with the names that are becoming so familiar. The board and I hope that many of you can attend.

We have only one chapter update this issue. My apologies to the chapters for not soliciting news in time for our deadline, and thanks to folks in Colorado for the following.

BPF sponsored a weekend retreat with James Baraz, June 14-16. The retreat setting, an environmental education center in the mountains near Boulder, was ideal for the practice of meditation and for helping us connect with the magic of nature. James gave dharma talks that tied together the power of mindfulness and lovingkindness with the importance of skillful action in the world. About 30 people attended the course, and we discussed sangha building activities in the Rocky Mountain area. There are several groups meeting in Denver and Boulder. —Alan Senauke

ANNOUNCEMENTS & CLASSIFIEDS

Announcements

RELIEF FOR MONKS IN BANGLADESH. The monks of 500 Buddhist monasteries in Bangladesh have almost no food or clean drinking water because, besides the devastation monasteries sustained in the April hurricane, the lay Buddhist community was decimated by that tragedy. There is great urgency. Relief efforts are being coordinated by the Dhammarajika Orphanage in Dacca. Please send checks or international money orders to Dhammarajika Orphanage, Atisa Dipankar Sarak, Kamalapur, Dhaka-14, Bangladesh.

DHAMMAPADA IN KHMER.

The Buddhist Relief Mission needs financial support to print the Dhammapada in Khmer for free distribution to Cambodians. Between 1975 and 1979 the Khmer Rouge destroyed all Buddhist texts, and even today there is a serious lack of Dhamma books in the Khmer language. Please help by sending a U.S. personal check, postal money order or cash to: Buddhist Relief Mission, Ken & Visakha Kawasaki, 266-27 Ozuku-cho, Kashihara-shi, Nara-ken 634, Japan. "The gift of the Dhamma excels all other gifts."

KALACHAKRA INITIATION FOR WORLD PEACE, NYC: H.H. THE DALAI LAMA.

October 21-23, 1991. Preparatory teachings on the Path of Compassion by the Dalai Lama, Oct. 16-19; Nature of Mind Teachings by preeminent lamas, Oct. 11-15. Contact the Tibet Center, 359 Broadway, New York, NY 10013. 212/353-9391.

BPF VOLUNTEER URGENTLY NEEDED

to help maintain our membership files, 4-5 hrs./week in National Office (Berkeley). Data entry skills and familiarity with Macintosh helpful, but not essential. Please call Alan at 415/525-8596.

MAKE PEACE WITH FOOD AND FLOWERS.

Daily Bread Project seeks donations to help them distribute bags of fresh, organic produce and flowers to free-food kitchens who feed the hungry. Send \$20 to Daily Bread, 2447 Prince St., Berkeley, CA 94705; for information, call 415/848-3522.

FIRST INT'L CONFERENCE ON BUDDHIST WOMEN,

October 25-29, 1991, at Thammasat University, Bangkok, Thailand. Full cost of conference is approximately \$100 including room & board. Men are invited to attend. Also accepting donations to sponsor a Nepalese or American nun's travel to the conference. To register or for more information, write to Dr. Chatsumarn Kabilisng, Faculty of Liberal Arts, Thammasat University, Bangkok 10200, Thailand.

Tour of Buddhist sites & Thai islands after conference also available through Bamboo Tours Inc., 703 Market St., Suite 1505, San Francisco, CA 94103, tel. 415/882-9100.

SPONSOR A NEW TIBETAN IMMIGRANT TO THE U.S.

Visas have been authorized for 1000 Tibetans to immigrate to the U.S. over the next three years. The Tibetan U.S. Resettlement Project has been developed with the full involvement of the Tibetan Government-in-Exile. A cluster site steering committee needs to find a sponsor for each Tibetan immigrant; each sponsor will work with the committee to provide a Tibetan newcomer with a job offer, temporary housing, community orientation, and a base of support for self-sufficient living in the U.S. Contact Ed Lazar at 415/324-9077 or Edward Bednar at 617/332-1411.

CANADIAN WAR TAX RESISTANCE.

Direct your Canadian taxes to peace instead of the military. Information and newsletter: Conscience Canada, Box 601, Station E, Victoria, B.C. V8W 2P3; tel. 601/384-5532.

WISDOM AND COMPASSION: THE SACRED ART OF TIBET,

a major art exhibit, will appear in New York at the IBM Gallery of Science and Art from October 15-December 28, 1991.

WORK WITH HOMELESS WOMEN.

The Women's Daytime Drop-In Center in Berkeley, which is a safe place for homeless women and their children with nowhere else to go during the day, needs volunteers to work one three-hour shift per week. For more information call Thelma Bryant at 415/524-2468.

Classifieds

BUDDHIST PILGRIMAGES.

INDIA & NEPAL, January/February 1992. A journey to sites associated with the life of Shakyamuni Buddha, including: Bodh Gaya, Sarnath, Varanasi, Kushinagar, Lumbini, and Kathmandu. Visiting ancient monuments and modern monasteries, the group will also meet with teachers from several traditional Buddhist lineages.

BHUTAN, February '92. Secluded in the eastern Himalayas between India and Tibet is the mountain kingdom of Bhutan, land of the Dragon, where Vajrayana Buddhism is practiced as the national religion. Padmasambhava, who introduced Buddhism in Bhutan as he did in Tibet, is revered by the Bhutanese, and sites where he practiced are the traditional centers of pilgrimage. As Buddhist pilgrims we will have access to these temples which are not open to ordinary tour groups. Contact INSIGHT TRAVEL, 502 Livermore St., Yellow Springs, OH 45387, 800/688-9851.

THE MEDITATION TEMPLES OF THAILAND: A Guide.

Comprehensive 105-page illustrated guide to meditation centers and monasteries throughout Thailand. Contains information on visas, travel, health, meditation teachers, language and ordination procedures. \$10 postpaid. Wayfarer Books, P.O. Box 5927-B, Concord, CA 94524.

ZEN BUDDHISM AND ECOLOGICAL AWARENESS: Eastern Spirituality and Western Ethics.

A five-week residential course/retreat with Abbot Tenshin Reb Anderson, October 13 - November 15, 1991, at Schumacher College, Devon, England. Reb Anderson is Abbot of the San Francisco Zen Center. His course will offer both teaching in meditation and the opportunity to reflect on how meditation practice can be extended to initiate and support ecological thought and action in everyday life. Details from The Administrator, Schumacher College, The Old Postern, Dartington, Totnes, Devon TQ9 6EA, U.K.

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

PERSONAL LOBBYING SERVICE gives voice to humanistic concerns of people who want to take action to effect change, but who don't get around to it as often as they would like. Each month we send you 6-8 letters written on your behalf, addressed to pivotal people throughout the world and advocating actions on the day's

most pressing problems. You sign and mail the ones you want to. Letters available on computer disk also. \$7.50 to \$15/month. Contact Personal Lobbying Service, 2119B Essex St., Berkeley, CA 94705. 415/841-8425.

FOR SALE FROM BPF:

- ⊛ Thich Nhat Hanh tapes: "The Practice of Peace" talk in Berkeley, April 1991. Two-tape set \$14.
- ⊛ Thich Nhat Hanh letterpress broadside, beautifully designed, 6 1/2" x 12"; text taken from *Peace Is Every Step*. Suitable for framing — these are wonderful gifts. \$3 for first one; \$1 for each additional.

⊛ BPF's Gulf War study guides: 40 pages of articles and resources by historians, Buddhists, social activists. \$5.

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

⊛ Hand-silkscreened color poster (blue and green) designed by Kaz Tanahashi, with calligraphy "Peace for Us All," 20" x 26": \$8.

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

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



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The Buddhist Peace Fellowship Board gratefully acknowledges generous contributions above and beyond membership between May 1 and July 15, 1991:

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