



TURNING WHEEL

Journal of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship

Summer 1997 \$4.00

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H A T R E D

in prison, on the Internet, in Bosnia,
in divorce, at Birkenau,
in our hearts



FROM THE EDITOR

Hatred isn't my thing. The three poisons are greed, hate, and delusion, and it is said that for each of us, one of these poisons is dominant. I'm a greed type all the way. Whatever I want, I want *more* of it. Delusion, too, is familiar, but hatred seems further away. In the Bible it says, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than an ox in the stall and hatred therewith." (*Proverbs 17*) You can say that again! I'd even choose the dinner of herbs over the ox, a la carte.

I hate the military dictatorship of Burma that I read about in the morning paper, but I don't really hate anyone I know personally. For a while there, I hated my neighbor, ever since he took a chain saw to the plum tree that grows on my property because it drops sticky plums on his driveway. We had other battles, too, about fences, and development. Hating him took up space in my head. It took time and energy and money, writing letters to the planning commission, consulting lawyers. Hating him was juicy, like sticky plums. It was satisfying, in a way. I didn't want to find out anything that would make me like him. Then he moved away, and a very nice man bought the house.

I grew up in a polite world. I do not belong to a particularly hated group in my own country.

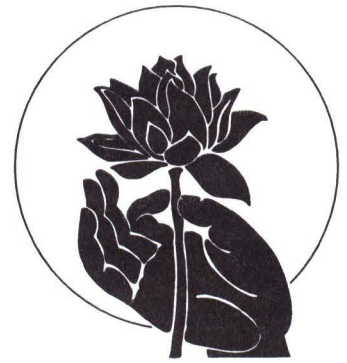
But as I think about this, I'm remembering other things. When I was 25, married, and the mother of a new baby, we lived in a house on the edge of some woods, in Massachusetts. We were hippies, and black and white friends from the civil rights movement stayed with us in a semi-communal household. After we'd been living in the house for almost a year, the attacks began. At night, from the woods, the house would be struck by rocks and we would hear shouts of, "Fuck you, you hippie queers!" We called the cops. They said it was probably high school boys drinking beer in the park. It happened several times—the thud of rocks against the wall and the curses. And then one night, with repeated shouts of "Fuck you! Hippie queers!" the rocks came simultaneously through all the windows on that side of the house, including the room in which our infant son slept. He was, luckily, unhurt, although there was broken glass everywhere. I called the cops, and my husband went rushing out into the night to find the marauders. Several guys jumped on him in the dark, broke his glasses, pulled his hair, kicked him around and disappeared. When the cops arrived 45 minutes later, they didn't seem very concerned. This was a shocking experience for me, in spite of my time in the civil rights movement, to be attacked by strangers who didn't know me, not for anything I had done, but for a label, for what I stood for in someone else's mind. In my own house, not in Mississippi. It was a taste of what it might feel like to be the victim of racism. And of course hatred breeds hatred. We hated the town, and the cops who didn't seem to care about us, and we moved away as quickly as possible. Us and Them. Us and Them.

In third grade we had "dope lists" taped to the underside of our desk lids. After school one day a friend and I went around the classroom lifting the lids of our classmates' desks and sneaking peaks at their dope lists. I was shocked to discover that a certain child was on everybody's dope list, including mine. I was ashamed. He was just an eight-year-old kid, like me. I threw away my dope list and even tried to be nice to him after that.

The urge to scapegoat runs deep in us. And so does the need for enemies. Us and Them. Where would we be, *who* would we be, without our enemies? Try to imagine that everybody in the whole world is Us, that there's no Them left outside the circle. Just for a minute. ♦ —Susan Moon

Coming themes for *Turning Wheel*: **Fall '97—Cities**, Deadline—July 7.
Winter '97-'98—Health and Health Care, Deadline—October 6.
Spring '98—Weapons, Deadline—January 5.

Cover: Mask carved in redwood by Leonard Pitt



TURNING WHEEL

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Associate Editor

Denise Caignon

Assistant Editor

& Advertising Director

Lewis Woods

Book Review Editor

Barbara Hirshkowitz

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Green, Mushim Ikeda-Nash,

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Male figure, Nayarit, Mexico

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LETTERS

Keep it Personal!

This is in response to Margaret Howe's letter in the spring '97 issue regarding the focus of *Turning Wheel*. As I understand her, she believes the journal should focus more on the "Big Picture" and less on personal reflections and stories.

I would like to share another perspective. I wonder if this may not be a time to share our personal reflections and experiences more. My work for international peace leads me to believe that most of the violence in the world springs from unhealed inner wounds. In the Middle East, where I now work, the unhealed wounds are from the Holocaust and a long history of oppression. It's time to share with one another our struggles with our own inner violence.

From time to time, we must turn our focus inward. For a long time many peace-people have felt our dedication to nonviolence was enough; but the world is now demonstrating that it wasn't. I cherish the articles in *Turning Wheel* that describe, through personal reflection and stories, how personal healing might be brought about, and I hope "Big Picture" articles will grow out of the fruitful ground of new healing among us.

My long-time friend and fellow Quaker Adam Curle, who works with BPF in England and as an international mediator, recently told me that in Croatia there is "growing alienation that violence creates and that, in turn, creates more violence. It is an automatic, completely unaware response...of people who are blind with anger, fear, grief, or hatred. This violence does not respond to any of our nonviolent processes and we have to create new, positive methods to heal ourselves from this mindless automatism."

And from France I received a letter from two long-time peace activists, Yvonne and Addy, both Dutch Buddhists, now participating in a three-month Tibetan retreat. "We are learning how necessary personal development is for social change. The great ideologies have not survived and cannot take us into the new century. When we think of the world as something we can change without changing ourselves, we will not go very far."

—Gene Knudsen Hoffman, Santa Barbara, California

Denying the Value of the Market System?

I very much appreciate Helena Norberg-Hodge's efforts to preserve Ladakhi culture and to help Ladakhis in this difficult time of transition into the modern world. I have visited Ladakh as a Buddhist pilgrim, and I too hope that such cultural diversity will

find a place in the future. But when Helena diagnoses social illnesses and prescribes economic policies to combat them, she goes far beyond her area of knowledge.

She says that "we must not confound the borderless world of free trade with the Buddhist principle of interdependence." I don't think things are quite so clear as she would have us believe. I'm not suggesting that everything is fine with the market system. Indeed, one of the reasons I'm currently studying economics is because I believe that there are lots of problems with the market system.

But to deny the value of markets and fail to understand their benefits may not be clear-sighted policy, as Helena suggests, but ignorance.

—Rick Wicks, Goteborg, Sweden

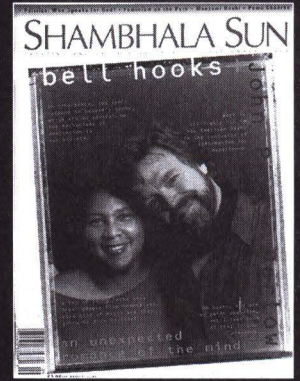
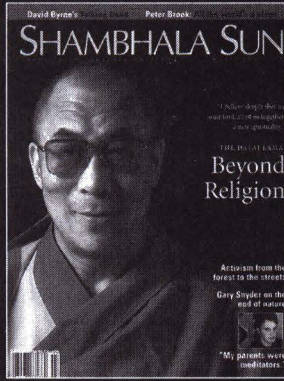
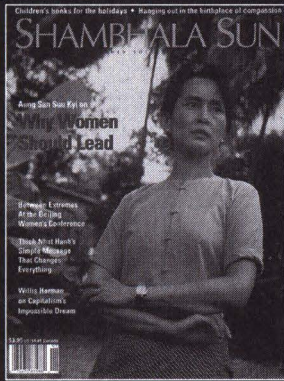
Right Livelihood and the Military

I have been in the Air Force Reserves for a long time, and since my religious leanings tend toward Buddhism, I have had trouble integrating my service with the idea of right livelihood. After all, the military is in the business of fighting wars, and in some way those associated with the military are involved with the potential for killing. I also realize, without attempting to justify anything, that driving a car to a so-called right-livelihood job may also be a form of killing. Burning fossil fuel may be destroying our environment, and it is causing other social and economic problems as well. Indeed, the Gulf War was fought over the rights to fossil fuel. Indirectly, everyone who drives a car, flies in an airplane, or heats a home with fossil fuel is responsible.

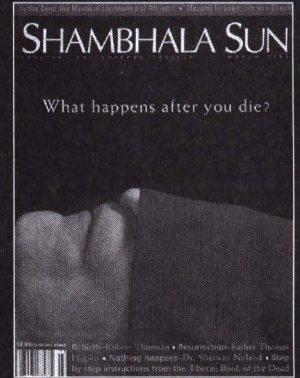
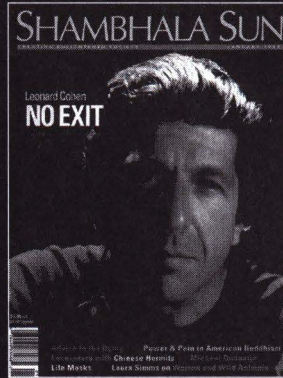
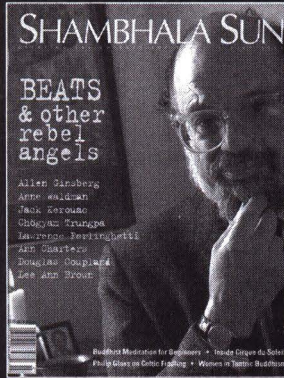
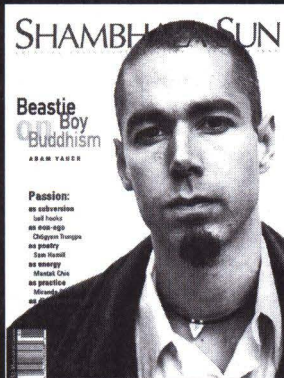
I was excited when I was offered an opportunity to finish my time in the reserves early. Like Lawrence Rockwood, I thought being away from the military would improve my Buddhist practice, but it has not. The same struggle with duality and confusion is still present, and maybe it's worse. I also agree with Lawrence Rockwood's suggestion that if all the people in the military who are committed to compassionate action left, it would not make the military any better.

By leaving early I have answered my personal koan: was it right or wrong? It was neither. But now the question I had merely feels shallow and naive. I have found that I miss my friends and the opportunity to occasionally escape a boring job; I also miss the sense of commitment, service, what adventure there was, and the opportunity to influence things in a positive way. Finally, I think I now understand Trungpa Rinpoche's statement in the interview with Lawrence Rockwood. Concerning a protest at Rocky Flats, where nuclear triggers were being manufactured, Trungpa said, "If you really want to affect it, you should get a job there."

—Matthew Eichenlaub, Amherst, Massachusetts. ❖



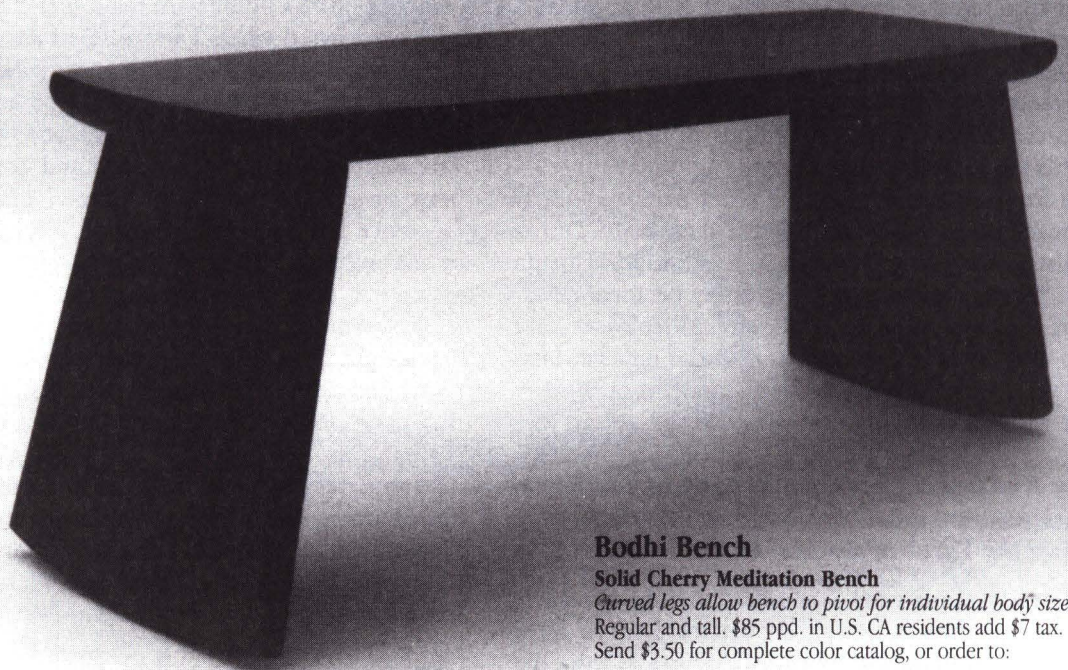
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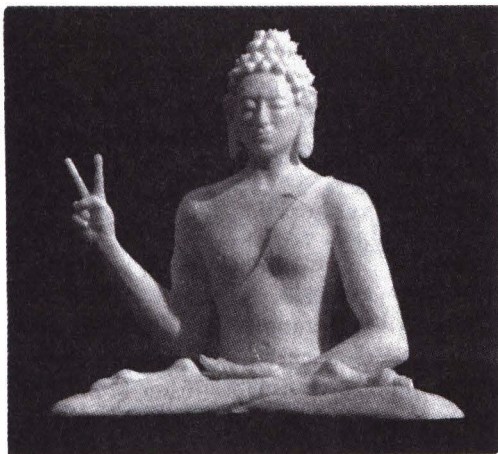
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READINGS

Peace Buddhas Visit Prague

The second international exposition of 14 identical "Peace Buddhas" (pictured here), sitting in full lotus and flashing the "peace sign" mudra with their right



One of the Peace Buddhas

hands, took place in Prague in the Royal Gardens of the Prague Castle from April 1—May 18, 1997.

Since 1992, members of "Patchwork," an Amsterdam art collective, have been producing "monumental art projects of a temporary nature" that "radiate meditative rest," according to a flyer produced by Project Peace Buddhas in Prague.

Before coming to Prague, the Peace Buddhas floated in a pond in Amsterdam (1995), and visited three cities in Taiwan (1996).

Conserving Trees in the Himalaya

The G.B. Pant Institute of Himalayan Environment and Development (India) and the Mountain Institute (Berkeley, California) have been working together to establish tree-planting and reforestation programs in the Himalayan region of India.

In 1993, the Pant Institute began a pilot program to plant trees in the frequently visited and deforested region of Badrinath, a major Hindu pilgrimage spot. Close to 450,000 pilgrims visit the shrine every year.

To get things rolling, the Chief Priest of Badrinath led a special ceremony to bless tree seedlings supplied by scientists, and then distributed the seedlings to pilgrims and local people to plant as an act of devotion. He also gave a talk that emphasized the spiritual importance of trees in the Himalaya. The result: today, the ancient, sacred forest of Badrinath is growing back. Some trees have reached a height of nearly six feet.

The G.B. Pant and Mountain Institutes have begun to "seed" this program in other areas of the Himalaya, enlisting the aid of local spiritual leaders, as well as sci-

entists and environmentalists. One key part of the program is providing seeds and seedlings for pilgrims to plant in their home communities.

This program is young, and it's too soon to tell, but hopefully the ritual blessing of trees will keep people from cutting them later when they grow large enough to produce fuel and timber.

For more info, contact Edwin Bernbaum, The Mountain Institute, 1846 Capistrano Ave., Berkeley, CA 94707. Tel: 510-527-1229. Fax: 510-527-1290.

More Progress in Disney Campaign

The Walt Disney company, which has come under attack recently for its sweatshop labor policies in Burma, Haiti, Indonesia, and elsewhere [see last two issues of *TW*, Readings and Letters sections], appears to be responding to pressure. On February 25, Disney shareholders voted to improve working standards by providing a living wage, allowing independent monitoring, and establishing a code of conduct.

In response to the vote, Disney management unveiled its new "Code of Conduct," which bars child labor and provides for the right to organize unions and bargain collectively.

Despite this success, there's still a long way to go in the Disney campaign, since the company has yet to agree to a fair living wage or independent monitoring. To keep the pressure on, send letters to Michael Eisner, CEO, Walt Disney Company, 500 South Buena Vista St., Burbank, CA 91522. Fax: 818-846-7319. For more info about the Disney campaign, contact Maggie Poe at the National Labor Committee, 275 7th Ave., 15th Fl., New York, NY 10001. Tel: 212-242-3002. Fax: 212-242-3821.

Chittagong Hill Tracts Update

In December 1996, a first round of dialogues was held between the Bangladeshi government and representatives of the Jumma nation (the Jana Samhati Samiti, or JSS), a Buddhist indigenous group in the Chittagong Hill Tracts (CHT), who are under fierce attack by the Bangladesh Security Forces and Muslim settlers.

At the meeting, members of JSS reiterated their long-standing demands for regional autonomy, and raised objections to a number of cease-fire violations that have been committed by the Bangladesh Security Forces—including kidnappings and ethnic cleansing. In addition, the JSS maintains that the Bangladeshi government continues its campaign to "Islamicize" the primarily Buddhist Chittagong Hill Tracts.

While the government denied violating the cease-fire, it did agree to remove those Muslims who have settled in the CHT since 1980. However, it stated that the removal must be "voluntary," and that the government would agree to no timetable or method of removal.

All in all, the meeting provided no concrete solutions, and supporters of the indigenous peoples of the

CHT fear that the Jumma people will soon be extinct, unless there is continued pressure from the international community. For more info, contact: Buddhist Peace Fellowship of Bangladesh (BPFBD), c/o BICPAJ, 14/20 Iqbal Road, Mohammedpur Dhaka 1207, Bangladesh. Tel: (011) 880-2-323-630. Fax: (011) 880-2-813-123.

U.S. Easing Out of Burma

On April 22, the Clinton administration imposed a ban on new U.S. investment in Burma. Secretary of State Albright made a strong statement referring to the Burmese government's continued "large-scale repression, including violence against civilians and forcible conscription... We remain in deep admiration of Burma's courageous democratic leaders, and we urge nations around the world to join in the call for peaceful transition to a government in Burma that reflects the will of the people."

The U.S. is the fourth largest investor in Burma. Human rights activists inside and outside of Burma have been urging economic sanctions against Burma's military rulers. This very significant action by the U.S. is, in part, the result of the work of these activists, including Nobel laureate Aung San Suu Kyi and the All Burma Students Democratic Front, and groups like OCAW—Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers Union in the U.S. If you have written a letter about human rights abuses in Burma, you, too, helped to bring this good news about.

After the U.S. announcement, Aung San Suu Kyi could not be reached for comment. Her telephone line appeared to have been cut.

Several American companies have pulled out of Burma over the past few years because of pressure by human rights organizations, but major companies are still doing business there, including oil companies Unocal and Atlantic Richfield. Unocal, the largest U.S. investor in Burma, said it was disappointed by the U.S. decision to impose sanctions, but that this would not affect its investment in the region.

Unocal CEO Roger Beach said, "We firmly believe that Unocal can contribute as a partner in this region to the betterment of the lives of the people in the countries we work in, and at the same time create value for our shareholders."

Mitsubishi in Burma

Mitsubishi Corporation, a large multinational producer of cars, VCRs, and other electronic equipment, is doing a booming world-wide business, partly thanks to its exploitation of human and natural resources in many parts of the Third World, including Burma.

Mitsubishi is currently helping the French company Total and US-based Unocal and Texaco build a controversial natural gas pipeline linking Burma and Thailand. Mitsubishi Motors was also the first foreign car dealership to set up shop in Burma. Mitsubishi



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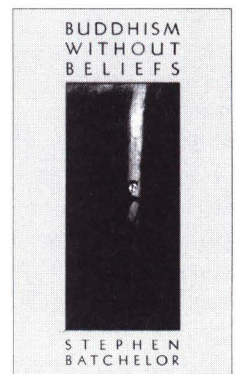
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president Minoru Makihara met with leaders of the SLORC last spring and issued a memorandum of cooperation and understanding.

A boycott of Mitsubishi products has been in effect for some time, and there are several demonstrations and campaigns underway. For instance, the Wetlands Rainforest Action Group (WRAG) has staged nearly two dozen demonstrations at Nobody Beats the Wiz, the largest dealer of Mitsubishi electronics products in metropolitan New York, as a way of educating customers about human rights abuses in Burma.

For more info about this and other related Mitsubishi campaigns around the world, contact Rainforest Action Network, 450 Sansome, Suite 700, San Francisco, CA 94111. Tel: 415-39804404. Fax: 415-398-2732. E-mail: rainforest@ran.org. Web: www.ran.org.

Families Against Violence

Families Against Violence (FAV) is a new initiative to challenge violence in our society. In March 1996, representatives of 25 national organizations (including the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Center for Prevention of Sexual and Domestic Violence) met to design FAV. Today, FAV is working to create "circles of peace" that begin with the family.

Among their projects: the Family Pledge of Nonviolence, a seven-point commitment for living nonviolently at home and in the world; Circles of Peace, where families encircle places in schools or neighborhoods where an act of violence has occurred; and FAVAN, the Families Against Violence Advocacy Network. FAVAN is the advocacy arm of FAV, promoting public policy changes to reduce school and media violence.

To join the network and/or receive their information booklet (which discusses such issues as "concerns about weapons" and "questions about discipline"), write: FAVAN, 4144 Lindell Blvd, #408, St Louis, MO 63108. Tel: 314-533-4445. Fax: 314-533-1017. E-mail: ppjn@aol.com.

Cambodian Dhammayietra Update

The sixth annual Dhammayietra, or Walk for Peace, concluded on April 13, 1997 at the ancient ruins of Banteay Chmar in Northwest Cambodia. The walk had begun 25 days earlier, traversing through countryside that has been affected by war since 1970.

Much of the walk route went through territory controlled by breakaway units of the Khmer Rouge which had made peace with the government late last year. Nearly 300 Buddhist monks, nuns, and lay people walked with the goal of promoting peace and fostering reconciliation between people on all sides of the fighting. One walker commented, "I was afraid to come here and meet the Khmer Rouge. I remembered all the

suffering they had caused. But now I have made some friends who have been suffering here too. I realize how much they too want peace." A former Khmer Rouge soldier remarked, "I am so happy to finally live in peace. I don't care what the political parties decide to do. I won't fight for any of them anymore."

5th International Conference on Buddhist Women

The 5th International Conference on Buddhist Women, sponsored by Sakyadhita, will be held in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, from December 29, 1997 to January 4, 1998. The theme of the conference is "Women in Buddhism: Unity and Diversity." After the conference, there will be a tour to the historical site of Angkor Wat, from January 5 - 7.

The first international gathering of Buddhist women took place in Bodhgaya, India in 1987. Following that gathering, Sakyadhita, the International Association of Buddhist Women, was founded to promote the well-being of Buddhist women around the world.

The next conference will include meditation and workshops on such subjects as women in Buddhist organizations, diverse approaches to social action, and Buddhist ways of nurturing children.

For more information, e-mail Norma Pratt at npratt@zaicomm.com or fax Lekshe Tsomo at 808-944-7070. ❖



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SHOOT, SHOVEL, AND SHUT UP

by Stephanie Kaza

Our mission was to kill every last grizzly bear and wolf in the state, and we did it. —Curt Mullis, former director of New Mexico's Animal Damage Control program

For 66 years the federal Animal Damage Control agency has been working to rid the U.S. of nuisance animals. "Nuisance" includes everything from packs of marauding starlings and sheep-stealing coyotes to obnoxious raccoons. The agency was established by Congressional act in 1931 to protect ranchland livestock from free-roaming predators in the wild west. With a primitive, pre-ecosystem view of the food chain, ranchers reasoned that one coyote feeding on a dead sheep meant all coyotes (and wolves and mountain lions) would take any sheep they could. Similar logic justified mass killing of golden eagles (who occasionally eat newborn lambs), prairie dogs (whose holes trip and cripple cows), and beavers (whose dams cause flooding).

The numbers of animals killed in the first great sweeps of "protection" are almost too horrific to report. This was another sort of holocaust, when hatred for predators not only flourished but was loudly celebrated. Wolves and grizzlies were seen as enemies of "Man," and that was reason enough to exterminate them. Predator prejudice produced what became known as the "shoot, shovel, and shut up" approach to wildlife management. Leghold traps, poisoned bait, and aerial gunning are still being used today to "control" unwanted wildlife, and the ADC is the official exterminator.

In 1995 the ADC spent roughly \$60 million to kill 901,867 animals. Leghold and kill traps plus foot and neck snares killed 175,000 animals alone in 1994. These traps are supposedly specific to certain animals, but many "non-target" animals die inadvertently each year. Underwater traps to kill beaver, for example, take over 20,000 beaver annually, but they also kill over a thousand turtles and hundreds of otters, not to mention ducks and alligators. Population control methods

still in use for coyotes include "denning" pups with poisonous gases and shooting adults from helicopters. For decades ADC trappers have spread strychnine and other poisons across public lands, leaving a succession of secondary and tertiary poisonings in their wake. In 1994, the ADC poisoned over 430,000 animals.

"We don't consider it killing, we consider it management." (Larry Kilgo, ADC trapper in Texas) From a Buddhist perspective, I consider it hatred—well-organized prejudice with a specific goal of eradication. This hatred, like all acts of hatred, carries a tremendous karmic weight. There is, of course, the impact of these murders on the actual murderers. But what about the collective karma of this ongoing holocaust—the "eco-karma," to use Ken Kraft's term?

The biological consequences of this killing are well known: local population extinctions, explosion of prey populations, increase of mid-level predators such as raccoons and foxes. One bad mistake begets more bad mistakes. Prairie dogs multiply when hawks and eagles are gunned down; ADC responds by poisoning the hole-makers; the poison is picked up by vultures and scavengers, generating further losses. The long-term effects are hard to predict. So far the evidence shows that large-scale loss of biological complexity almost always means a setback in ecosystem health.

Wolf restoration projects are one effort now underway to heal the great pain of this eco-karma. Wolves from Minnesota's population of 2200 have been relocated to Wisconsin and Michigan, where there are now 100 animals each. Plans are under consideration for similar wolf relocation programs in Yellowstone and the Adirondacks.

In Arizona two ranchers refusing to use lethal control are selling their "Predator-Friendly Beef" to local food co-ops. One wool grower in Montana counts on his guard dogs rather than ADC; he is part of a coalition planning to develop a market for "Predator-Friendly Wool." These are acts of deliberate kindness, acts of resistance, acts that say: This holocaust must stop. Enough hatred, enough cruelty—the burden of these millions of deaths must be acknowledged and redressed.

The Dhammapada is very clear on this point—only through love can hatred be abolished. To clean up this eco-karma will require quite a lot of love over many generations. In the wash of concern over global warming, deforestation, and dwindling grain reserves, it is easy to forget the animals. But they are our longtime companions and co-inhabitants in this place we call home. How, then, shall we act to heal the weight of this ecological karma? ♦

For a review of ADC activities, contact Wildlife Damage Review, POB 85218, Tucson, AZ 85754, (520) 884-0883, wdr@azstarnet.com. The facts for this piece were taken from an article by Julie St. Clair in *Minnesota Ecosystems Recovery Project*, Spring 1997.



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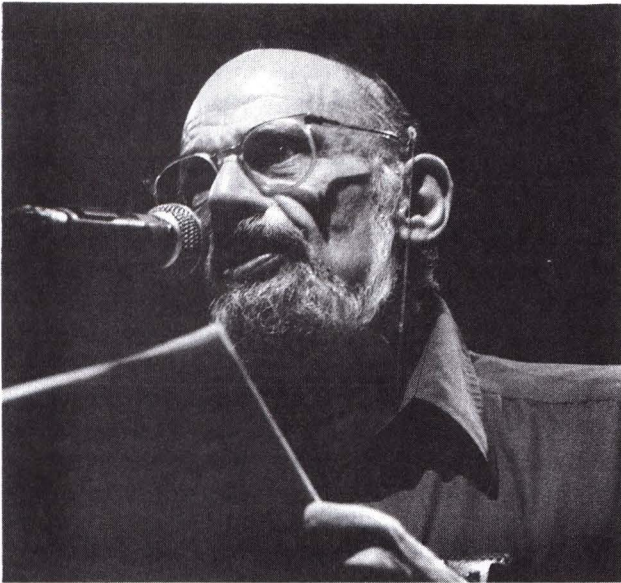
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IN MEMORIAM



ALLEN GINSBERG
1926—1997

*When I die
I don't care what happens to my body
throw ashes in the air, scatter 'em in East River
bury an urn in Elizabeth New Jersey, B'nai Israel
Cemetery
But I want a big funeral...*

— from “Death & Fame”
Allen Ginsberg, February 22, 1997

I missed Allen Ginsberg’s memorial service and the wonderful gathering of poets at Temple Emmanuel in San Francisco. But so many words, pictures, memories of Allen dance through my mind that it doesn’t seem to matter what they did with his ashes. In an old Zen story, a young monk in 9th-century China slaps the coffin urgently: “Alive or dead?” This one time I’d dare to answer, “Alive!”

Allen died of liver cancer and a stroke on April 5, 1997, at age seventy, just a week or so after learning he had a short time to live. In those few days he wrote a batch of poems, and called up all his close friends for a last good talk. By all accounts he faced his death with equanimity and his customary vigor. Just what we might wish for ourselves.

It is daunting to write about Allen Ginsberg, impossible really to convey the impact of his poetry on so many people over several generations. How many of us in dusty corners of the United States were awakened by “Howl” and “Kaddish?” How many were led by his verse to an

understanding of our own sexuality, the great common adventure of consciousness, or the dharma itself? And Allen did not hesitate to address the flip side of liberation—the brutal repressiveness of our culture, the callous, calculated machinery of government and corporations. In a sense Allen, Gary Snyder, and other dharma bums were the first American engaged Buddhists. All along they saw that our lives and our institutions were completely linked, and Allen spoke of this to the end. With brash courage and Buddhist insight Allen and his friends dared to dance with life and death itself.

When I met Allen and played music with him in the early 1970s, I was in my twenties and he was in his forties, black-bearded and bardic in look and poetic style. With influences from Ray Charles, Bob Dylan, country music, Hindu and Buddhist chanting, Allen swayed behind his harmonium. He freely mixed poetic blasts at Nixon and the CIA with outrageously graphic paeans to homosexuality, and Blake poems set to simple melody. It was an eye-opening experience for me. Not quite what I thought of as poetry, not quite the music I was used to playing. But running through it all was innocence, honesty, energy, sweetness, Jewishness, and his clear, original 20th-century voice. I loved being at the service of that voice; I loved listening to it over the decades. Allen’s voice is still fully alive. I can hear it now. ❖

—Alan Senauke

Independent Zen Master Dogen's Mountains and Rivers Surra

This video by Abbot John Daido Loori is a beautiful and creative manifestation of the spirit of direct pointing of Zen using modern creative media. Combining provocative visual images with the sounds of nature, original musical score, and a reading of Master Dogen's *Mountains and Rivers Surra*, the video illuminates Dogen's timeless words.

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— Kazuaki Tanahashi: artist, poet, and Dogen translator

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SHINRAN

by Diane Patenaude Ames

By 1207, Honen (1133-1212), the charismatic leader of the Pure Land movement, had attracted a wide following among the Buddhists of Japan—so wide a following that the corrupt government-backed Buddhist establishment began to fear being supplanted. It was thus not surprising that Honen and his chief disciples suddenly found themselves on trial on largely trumped-up charges. Then, according to Shinran (1173-1262), who was one of those unfortunate disciples, “The emperor and his minions, acting against the Dharma and violating human rectitude, became enraged [at Honen] and embittered. As a result, Master Genku [Honen]...and a number of his followers, without receiving a fair trial for their [alleged] crimes, were summarily sentenced to death or were dispossessed of their monkhood...and consigned to distant banishment. I was among the latter.”

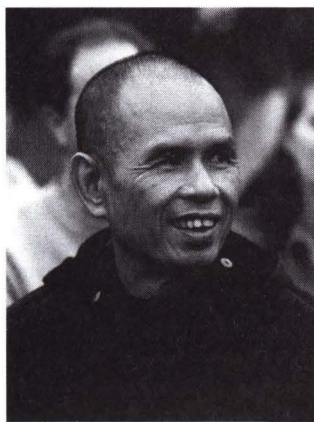
There are still many countries in the world where accusing the head of state and his “minions” of having violated all principles of religion and “human rectitude”

could be harmful to the writer’s health. In thirteenth-century Japan, this was daring beyond belief. Yet its author did not think of himself as a political activist. Shinran believed that the whole point of his existence was to let the world know about Amida Buddha’s promise of universal salvation. But the powers-that-were repeatedly made it clear that they considered his work a grave threat here below.

And no wonder. Shinran, like his teacher Honen before him, taught the masses that the Buddhist establishment was unnecessary, and that Amida Buddha had made a great vow to save all those who called upon his name, regardless of their gender or social status, regardless even of their karma. They had but to say the *nembutsu* (“*Namu Amida Butsu*,” meaning “I call on Amida Buddha”) to ensure their rebirth in Amida Buddha’s Pure Land. Thus, Shinran’s followers would simply install a shrine in somebody’s hut and hold religious services there, bypassing the temples and monasteries that were controlled by the government. That was definitely subversive behavior. Worse, Shinran wrote that Amida Buddha values everybody, “not discriminating at all between the poor and the rich and wellborn”—words that could, and in later centuries did, lead to demands for more socio-economic equality in this life.

When the repeated government crackdowns came, Shinran urged, in his letters to his followers, that “people who practice the *nembutsu* should have compassion and feel pity for those who would pose obstructions [to the practice of their faith],” that they should respect the religious practices of others, and that they should not initiate religious disputes. In short, though he may never have heard of the idea of religious tolerance, he seems to have believed in it more consistently than did many persecuted religious leaders in the West. And whether or not he ever wanted the role, he not only became a political dissident for his beliefs but managed to keep his Buddhist principles in doing so. ❖

Diane Ames has been a member of the Buddhist Churches of America, a Shin Buddhist organization, for 16 years. She edits a small Shin Buddhist newsletter called Sangha, and is an active BPF member.



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“BINDED TOGETHER” IN THE LOVE OF MY FAMILY

by Mushim Ikeda-Nash

Editor's Note: With this issue we are happy to introduce a new author for the Family Practice column. Mushim Ikeda-Nash is a writer living in Oakland with her husband and son. You will learn more about her and her concerns from her column.

Joshua, almost 8, chooses “Fly Away Home” at the video rental store after school. We’ve seen the previews. It’s about a teenage girl who hatches a gaggle of abandoned Canadian goose eggs. The goslings think she is their mother, and, with the help of her father, she teaches the young geese how to migrate south for the winter. In the car, Josh says, “I like these kinds of movies.”

This is the same kid who cites “Terminator 2” as one of his favorites. “What do you mean, ‘these kinds of movies?’” I ask.

“Oh, you know, baby geese,” he says vaguely. When he was in preschool one of his favorite games used to be “baby bird hatches out,” in which he would burrow under the covers in the morning, and make muffled peeps and chirps. “My baby bird is getting ready to hatch out!” I would cry in scripted delight, and he would poke an arm through the comforter, wriggle feebly out of his “egg,” and collapse in my lap, gazing up into my face. We repeated this game ritualistically for months.

“You mean movies about baby animals?” I ask.

He nods. “I feel I’m in my family, in the love of my family. The love of my family is very soft and warm, but it’s very hard. We are all binded together, binded together like a rock that cannot be split into three pieces. You, Dad, and I.”

I am watching “The Selling of Innocents,” a documentary on the sex trade in Bombay, India. A little girl and her father are sitting on a couch, talking to a woman whose face cannot be seen. The girl, who appears to be around ten years old, giggles and plays with the purple cloth that covers her dark hair. When asked by the woman if she’d like to go to Bombay, she says, “I don’t know, I’ve never been there.” The woman says, “If you go there, will you do whatever you’re asked to do?” The girl’s father tells her, “Say yes,” and she says yes. A price is negotiated, and the deal is made. Many of the families are told that the buyer will place the girls in servant positions in wealthy homes, and in some cases girls already working as prostitutes are sent from the city back to rural villages to

recruit new workers. The young prostitutes are dressed in expensive, beautiful clothing and wear gold jewelry; they say, “You can have these things too if you come with me.” According to the film, the child prostitutes in Bombay service 40 to 45 clients a day, and the majority of the sex trade workers there are now HIV positive.

I want my son to know the world as it is. Although Medi-Cal paid for his birth expenses, and a kind Zen student bought Josh his first pair of new shoes when I lived at Green Gulch Zen Center, I know that Josh has been raised in relative luxury. I breastfed him for three years, and he slept by my side every night. He had plenty to eat, people who loved him, toys, clothing, medical care. He has never been placed in full-time daycare. Although he didn’t have a father around, he had honorary uncles and aunts who changed his diapers, talked to him, and pushed him in the stroller. When he was one year old and I was an exhausted single mother, I began dating Chris, a tax accountant who heroically stayed up weekend nights dosing Joshua with liquid Tylenol as he was cutting his first teeth. After we lived together as a family for several years in Oakland, Chris legally adopted Joshua last August. They are now father and son for the rest of their lives.

Like the young Siddhartha, Joshua has never expressed a need that wasn’t filled; he has never known hunger, shame, abandonment, or indifference. But, unlike Siddhartha’s father, I want the love of our family to be the foundation that will enable my child to journey forth into some of the realities that lie outside the “palace walls” of a comfortable American childhood. He still has time to daydream, watch television, engage in boyplay that leaves entire cities trashed in the wake of slime-spitting cyborg scorpions, and I don’t make him feel responsible for curing the world’s ills. But I do want him to know that every child in the world desires safety, physical comforts, a loving family, and that some have these things and many do not. Though all human beings may have buddha nature, we also have the capacity to buy, sell, and use one another. How, then, do we live our lives?

As a beginning Zen student, in 1983, I remember facing off with my teacher in the interview room. I hadn’t come up with any responses to the koan he’d given me that seemed even remotely close, and after months of trying as hard as I could I’d finally bottomed out. As usual, the teacher looked intimidatingly tough and totally uninterested in excuses, explanations, or comments. When I was sitting downstairs in the zendo, I could hear alarming shouts and thumps coming from the interview room upstairs. At night the interview room was dark, lit only by a single candle. I found the whole process baffling, fascinating, and fearsome.

My son and I have hundreds of unanswered questions. Why don't we give all our money to the street people? Why did Grandma get cancer?

The teacher stated the question yet again. I must have given him a look of helpless appeal, because he growled, in a tone of supreme contempt, "Do you think I know the answer?"

I felt like punching him in the nose and walking out. Of course I thought he knew the answer! And if he didn't, he certainly seemed quick to judge what the *wrong* answer was. It took me years of travel and practice under a number of teachers to grasp that what I was really learning was a creative form of patience. I became much more interested in developing questions than in finding answers, and after I became a mother I learned to surround this process of inquiry with love, to allow the questions to grow with the same attentive tenderness and faith I had felt during my pregnancy.

My son and I have hundreds of unanswered questions. Why don't we take all our food and money and give it to the street people? Why did Grandpa have to die? Are there different types of infinities? Why did the Buddha die of food poisoning if he had knowledge of all his past lives, and psychic vision? Will I still love you as much, my son, if you grow up and decide to become an investment banker devoted to acquiring a BMW and a house in the wine country? Why did Grandma get cancer? Why would a parent beat up a gay or lesbian child and throw him or her out of the house? What will I do, Mom, if you get old and sick, and you die? What will I do, Joshua, if you are young and you get sick and you die? Will we go to Korea someday and meet my birth father? Will he be happy to see me?

I look at my son with the complete and unconditional love that was born when he was born. No matter how angry or irritated I become with him, there is a light in him that has transformed my life. Family practice is about honoring this light, seeing it reflected in one another, and not avoiding the hard places, the painful questions. To give birth to and raise a child, to undertake a marriage commitment, is to study how we are similar, how different; to open ourselves gradually to the knowledge that what life has given to us will be taken away, we don't know when. We know ourselves in our aloneness, and also in the certainty that we are all "binded together," and cannot be broken apart.

We eat dinner and watch "Star Trek." We all go to sleep, and in the middle of the night Josh comes into our bed, bringing his stuffed animals with him. He crams his knees into my back, and I roll over, pushing Chris to the edge of the futon. In the morning Chris leaves for the carpool to his office in San Francisco, and I take Josh to his second grade classroom. Returning to a messy apartment, I sort through a mountain of dirty laundry. I contemplate the credit card bill, wonder where I can get a replacement mophead, and ponder the issue of ebonics in the Oakland public schools. I sit quietly in my kitchen, looking out at the plum tree in the backyard. ❖

QUESTIONS ON HATRED

for Study and Discussion

Compiled by Lewis Woods

What is the relationship between hatred and fear?

What is the difference between anger and hatred?

Is there violence which is not motivated by hatred, or hatred that does not result in violence?

Can action that is motivated by hatred ever have any positive—especially social or historical—consequences?

Is hatred something we have to be taught?

Buddhists make the radical claim that it is possible to completely purify the mind of the three poisons of greed, hatred, and delusion. Do you believe a) that it is truly possible to eliminate hatred from your mind, and b) that the Buddhist path can lead you to that state?

What dharma practices in your tradition aim specifically at reducing hatred?

Rather than liberating you, does your Buddhist practice ever contribute to feelings of self-hatred? How?

Does it take effort to maintain hatred?

What does hatred feel like in the body?

How should we teach children about hatred?

What are the political uses of hatred in U.S. society today? Do any of them seem to serve the short-term interests of your social class, ethnic group, or gender?

Do all instances of hatred involve a subtle form of self-hatred?

How does hatred inform the western relationship to nature?

Do animals hate?

Who does it feel like it is "OK" to hate?

Who do you find it really hard not to hate?

What is the relationship between the sense of justice or fairness and the feeling of hatred?

What images come to mind when you think of hatred?

When you imagine hatred as a human face, is it male or female?

OSWIECIM MEANS ENLIGHTENMENT

by Susan Kaplow

"We don't have to forget the past. We only have to let go of our attachments to the past."

—Bernard Glassman, *Instructions to the Cook*



Birkenau guard tower

"Not Poland," pleads my grandmother's ghost as I send my deposit for the interfaith retreat at Auschwitz. "Those Poles are worse anti-Semites than the Germans. Why do you think the Nazis put Auschwitz in Poland?"

"*Oy gevalt*," she wails when she spots German and Polish names on the list of retreat participants. "Spit on those *goyim*. Those Polish *muziks*, ignorant peasants, they tracked us down for Hitler because their priests told them to."

I can't dismiss her warnings. Last month a Jewish friend, praying at a Holocaust monument in Warsaw, was surrounded by Polish youths who gave him the Nazi salute and shouted "*sieg heil!*" Why am I going on this retreat?

My need to learn forgiveness has been drawing me to the edge of the unforgiveable. To go to Poland, to Auschwitz, will take me closer to the edge. To be there in the company of inherited enemies—Germans, Catholics, and Poles—is both dangerous and promising.

"Buddhists are organizing the retreat," I tell my grandmother, who is hanging a large Jewish star around my neck. "The Zen Peacemakers never hurt the Jews. Glassman Roshi is Jewish himself."

"*Roshi, shmoshi*," she replies.

On the Polish airplane, I hide my six-pointed star inside my heavy sweater. Through earphones, I listen to a tape of Yiddish songs written in the Krakow ghetto just before the deportation. "*Blayb gezunt mir, Kroke*. Farewell, my Krakow. Holy is your earth."

We arrive at Auschwitz I, the original concentration camp. The camp was named for the nearby town of Oswiecim, Germanized as *Auschwitz* by the Nazis after they invaded Poland. The dingy building which will house us for the next five nights was once the prisoners' reception center, where the SS turned thousands of individuals into a mass of bald, pajama-clad inmates. How will I eat here? How will I sleep here?

My room, shared with two other women, has grimy walls and no place to put clothes away. Tanna, who is Polish, has arrived first, taken the best bed, and spread her cosmetics over the top of the only table.

"*Muzik*," whispers my grandmother.

Dinner that first night is as white as the snow outside: stale rolls, heavy dumplings drowned in margarine, pasta without sauce. Is it possible the cooks are trying to poison us?

Tanna sits next to me. Afraid of insulting her, I don't criticize the food. I force down a few bites and wonder why someone like her has come on the retreat.

"I'm Jewish," Tanna says.

"What?" flies out of my mouth before I can stop it.

Tanna's Communist parents had raised her without religion or extended family in post-war Poland. When she was eighteen, she opened a forbidden drawer and discovered her relatives on both sides were Jewish. Her grandmother had died at Auschwitz.

"That explained why I always felt something was missing," Tanna says. "For years I dreamed of a fat grandmother cooking in the kitchen and a grandfather in the living room smoking a pipe."

My own grandmother's ghost hums softly. When she made me potato pancakes and tea in a glass she used to hum. Afterwards I would doze in my grandfather's warm lap, listening to his tales of the old country. He often told me about the Passover night when his mother died and the family, following Orthodox custom, postponed their mourning until after the festival meal. His sad voice made me reach up and stroke his stubbly face.

Tanna is finishing her story. "By the time I discovered I was Jewish, I was already practicing Buddhism. I hope I can sit with my grandmother at Auschwitz and die with her and be reborn."

A Polish Jewish Buddhist who speaks like a Zen master—Tanna pours tea into her glass and mine.

"I was raised to hate Poland and Polish people," I tell her.

Very quietly she says, "I hope being here will give you a chance to learn something different."

By our next dinner, bleached food has given way to oranges, dark brown bread, and fresh cabbage. Tanna has spoken to the cooks. She laughs as she tells us they

thought Americans only liked white food.

Later that night I wake in the dark. A train clatters by. A dog barks. In my half-sleep, cattlecars are again arriving at Auschwitz, dumping their stunned occupants down the ramp into the jaws of snarling German shepherds. I shiver for a long time in my narrow bed. I only calm down when, at first light, I hear Tanna washing her hair in the sink.

We walk to Birkenau, the larger camp the Nazis built a few miles away when the original proved too small for the "Final Solution." Carrying black *zafus*, gifts from our Polish colleagues, we come into the camp through the archway where the cattlecars once entered.

Over the immense flatland, brick chimneys—all that is left of the prisoners' barracks—rise up like ancient beasts. Barbed wire stretches between stout concrete posts that repeat endlessly into the horizon. Guard towers, made of thin wooden slats, seem too flimsy to have withstood the years.

In a large circle, we sit for meditation, most of us silent, a few chanting the names of people who died here. A sharp wind whips the names of the dead at my face and I raise my arms to protect myself.

"*Kina hura*," says my grandmother's ghost, warding off evil spirits.

I open my eyes. A small man with a shaved head and a red scarf sits in full lotus, his back perfectly straight. His posture steadies me. I wonder where he is from, with his sallow skin and high cheekbones.

At our gathering that evening, this same man races to the front of the auditorium and yells like a storm trooper at someone making a disturbance in the back. With a shock, I realize he is speaking German.

He blushes and says, "I'm sorry that outburst was so German. My name is Heinz. I'm a Zen priest."

Heinz tells us that his parents, like most other Germans of their generation, refuse to talk about their wartime past. "I can't be proud that they didn't take part and I can't forgive because I don't know if they were involved," he says.

Heinz has spent time at Birkenau before, sleeping in the guard towers, meditating, and fasting.

In the rubble of the gas chamber at Birkenau the next day, we say *Kaddish*, the Jewish prayer of mourning. "*Oseh shalom beemromav*—the One who has given a universe of peace gives peace to us." While other prayers are offered—a *gatha* of atonement, a Sufi

chant—my eyes trace the pattern of bare birch limbs against the slate sky.

"*Unser Vater*," the Catholic nun begins her prayer, the Lord's Prayer. What is Their Lord doing here?

"Those *goyim* would sooner put you in the gas chamber than look at you," mumbles my grandmother's ghost.

I walk away. I cannot listen to the Lord's Prayer. My third grade teacher had made me say it even though I told her I was Jewish and God would punish me for saying it.

Magpies claw the air with their large black wings, then land on the concrete posts.

When the service is over, the nun comes up beside me. "Thank you for letting me

say *Kaddish* with you," she offers and moves away.

I am so surprised, I stop and watch the back of her long blue skirt retreat down the railroad tracks. A Catholic Sister has honored Judaism. I wonder why she thanked me.

"*Gevalt!*" my grandmother cries. "Don't make friends with the enemy."

The next day we gather at the ruins of the Birkenau crematorium and again say *Kaddish*. The German women sing a lullabye for the children who died here. The nun's sweet soprano rises and comforts: "*Guten abend, gute nacht*." It's the same melody my mother sang while she sat on the edge of my bed until I fell asleep. "Lullabye and goodnight."

Over a lunch of soup and bread, the nun approaches me. "A lullabye was better then," she says. "We thought maybe it wasn't right yesterday to say the Lord's Prayer at the same time as *Kaddish*."

She pauses, then takes my hand. "My name is Anna."

My grandmother's ghost pulls frantically at my sleeve.

"Anna was my mother's name," I say. "My name is Susan."

Sister Anna pronounces my name in German: "Suzanna, Suz-anna. I'm one half of you."

I ask her why she thanked me for letting her say *Kaddish*.

"This is your sacred place, your sacred prayer. I have no right here unless you invite me," Sister Anna says.

Tanna has told me how hard it is to find Jewish music in Poland. I offer her my tape of songs from the Krakow ghetto.

"Why would you give this to me?" she asks, shy and pleased.



Tanna bowing to a fellow Polish retreatant

"You can give me something in return," I say. "Tell me what *Oswiecim* means in Polish."

The red curls of Tanna's hair shine in the dim light.

"Sacred, or sanctified," she says. "*Oswiecim* means enlightenment."

On the last day of the retreat, I follow Sister Anna to the early morning Catholic service at Birkenau. With the other nuns and the lone Polish priest in a long brown robe, I light incense. "*Unser Vater*," Sister Anna begins the Lord's Prayer.

"She would throw you in the gas chamber," my grandmother repeats.

I gently push her out of the way. "Our Father who art in heaven," I say.

By three o'clock the candles on the altar and the railroad tracks glow against the darkening sky. For the final meditation, I sit with open eyes and look again at Birkenau. Across the circle, I recognize Heinz's red scarf. His perfect lotus is framed in the brick archway at the entrance to the camp.

We recite the names of the dead. Names fly and flap at me. Through the archway, the headlights of passing cars could be the headlights of cattlecars.

I focus on Heinz. My body settles. As easily as breath, a thought comes: the power of his awareness will stop the trains.

Christmas shoppers jam the large square. People crowd the stalls piled high with amber jewelry and soft wool sweaters. Despite the cold, lines form at outdoor cafes for grilled kielbasa with pickled cabbage. We are spending our last Polish day in Krakow.

From balconies, pink- and blue-robed straw angels blow their golden trumpets. Vendors offer handmade Christmas ornaments.

Until now, I have always hated Christmas.

I buy a small wooden tree hung with red and yellow candles.

"Next thing I know you'll be going to mass," my grandmother sighs.

Across the square, I enter the cathedral and sit for a long time, absorbing the silence. A woman kneels with bare knees on the cold stone floor. Did she have to hide the rosary in her hands from the Communists, as we Jews had to hide our Sabbath candles from the Nazis?

Bottles of Polish vodka and foil-wrapped chocolates

gleam from the window of the duty-free shop at the Warsaw airport. I can see them from my seat in the departure lounge as I wait for the flight to New York.

An older woman, white curls framing her round face, takes the empty chair on my left and talks to me in Polish. I shrug and tell her I don't understand. She points to my face, seeming to say that she can't believe I'm not Polish.

"Tell her you're Jewish, not a *muzik* like her," hisses my grandmother's ghost.

The hiss of her voice becomes the hiss of her potato pancakes frying in hot oil during those afternoons when my grandfather told me about the old country, about...

"Bialystock," I murmur.

Suddenly I am in front of a large map hanging on the airport wall. There is Bialystock, in the northwest corner of Poland. Though my grandfather lived 20 years in Bialystock before he left for America, he never referred to himself as Polish. Being Jewish was his sole and separate identity, as it was for most other Polish Jews of his time.

Until this moment, I had never thought of my grandfather as Polish. I had never thought of myself as Polish.

"In Bialystock, those *muziks* cheered while the Nazis shot 2,000 of us Jews in one morning," the ghost says, pulling me backwards into bitterness.

But now the white-haired Polish woman in the seat next to me is smiling sweetly as she points to the amber pin I bought in Krakow. I touch her arm and smile back.

But what if she was in the Polish crowd that looked on while the Nazis shot the Jews of Bialystock? I could spit in her face.

A voice over the loudspeaker announces my flight. As I get up, the woman raises her small, wrinkled hand and waves goodbye. "*Da Veedzanya*," I tell her in one of my two Polish phrases. "Till we meet again."

I slide my fingers through the handle of my Polish *zafu* and walk toward the plane. The *zafu* bumps against my leg; its loose stuffing shakes to the rhythm of my footsteps. Forgiveness learned at Auschwitz is coming home with me, together with the hatred that still haunts my heart. ♦

Susan Kaplow attended the Bearing Witness retreat at Auschwitz last November, organized by Glassman Rosbi's Zen Peacemaker Order. She lives in Albany, New York, where she does her best to practice psychotherapy, writing, and forgiveness.



Heinz sitting at Birkenau

Photo by Ginni Stein

THINKING ABOUT HATRED

by Lenore Friedman

Two little girls, sisters, fifteen months apart, look at each other across the dinner table with unconcealed hatred. They look out from behind a replay in their minds of the afternoon's events. They are in their room fighting, physically fighting, pushing and punching and shouting, until the younger one kicks the older fiercely in the shins so that she falls to the floor and hot tears spurt from her eyes. Their father, a physician whose office is only a few rooms away, hears the ruckus and marches into their bedroom with a wooden hairbrush in his hand. The rest is unstoppable. He shouts as they lie down on their beds, and he shouts as one at a time he bares their bottoms and smacks them. The younger sister does not cry.

I was the older one. I hated myself and my sister because I did cry, and because she started the fight and wouldn't stop and it didn't matter, we would both get hit anyway—and I could tell that's what she wanted, she wanted me to cry so she could show me she didn't care. Our childhood was suffused with hatred and envy. I was the good one, the story went, and she was bad. I was plain and she was pretty; I was loved and she got all the attention. Neither of us could get what we needed and it seemed the other got it all.

My sister and I are in our sixties now, and we haven't spoken for almost two years.

This story does not have a happy ending. No one intervened in a way that might have lightened up the landscape, revealing other outcomes. We never felt like allies against a common oppressor. We remained pitted against each other—as in so many other larger-scale situations of violent polarization around the world where sustenance is in scarce supply. Well-intentioned and psychologically savvy as we have grown up to be, our periods of rapprochement are short-lived, fragile as paper or glass. My sister and I are in our sixties now, and we haven't spoken for almost two years. But I guess our history has something to do with how much I want to know what hatred is, and whether it can end.

For years I've been trying to sort out what causes and perpetuates hatred, and whether it is an inevitable feature of human life on earth. We are all familiar with



how, almost weekly, new episodes of violence, desperation, and bloodshed erupt around the world, each on top of older ones that still fester, unresolved. As I listen to the morning or evening news, surges of helplessness and hatred can overwhelm me, hatred towards the people in power complicit in the destruction. Because of my Jewish background, these feelings can be especially fierce towards Jewish leaders like

Benjamin Netanyahu or Meir Kahane who threaten the fragile Middle East peace process in my name. This hatred is acutely painful, acutely humbling. I know what the impulse to murder feels like. I am not an innocent bystander.

A number of years ago I began collecting material for a book on hatred. For months I pushed through heavy, painful books like *The Nature of Evil*, and *Cruelty and Silence*, and *Dead Man Walking*. I interviewed a woman from Bosnia whose view of the situation there was unrelievedly bleak. I saw the Israeli film, "Life According to Agfa," which shatteringly depicted the eruption of violence between Arab and Jewish neighbors. The carnage was so unremitting and ferocious, and the ancient antagonisms so deeply embedded, that any lingering hopes I had for peace or reconciliation in the area seemed naive. I became discouraged about my entire project.

Soon after, though, providentially or otherwise, an editor at Shambhala Publications called with a proposal for a very different book, and with a mixture of regret and relief I allowed myself the reprieve.

Still, hatred waits for me. Investigating it may require the rest of my life, perhaps in short forays (if the going gets rough), but so be it. An incident mentioned by Susan Griffin in her book *Chorus of Stones* is where I want to start. She describes a young Israeli soldier, sent to the Gaza Strip, who picked up some of the stones thrown at him by Arab children and began to juggle with them. The children were transfixed, and afterwards, instead of throwing stones, they gathered each day to watch him juggle.

What happened here? It is not unlikely that the Israeli soldier, conscripted and forced to serve his time during the *Intifada*, bore no hatred in his heart for the Palestinian children. He didn't want to hurt them, didn't want them to hurt him either. He may have sensed that their urge to retaliate resulted from wrongs that had been committed against their families and community.

He may only have been a few years older than they

were. But he had been warned against them, ordered to keep order, to maintain superiority and control. He must also have felt fear as the stones came pelting furiously around him, and probably the impulse to protect himself, to retaliate even. What made him do something so unexpected? What made it possible for him, and for the Palestinian children, to turn the situation upside down?

No doubt I will never meet this young man or these particular children to ask them. Still, their testimony may not be required for us to speculate usefully about these questions. I wonder as I write if the element of play might not be important? That is, daring to rearrange the elements of a thing, an action, an event, without knowing what the outcome will be. That the young man and the children were both willing to play meant that a rigid, learned construction of reality could become fluid and ambiguous.

Ambiguity interests me. In my work as a psychotherapist, as a writer, as a mediator observing the vagaries of my own mind, I have noticed that something in us is threatened by ambiguity. It disturbs us, won't let us rest. We want to straighten it out and get our bearings back. Because if we don't know up from down, inside from out, you from me and so on, how can we know where to stand? How can we know what to do?

We can't. And I think that's the point. In a situation of ambiguity—for example, when a disagreement or hurt arises with someone we love—a habitual response is to feel "right" or mistreated and to see the other person as "wrong" or insensitive. We may want to smash the scene to bits. We'll walk out, slam the door, say "I hate you!" and mean it.

But if instead we don't "do," accepting that we don't *know* what to do—if we resist imposing false order, making things clean, clear, black-or-white—then ambiguity gives us pause. We feel the startled bewilderment of a fresh point of view, a new angle of vision. And in that pause a sequence of habitual behavior, however "obvious" or life-preserving it may seem, can

be interrupted. Then—with our lover, our friend, our enemy—we may be able to stand there, open-handed, without defense. We may be ready to see how shapes can shift and boundaries loosen, how breathtaking it could be to juggle with stones.

But in our stubbornness, we sentient beings seem always to prefer order to chaos. Could this be a survival mechanism passed on in all post-invertebrate species from one generation to the next? Perhaps we along with giraffes and elephant seals and cuttlefish are programmed to instantly distinguish those who want to eat us from those who don't—and, should doubt arise, to assume the former.

Is hatred a cousin to this sort of strategy? When confronted with what seems a threat to our survival, perhaps our DNA requires us instantly to organize our environment in terms of *us* and *them*. Then we can know what to do: fight or flee or camouflage ourselves or signal that we're friends. But what if, at our current stage of evolution, this whole survival scheme is anachronistic? What if it has long ago ceased to protect us? And what if it's implicated in most of the mayhem being perpetrated today on our fragile planet?

Here are three stories of another kind, all of them true.

Along a contested border in the desert, women from two adjoining countries which for centuries have been adversaries are carrying heavy stones from each side of the border to the other, then placing them into sacks. They move in silence, slowly, as in a dance. In fact, they are participating in a spontaneous work of conceptual art, conceived by a western woman who is watching it unfold, while another takes photographs. The women pass each other, carrying their loads, their bodies sometimes inadvertently touching, their eyes meeting quickly, shyly, then less shyly. They are sweating and the loads are getting harder and harder to carry and their eyes meet in shared exhaustion and humor. What are they doing here?



Afterward they sit together, drinking water, and they talk about lines drawn on the earth, and people and stones that “belong” to this or that side.

In an ancient redwood grove along the northern Oregon coast, a young man, a logger from an old logging family, is walking by himself. It is just before dusk, still light enough to see clearly the heavy branches and massive trunks thrusting up to the sky. His feet sink into the thick forest loam as he approaches one of the trees and touches its soft, deeply ridged bark. Earlier that day he had been wielding a chain saw, as on many previous days and months. But this time he

In a midwestern prison, a middle-aged couple and the man who raped and killed their young daughter regard each other across a heavy wooden table.

saw the blade sink into the heartwood as if it were alive, just as he was alive. He almost cried out, his stomach contracted, his teeth clenched hard, but he forced himself to show nothing and to finish the day's work. Now he was here to sort out what happened.

His whole life he had heard about the rich kids, lefties, hippie environmentalists, free lovers, tree huggers, tree spikers. They lived in a dream world and didn't know shit about conservation, or the economics of lumber. They cared more about trees than about people, knew nothing about making an honest living. And if they could, they would take all the jobs away.

But he'd also heard some of the songs they sang, the words and the music sneaking into his mind, and he had noticed the peacefulness of their gatherings and the crazy courage of their protest actions. Still, he thought of them as “them,” and of his family and fellow lumbermen as “us.” Until today. Who was he now, after he saw the tree as a fellow being?

In a midwestern prison, a middle-aged couple and the man who raped and killed their young daughter regard each other across a heavy wooden table. All three have agreed to this meeting. The murder took place four years ago. The parents have gone through many terrible stages of grief and rage and hatred and helplessness. Now the man responsible for all of it sits opposite them, tense and uneasy. What is there to say? They sit there, silently, for a long time, their eyes looking into each other's eyes, until at the very same moment, all of their eyes fill with tears.

It isn't easy to write about these things. It isn't easy to address the complexity of forces impinging on each situation. The lens I have used in this article is micro-

scopic rather than macroscopic, focusing on the cellular level of the psyche rather than on larger topographical forces—political, economic, historical.

Still, could we say that the Israeli soldier and the Palestinian children, the young man in the redwood forest, the women carrying stones in the desert, the parents and their daughter's killer in the prison—could we say that each one experienced something in common, something like a shift in focus or an imaginative flash that unhooked them from deeply conditioned assumptions? Were they then able to allow the ambiguity of the situation to remain ambiguous long enough for fresh options to appear? Was a kind of *play* taking place in which the whole gestalt shifted and something new and startling occurred?

I don't know, of course. But it's moments like these that I want to get inside of. When they happen spontaneously, I'd like to know what subjectively has taken place, and whether something identifiable has preceded them. I wonder if it might be a perception of commonality, of shared experience, shared *anything* (bodies that hurt or perspire; visible fear, vulnerability, or confusion; the unfairness, the arbitrariness, of everything). Grasping the *reality* of the “other” must, I think, be key.

I know hatred is something that's learned. But I also wonder if there are deep structures in our psyches, like the tendency to avoid ambiguity, which make us so dangerously susceptible to this learning.

While working on this article I've noticed that—walking my dog, watering the plants, washing the dishes—I keep starting letters to my sister in my mind. If I were actually to write and mail one, it would be the fourth since we stopped speaking. The last three (all unanswered) contained large, then medium, then small components of anger. Perhaps I should not write again till the anger is gone. Perhaps I should not write again at all. In my last letter I said I wouldn't, that the ball was now in her court. Why would I write again? What more is there to say? As I wonder, I look out the back window at a yellowing pink camellia bush that I know is infested with aphids, at two birds looping over the garage roof, at a flutter of white butterfly. Somewhere a bird chirps insistently, every few seconds. There is nothing that needs doing. I sit and breathe the ambiguity in and out, in and out, in and out. ❖

Note: If you have stories from your own life or other sources about hatred turning/transforming, I would greatly appreciate hearing from you, c/o *Turning Wheel*.

Lenore Friedman is a psychotherapist living in Berkeley, California. She has meditated with Toni Packer for many years. She is the author of Meetings with Remarkable Women, and co-editor, with Susan Moon, of Being Bodies: Buddhist Women on the Paradox of Embodiment, forthcoming from Shambhala in October 1997.

ARYANS & HAMMERSKINS ONLINE

Race hatred and who's fighting it on the Internet

by Denise Caignon

When I decided to survey the state of racially motivated hatred (and those working against it) on the Internet, I took a pretty scatter-shot approach: entered the words "hate" or "race" into my search engine, and then scanned the plethora of Web site addresses that popped up. This article is the result of my browsings.

Internet browser beware: There is a lot of highly offensive material throughout the sites mentioned in this article, ranging from "nigger jokes" to endless spewing about "kikes" and any ethnicity other than "Aryan," swastikas galore, quotes from Hitler, and so on.

Why subject ourselves to this poison? If this issue of *TW* is about hatred, it seems important that we look directly at raw hate, without filters or rationalizations. Sometimes we Buddhists protect ourselves from hatred's sharpest edge, focusing only on the anguish *behind* the hatred. That pain is there, to be sure; but there's also a merciless quality to the words and images I discovered on the Web, a ruthless intelligence that is well aware of (and dismisses, with a sneer) its "bleeding heart" opposition and would-be reformers.

For me, staunch believer in free speech that I am, it's also important to clearly see the myriad ways in which that fundamental right is exercised. Otherwise, how can I know the limits (haven't found any yet) to my own commitment to the First Amendment? And, too, if I come to intimately know the face of hatred, I am far better equipped to respond to it—and to better understand the seeds of hatred within myself. But those seeds are irrigated when I see Web sites like these. Hate is breeding hate, the wheel of cause and effect endlessly spinning...

Road Nazis: Organized hate on the Web

Probably the largest and best organized hate site is www.whitepower.com, which hosts on its server many other hate groups, including several skinhead sites, racist record companies, and neo-Nazi organizations in the U.S. and Germany. You need go no further than the hundreds of links on this site to experience a potent dose of cyber-hate.

I discovered that music is a very important rallying tool for skinheads and other hate groups, as it has been for other social change movements. (And the skinheads *are* about social change, albeit not the kind most *TW* readers would support!) Many Web sites are dedicated to skinhead/neo-Nazi bands, with audio clips and lyrics (www.whitepower.com/midtown/newlyr.html) like this excerpt from a song by the skinhead band

Midtown Bootboys:

ROAD NAZIS

*Cruising down Brookside faster than the law will allow us
We got a case of beer and a fifth of Jim Beam to drown us
Up on the sidewalk what do I see
A fish-eyed nigger staring back at me
I go over the curb and I step on the gas
It's a blast!!!*

Chorus:

*I got big steer horns on the front of my car
They try to get away but they don't get too far
I got crusted blood in my wiper blades
If the horn's blowing Dixie, get out of our way
Road Nazis—whooooooooaaaaah
Road Nazis—the Third Reich on wheels
Road Nazis—whooooooooaaaaah
Road Nazis—I like to hear 'em squeal*

"Aryan" women

I wasn't surprised to discover that there was a site for women (www.whitepower.com/aryanfemal), called Aryan Female Homestead. But when I followed a link (www.ftcnet.com/~adp/femjob.htm) on that page full of blonde women, I found unexpected advice about "Careers for Aryan Women." Women are advised to pursue high-powered jobs: lawyer, reporter, TV producer. I'd expected the only "careers" for Aryan women would be taking care of your man and being a homemaker. Perhaps since many skinheads are younger, the influence of feminism has spread even to them, however unconsciously. There is also an emphasis in the skinhead community on strength and power (as they define it), which perhaps also extends to the women.

Despite the crudeness of the hate spewing through cyberspace, there's a lot of technical sophistication in evidence. Many sites sport state-of-the-art graphics and sound techniques: audio clips from racist songs, streaming RealAudio interviews, and fancy Java animation are all commonplace. Don't think that bigots are only illiterate backwoods men, swilling beer in old jalopeys. The skinhead voice is a youthful, sophisticated one—not unintelligent; in fact, frighteningly, just the opposite. Many Web sites are well written and well thought out, though laced with unmitigated hatred and a strong belief in armed struggle.

So who are they?

Just who *are* the ones disseminating hate propaganda on the Internet (or elsewhere, in lower tech ways) and what is their strategy? Besides what I could glean from the hate sites themselves, I learned a great deal from an

interview (www.salon1999.com/news/news960610.html) with Michael Reynolds, an investigator with the Klanwatch project of the Southern Poverty Law Center in *Salon*, a liberal Internet-only magazine. Apparently, the Ku Klux Klan, while still active, has lost membership to harder-line groups like the Patriots and Hammerskins (skinheads). It's estimated that there are some 4-5,000 skinheads in the United States. Young racists and anti-Semites, looking for a place to belong, join such "leading" hate groups as the Eastern Hammerskins, Confederate Hammerskins, Christian Identity, Army of Israel, and Aryan Nation. Geographic centers are the South (Florida, Alabama, Tennessee), parts of the West (Utah, Idaho, and Nevada), as well as Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Michigan.

Despite the forbidding names and their international presence on the Internet, apparently there isn't a central racist conspiracy, organized at the national level. Instead, there are several grassroots organizations, each making their own decisions. Many groups espouse the idea of "leaderless resistance," in which two to six people carry out some action, either directly against a hated group, or against property, as with the recent burnings of Black churches in the southern U.S.

Who's fighting them?

The best known and most well-organized group fighting racism is the Southern Poverty Law Center. Interestingly, they don't appear to have their own Web site, though the SPLC is cited in many places on the World Wide Web.

Based at the ground-zero location of Montgomery, Alabama, the SPLC attacks racial hatred on many fronts. Their projects include the Militia Task Force, Klanwatch, and Teaching Tolerance, a program which seeks to instill nonracist values. SPLC has also been deeply involved in investigating the recent spate of burnings of Southern Black churches.

Another organization at the forefront of anti-racism is the Simon Wiesenthal Center/Museum of Tolerance in Los Angeles, which does have a Web site (www.wiesenthal.com). In fact, in addition to their other projects, they maintain "CyberWatch," which monitors hate on the Web. The site contains information about the Holocaust and some analyses of the skinhead movement—see, for example, "The Making of a Skinhead" (www.wiesenthal.com/tj/index.html). "I now realize I was the perfect target for neo-Nazi recruitment," says T.J. Leyden. "Members of the white supremacy movement look for young, angry kids who need a family. I thought these were good guys, that I was being patriotic. I believed we were cleaning up America by drinking and fighting."

How serious is cyber-hate?

How seriously should we take the dissemination of hate propaganda on the Web? This begs the question of how seriously we should take the Web, period.

To ask if the Internet should be taken seriously is like asking if TV—our other ubiquitous medium—should be taken seriously. Like it or not, the Internet is here, and it's growing. If profit-hungry giants like AT&T, Microsoft, and cable companies are investing massively in the Internet, you can bet there's a future in it.

The Wiesenthal site takes it all very seriously: "Neo-Nazis are using the new technology to promote two dozen computer hate games, including the wildly popular game in Austria, KZ [concentration camp] Manager. They have published hit lists and offered young followers online lessons in how to build and use a bomb. Just last week, a Missouri teenager was turned in to police by his father after the latter discovered a bomb his son made by following instructions downloaded from Internet."

Of course, hate is nothing new on the Internet. If you've spent more than a passing few minutes on the Web, you know that "flaming" (posting nasty comments on public bulletin boards, or sending hateful e-mail) is a common occurrence. And because of its absolute egalitarianism (once *anyone anywhere* has a Web page, it's no more or less accessible than, say, Microsoft's or Coca Cola's), the Internet provides a virtual soapbox for anyone to complain about anything.

That accessibility is something Internet boosters often crow about. And certainly, some important activist groups (such as Rainforest Action Network, www.ran.org, and even BPF, www.bpf.com/bpf) have embraced the Internet as a way to link activists worldwide and disseminate important information. It's well known that the international activism that arose before, during, and after Tiananmen Square was greatly helped by the Chinese government's inability to keep China entirely closed, what with people faxing and e-mailing all over the world.

But one problem with the accessibility of the medium is that it allows complete anonymity. You can post to a bulletin board or run a Web site without any obligation to reveal who you are. It's true—I have no way of identifying the Webmaster at whitepower.com. "Right now, the Internet, in effect, provides stealth technology for bigots, child pornographers and the like," says the Wiesenthal site. "Accountability, not anonymity, should be the operative principle. By demanding personal responsibility and accountability, it may yet be possible to prevent bigots from gaining a free ride in cyberspace." ♦

Denise Caignon is a student of Zen and is the Associate Editor of Turning Wheel.

Don't think that bigots are only illiterate backwoods men, swilling beer in old jalopeys. The skinhead voice is a youthful, sophisticated one.

Metta Sutta (Lovingkindness Meditation)

*This is what should be accomplished by the one who is wise,
Who seeks the good and has obtained peace:
Let one be strenuous, upright and sincere,*

*Without pride, easily contented and joyous.
Let one not be submerged by the things of the world.
Let one not take upon oneself the burden of riches.*

*Let one's senses be controlled.
Let one be wise but not puffed up, and let one not desire great
Possessions, even for one's family.*

*Let one do nothing that is mean
Or that the wise would reprove.
May all beings be happy.
May they be joyous and live in safety.*

*All living beings, whether weak or strong, in high or middle
Or low realms of existence, small or great, visible or invisible,
Near or far, born or to be born, may all beings be happy.*

*Let no one deceive another, nor despise any being in any state;
Let none by anger or hatred wish harm to another.*

*Even as a mother at the risk of her life watches over and
Protects her only child, so with a boundless mind should one
Cherish all living things, suffusing love over the entire world,*

*Above, below, and all around, without limit; so let one cultivate
An infinite good will toward the whole world.*

*Standing or walking, sitting or lying down, during all one's
Waking hours, let one cherish the thought that this way of
Living is the best in the world.*

*Not holding to fixed views, endowed with clear perception,
Freed from sense appetites, one who achieves the way
Will no longer perpetuate endless cycles of suffering
For oneself or others.*

adaptation by Sojun Mel Weitsman

MERHAMET

A LACK OF HATRED IN THE SOUL

by Betsy Blakeslee

Since 1994, I have traveled four times to the former Yugoslavia to sing, draw, and write with refugee children from the war zone. I worked with children who lived in refugee centers on the floors of unheated schools and in former coal cellars. In these dingiest of makeshift temples, I learned about *merhamet*. Buddhists practice loving-kindness; Muslims practice *merhamet*. Bosnian Muslims take quite literally the command in the Koran not to hate. The Bosnian word *merhamet* means a lack of hatred in the soul, a special kind of altruism based in the Islamic religion. Bosnian Muslims learn at a young age that *merhamet* lives in their people. As one widowed mother said, "Merhamet is simply in us, like a tongue or a knee."

Before the war, Bosnian Muslims lived without suspicion of the neighbors who would soon burn their homes and cast them into concentration camps. But would their *merhamet* survive the war? This question would circle back on itself until I asked it of myself. Was there a level of horror my own *merhamet* could not survive?

For several months in 1995 and 1996, I lived in Tuzla—a Bosnian city with a refugee population of 300,000. Despite bombs and a siege during which hardly a fly could enter the city, Tuzla seemed to me a spiritual city. The people of Tuzla built whole villages for Muslim refugees who had been forced from their homes in eastern Bosnia by "ethnic cleansing." Surrounded by growing nationalism and wariness, Tuzla was the only Bosnian city to remain multicultural throughout the war.

During 1993 and 1994, an unemployed Bosnian engineer named Amira Delic collected writing and drawings by Tuzla's refugee children. In 1995, Amira and I glued ourselves to a group of translators and pored over these texts by the light of one naked bulb. (If a household used more than five kilowatts of electricity per day, the names of the residents were read on evening television.) Out of approximately 300 texts collected from refugee children in Tuzla, not one child wrote that he or she hated all Serbs, and only four wrote that they hated Serb soldiers who had expelled

them from their homes. To my astonishment, *merhamet* seemed to have survived the first year of the war.

Selma, a girl from a village taken by Serb nationalists, walked all night with her mother through a forest to Tuzla. Her father was taken to a concentration camp and killed.

SELMA (age 11): *I remember my dear father. He is no longer with us. This damn wind of war took him away. Even now, I can remember his heart, his body, his face, and his green eyes. He was good, too good. "Kindness is the best quality of human beings." I remember my Dad used to say that. I still hold to my father's advice because kindness is the best quality of human beings.*

But soon the war would begin to erode *merhamet*. Early in the war, when children saw killing with their own eyes, they learned to put themselves in a protec-

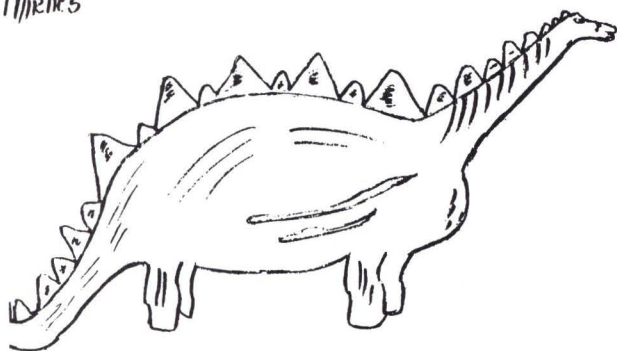
tive daze which the full horror of the war could not penetrate. But by 1995, when Amira Delic and I gathered Muslim refugee children in Tuzla every day to sing, write, and draw, the ugliness of war had begun to break through that glazed-eyed, limp-limbed daze. They began to acknowledge what had happened to them. They were not certain that even their parents could recover from the ugliness of war.

I begged to God for them to shoot me through those doors, to kill me... There was no tomorrow for me. Only death. I wished for only one thing—for death to be fast and easy.

ISAD (age 8): *How can I start to write the story when I can't believe that I'm still alive? I remember where I slept—in forests, in streams. A whole year of my childhood was spent in fear instead of play. The hardest thing was that I had nothing to cover myself with as I slept, except leaves from the trees. My mother used to take her sweater off and cover me and my little brother with it. I had a baby brother 10 days-old. Mother used to put the baby on her knees and sit awake by us all night long. She cried and prayed to God that she would die so she wouldn't have to watch her children suffer any longer. Almost everyone in my family has been captured. Some of them were burned to death; some had their throats cut. There is no piece of paper which could contain all that I've been through.*

One day, Amira and I gave the children the task of writing about hatred. One boy flatly refused. Instead, he drew a dinosaur and wrote the following caption:

MIRNES



MIRNES (age 13): *This animal's name is dinosaur. It lives in foreign lands. This animal is huge, and on first glance, from the outside, ugly.*

Bosnian Muslim children had lost their homes, villages, friends, schools, and family members. They rarely played outdoors because of landmines and snipers. While longing to be children, they were faced with the most difficult questions of life: After betrayal, cruelty, and murder, how does one refuse to be bitter? How rise above the urge to retaliate? Keep a vision of goodness? In the beginning, they dared not feel too much. A curious mixture of faith in their own Muslim people and practices seemed to sustain them. But as the atrocities continued, the number of refugee children who spoke about hatred began to grow.

Their merhamet, tested by the harsh circumstances of war, now teeters on a jut of doubt. Most of the children still distinguish between Serb soldiers and "normal Serbs"—those who stayed in Bosnia during the war and helped defend its multicultural life from Serbian aggression. They fear and sometimes hate Serb soldiers; they merely distrust Serbs. I am touched by the struggle of this young population against bitterness, a struggle begun in the war years which will likely continue their whole lives.

ADINA (age 13): *When all these horrors our young hearts are going through end, I still hope that the beauty which used to be in us will be with us again. We won't go through life blindly anymore.*

NERVRESA (age 13): *Many people in Bosnia hated and they still hate. Bosnians don't hate all people, only those who expelled them from their homes and those who killed the ones they loved most dearly. I, like other Bosnians, only hate the people who banished me from my home. To hate someone is ugly, but it's uglier to expel innocent people from their homes.*

When children watch atrocities, and meanness stands over them, jeering, their innocence is plucked from them. At the age of eight and ten, Bosnian children are already looking back on a childhood that ended when they were hurled into a frightening journey. Their tone

often sounds mature beyond their years. They were forced at gun-point to leave their villages; their fathers or brothers are still missing. It is too soon to expect these children to trust those who committed crimes against their families. They need time to overcome terror, to care about their individual well-being after surviving the genocide of their people. They must somehow learn to live with the tormenting imagery that was engraved in their minds while they were forced to watch torture. And they need to do the seemingly impossible: to integrate the meanness they have seen into their understanding of a world in which they hopefully will want to maintain their merhamet.

AMELA (age 13): *They were there around the house and in the house. Only doors separated us. The distance between us was not more than two meters. I begged to God for them to shoot me through those doors, to kill me. There was a big stone in my stomach. Like never before, I felt my heart beating very fast. There was no tomorrow for me. Only death. I wished for only one thing—for death to be fast and easy.*

MAIDA (age 12): *When I found out I was leaving for Tuzla, leaving my home, my beauty, I started to scream. I regret leaving. I wouldn't care if I had gotten killed. So many others got killed, I wouldn't care if I did too.*

ADMELA (age 10): *When we were captured, they started*

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to dig a hole in which to bury us after they slit our throats. They separated the women and kids from the men. They beat the men, slit their throats, and gouged out their eyes. They beat naked women with chains, axes, and thick wooden sticks, then paraded them naked through the streets. They put so many of us in one room I thought we would suffocate. They closed the shutters over the window so we couldn't see out. There were 450 of us. They said they would cut all our throats. At 5:00 AM, the [Serb soldiers] who held us captive shouted, "Get out of this room. Surrender to your own people. Turn around and go toward the school." Then [these Serb soldiers] shot us in the back. Our people started to scream, "Get back in the house!" We were in the house for 15 minutes. Then, [our Bosnian army] came to free us. They shouted, "Run down the hill close to the houses." This would protect us from enemy fire. I started to scream, "Where is my mother?" I saw my sister in a pool of blood. When I saw my brother dead, I fainted. My mother was wounded. After 11 days, she died.

*After betrayal, cruelty, and murder,
how does one refuse to be bitter?*

Before the war, not hating had been easy.

Omer, a 24-year-old Muslim poet who dated Serbian girls before the war, told me, "We were naive to live by merhamet. We didn't have enough hatred in us to understand that most Serbs believed their government's propaganda about Muslims. This propaganda said we were planning to kill them; it made them hate us. But we didn't hate them and we didn't believe they hated us." He continued in a voice so anguished the pitch wobbled. "We couldn't imagine they were planning a war against us, so we didn't prepare for what was to come. There were hints, but we ignored them."

"What hints?" I asked.

"Just before the war began, Serbian young people sang songs about Serbs living in an ethnically pure Greater Serbia. We thought those songs were a joke." He paused. "We also believed the West would protect us when they learned about the war crimes against our people. Our merhamet did not serve us. It got us killed."

I stared a long time into the pale blue eyes of this emaciated young poet before speaking. "I can't defend the inaction of the West. Like your people, my people the Jews, unarmed and unsuspecting, were killed in World War II by those who hated them. Genocides are usually carried out unchecked."

"Why were your people hated?"

"Maybe the same reason yours are hated. Most people believe propaganda. Words can make people kill.

But there is a more profound issue here. Merhamet is the core of your people's souls. It's what I love about Bosnian Muslims. Something happens once a person watches killing." I hesitated, remembering that Omer had been strolling hand in hand with his girlfriend in Tuzla when a blast tore her from him. He realized why screams filled the square when he saw her arm on the pavement. She was one of 70 young people to die that night on the cobblestones. "Omer, what happened to your merhamet after watching the killing?"

"It writhed." He paused. "I began to question its usefulness. My greatest fear is that the massacre might drive the goodness out of my soul. The war is teaching many Muslims to hate. I don't like this. But our people will be killed if we don't battle the enemy." Omer looked at the floor, a spray of light from one bulb—always one dim bulb—on his smooth skin. As a man and a poet, he knew he must rescue his merhamet. "The purpose of merhamet is not to protect physical survival; its purpose is to protect soul survival."

His bony hands held an anthology of American poetry. "Pick a poem," I said. "I'll correct your pronunciation."

"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood," he began.

As I walked through the square in Tuzla where Omer's girlfriend died, I wondered if my merhamet could have withstood the sight of that massacre, knowing a soldier had aimed a grenade at my people, sent it through the night air, and killed the one I loved most. Omer lacked a home, meaningful work, and money. Even the hills around Tuzla, where he used to walk to restore himself, were now littered with landmines. Not only Omer but the children in Bosnia had no net beneath them but their merhamet.

The last step on the dark journey of the Bosnian people may be a recommitment to merhamet. With this commitment, a vision of goodness is sustained and the urge to retaliate lacks fuel. Without this commitment, hatred—the son of righteous indignation—ossifies into bitterness.

What I learned in Bosnia is that protecting goodness in the midst of cruelty is an overwhelming task. As I entered one hovel after another with song and crayons, I understood how violence tests virtues such as merhamet and loving-kindness. And until we have been tested, our practice of loving-kindness or merhamet has barely begun. ❖

Betsy Blakeslee teaches singing to adults and teens in Oakland, California. In Bosnia, she uses art, music, and writing to help refugee children heal from the war. This article is excerpted from a book in progress whose working title is To Life! A Spiritual Odyssey in Bosnia. For more information or to contribute to her work with Bosnian children, call (510) 253-0462.



Davis TeSelle

Thinking about the people in this floating world
far into the night—
my sleeve is wet with tears.

—*Ryokan*
translated by John Stevens

COMPOSTING HATRED

by David Aiken

I don't remember very much of my childhood. But what I do and don't remember is significant.

I remember being beaten by my father in a variety of ways: spankings with an open hand, bashings, beatings with a broom handle or other wooden implements, being whipped with a whip, and lashed with the old-style electric cords, wrapped in a covering of red woven cloth. I don't remember being a particularly bad child, but I do remember that many of these beatings were for things that my brother had done. Maybe it was just that I was the handiest target. I don't ever remember being hugged or comforted.

I do remember anger, and I remember wanting to kill, to stop the beatings. Genuinely wanting to kill—restrained only by what I perceived at the time as a lack of courage and a fear of what would happen to me if I failed. I guess you could call that hatred.

That was a long time ago. Over the years I've had ample opportunity to express that hatred and add more, as well as to observe the adverse impacts of that hatred on myself and others. I've complained about my childhood and what a hard time I had. I've had one failed marriage and estrangement from a son, and my

current marriage has been imperiled at times.

It's only been in the past few months that I've started to appreciate what a treasure I've been given.

It took years for me to realize that the sinking, gnawing, empty feeling in my stomach that I experienced at times of emotional upset was born in the fear of being beaten; to reach the point of seeing that my pain and suffering—both over what was done to me and what I had done to others—provided the experience necessary to enable me to share the pain of others. Only then could I start to move out of the hurt victim response into looking at the real situation, recognizing the pain that causes others to act in hurtful ways. It doesn't come easy or fast, and it doesn't come pleasant, but it sometimes comes now where it never did before.

It's easy to say negative things about hatred but things are rarely that easy. So, instead, I'll try to say something positive. Hatred isn't nice, and we like to "flush it away" hygienically to keep our emotional lives sanitary. Because of its universality, however, it won't go away and many of us search for avenues to forgiveness and atonement.

We should try not to waste anything and, like that other unsanitary material which we also readily flush away, hatred makes good compost. I'm finding that the only way I can genuinely start to connect with the depths of compassion available to me is to open myself to my own history of personal hatred. Then I can truly "suffer with" those who are currently acting out of hatred and genuinely ask, "How can I act for both of us in this situation?" Compassion for the aggressor is a different task than compassion for the victim, and initially much less satisfying. Yet we are all the aggressor.

I'm starting to see that one of the ways I can reduce the amount of present and future hatred in the world is to work with my own, transforming it as I do so. If I don't, I will definitely end up adding more. I will also be ignoring my own treasure house. ♦

David Aiken has been practicing Zen for nine years. He sits with the Everyday Zen Group in Brisbane, Australia and is exploring elements of metta meditation in his daily practice.



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DEALING WITH THE ANGER CAUSED BY RACISM

by Robin Hart

I need to find a way to deal with my anger at racism before it overwhelms me. I behave in a civilized manner. I don't scream at or beat or kill anyone, but anger festers within me, keeping me from being aware of my own potential.

Buddhism provides concrete methods to deal with anger, but it's difficult to practice the precepts while under constant attack. I think of the Zen Buddhist story about traveling monks who were suddenly confronted by assailants. One monk chose to sit and meditate while the others ran off. His screams as he was murdered were heard a great distance away. This is my dilemma, too. In moments of crisis, how is Buddhism practiced?

I am an African American female, raised in a two-parent home by college-educated parents. I was always taught that education was primary and that my potential was unlimited if I achieved academic success. I went to the best schools, graduating from Mills College and Georgetown University Law Center. I worked as a congressional aide in Washington, D. C. and as an attorney at a San Francisco law firm. I am presently a student at the Pacific School of Religion, one of the top-rated theological schools in the nation.

I would say that at each successive level of my advancement, the racism I experienced became more intense. It started in high school when I left my all-Black junior high school and went into a mainly white environment. It got worse at Mills College. Subsequently, I was shocked to find racism among the progressive whites in my radical African-American congressman's office. Yet, all of my previous experience did not compare with the degradation I went through every single day at my law firm. I was the only African American out of approximately 200 attorneys. Despite the fact that I made an extra effort to dress in a professional manner, always wearing quality suits, silk blouses, and gold jewelry, I was constantly mistaken as a secretary and treated rudely and with little respect. When I walked into a partner's office I was often asked with a scowl, "What do you want?" When I identified myself and the legal rationale for entering the office, an apology soon followed.

I recognize that general statements don't apply to every white person. However, I make such assertions

consciously to enable the white reader to feel what Black people always feel. We are judged as a whole by the actions of the worst of us, while the best of us are seen as exceptions.

After I left the law firm, I took time to heal myself. I exercised and meditated, read enjoyable books, and spent time with my family and friends. In the fall of last year, I entered theology school in good spirits. I was friendly, positive, and eager to start anew in what I thought would be an environment of spiritually-minded people living in harmony with themselves, others, and the universe. But even here, racist comments were common from people who consider themselves to be non-racist. For example, a white woman in class talked about her relationship with a Black man and called him all kinds of names. After class, she came to me and wanted to know if I had any problem with what she had said. I felt that she should have gone to the white

people in the class and asked them if *they* had any problems. What I actually said to her was that she might look inside of herself to find the answer to her question. She got very upset and never spoke to me again. When white people believe they are themselves free of racism, it

becomes impossible even to dialogue with them about racism because of their denial. Just to hint at the existence of racism brings anger down on the head of the one making the assertion.

As a result, during my second semester, I became increasingly withdrawn. I grew tired of explaining, educating, compromising, accommodating, being silent in the face of ignorance, smiling in public, and crying in private. There grew within me a feeling of hopelessness. Thus far, I have been around many different types of white people—those who think of themselves as progressive, conservative, corporate, and, now, spiritual. This broad exposure has caused me to finally acknowledge that racism is so prominent, even among those who mean to act otherwise, that I cannot imagine its demise. For me, this means that, despite my parents' best hopes and dreams for their educated daughter, I will never achieve the equality expected by all residents of the United States. That potential will always be threatened by people who view me first and foremost as someone who is less than, a liability, a threat, and somebody to hate and despise. The beautiful gift of my African-American heritage is not a tradi-

*I am tired of being angry.
I am tired of
hatred and bitterness.*

tional means to success in this society.

Yet, I know within the depths of my consciousness that I am limitless in my ability to create all that I need and desire. I know that I could not survive, and my people could not have survived the horrors inflicted upon us, but for some invincible power within each and every one of us that enables us to persevere. But I have allowed myself to believe that all of my power emanates from without. That is the source of my anger: they won't give me; they won't let me; they deny me opportunities; they are in control; I control nothing.

Buddhism teaches that anger is one of the Three Fires, also called the Three Poisons (desire, anger or aversion, and delusion). As long as I feel anger, I cannot experience *anatta*, or No-Self. It's not possible for me to immediately eradicate my anger, but I can work to loosen its hold on me. It's important for me to realize that I do not *have* anger. Anger has *me*, if it is affecting my life in such a way that I cannot think clearly and my aspirations are diminished.

Buddhism teaches that life is marked by impermanence. We go from state to state throughout the day and throughout our lives. I wake up in the morning refreshed from a good night's sleep. On the way to class I become annoyed because I smile and say "good morning!" to someone who looks directly at me and walks past without speaking. At the library, I am happy to find the book that is perfect for my research. In the afternoon, I simmer with anger because I walk into a store and am stopped for setting off the alarm, while the two white people simultaneously going out of the store are ignored. This is the Wheel upon which we go around and around every minute, every hour, every day, year after year.

The cause of our suffering is desire. We strive for what we think will make us happy or rich or free. Many African Americans believe that achieving a certain economic status will make us immune to racism. We work hard to assimilate into the dominant culture. Wanting to feel equal, we buy beautiful clothes, cars, and houses. We travel and interact with various people and cultures, always seeking to go beyond the limitations imposed by a society that refuses to acknowledge our worth and ignores our achievements. When, after all of this, we still do not receive the respect we deserve, we become angry, and this anger is only another aspect of desire. But for the thirst to be equal, to be free, to be respected, there would be no anger.

Yet how can I not desire decent housing, quality education, and the right to make a living based upon

my skill and potential? How can I not be angry at a system of justice that puts my brothers in prison for life for selling a packet of crack, but ignores white corporate thieves, or releases incarcerated white child molesters again and again until they finally commit one murder too many? Every single day I am treated as though I have no intelligence, no feelings, as though my checks are automatically suspect, as though I am a thief, a non-entity, as though my opinions have no worth, as though I am not competent—I could fill this page, but I will stop. And I am an educated, trained attorney with over a decade's experience in the political arena of Washington, D.C. What must a non-educated, un- or underemployed young Black man experience? What must he feel?

Is it enough to tell us to meditate, to focus on our breath? It's one thing to meditate in a peaceful retreat or monastery somewhere, preaching love and compassion. It's quite another matter to talk the Buddhist talk while getting beaten over the head. Where can Black people go to get away from the madness that engulfs us?

On an intellectual level, I tell myself that white people are suffering. If people are truly at peace, they do not have the inclination to cause pain to others. I know that some people

are responding to their own insecurities when they put me down; they must assert a false superiority over me. At times, I can have the compassion that is the ideal of Buddhist practice, but even never-ending rain will wear down a stone.

I am tired of being angry. I am tired of hatred and bitterness. I am tired of living in pain. White people are on the Wheel, too. We are all propelling it. It doesn't matter why we are on it. We are on it, going around and around to nowhere.

Buddhism teaches that one should neither give in to the anger nor deny it. Buddhist practice is to be aware of the anger itself. This is a very difficult concept. Most African Americans feel at ease when they are not in a racist environment, but even if racism did not exist, anger would still exist. And learning to work with our anger is constructive.

Viewing racism from this perspective allows African Americans to experience our struggles as mental and spiritual conditioning similar to the constructive pain that an Olympic athlete goes through to develop the kind of muscular, strong, efficient body capable of bringing home the gold. It is with the strength developed by practicing in adverse conditions and with scarce resources that Black athletes are able to excel in sports.

In *Peace Is Every Step*, Thich Nhat Hanh writes,

It's one thing to meditate in a peaceful monastery somewhere, preaching love and compassion.

It's quite another matter to talk the Buddhist talk while getting beaten over the head.

When we are angry, we are not usually inclined to return to ourselves. We want to think about the person who is making us angry, to think about his hateful aspects—his rudeness, dishonesty, cruelty, maliciousness, and so on. The more we think about him, listen to him, or look at him, the more our anger flares. His dishonesty and hatefulness may be real, imaginary, or exaggerated, but, in fact, the root of the problem is the anger itself, and we have to come back and look first of all inside ourselves. It is best if we do not listen to or look at the person whom we consider to be the cause of our anger. Like a fireman, we have to pour water on the blaze first and not waste time looking for the one who set the house on fire.

We must transform the energy of anger into an energy of empowerment and love.

Insight meditation is practiced to develop the ability to see without reacting to the whole process of our life experience. When one is able to see with balanced, clear observation, one develops insight and wisdom and is able to see things as they really are. Maybe we see that the people persecuting us have serious emotional problems or that their status in life is not as secure as we first thought. From a victim's viewpoint, sometimes we get so used to living in a cage that when the cage is removed we are still bound by the bars of our minds. Insight meditation helps us to see this.

For a long while I felt that I was not getting anything from meditation. Nothing was changing in my life. My mind was constantly wandering; I could rarely focus it on one object. One day while walking around Lake Merritt in Oakland, I noticed that I kept clenching my hand. Repeatedly, a fist would form unconsciously. I believe that I became aware of this movement because, through meditation, I had continuously focused on being aware of my body and, finally, the training took effect in this one small instance.

It took many months just to form this one awareness. This is why mindfulness is to be cultivated. There is no quick result. The harvest does not occur immediately after the seeds are planted. I now watch for the emergence of that tension and and patiently track its origin. An alternative to vipassana is to continue to be angry, anxious and tense. I want to move away from these states of mind; thus, I am willing to pursue the path of insight meditation.

Mindfulness involves looking at life the way a scientist observes a specimen. When being mindful of the breath, one need not say, "I am breathing hard. I must relax." One merely observes the breath without making any judgment, just taking an interest in how it works. Learning to observe the breath in this way will enable a person, one day, to be similarly mindful about the people, circumstances, and conditions which seem

to cause anger.

In examining anger, one must try to see clearly how it arose and what causes it. Watch to see how and when it disappears. Try not to have any subjective reaction. This is a discipline, just like lifting weights. At first, one can only lift two pounds. Later, one may be able to lift 50. I practice this new discipline in minor, day-to-day situations. I don't yet have the ability to observe my anger when the racism is acutely painful, but this is all right; the seeds are planted.

In a process I call "tracing back," I notice my anger in a particular situation and keep asking myself, "Why did that upset you?" I answer myself, "Because she thinks I took the book." "Did you take the book?" "No." "Then why are you upset? Do you think she thinks you took it because you're Black?" "Probably." "Are you sure that's the reason?" "No." "Even if it is, is that your problem or hers? How does her thought affect your life at this moment?" My self-conversation usually results in my feeling that the issue is not worth my time, and my anger subsides. For instance, I ponder whether it is more productive to take a few minutes to respond calmly to a false accusation than it is to enter into a major argument about how wrong the person is and then to be upset the rest of the day? By not reacting, sometimes I discover that the situation causing the anger is not about me at all. This is not to discount the

people and the situations that indeed cause pain and oppression, but if I continue to match their energy, I remain on the Wheel of Change. I seek to grow beyond these conditions.

My anger many times has its roots in the past. If I had no memory of the history of my people or of white people, or of the oppression in the world, I probably would not have half the perceptions that make me angry. This leads to another very important aspect of mindfulness: being in the present. Ven. Ajahn Sumedho writes:

My anger many times has its roots in the past. If I had no memory of the history of my people or of white people, or of the oppression in the world, I probably would not have half the perceptions that make me angry. This leads to another very important aspect of mindfulness: being in the present. Ven. Ajahn Sumedho writes:

*Yesterday is a memory.
Tomorrow is the unknown.
Now is the knowing.*

If I did not seek to be free, I would not be angry at those who put obstacles in my way. I would say, "This moment, I am free to walk and to see. I have a mind to think. Today, I have a roof over my head and enough food to eat."

I believe that, because of racism, I did not develop into the lawyer that I expected to become; but ten years from now I may say that, because of racism, I became the writer that I never thought I would be.

(Continued on page 34)

Sometimes we get so used to living in a cage that when the cage is removed we are still bound by the bars of our minds.

Peacemaking When a Marriage Ends: NOTES OF A DIVORCE MEDIATOR

by Phillip Ziegler

"The hell you will! The kids will live with me. They need their mother. You wanted this damned divorce. You moved out and left them, and now you say you want them half the time? Over my dead body!"

Rachel, even in her rage, can't hold back the tears. Across from her, Stephen, his jaw set, grips the notepad he brought to the mediation session, and glares at her, immovable. "I'm their father. I love those kids as much as you do. They need to be with me, too. This is *exactly* why I left; you always think you're right. Well this time I'm not giving in. If you won't agree to 50-50, I'm going to court and the hell with this mediation."

Shifting slightly in my chair, I take a deep breath. It helps me settle and gets their attention. Rachel and Stephen both turn toward me. "I know you're both pretty upset right now. You're both going through a really tough time. You're hurt and angry. The thought of losing your children is more than either of you can bear.

"But neither of you will lose them. What your children will need in the future is to have two loving parents actively involved in their lives and working respectfully together as co-parents. And since you both do want to be actively involved in their lives, any parenting plan that will be acceptable to both of you will have to provide that. So, rather than argue from your fixed positions, let's see if you can't work together to come up with some options that will meet both of your interests and make sure your children have the best of their mom and dad in the future."

I've been practicing psychotherapy for over 20 years. I've worked with hundreds of couples who came to me hoping to save their troubled marriages. My experience tells me that it's not conflict itself—because conflict is inevitable in any long-term relationship—but the inability to *deal* with conflict that destroys a marriage. Much of our time during the therapy hour is spent learning and practicing collaborative problem-solving around the common trouble areas: money, household tasks, sex, child rearing practices, and differences in values and personal style. Unless the partners are able to change their conflict resolution dynamics, there is little hope for the relationship.

What are some of the patterns that commonly get

couples into trouble? The first is the use of power by one partner to control the other: one partner uses coercion, threats, and intimidation to control the other, who tends to submit out of fear. A second pattern is one marked by constant fighting, blaming, and criticizing on both sides, a battle of wills with neither side giving in. In these marriages the partners are always arguing over which of them is right, which of them has the facts straight or the better moral position. A third and often less obvious pattern is silent withdrawal and distancing, often accompanied by one or both partners getting over-involved with the children, work, or some outside relationship or activity.

At the base of our inability to resolve conflict effectively is the dualistic mind. Just as attachment and aversion cause suffering in life in general, in intimate relationships these habits of mind are the primary instruments by which love can be turned to hatred. When intimate partners, driven by dualistic thinking, rely on the behaviors described above to resolve their differences, the relationship ceases to be a source of comfort, joy and intimacy. As a marital therapist my job is to help couples find a way to resolve or at

*It's not conflict itself—
because conflict is inevitable in
any long-term relationship—
but the inability to deal with
conflict that destroys a marriage.*

least manage the conflicts that have been threatening their relationship.

But not all marriages can be saved. Partners in troubled marriages naturally experience ambivalent feelings about each other and the relationship. So long as both partners still want the relationship more than they want out, we can work to turn things around. But when one of the partners moves across the line and wants to end the marriage, there is usually no turning back. When that happens, couples face the challenge of bringing their marriage to an end and preparing for the future. And where there are children involved, that future will include sharing the parenting function for the rest of their lives.

In the past few years I have been doing divorce mediation work to help couples not to rebuild their marriages but to dissolve them in ways that are healing and constructive. I have been drawn to this work for several reasons. For one thing, it has given me a chance to combine my legal background (I practiced law for a few years before becoming a therapist) with my experience as a marital therapist. My own divorce in the early '70s and my subsequent experiences of a blended family have also been motivating factors. Working with

recovering addicts, I learned that in the middle of crises and in moments of utter hopelessness, people often undergo profound personal transformations, if they find support and guidance. Finally, in my efforts to address my own quick temper, I have developed a life-long interest in the nature of conflict and how to resolve it nonviolently.

I like to think that such work is a form of right livelihood. Divorcing couples come to mediation with long threads of bitterness, tension, and misunderstanding. Both partners have hurt and been hurt. My job is to help them set the past aside, recognizing that they can never work out all the issues and differences that destroyed the marriage. Rather than looking into the past, mediation is forward-looking. The old marriage is dying.

The metaphor of the *bardo* comes to mind. In the Tibetan Buddhist tradition it is said that when a person dies, he or she passes through a series of stages from the moment of leaving the body until reentering the material world in another body. The *bardo* is the name given to this process. While the spirit or consciousness is in the *bardo*, it is confronted by all sorts of images, forces, and demons; the challenge is to keep moving through all the distractions. The journey through the *bardo* is an opportunity to clear out old karma in preparation for the next life.

So, too, the period between the moment one spouse announces the decision to separate and the time both spouses are engaged in their new post-divorce lives is a kind of *bardo*. Now is the time when some of the karmic burden of the marriage can be cleared away and a new course established for the next phase of life. And for this to happen, the couple needs to maintain a clear focus on the goal of moving beyond the fights and misunderstandings of the past.

Working with couples in this transitional stage, I try to help both spouses turn fear into trust, and anger into for-

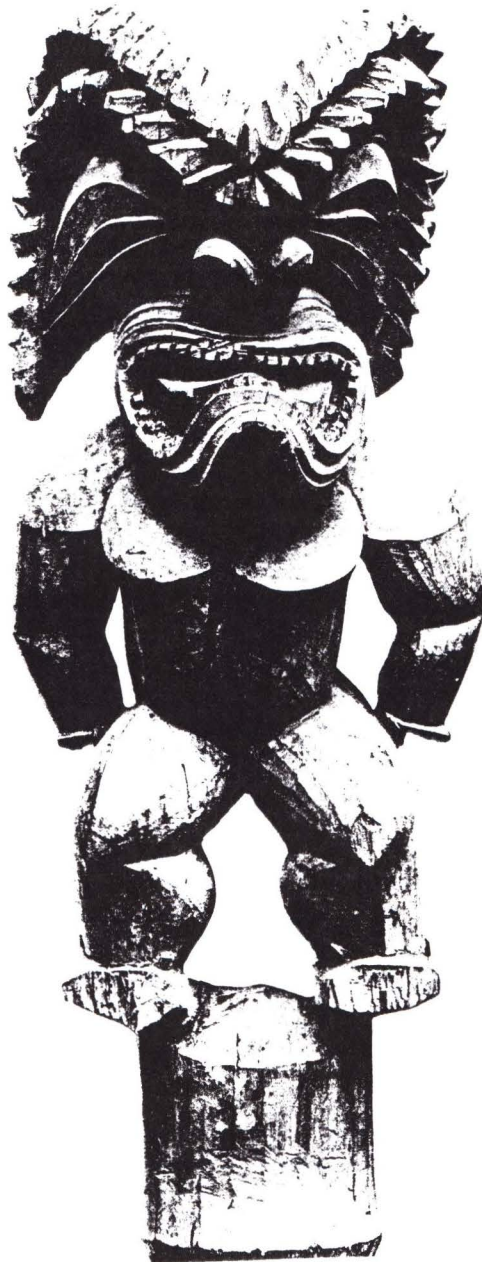
giveness. This is the time to prevent anger from becoming hatred. Divorce mediation does not rebuild romantic love, of course, but it can foster *agape*, the kind of love F. Scott Peck spoke about in *The Road Less Traveled*. He described love not as an emotion but as an attitude and a way of acting in which one puts aside one's personal

desires in favor of attending to the spiritual growth of oneself and the other person. When divorcing spouses take steps that reflect this kind of love, it is always a moving experience—for them and for me. It does not happen in all mediations, but the fact that it happens at all during such a painful, frightening and conflict-ridden crisis seems miraculous.

Stephen and Rachel came to me for divorce mediation because they were referred by Rachel's therapist. After years in marital therapy, Stephen announced that he wanted to end the marriage. Rachel was surprised at first by how little reaction she had to Stephen's announcement. But a few weeks later, when Stephen actually found an apartment, Rachel began exploding with rage. All she could think about was how to punish him for abandoning her and the children. She was terrified at the prospect of living as a single mother trying to raise small children alone. Stephen felt guilty about the pain his children and Rachel were going through, but he was determined to try for what he hoped would be a happier, more fulfilling life.

When couples come for an exploratory interview, I want to make certain they, or at least one of them, is really ready to go forward toward divorce. Usually, one partner wants to

go ahead and the other wants to save the marriage. Part of my role in helping the parties prepare for mediation is to help the resistant partner to face the painful truth that a marriage cannot be saved if one partner wants it to end. It takes two to make a marriage work; it only takes one to end it. Once Rachel could admit that the marriage was over, she was ready to choose



mediation rather than the adversarial process, so that she, too, would have some power to shape the arrangements for the future.

Rachel and Stephen had no major conflicts over support or property. However, when we got to the issues of custody and parenting plans, things got tough. This is not unusual. Parents often confuse their personal wants with the best interests of the children. I try to help them step back and look behind their positions and arguments to their underlying concerns. When disputants are able to make this shift, they can begin working together to create solutions that address the real needs of all family members.

Stephen broke down in tears when he could finally admit that, even though he no longer wanted to be married to Rachel, it was terribly painful to think their

They fashioned their future parenting relationship as they were bringing their marital relationship to an end.

marriage was really ending. Rachel could begin to express compassion for Stephen and reassure him that even though she sometimes felt punitive she wanted him to have a good relationship with their children.

Then, when Rachel spoke of her concern that their three-year-old daughter was too young to be away from her mother for a week at a time, Stephen was able to acknowledge that it might be best for them to develop a graduated plan for their daughter. In the end, they came up with a plan that insured that the children would have regular time with both parents, tailored to the needs of each child. This was the first time in many years that Rachel and Stephen worked collaboratively to solve a difficult problem. Sometimes the process was stormy, but both of them felt proud of what they had accomplished. They had fashioned the foundation for their future parenting relationship as they were bringing their marital relationship to an end.

Had Stephen and Rachel not chosen mediation, each would probably have hired an attorney. Attorneys, because that is their job, work hard to get their clients the best possible deal. Few divorce cases actually go to court; over 90 percent settle through attorney negotiations. But long before a divorce case reaches trial, it often becomes an adversarial process and the result is, in most cases, that the parties' relationship gets worse. The adversarial system reflects and fosters dualistic thinking, with its reliance on the use of power. This way of thinking is often what leads to the deterioration of the relationship in the first place.

Another limitation of the adversarial system is its inability to provide a means by which the divorcing spouses can begin to put the past behind them.

Divorce is very much an emotional process. If the spouses divorce legally without ever addressing the emotional issues, harmful patterns of thinking and behaving will continue to shape their interactions with each other and will most likely plague their future relationships with others. By choosing mediation, Rachel and Stephen accomplished much more than simply avoiding the expense of attorneys and the public exposure of a court battle. By struggling, negotiating, talking and listening, they grew as individuals. They practiced articulating their needs without demeaning the other person. They began to respect each other again.

On the last day we met, as we were saying good bye, Stephen reflected on his new relationship with Rachel: "We are like two ball players who don't like each other very much right now. But we play for the same team. While we might not have much to do with each other off the field, on the field we have to pull together if the team is going to have a good season."

Mahatma Gandhi used to tell reporters that he loved to be in a good fight. Once he sensed that they were suitably confused by this comment coming from a man known for his unswerving dedication to peace, he would explain. A good fight provided him the greatest opportunity for learning about his limitations, and for uncovering the innate human capacity for patience in troubled times, and for love even in the midst of conflict. ♦

Phillip Ziegler, J.D., M.F.C.C., practices individual, marital and family therapy in Oakland, California. He is a divorce mediator and directs Turning Point Family Mediation Services, also in Oakland. He is former Training Director of the San Francisco Community Boards Conflict Mediation Program and currently teaches divorce mediation in the Continuing Education Program at John F. Kennedy University in Orinda, California. He is a long-time meditator and holds the rank of Nidan in aikido.

(Anger, continued from page 31)

Who knows? If it is the latter, then I have wasted a lot of time being angry. Insight meditation enables me to see the bigger picture. Right now, this minute, I am doing what I want to do.

Buddhism allows me to be where I am right this moment. I do not have to condemn or approve of my anger and pain. Neither do I have to deny these feelings. I can simply be with them, observing their rising and falling, their impact upon me and others.

I can observe my anger at a safe distance from my "assailants." I may interact more closely with them when my strength develops to the point where I can be among them without pain. Right now, I see the worth of Buddhist practice, of being aware of my body, my breath, and my pain. This is where I start. ♦

Robin Hart is a freelance writer and empowerment workshop facilitator. She is currently completing a Master of Arts at Pacific School of Religion.

JONAH

by Anne Herbert

I'd like to tell you about Jonah, the guy who lives in the Bible about halfway between Elijah and Luke. A lot of people think Jonah is the story of a man and his whale. That's not actually true. Jonah is the story about the exhilarating feeling you get when you discover someone who is really more morally reprehensible than you are. Jonah discovered that joy, and Jonah's basic thing was hating Ninevites. Ninevites lived far away from him, and he'd never met any of them but he had a lot of data about them.

Now, hating Ninevites was not like hating Jews, Catholics, Black people, etc. Hating Ninevites was like hating American Nazis, builders of nuclear reactors, and tuna fishermen. It was rational, well-researched hatred based on the actual behavior of the hatees. Jonah had a lot of data on Ninevites, and he was building a career on them. He had just had a story about the relationship of the Ninevites, the Mobil Oil Corporation and saccharine on the cover of *Mother Jones*. He was hitting the Junior College circuit with a speech about the Ninevites, and he was hoping to make the Ivy League soon.

So he was not surprised when one day God came to him to talk to him about the Ninevites. He had never spoken to God before, and he wasn't really a God groupie, but he figured God knew who the expert was, right? So God came to Jonah, and said, "Jonah, I'm going to destroy all the Ninevites." And Jonah said, "Wow, you must have read my article." And God said, "Before I destroy them, I want to warn them. It seems only fair. Since you know so much about them, I want you to go to Nineveh and tell them I'm going to destroy them, so they'll have a chance to change their ways and save themselves." And Jonah said, "No way in hell. I don't want to go there; they're creepy people, and besides that, what if they change?"

So Jonah took off. He took the Greyhound bus to the most distant point available, only it wasn't a Greyhound bus at that point in time, it was a boat. He got on the boat, and he thought he would skip town, and all would be cool. He did not know that he was dealing with a whole-earth God.

God followed him in the boat and started a very large sea storm. The captain of the boat was extremely upset about the sea storm. He was an experienced captain who knew a theological sea storm when he saw one. So he said, "Someone on this boat is not on speaking terms with their God. Let's draw lots and see who." Jonah said, "Ah, we don't need to do that; I'm the one.

I'll jump overboard because it seems like that's the only way I'm going to win my fight with God."

Now it turned out that God knew, as well as any civil rights legislator knows, that the only way to overcome hatred is with brute force. And God doesn't give up easy. So when Jonah jumped over the side of the boat, God had a whale there to catch him. Jonah landed in the whale, stayed in the whale with the rotting fish and the whale digestive juices for three days. Jonah was a stubborn man of principle—it took 72 hours of an unusual smell for him to change his mind, but finally he said, "Oh, heck, God, I'll go to Nineveh." So the whale barfed him up on the shore near Nineveh, and he headed for the world capital of badness.

Now, when he got to Nineveh, he was pleased to see that everything he'd ever thought about Nineveh was true. I mean they were right there on the streets using sweatshop labor to run a nuclear reactor that made neutron bombs, whale trawlers, and saccharine. Naturally, he was appalled. He got into his street beggar mode, which he had once used to support his Ninevite research, and he started saying things in a way that not many people would hear. He shuffled down the street, leaned against the walls, and muttered, "Repent.

Repent. In forty days you will be destroyed if you don't repent." You had to be walking right by him to hear him, but the very first person who happened to walk by him happened to be bored with his job as a nuclear reactor janitor and he said, "Wow, you're right, this is really awful. Let's all repent."

And that guy started yelling Jonah's message and it turned out that a lot of people were bored with their jobs as neutron bombardiers and saccharine cane cutters, and they went to the president of the country and said, "We've been gross and awful and we're going to repent and you have to, too." They put on sackcloth and ashes; they turned their nuclear reactor into a solar generator and they all planted organic gardens, and Jonah was *pissed*. He was just furious, and he said, "OK, God, are you gonna be conned by these hypocrites? Do you think because they're behaving different they're better?" And God said, "Fraid so. Behavior counts. You lose."

So Jonah stomped to a hill outside of town and sat under a tree praying for the Ninevites to show their true nature and for God to fry them alive. And all that happened was that God destroyed the tree Jonah was sitting under so he was exposed and got sunburn. Jonah said, "God, how come you've destroyed this tree? This tree never did nothing." He did a ten-minute rap about the tree and how trees are important and you can't just destroy them for no reason. And

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God came to Jonah, and said, "Jonah, I'm going to destroy all the Ninevites." And Jonah said, "Wow, you must have read my article."

GETTING OUT OF THE KLAN

An Interview with "C.P." Ellis

by Studs Terkel

We're in his office in Durham, North Carolina. He is the business manager of the International Union of Operating Engineers. On the wall is a plaque: "Certificate of Service, in recognition to C.P. Ellis, for your faithful service to the city in having served as a member of the Durham Human Relations Council, February 1977."

At one time, he had been president (exalted cyclops) of the Durham chapter of the Ku Klux Klan.

He is fifty-three years old.

My father worked in a textile mill in Durham. He died at forty-eight years old. It was probably from cotton dust. Back then, we never heard of brown lung. I was about seventeen years old and had a mother and sister depending on somebody to make a livin'. It was just barely enough insurance to cover his burial. I had to quit school and go to work. I was about eighth grade when I quit.

My father worked hard but never had enough money to buy decent clothes. When I went to school, I never seemed to have adequate clothes to wear. I always left school late afternoon with a sense of inferiority. The other kids had nice clothes, and I just had what Daddy could buy. I still got some of those inferiority feelin's now that I have to overcome once in a while.

I loved my father. He would go with me to ball games. We'd go fishin' together. I was really ashamed of the way he'd dress. He would take this money and give it to me instead of putting it on himself. I always had the feeling about somebody looking at him and makin' fun of him and makin' fun of me. I think it had to do somethin' with my life.

My father and I were very close, but we didn't talk about too many intimate things. He did have a drinking problem. During the week, he would work every day, but weekend he was ready to get plastered. I can understand when a guy looks at his paycheck and looks at his bills, and he's worked hard all the week, and his bills are larger than his paycheck. He'd done the best he could the entire week, and there seemed to be no hope. It's an illness thing. Finally, you just say: "The heck with it. I'll just get drunk and forget it."

My father was out of work during the depression, and I remember going with him to the finance compa-

ny uptown, and he was turned down. That's something that's always stuck.

My father never seemed to be happy. It was a constant struggle with him just like it was for me. It's very seldom I'd see him laugh. He was just tryin' to figure out what he could do from one day to the next.

After several years pumping gas at a service station, I got married. We had to have children. Four. One child was born blind and retarded, which was a real additional expense to us. He's never spoken a word. He doesn't know me when I go to see him. But I see him, I hug his neck. I talk to him, tell him I love him. I don't know whether he knows me or not, but I know he's well taken care of. All my life, I had work, never a day without work, worked all the overtime I could get and still could not survive financially. I began to say there's somethin' wrong with this country. I worked my butt off and just never seemed to break even.

I was workin' a bread route. The highest I made one week was seventy-five dollars. The rent on our house was about twelve dollars a week.

I left the bread route with fifty dollars in my pocket. I went to the bank and I borrowed four thousand dollars to buy the service station. I worked seven days a week, open and close, and finally had a heart attack. Just about two months before the last payments of that loan. My wife had done the best she could to keep it runnin'. Tryin' to come out of that hole, I just couldn't do it.

I really began to get bitter. I didn't know who to blame. I tried to find somebody. I began to blame it on black people. I had to hate somebody. Hatin' America is hard to do because you can't see it to hate it. You gotta have somethin' to look at to hate. (Laughs.) The natural person for me to hate would be black people, because my father before me was a member of the Klan. As far as he was concerned, it was the savior of the white people. It was the only organization in the world that would take care of white people. So I began to admire the Klan.

I got active in the Klan while I was at the service station. The first night I went with the fellas, they knocked on the door and gave the signal. They sent some robed Klansmen to talk to me and give me some instructions. I was led into a large meeting room, and this was the time of my life! It was thrilling. Here's a guy who's worked all his life and struggled all his life to be some-

I had to hate somebody. Hatin' America is hard because you can't see it to hate it. You gotta have somethin' to look at to hate. The natural person for me to hate would be black people.

thing, and here's the moment to be something. I will never forget it. Four robed Klansmen led me into the hall. The lights were dim, and the only thing you could see was an illuminated cross. I knelt before the cross. I had to make certain vows and promises. We promised to uphold the purity of the white race, fight communism, and protect white womanhood.

After I had taken my oath, there was a loud applause goin' throughout the buildin', musta been at least four hundred people. For this one little ol' person. It was a thrilling moment for C.P. Ellis. I joined the Klan, went from member to chaplain, from chaplain to vice-president, and from vice-president to president. The title is exalted cyclops.

It disturbs me when people who don't really know what it's all about are so very critical of individual Klansmen. The majority of 'em are low-income whites, people who really don't have a part in something. They have been shut out as well as the blacks. Some are not very well educated either. Just like myself.

I can understand why people join extreme right-wing or left-wing groups. They're in the same boat as I was. Shut out. Deep down inside, we want to be part of this great society. Nobody listens. so we join these groups.

I organized a youth group for the Klan. I had a call one night from one of our kids. He was about twelve. He said: "I just been robbed downtown by two niggers." I'd had a couple of drinks and that really teed me off. I go downtown and couldn't find the kid. I got worried. I saw two young black people. I had the .32 revolver with me. I said: "Nigger, you seen a little young white boy up here? I just got a call from him and was told that some niggers robbed him of fifteen cents." I pulled my pistol out and put it right at his head. I said: "I've always wanted to kill a nigger and I think I'll make you the first one." I nearly scared the kid to death, and he struck off.

This was the time when the civil rights movement was really beginnin' to peak. The blacks were beginnin' to demonstrate and picket downtown stores. I never will forget some black lady I hated with a purple passion. Ann Atwater. Every time I'd go downtown, she'd be leadin' a boycott. How I hated—pardon the expression, I don't use it much now—how I just hated that black nigger. (Laughs.) Big , fat, heavy woman. Her

and I have had some pretty close confrontations.

I felt very big, yeah. (Laughs.) We're more or less a secret organization. We didn't want anybody to know who we were, and I began to do some thinkin'. What am I hidin' for? I've never been convicted of anything in my life. I don't have any court record. What am I, C.P. Ellis, as a citizen and a member of the United Klansmen of America? Why can't I go to the city council meeting and say: "This is the way we feel about the matter? We don't want you to purchase mobile units to set in our schoolyards. We don't want any niggers in our schools."

We began to come out in the open. We would go to the meetings, and the blacks would be there and we'd be there. I didn't hold back anything. We began to make some inroads with the city councilmen and county commissioners.

They began to call us friend. Call us at night on the telephone: "C.P., glad you came to the meeting last night." They didn't want integration either, but they did it secretly, in order to get elected. They couldn't stand up openly and say it, but they were glad that somebody was sayin' it. We visited some of the city

leaders in their home and talk to 'em privately. It wasn't long before councilmen would call me up: "The blacks are comin' up tonight and makin' outrageous demands. How about some of you people showin' up and have a little balance?" I'd get on the telephone: "The niggers is comin' to the council meeting tonight. Persons in the city's called me and asked us to be there."

We'd load up our cars and we'd fill up half the council chambers, and the blacks the other half. During these times, I carried weapons to the meetings, outside my belt. We'd go there armed. We would wind up just hollerin' and fussin' at each other. What happened? As a result of our fightin' one another, the city council still had their way. They didn't want to give up control to the blacks nor the Klan. They were usin' us.

I began to realize this later down the road. One day I was walkin' downtown and a certain city council member saw me comin'. I expected him to shake my hand because he was talkin' to me at night on the telephone. I had been in his home and visited with him. He crossed the street. I thought: Bullshit, you're not going to use me any more.

The same thing is happening in this country today. People are being used by those in control, those who



Claiborne Paul "C.P." Ellis and Ann Atwater in the early 1970s when they co-chaired a committee to confront problems associated with court-ordered desegregation in Durham, North Carolina

have all the wealth. I'm not espousing communism. We got the greatest system of government in the world. But those who have it simply don't want those who don't have it to have any part of it. Black and white. When it comes to money, the green, the other colors make no difference. (Laugh.)

I spent a lot of sleepless nights. I still didn't like blacks. I didn't want to associate with 'em. Blacks, Jews, or Catholics. My father said: "Don't have anything to do with 'em." I didn't until I met a black person and talked with him, eyeball to eyeball, and met with a Jewish person and talked to him, eyeball to eyeball. I found out they're people just like me. They cried, they cussed, they prayed, they had desires. Just like myself. Thank God, I got to the point where I can look past labels. But at that time my mind was closed.

I remember one Monday night Klan meeting. I said something was wrong. Our city fathers were using us. And I didn't like to be used. The reactions of the others was not too pleasant: "Let's just keep fightin' them niggers."

I'd go home at night and I'd have to wrestle with myself. I'd look at a black person walkin' down the street, and the guy'd have ragged shoes or his clothes would be worn. That began to do somethin' to me inside. I went through this for about six months. I felt I just had to get out of the Klan. But I wouldn't get out.

Then something happened. The state AFL-CIO received a grant from the Department of HEW, a \$78,000 grant: how to solve racial problems in the school system. I got a telephone call from the president of the state AFL-CIO. "We'd like to get some people together from all walks of life." I said: "All walks of life? Who you talkin' about?" He said: "Blacks, whites, liberals, conservatives, Klansmen, NAACP people."

I said: "No way am I comin' with all those niggers. I'm not gonna be associated with those type of people." A white Citizens Council guy said: "Let's go up there and see what's goin' on. It's tax money bein' spent." I walk in the door and there was a large number of blacks and white liberals. I knew most of 'em by face 'cause I seen 'em demonstratin' around town. Ann Atwater was there.

(Laughs.) I just forced myself to go in and sit down.

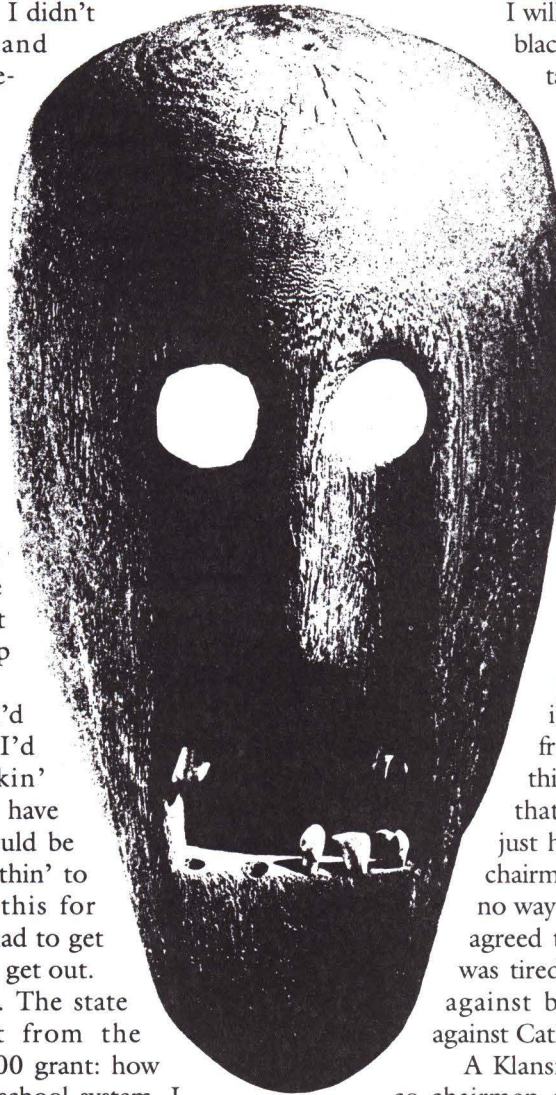
The meeting was moderated by a great big black guy who was bushy-headed. (Laughs.) That turned me off. He acted very nice. He said: "I want you all to feel free to say anything you want to say." Some of the blacks stand up and say it's white racism. I took all I could take. I asked for the floor and I cut loose. I said: "No, son, it's black racism. If we didn't have niggers in the schools, we wouldn't have the problems we got today."

I will never forget. Howard Clements, a black guy, stood up. He said: "I'm certainly glad C.P. Ellis come because he's the most honest man here tonight." I said: "What's that nigger tryin' to do?" (Laughs.) At the end of that meeting, some blacks tried to come up shake my hand, but I wouldn't do it. I walked off.

Second night, same group was there. I felt a little more easy because I got some things off my chest. The third night, after they elected all the committees, they want to elect a chairman. Howard Clements stood up and said: "I suggest we elect two chairpersons." Joe Beckton, executive director of the Human Relations Commission, just as black as he can be, he nominated me. There was a reaction from some blacks. Nooo. And, of all things, they nominated Ann Atwater, that big old fat black gal that I had just hated with a purple passion, as co-chairman. I thought to myself: Hey, ain't no way I can work with that gal. Finally, I agreed to accept it, 'cause at this point, I was tired of fightin', either for survival or against black people or against Jews or against Catholics.

A Klansman and a militant black woman, co-chairmen of the school committee. It was impossible, How could I work with her? But after about two or three days, it was in our hands. We had to make it a success. This give me another sense of belongin', a sense of pride. This helped this inferiority feelin' I had. Here's a chance for a low-income white man to be somethin'. In spite of all my hatred for blacks and Jews and liberals, I accepted the job. Her and I began to reluctantly work together. (Laughs.) She had as many problems workin' with me as I had workin' with her.

One night, I called her: "Ann, you and I should have a lot of differences and we got 'em now. But



there's somethin' laid out here before us, and if it's gonna be a success, you and I are gonna have to make it one. Can we lay aside some of these feelin's?" She said: "I'm willing if you are." I said: "Let's do it."

My old friends would call me at night: "C.P., what the hell is wrong with you? You're sellin' out the white race." This begin to make me have guilt feelin's. Am I doin' right? Am I doin' wrong? Here I am all of a sudden makin' an about-face and tryin' to deal with my feelin's, my heart. My mind was beginnin' to open up. I was beginnin' to see what was right and what was wrong. I don't want the kids to fight forever.

I said: "If we're gonna make this a success, I've got to get my kind of people." The low-income whites. We walked the street of Durham, and we knocked on doors and invited people. Ann was goin' into the black community. They just wasn't respondin' to us when we made these house calls. Some of 'em were cussin' us out. "You're sellin' us out, Ellis, get out of my door. I don't want to talk to you." Ann was gettin' the same response from blacks: "What are you doing' messin' with that Klansman?"

One day, Ann and I went back to the school and we sat down. We began to talk and just reflect. Ann said: "My daughter came home cryin' every day. She said her teacher was makin' fun of me in front of the other kids." I said: "Boy, the same thing happened to my kid. White liberal teacher was makin' fun of Tom Ellis's father, the Klansman. In front of other peoples. He came home cryin'." At this point (he pauses, swallows hard, stifles a sob) I begin to see, here we are, two people from the far ends of the fence, havin' identical problems, except hers bein' black and mine bein' white. From that moment on, I tell ya, that gal and I worked together good. I begin to love the girl, really. (He weeps).

The amazing thing about it, her and I, up to that point, had cussed each other, bawled each other, we hated each other. Up to that point, we didn't know each other. We didn't know we had things in common.

We worked at it, with the people who came to these meetings. They talked about racism, sex education, about teachers not being qualified. After seven, eight nights of real intense discussion, these people, who'd never talked to each other before, all of a sudden came up with resolutions. It was really somethin', you had to be there to get the tone and the feelin' of it.

At that point, I didn't like integration, but the law says you do this and I've got to do what the law says, okay? We said: "Let's take these resolutions to the school board." The most disheartening thing I've ever faced was the school system refused to implement any one of these resolutions. These were recommendations from the people who pay taxes and pay their salaries. (Laughs.)

I thought they were good answers. Some of 'em I didn't agree with, but I had been in this thing from the beginning, and whatever comes of it, I'm going to sup-

port it. Okay, since the school board refused, I decided I'd just run for the school board.

I spent eighty-five dollars on the campaign. The guy runnin' against me spent several thousand. I really had nobody on my side. The Klan turned against me. The low-income whites turned against me. The liberals didn't particularly like me, The blacks were suspicious of me. The blacks wanted to support me, but they couldn't muster up enough to support a Klansman on the school board. (Laughs.) But I made up my mind that what I was doin' was right, and I was gonna do it regardless what anybody said.

It bothered me when people would call and worry my wife. She's always supported me in anything I wanted to do. She was changing and my boys were too. I got some of my youth corps kids involved. They still followed me.

I was invited to the Democratic women's social hour as a candidate. Didn't have but one suit to my name. Had it six, seven, eight years. I had it cleaned, put on the best shirt I had and a tie. Here were all this high-class wealthy candidates shakin' hands. I walked

I was beginnin' to look at a black person, shake hands with him, and see him as a human bein'.

up to the mayor and stuck out my hand, He give me that handshake with that rag type of hand. He said: "C.P., I'm glad to see you." But I could tell by his handshake he was lyin' to me. This was botherin' me. I know I'm a low-income person. I know I'm not wealthy. I know they were sayin': "What's this little ol' dude runnin' for school board?" Yet they had to smile and make like they're glad to see me. I begin to spot some black people in that room. I automatically went to 'em and that was a firm handshake. They said: "I'm glad to see you, C.P." I knew they meant it—you can tell about a handshake.

Every place I appeared, I said I will listen to the voice of the people. I will not make a major decision until I first contacted all the organizations in the city. I got 4,640 votes. The guy beat me by two thousand. Not bad for eighty-five bucks and a guy with no constituency.

The whole world was openin' up, and I was learning new truths that I had never learned before. I was beginnin' to look at a black person, shake hands with him, and see him as a human bein'. I hadn't got rid of all this stuff. I've still got a little bit of it. But somethin' was happenin' to me.

It was almost like bein' born again. It was a new life. I didn't have these sleepless nights I used to have when I was active in the Klan and slippin' around at night. I could sleep at night and feel good about it. I'd rather live now than at any other time in history. It's a challenge.

Back at Duke, doin' maintenance, I'd pick up my tools, fix the commode, unstop the drains. I was so miserable I could hardly stand it. I'd go to work every morning just hating to go.

My whole life had changed. I got an eighth-grade education, and I wanted to complete high school. Went to high school in the afternoons on a program called PEP—Past Employment Progress. I was about the only white in class, and the oldest. I begin to read about biology. I'd take books home at night, 'cause I was determined to get through. Sure enough, I graduated. I got the diploma at home.

I come to work one mornin' and some guys says: "We need a union."

When I began to organize for the union, I began to see far deeper. I began to see people again bein' used. Blacks against whites. I say this without any hesitancy: management is vicious. There's two things they want to keep: all the money and all the say-so. They don't want these poor workin' folks to have none of that. I begin to see management fightin' me with everything that they had. Hire anti-union law firms, badmouth unions. The people were makin' a dollar ninety-five an hour, barely able to get through weekends. I worked as a business rep for five years and was seein' all this.

Last year, I ran for business manager of the union. He's elected by the workers. The guy that ran against me was black, and our membership is seventy-five percent black. I thought: Claiborne, there's no way you can beat that black guy. People know your background. Even thought you've made tremendous strides, those black people are not gonna vote for you. You know how much I beat him? Four to one. (Laughs).

The company used my past against me. They put out letters with a picture of a robe and a cap: Would you vote for a Klansman? They wouldn't deal with the issues. I immediately called for a mass meeting. I met with the ladies at an electric component plant. I said: "Okay, this is Claiborne Ellis. This is where I come from. I want you to know right now, you black ladies here, I was at one time a member of the Klan. I want you to know, because they'll tell you about it."

I invited some of my old black friends. I said: "Brother Joe, Brother Howard, be honest now and tell these people how you feel about me." They done it. (Laughs.) Howard Clements kidded me a little bit. He said: "I don't know what I'm doin' here supportin' an ex-Klansman." (Laughs.) He said: "I know what C.P. Ellis comes from. I knew him when he was. I knew him as he grew, and growed with him. I'm tellin' you now: follow, follow this Klansman." (He pauses, swallows hard.) "Any questions?" "No," the black ladies said. "Let's get on with the meeting, we need Ellis." (He laughs and weeps.) Boy, black people sayin' that about me. I won, one thirty-four to forty-one. Four to one.

I work seven days a week, nights and on Saturday and

Sunday. The salary's not that great, and if I didn't care, I'd quit. But I care and I can't quit. I got a taste of it.

I tell people there's a tremendous possibility in this country to stop wars, the battles, the struggles, the fights between people. People say: "That's an impossible dream. You sound like Martin Luther King." An ex-Klansman who sounds like Martin Luther King. (Laughs.) I don't think it's an impossible dream. It's happened in my life. It's happened in other people's lives in America.

When the news came over the radio that Martin Luther King was assassinated, I got on the telephone and began to call other Klansmen. We just had a real party at the service station. Really rejoicin' 'cause that son of a bitch was dead. Our troubles are over with. They say the older you get the harder it is for you to change. That's not necessarily true. Since I've changed, I've set down and listed to tapes of Martin Luther King. I listen to it and tears come to my eyes 'cause I know what he's sayin' now. I know what's happenin'.

POSTSCRIPT: *The phone rings. A conversation.*

Ellis explains to me, "This was a black guy who's director of Operation Breakthrough in Durham. I had called his office. I'm interested in employin' some young black person who's interested in learnin' the labor movement. I want somebody who's never had an opportunity, just like myself. Just so he can read and write, that's all." ❖

From *American Dreams: Lost and Found*, by Studs Terkel, Pantheon, 1980. Reprinted by permission of the author.

If you liked this interview, you'll be interested by a recently published book called *The Best of Enemies: Race and Redemption in the New South*, by Osha Gray Davidson. Scribner, 1996, \$25, hardcover.

"The story of C.P. Ellis, Exalted Cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan of Durham, North Carolina, and Ann Atwater, a black civil rights advocate, his enemy for so many years, is one of the most moving love stories I've ever come across. More than that, in a time of bleakness, it sounds a note of hope." —Studs Terkel

(Jonah, continued from page 35)

God said, "How come, Jonah, how come, wherefore, why is it, that you care so much about a tree, when you have no pity at all for Nineveh, a city that has a whole lot of folks in it, and some children and animals, and you wanted me to kill them all? How come you didn't care about *them*?" And that's the end of the book in the Bible. You're left there with the question. You never know what Jonah said. And you find out the question is for you. What are you going to do? Can you live without hatred? ❖

Anne Herbert lives in San Francisco and writes about social change. Her e-mail address is wmulti@well.com

THE LESSER OF TWO EVILS

by Jarvis Masters

The Fourth of July had almost gone unnoticed when I heard someone down the tier arguing with a prison guard.

"Hey, all I'm asking you for is a fuckin' spoon to eat with when you serve the evening chow tonight."

"No can do!" Two unfamiliar guards with no name tags on their uniforms had begun their evening shift with a body count of all of us locked in our single-man cells.

"So, you guys wanna be assholes, eh? Well, OK. I can be an asshole too!" I recognized Bernard's voice.

"Man, what's up, Bernard?" my neighbor Billy asked, after the guards left the tier.

"Hey, man, they have these two new goons with an attitude working our tier tonight," said Bernard. "They don't want to give me a spoon to eat with, you know?"

"Yeah, I know," said Billy. "I just asked them for some toilet paper and they straight out shined me on, too."

"Hey, Jarvis," Bernard hollered. "Did you catch that? What's up with those guards?"

"I don't really know," I said, "but they've never worked on this tier before, so they probably don't know about issuing spoons and things. I wouldn't sweat it too much. They'll get the hang of it."

"Yeah, I hope you're right Jarvis," said Bernard, "because man, I don't see any animals on this damn tier—not unless they want to turn me into one, you know?"

"Chill out, Bernard," I said. "They'll give you a spoon, man—they have to."

"They better bring me some toilet paper, too!" said Billy. "Man, I much rather eat with my hands than have to wipe my fat white ass with them." Everyone laughed.

An hour later the meal cart came speeding down the tier. The two new guards began serving evening chow at the end cell when all hell broke loose.

"Man, don't be throwing the food in my damn tray like that," someone hollered at the guards when they got to his cell. "I'm no fuckin' animal!"

"You fuckin' dog-ass pig, what's wrong with you?" another prisoner yelled. Everyone in the back cells began shouting and screaming.

"All you cry babies, shut up," one of the guards shouted and hurried down the tier, pushing the chow cart from cell to cell.

"You goons wanna take it out on us, eh?" said Maddog, when the guards got to his cell. "What hap-

pen', your ugly-ass wife didn't give you none last night?"

"No, I'm getting it from your wife, didn't she tell you?" said one of the guards.

"I use your wife to bone every night; the whore is good, too!" said the other guard, laughing.

"Just open my cell door!" Maddog rattled his cell bars violently. "Just open my cell door and we'll see who you'll be fuckin' tonight, man. I'll kill your asses."

"Oh, is that right?" said the guard, placing Maddog's food on his tray port.

"Yeah, you fuckin' right!" shouted Maddog, hurling his tray off the port. "You ain't going to feed me like I'm some damn animal, slopping my food all over the place."

"Well, starve then," the guard said, moving the chow cart toward Bernard's cell.

"All I need is a spoon," said Bernard.

"No can do!" replied the guard. "You can ask your regular tier officer for a spoon tomorrow."

"So what in the hell am I supposed to eat with?"

"Your hands, I suppose. I don't know."

"Man, go fuck yourself, pig!" screamed Bernard through his cell bars. "Get that cart out of here

before I throw some piss in your goddamn face, punk!"

"I love you too," the guard smiled, blowing him a mock kiss.

"Man, what about that damn toilet paper I asked you for?" Billy called to the guards. He paid no attention to the chow cart as it was wheeled in front of his cell.

"You'll just have to use something else tonight," said the guard. "Because I'm not here to do anything but feed, and that's it. This is overtime for me—I'll be here sixteen long hours. I have a Fourth of July party waiting for me when I leave Quentin tonight. Wait until your regular tier cop comes on tomorrow."

"Man!" shouted Billy. "Hey, just because you're working overtime don't mean you don't 'posed to do your job. You can't deprive me of basic necessities."

The guards pushed the chow cart away from his cell.

"Hey, man, where are you goin'? I didn't get my fuckin' tray, man!"

"You've been fed already," said one of the guards to Billy. He was now in front of my cell.

"Man, no, I didn't get any chow," said Billy.

"Yes, you have your food tray," the guard insisted.

"Whoa! Wait a minute," I interrupted angrily. "Sir, you never fed my neighbor. He was asking for something else and you just forgot to feed him."

"No, we didn't forget," the guard smirked.

Then it hit me: Why not get everyone to channel their murderous rage into flooding the whole damn tier?

"Oh, I see! You just don't want to feed him, eh? The same way you don't want to bring him any toilet paper, or don't want to give the other prisoner down the tier a spoon. Just because you're tired and don't work on this tier don't mean you don't 'posed to conduct yourself like professionals. You assholes are taking a chance of getting hurt by someone on this damn tier." My anger was getting the best of me.

"You want to eat?" the guard asked.

"No, get the hell away from me, too." My gut tightened.

After the guards had gone, I could hear the voices of angry men vowing to retaliate when the guards returned for the routine tier count.

The cold, deadly stillness that descended on the tier gave away what some of my fellow prisoners were planning. I lay down, trying to convince myself that whatever happened to those two jerks was no business of mine.

"These cops are complete idiots!" I reflected angrily. Why had they stirred things up so much that my fellow prisoners were preparing to take their heads? They would come back on the tier and without the slightest hesitation someone would stab them.

"But who'll do it?" I wondered. "They all want to!"

Slowly, an awareness grew inside me. The guards had been idiots, but nothing they had said or done would ever justify their murder. I jumped off my bunk to get a drink of water at the sink. I needed to figure something out in the next hour, before those goons came back on the tier. But what?

I slowly poured what was left from my cup back into the sink. Then it hit me: Why not flood the tier? Why not get everyone to channel their murderous rage into flooding the whole damn tier?

Would my fellow prisoners go for it?

"Hey, Billy, what are you doing over there?" I called to my neighbor, knocking on the wall between us and breaking the silence on the tier.

"Man, you know what I'm doin'," he said. "I'm waitin' just like everyone else. I got my shit ready for those two punks!"

"Yeah, man," I said. "I can feel the vibes. But I was thinking. These cops were assholes to all of us, you know? So whatever we do, we should do it together. You hear me?"

"I hear what you're sayin'," said Billy.

"Hey, what about you, Bernard?" I asked.

"Yeah, I hear you," said Bernard.

"What about Maddog—man, can you hear me down there?" I spoke louder, hoping to be heard by the whole tier, but not by the guards.

"I really didn't catch it all," said Maddog.

"Everyone got something weighing on them," I said, "but we're turning a minor incident into something deadly serious, you know? How many of you burglarized someone's house, then things got out of

control and you ended up in this penitentiary for murder? It would be really stupid to catch assault or murder charges on a guard over a thing like this!"

"Man, I don't mind killing one of those goons," said someone. "That one pig pushing the food cart tonight who purposely stuck his nasty-ass fingers in my food, he needs to die."

"No, man!" I said. "You don't mean that! Death is too permanent. And you're not dead yet either, right? So check it out."

I felt I had the attention of all 17 prisoners on the tier.

"These guards want to treat us like animals, so they can make their overtime money and go home to their Fourth of July party. Well, let's just flood the tier and keep them here all night."

"Not a bad idea," Billy said. "All we have to do is stuff towels down our toilets and keep flushing them until the water overflows. Hey, what do you think, Maddog?"

"Honestly, I want to down one of those fools," Maddog answered. "But Jarvis did make a good point. So whatever you all want to do, I'm for it just as long

"How many of you burglarized someone's house, then things got out of control and you ended up in this penitentiary for murder?"

as these pigs get a dose of their own medicine."

"Man, that'll be so funny." Bernard began laughing. "When those pigs come back on the tier, they'll have to walk through four feet of toilet water! And they can't go home to their Fourth of July party until it's all cleaned up! Man, they are going to straight out flip!"

"Man, are you sure they'll have to stay to clean it up?" someone asked.

"Hell, yeah!" Bernard answered. "Flooding is a safety and security hazard. In fact, a lot of guards from other cell blocks will be forced to come and help, too."

"So what are we waiting for?" I said before they could change their minds and contemplate something more drastic again. "Let's do it!"

"Man, I already got started," said Maddog. "I got everything off my floor and my towel stuffed down my toilet."

"Whoa, wait a minute," someone called out. They all needed some time to get their own things off the floor. I, too, quickly picked up my mattress and belongings and set them on my bunk.

Then we began pushing the buttons of our toilets. As we flushed, the water flowed over the edges of the toilet bowls, until a great rushing sound came roaring over the tier.

"Man, keep flushing, keep flushing!" someone yelled.

(Continued on page 44)

TO SHARE THE HOLY LAND

Israelis & Palestinians in dialogue

by Paula Green

Peace is a precious commodity to those who have known war. For many Israelis and Palestinians, the Oslo Peace Accords and the famous handshake between Rabin and Arafat on the White House lawn signified the hopeful end to destruction and loss.

But as I write this article, some years after Oslo, violence has once again erupted in the Mideast, this time over Israeli housing developments on land the Palestinians view as essential for a future East Jerusalem capital. Several months before, violence was fanned by the Israeli opening of a tunnel near the El-Aqsa Mosque in the Old City of Jerusalem. At the same time, passionate disputes over settlement rights broke out in Hebron. Tomorrow or next month there may be more violence, clashes, shooting, perhaps death. Sharing this Holy Land proves to be a most difficult task. Some say it is impossible, but not the members of the Rapprochement Dialogue Group.

The Israeli and Palestinian members of Rapprochement understand that, although peace accords may be signed, peace is maintained or violated on the ground in Jerusalem and throughout the region. For these people, participation in the peace process means intimately knowing "the other," the strangers with whom this Holy Land must be shared.

Rapprochement is composed of approximately equal numbers of Israeli and Palestinian members. The group meets as regularly as possible, optimally each month, in a community center in Nablus, a large West Bank city. Although everyone would welcome the opportunity to meet in an Israeli city, the borders have been closed to Palestinians since four buses were bombed in Israel more than a year ago. The closure affects employment, trade, travel, and contact for Palestinians and creates great economic and psychological hardships.

The Israelis who make up half of Rapprochement treasure their visits to Nablus. This devotion stamps them as unusual among Israelis, most of whom consider the "territories" as dangerous country to be avoided and largely ignored. The Palestinian participants are equally remarkable, since many in their community experience Israelis only as occupiers and oppressors, not as partners in dialogue and creative coexistence.

A Palestinian couple, Rowda and Ibrahim, are at the center of the Nablus dialogue. Each of them served long prison sentences in Israeli jails: Rowda for 8 years and Ibrahim for 17 years. Stunningly, they emerged

from prison as community leaders committed to peace with the Israelis, and also as parents of a newly adopted son whom they adore with all the love stored up during those endless prison years. Most of the Israeli guests eat and sleep at Rowda and Ibrahim's ever-expanding table and home, a place that accommodates whoever arrives and where delicious Mideastern food is served in great quantity. I have partaken of this hospitality on three or four occasions now.

I feel blessed to participate in these dialogue groups as a facilitator and trainer of new leaders. Each time I return to the Mideast, I learn more about intergroup conflict, the spiritual task of cultivating tolerance and forgiveness, and the multi-faceted process of building peace between estranged communities. I watch Rowda and Ibrahim's graciousness with Israelis. I listen to the

The dialogue is accompanied by endless cups of cardamom-spiked Arabic coffee.

careful words of Sami, a Palestinian writer and educator, and feel his pride when his adolescent son participates in the dialogues and converses as an equal with Israelis. I watch Nissar organize the group, lead participants through the ancient markets of Nablus, introduce Israelis to the

administration and students of the Open University. And I notice the women of Nablus finding their voices, struggling to recreate themselves and their role as women in a changing society. I know that I am in the company of leading-edge peacebuilders who are crafting new relationships between Palestinians and Israelis.

Around the table with these Palestinians are the guests from across the divide, the Israelis. Yitzhak, a psychologist of great skill who specializes in treating victims of trauma, himself became a victim with bullets permanently lodged in his stomach. He was shot by a terrorist one night in a Jerusalem outdoor cafe. Yitzhak has not allowed this violence to harm his relationships in Nablus. He understands that in every society there are those desperate enough to commit acts of violence, and those brave enough to experiment with dialogue. Sitting near him is Marcia, an American-Israeli and Reiki practitioner, who envisioned and created this dialogue group with Rowda, and who treats traumatized Palestinian children and women with Reiki healing [a type of bodywork]. There is Stephen, an accomplished English-Israeli author of books on herbs and healing. Stephen lives in a Gandhian-type community in the Western Galilee and coordinates the vipassana meditation community in Israel with others. These Israelis are committed to equal relationships with the Palestinians, a radical idea for two peoples whose polarized images of each other are as

oppressor and victim, occupier and terrorist.

In the dialogue, Sami reminds us that "it takes a kind of energy or courage to cross the divide. Hatred destroys one as a human." A Palestinian named Naja said he "never imagined in the past that I could meet Israelis in this way. We need this for a happy life." Arella, an Israeli woman from a kibbutz, reminds the group that "we touch heart to heart, then we take the energy home and talk to others."

The conversation goes on for several hours, punctuated by tears, anger, misunderstanding, connection, and compassion. Sami's observation about the courage required for genuine communication is born out by the tensions that arise as experiences of violation and humiliation are recounted. The dialogue is accompanied by endless cups of cardamom-spiked Arabic coffee, interrupted by telephones, messengers, children, cigarette breaks and the arrival of heaping platters of hummus and pita, rice and lamb. The process often feels more chaotic than orderly and quiet, but something profound is developing: the building of trust among members of

The sharing of pain between people whose governments have repeatedly betrayed each other... is a small miracle.

enemy communities, the sharing of pain between people whose governments have repeatedly betrayed each other. In the Mideast, this dialogue is a small miracle.

Arella reminds us that the energy must go out into the larger community to build more bridges and heal the images of enemy and stranger. These Israelis and Palestinians will work within their own communities, teaching tolerance and coexistence, encouraging others to challenge outworn ideology by joining a dialogue group. Rapprochement members and their friends will also participate in demonstrations that move the peace process along, objecting to Israeli government policies that encroach on Palestinian lands, encouraging conflict resolution rather than violence, planting olive trees together. Participants joyously remember joint family picnics and produce photos of their Palestinian and Israeli children at play, jubilant images of a positive future in a land still at war.

Dialogue carries the seeds of hope and individual responsibility: anyone can participate, open their hearts and change their experience of the other. Intergroup dialogue is not a panacea and will not end the war. But it does reduce tensions and shift the attitudes of those who engage—as well as their family, friends, and colleagues. Fostering collaborative and trusting relations is one small step: tangible and effective. Among the members of Rapprochement, the friendships are passionate and genuine. Holding fast to each other at the

end of a workshop, teary-eyed and triumphant, we feel the circle as a symbol of future time, when people in the Mideast might live side by side, and a new period of Mideast history will emerge from the fire. ❖

Paula Green is on the National Board of BPF and is the Director of the Karuna Center in Massachusetts.

(Lesser of Two Evils, continued from p. 42)

"Man! This is fuckin' great!" said Billy.

"Hey, man, I really pray to God those two pigs think so too!" said Bernard as everyone cheered, their joy flooding the tier. Knives and zip guns had been replaced by something as simple as water.

Then, mysteriously, all the toilets shut off.

"What the hell happened?" asked Billy.

"Those pigs must've hit the main switch," said Bernard, "because everything is off—the toilets and the sinks!"

"Well, there goes our Fourth of July party, eh?" someone joked. "Do you think the coppers are going to take us all to jail for questioning, or what?"

"Yeah, right!" said Bernard. "Right to San fuckin' Quentin!" The whole tier burst out laughing.

We were still joking when the guards returned to the tier, with anger written all over their faces.

"Man, check out their plastic boots," someone said. "These cops are trying to wear eight-inch boots in four feet of water!"

"Hey, officer, officer," someone else yelled. "What a helluva Fourth July party, eh? I'm so glad you can stay and be a part of it all. Man, isn't it a splash?"

"Hey, man, what about my damn toilet paper?" asked Billy.

"What about the sink and toilets? When will they be turned back on?" I asked.

"After you are thrown in solitary confinement!" the guard answered. "Mister, you are going to the Hole!"

"Who me? Why am I going to the Hole?" I asked.

"For inciting inmates to flood, that's why!" one of the guards retorted.

"Man, why would I do something like that?" I asked.

"While you're in the Hole, you'll have a long, long time to ask yourself why."

I smiled at the guards standing at my cell. Being thrown in the Hole was worth the pleasure of seeing them still alive. ❖

Jarvis Jay Masters is a frequent contributor to Turning Wheel. He is an African American on Death Row in San Quentin Prison, where he writes and practices Tibetan Buddhism. "The Lesser of Two Evils" (in a longer version entitled "The Fourth of July") will appear in Jarvis's forthcoming book, Finding Freedom: Writings from Death Row, to be published by Padma Publishing in September, 1997. Jarvis can be contacted c/o San Quentin Prison, P.O. Box C-35169, 2-AC-15, Tamal, CA 94974.

VILIFYING GINSBERG

by Kent Bunting

The Post-Dispatch *outdid itself when it devoted five inches of print space to the sick, drug-crazed rantings of Allen Ginsberg. While Ginsberg toured all the campuses during the "flower child" generation—exposing his drug rhetoric to all the rich kids at liberal universities—the rest of us reported to work daily, attempting to be good citizens, fathers and mothers. Ginsberg gave nothing; he took!*—Norm Dougan, Pacific, MO (letter to the editor) *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Sunday, April 13, 1997.

Last Sunday, it was my turn to lead the discussion at the Zen Center. On Saturday evening, I saw a report on CNN that Allen Ginsberg had died at the age of 70. So I put together a little tribute to Ginsberg. After sitting on Sunday morning, we listened to a tape of him reading two of his poems. Then I read several of his short works on Buddhist themes.

In my mind, Ginsberg takes his place among the great beings, or mahasattvas, of American Buddhism. Even though he did not practice in the same lineage as I do, he is included in my thoughts when I give

*Homage to all successive Buddhas and Ancestors
Who have transmitted the right Dharma
Through India, China, Japan and America.*

I was, therefore, somewhat startled by the mean-spirited letters received and printed by the local newspaper, which had printed its own tribute to the poet.

For some reason I thought of a story I heard an Asian writer tell on NPR. As a teenager, she had been reading *Little Women*, and loving it, seeing herself as Jo. Then suddenly a stereotyped "Chinaman" appeared in the book, and it broke the spell. She couldn't be Jo, because in that world she was a completely different creature—not fully human.

For me, Allen Ginsberg is a hero—an ancestor. For Norm Dougan of Pacific, Missouri, he represents the worst of a type—someone to be vilified.

Allen Ginsberg knew about vilification. He approached it with a bodhisattvic compassion. One of the poems we heard him read on tape last Sunday was called "Uptown." In the poem, Ginsberg tells of sitting with some musicians. It was the sixties, and they all had long hair. Without warning a man walked up to them and began shouting, saying he would like to send them all to Vietnam—or to slit their throats.

To each abuse, Ginsberg simply answered, "Bless you."

The *Dhammapada* says that you can't answer hate with hate. You can only answer hate with love. That's the message that Ginsberg tried to transmit to a whole generation—to have an open, compassionate mind that can love even those who hate you.

It isn't easy. When I read those letters I got mad,

even though I'd just been sitting several hours that very morning. Perhaps the most helpful response to Mr. Dougan of Pacific, Missouri—and to all of the others who would like to spit on Ginsberg's grave—is a simple "Bless you." I expect this is the response Ginsburg himself would have us make.

In a way though, Mr. Dougan did get it right in the end. Ginsberg didn't try to give us any new philosophy, doctrine, or "ism." He didn't tell us what to do, who to love or hate, or which stock to invest in. As Dougan said, "Ginsberg gave nothing."

He also took chances. He made mistakes for us. He took stale poetic form and reconnected it to the breath. He took Walt Whitman and introduced him to Avalokitesvara and Jerry Garcia. He took LSD with Hell's Angels. He took to the road with Jack Kerouac. He took meditation seriously, and eventually he took students at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics. Dougan was right again, "Ginsberg gave nothing; he took."

So, if we are attacked by others, let's recite Ginsberg's refrain: "Bless you." And then let's save all sentient beings, sever all defilements, enter all dharma gates, and achieve the awakened way. It's the least we can do to honor the memory of our ancestor Allen Ginsberg. ♦

Kent Bunting lives in St. Louis, Missouri, with his wife, Deborah Stoppello. He is a member of the Missouri Zen Center and he teaches at the St. Louis University School of Law.

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**Altars in the Street:
A Neighborhood Fights to Survive**

by Melody Ermachild Chavis

Bell Tower, 1997, \$23, hard cover.

Reviewed by Barbara Hirshkowitz

While reading *Altars in the Street* I had, again and again, a peculiar physical sensation. It took me a while to figure out what it was—I was holding my breath—suspended in my hope to postpone the inevitable. Not that this book is predictable. It is like the tide; each storm will claim part of the shore for its own. But who can know which part will be destroyed and which part built up? In her relations with the people and plants, streets and sidewalks, Melody describes in vivid detail the ebbing and flowing of life in Lorin, an integrated neighborhood in south Berkeley besieged by the problems of modern life in the city: violence, drugs, poverty, ineffective infrastructure and services. Or to give them their Buddhist names: fear, anger, ignorance and greed.

She narrates the story as if she were sitting across the kitchen table telling you about what happened yesterday. You feel very much in the present, as if your reply could effect what she did next. The deepest message of this book is showing by example how opportunities for engaged buddhism present themselves in day-to-day life. Melody seizes the opportunities offered to her and responds creatively: to drop her professional manner (she's a private detective) and befriend a convict on death row, to hold a public mourning ritual for a man murdered on the street in front of her house, to create a community garden that employs some of the local youth. She recognizes the merit in harassing a drug-addicted mother into showing up at her son's hearing (or he will automatically go to juvenile hall) and provides the necessary ride to the court. Without dogma or rhetoric she shows how an ordinary person works at making change happen.

The story begins dramatically with the death of Skye, Melody's younger sister. The life insurance money makes buying a house possible. As a first-time homeowner with rooms to spare and a lot of garden to dig, Melody faces many important changes in the house on Alma Street. Both she and her partner Stan came from nomadic military families. Here they can put down roots. Previously, they each lived in small crowded apartments; here they live together with

assorted children. Urban isolation becomes community, neighbors become friends. But the peaceful tree-shaded streets hold many dangers, and community bonding and action does not occur by spontaneous generation. Again and again the heart is broken, as a sister takes to drugs, a neighbor's child is burned. Again and again mending and healing are demonstrated, as a tree is planted, an unexpected ally is found in the police department. The reader, like the neighbors, comes to appreciate Melody's persistence, warmth and strength. Yet you can see also that she is not a saint: mistakes are made, limits are reached.

You meet many characters in this story, many of them quite out of the ordinary, but you don't get to know any of them well, although it's clear that Melody's relationships with them have depth. And the house, the garden, the neighborhood, and even certain trees play vivid roles in the story.

Melody's story is inspiring, both to her neighbors and to readers. She shows just how far one can go by having a dream and living it. She works on many levels—healing from her own difficult family circumstances, helping to turn around one crack addict's life, marching against the Gulf War, celebrating the release of Nelson Mandela.

As Melody's study of Buddhism grows and deepens, it also informs her life in the neighborhood.

I had read of Buddhist monks in Thailand who ordained rain forest trees, draping them in saffron yellow robes to try to save them from being cut down.

"Maybe I can find someone to ordain the neighborhood kids as trees," I told Stan. "Then maybe people would sit down around them to protect them from being hurt."

And from Buddhism she also learns to practice detachment, especially from results; she learns to let go.

Many well-known people have written superlative blurbs about this book and I agree with them all, most especially with Joanna Macy when she says, "Engaged Buddhism takes on flesh and bones in this fast-paced account that both warms and wrenches the heart. Amidst urban danger and decay, it is a love-song to life—and I dare you to read it without feeling expanded and blessed." Was there ever a better modern example of a bodhisattva in action?

On behalf of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship I want to thank Melody for illuminating her path for us to see so clearly. May it bring us grace on the roads we walk. ❖

Barbara Hirshkowitz lives in Philadelphia. She is the book review editor for Turning Wheel.



Melody Ermachild Chavis at San Quentin Prison

Engaged Buddhist Reader

edited by Arnold Kotler

Parallax Press, 1996, \$18 (paper)

Reviewed by Ken Jones

*When green leaves turn in the wind
I vow with all beings
to enjoy the forces that turn me
face up, face down on my stem.*

This is one of the several guideline gathas contributed to this book by Zen master Robert Aitken. As well as this and other poetry, this book offers testimony, scripture, advice, reportage, stories, and persuasive argument.

These diverse ingredients come in 42 short pieces ranging from early Buddhist views on nature to the systems theory of "world as lover, world as self," from the essentials of community building to "staggering meditation," and from ways to practice mindfulness in the workplace to "the greening of the self." The contributors include most of the major contemporary figures in engaged Buddhism.

The extracts are from books published over the past ten years by Parallax Press, a small California enterprise dedicated to engaged Buddhism in general and to Thich Nhat Hanh's Order of Interbeing in particular. The editor (and publisher) Arnold Kotler remarks that, ten years ago, there were few books on engaged Buddhism. "Today there are many, and a worldwide movement is underway. The notion of Buddhism as escapist has to a large extent vanished, and Buddhists fully engaged in their lives and the life of society are visible throughout the world. The essays in this book present a broad picture of the ideas and insights at the foundation of engaged Buddhism...These ideas are nonsectarian and eminently practical."

Since the selections are limited to Parallax publishing, there is an inevitable bias towards the Order of Interbeing, and the book cannot display the full range of engaged Buddhism. Nevertheless, the book does present a wonderful breadth of material, with a lot for everybody. The editor has also achieved plenty of variety in style and approach, and, unusual for a book of this kind, it is possible to sit down and read it in one sitting. However, it were better digested by reading just a few pieces each day. There are many pieces worth noting and returning to, like that of Claude Thomas, a Vietnam veteran who offers moving testimony on the intertwining of an individual life and the social forces working upon it—in this case those of inner and outer warfare.

The concluding section, "For a Future to be Possible," offers an excellent practical introduction to the social and ecological significance of Buddhist ethi-

cal values. Thich Nhat Hanh introduces the five primary moral precepts in terms of personal responsibility to family, community, country, and planet. And Stephen Batchelor gives sensible advice about how to set about a personal *embodiment* of these Buddhist values:

"So the practice of ethics entails the practice of meditation and wisdom. The Buddha's Threefold Training is present in any significant ethical act: as the commitment to a set of values embodied in the precepts; as the clarity, stillness and freedom of mindfulness that allows me to be aware of what is taking place at the moment; and as the wisdom to choose what might be the best thing to do."

Finally, a social activist and public speaker, Patricia Marx Ellsberg, draws attention to what I believe is a significant limitation in much current engaged Buddhist thinking. She writes of a retreat with Thich Nhat Hanh:

"I found myself uncomfortable with what I perceived to be an underlying premise of the retreat: that if enough individuals change, society will change. In my understanding, society is not just an aggregation of individuals. It is also shaped by social structures and concentrations of power and wealth. There are vested interests that have disproportionate control, and that work to maintain and profit from inequality and militarism. These forces need to be challenged and transformed before there can be genuine peace or justice."

Ellsberg is here referring to the kind of Buddhist engagement which is still that of a personal morality reaching out to a society of other individuals. A shift still remains to be made to a truly societal ethic, a fully sociocentric engagement with the structures and cultures of power and wealth. These structures karmically reinforce the predicament we are already in as suffering human beings, and they supercharge the Three Fires of greed, anger and delusion.

So, there is the traditional Buddhist personal morality of the five ancient moral precepts. Then there is the Thich Nhat Hanh update which draws attention to our social responsibilities. And thirdly we need to uphold the precepts also (in Ellsberg's words) "as a standard of behavior for nations, institutions and corporations, as well as individuals...We must ask of our country what we ask of ourselves."

Thus, as a means of understanding and changing the world and oneself, engaged Buddhism continues to evolve. This book is both a landmark and, in its rich diversity, a valuable introduction to combining the "inner work" and the "outer work" in a single practice of personal development and social responsibility. ❖

Ken Jones lives in Wales, where he is the coordinator of the British BPF affiliate, Network of Engaged Buddhists (see inside back cover). He is the author of 'The Social Face of Buddhism: An Approach to Political Activism, and Beyond Optimism: A Buddhist Political Ecology.

***That's Funny, You Don't Look Buddhist:
On Being a Faithful Jew
and a Passionate Buddhist***
by Sylvia Boorstein

San Francisco, Harper Collins, 1997, \$20 (hardcover)

It is well known that many Western Buddhist teachers and practitioners have Jewish roots. Some leave their Jewish heritage behind, others struggle with it, and still others cherish it. Sylvia Boorstein embraces both Judaism and Buddhism passionately. She asks and answers many questions that Jews and Buddhists grapple with: Is it possible to be Jewish and Buddhist? How is it possible? How do Jewish observance and Buddhist practice enhance one another?

Sylvia Boorstein was born into a loving Jewish family and always knew she was Jewish. However, she says, "I am a prayerful, devout Jew because I am a Buddhist." She elaborates:

When I think about the forms of Jewish practice that have reentered my life I see—or at least I think I see—how they built on each other and how they were inspired by my monastic Buddhist practice. Practicing mindfulness I felt peaceful and happy. Feeling peaceful and happy caused me to say blessings. Saying blessings reminded me of prayers which I had found comforting as a child, and inspired me to pray again (pp. 142-43).

Her renewed Jewish practice led her to study in Jerusalem, join a synagogue near her home, and observe the Sabbath. This book, like her two previous books, *It's Easier Than You Think* and *Don't Just Do Something, Sit There*, is anecdotal, personal, and written with warmth and humor. It also addresses one of the most painful issues for contemporary Jews—the Holocaust—and talks about the importance of remembering.

When I met Sylvia Boorstein at the Barre Center for Buddhist Studies, where she was co-leading a weekend with Rabbi Sheila Weinberg, I felt both joy and a sense of relief. I had held my Jewish identity and my Buddhist practice separate until that time. The experience of walking into a meditation hall wearing a *tallis* (prayer shawl), and celebrating the Sabbath with a group of people who had spent the previous day in silent meditation brought together two parts of my self that had been in struggle.

The ability to bridge two cultures or two religions is a gift in our time where there is so much fear and stereotyping of those whose customs or beliefs differ from our own. Sylvia Boorstein is courageous in her willingness to speak and write about her personal path toward embracing Buddhism and Judaism. She is increasingly called upon to teach meditation to Jews, including rabbis. Her work builds the kind of understanding that contributes to *tikkun olam*, the healing of the world. ❖

—Tova Green

Bowing to Receive the Mountain

Essays by Lin Jensen, Poems by Elliot Roberts

Sunflower Ink, 37931 Palo Colorado Road, Carmel, CA 93293. 1997, \$10 (paper)

Within these pages Lin Jensen and Elliot Roberts have undertaken an unusual collaboration of style and form. Here we see essays, poems, and personalities, thrown together by work and chance, that have shaped each other over long years and still kept their own clear qualities. What I mean is, this collaboration works for me.

Lin Jensen's stark, carefully wrought essays reflect the mutuality of inner and outer. The mind that is clear and focused for his beloved practice of birding turns that same Zen attention to the stuff of his own life: home, garden, sickness, a father's death. This is practicing with the world. In "The Mind of the Mountain Called Shasta" he writes,

Here in the dining hall, when the meal is finished and the last gratitude has been given, I will gather up my table things and carry them to the wash stand and wash each item with the same mindful care with which the nurses of Western Medical bathed my father's body, taking up one hand at a time to wash between his fingers...

Elliot Roberts, like Jensen a friend of BPF and contributor to *Turning Wheel*, pairs his passions to these essays, in verse. Parallel interests and concerns—birds, marriage, old age and death. And yet the poems stand steadily on their own, with Elliot's own intensity and wide view. Here are just a few lines (I hesitate to call this a sample) from "The Crazy Man's Song," written in Bali.

Children whistle at me and laugh—
"Gila, gila," crazy, crazy.
I do not care
for my songs are beautiful to my ears.
I sing my way down to the river to bathe,
and I sing as I sit high in the green fields
above holy river Agung.

Two old friends, Lin Jensen and Elliot Roberts, not at all crazy, sing for the world in their own way, intertwining verse and text together. You might want to hear them yourself. ❖ —Alan Senauke

***Zen at Work: A Zen Teacher's 30-Year
Journey in Corporate America***

by Les Kaye

Crown, 1996, \$14.00 (paper)

Keido Les Kaye is abbot and teacher at Kannon Do Zen Center in Mountain View, in California's fabled Silicon Valley. He has been a Zen priest for more than

(Continued on page 51)

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT HATRED

Hatred can never cease by hatred. Hatred can only cease by love. This is an eternal law. —The Buddha.

1. Study and Inquiry:

• *Altars in the Street*, by Melody Ermachild Chavis (Bell Tower). Melody's struggles and triumphs in her crime- and drug-ridden neighborhood. See review, page 46.

• *My Traitor's Heart*, by Ryan Milan. A white South African grapples with his responsibility for apartheid.

• *An Interrupted Life*, by Etty Hillesum. Story of a Dutch Jew who helped Jews in Holland until she was imprisoned herself. She died in Auschwitz. She was a person of faith and exemplified how to work without hate even in the midst of oppression.

• *Heart Politics*, by Fran Peavey (New Society). This journal of social activism, rooted in the daily experience of the author, is (among other things) a practical and inspiring teaching about how to respond to hate and hostility with sturdy and good-hearted resilience.

• *The Future of White Men and Other Diversity Dilemmas*, by Dr. Joan Steinau-Lester. A handbook of diversity issues, with question-and-answer sections. Also by the same author: *Taking Charge: Every Woman's Action Guide*. Both published by Conari Press. Phone 800-685-9595.

2. Personal Practice:

Notice your attachments to particular pet aversions. Notice how "The hater longs for the object of his/her hatred." In what ways does your identity depend on patterns of aversion?

Investigate your experience of the roots of aversions, noticing components of fear, helplessness, despair, etc. Share this investigation with others.

Cultivate lovingkindness. Shift attention from anger to the suffering of ourselves and others. Every time aversion arises can you take it as a signal of unskillful separateness and use it to open your heart?

Learn from the young who have yet to learn hate.

3. Interpersonal and Community Work:

Cultivate right speech. Avoid phrases like *hick, red-neck, chauvinist pig*, etc. that imply or support an ideology of classicism/racism/sexism. Speak up when you hear a racist, or sexist or just plain mean comment. You can speak lightly or with emphasis, but don't let it go by.

Right listening—right-speech. When you hear hatred, what do you hear included in it (fear, helplessness, etc.) and how do you speak compassionately to it? When you hear someone espousing hatred, ask yourself, "Why do I do that?" (Identify yourself not only with the hated, but also the hater, and cultivate compassion for both.)

Be aware of your "comfort zones." Broaden your circle of friends to include people from hated groups. Have regular conversations with at least one homeless person. Notice when/how you feel awkward/helpless/implicated.

Find ways of keeping your balance in situations where anger is present. This is hard, cutting-edge work. Be compassionate with your mistakes and those of others. Where, in formal and informal ways, can you mediate?

Take a diversity training.

4. Work in the World:

Cultivate your political will; each one of us makes a difference. Notice what makes you angry. Use the energy of "righteous anger." Make a deal with yourself to write or phone somebody in government, local, state or federal once a day or week or month about some issue that gets to you. Find your voice by using it.

Find a way to take some action that supports victims of hate: immigrants, poor and/or homeless. Join a group. Strategize, lobby, picket, march, make posters, carry BPF signs, engage in mindful civil disobedience. Discover with your friends how one positive action encourages another.

Learn more about Buddhists doing work in prisons. The BPF office can link you up with a variety of groups and activities. Consider writing letters to prisoners, leading a meditation group, or other supporting activities. Get involved in anti-death penalty advocacy.

Support your temple/center's interfaith activities, especially in solidarity with Muslims.

Find some way to address the institutional violence that is the background for so much hatred. This is hard, important work, usually not blessed with quick results, and therefore good to do with friends, in some kind of group effort. We all need encouragement and inspiration in it. Keep abreast of the consequences of welfare cut-backs, and generate some response. Raise the issue of the size of the military budget and how it drains the economy. Join the growing movement to create and enforce codes of conduct for transnational corporations. A good working group is the **National Labor Committee** in New York. 212-242-0700.

Facing History and Ourselves develops curriculums for high school youths, studying events that led to the holocaust with the aim of preventing the repetition of such an out-pouring of hatred. There are several local offices. The national office is at 16 Hurd St., Brookline, MA, 02146.

Equity Counseling Group. 510-548-6369. Arranges for diversity trainings, coaches and can provide written materials.

Southern Poverty Law Center, at 400 Washington Ave., Montgomery, AL 36104, keeps watch over right wing activist groups, including the KKK, and offers many levels of nonviolent responses. ♦ —*Maylie Scott*

CHAPTER, ACTIVIST, & BASE NEWS

International Affiliate News

BPF Bangladesh hosted a seven-day meditation retreat with Santikaro Bhikku from Thailand. It was held in a peaceful temple in Ramu, Bangladesh, and was attended by almost 20 participants from Bangladesh, and some from Burma. Some retreatants said this was one of the deepest spiritual experiences of their lives. Santikaro is encouraging monks from Bangladesh to train at Suan Mokkh, the temple where he lives in Thailand, in a three-part training including meditation, dhamma, and a social component.

From Down Under: In Sydney, the BPF hosted Joanna Macy for a week. She gave a two-day workshop on "Opening the Global Heart" that almost 100 people attended. In March, two Burmese political refugees told stories from the border camps which "gave us lots of opportunity to stand beside them in the struggle for democracy." Also, Gillian Coote, who heads the chapter, has been involved in the process of Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal reconciliation. She is working with the

Council of Reconciliation to create a document about Aboriginal rights for the Australian Constitution.

In **Melbourne**, BPF continues to meet monthly, sharing ideas and experiences. They have met with many inspiring people, including Augusto Alcade Roshi, who spoke about social action in Argentina. They continue to lobby and write letters on cruelty to animals and to raise awareness about human rights concerns in Asia, including Tibetan issues and the trafficking of women.

One Australian activist, Lolo Houbein, wrote to us to say she has started a *Wrap with Love* project in her town, Strathalbyn. *Wrap with Love* distributes knitted blankets, called wraps, to people in distress, disaster areas, refugee camps, etc. She has mobilized many people in the town and surrounding area to create wraps and has received tremendous support from her local community. They have produced 36 wraps in only five months and have watched the project grow into a town-wide venture, with many people participating, including the elderly, disabled, etc. She writes, "the glue that holds the project together is the fact that every newsletter contains a reminder of the suffering of the world, the places wraps have gone to recently, and of our basically compassionate nature."

Chapter News

Many factors conspired to make the first **New England/North Atlantic BPF** networking day a success: the venue—a light-filled meditation hall at the Barre Center for Buddhist Studies in Massachusetts; a glorious, sunny April day; an inspiring opening talk by Christopher Titmuss; a blend of discussion, networking, and mindfulness practice; and a closing by Claire-san of the Leverett Peace Pagoda. Forty BPF members from Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania took part in the day, which was organized by board members Paula Green, Tova Green, Barbara Hirshkowitz and BASE "graduate" Chuck Hotchkiss. Follow-up activities will include BPF groups meeting in Vermont, Hartford, Connecticut, and central Massachusetts, and a work day at the Peace Pagoda in May. (*Tova Green*)

The **Triangle Area, NC** Chapter reports they have been working with the Lion and Lamb Project doing activist work against violent toys. They are doing this with members of the Community of Mindful Living. A few members are bringing meditation into prisons and have had the opportunity to do some training with Bo Lozoff.

Chapter Briefs

On the weekend of April 26-27, the **Spokane** Chapter held a retreat with Jason Siff. He plans to come back twice a year and the chapter continues to hold its weekly sitting group...Bob Repoley, who is a BPF con-

A Buddhist-Christian Synthesis:

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tact in **Charlotte, NC** is working with a few other folks to bring meditation into prisons. There are once-a-month meditation groups in two different prisons in the state. He is always looking for volunteers to teach in other prisons throughout North Carolina...In **Eugene, OR**, members of the chapter will be bringing zazen into a nearby prison. Again, volunteers are needed to teach in other prisons in the state.

BASE News

Diana Winston and Alan Senauke were recently in **Boulder, Colorado** to kick-off the new Colorado BASE program. They participated in a march for Earth Day and ended the march with a *hasang* (dedication) ceremony to inaugurate BASE. This BASE group involves more than 30 people from a vast range of practice traditions, who meet monthly for a half day of practice, a dharma talk, a group action, and discussion on work and practice.

Meanwhile, three other BASE programs are currently



Inauguration of the Colorado BASE Program

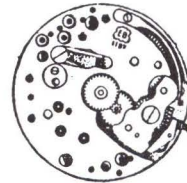
operating. **Bay Area** BASE has an internship program with 10 volunteers working 30 hours per week at placements such as a chaplaincy project for homeless people, a transitional home for teens, foster care, hospice work, and more. Recently several members of this BASE group were arrested together while protesting nuclear weapons outside Lawrence Livermore Laboratories. Participants meet twice weekly.

The first **Santa Cruz** program began in February with a group of ten practitioners who work or volunteer in the field of social service or action. The group is self-facilitated and has so far been an exciting opportunity to merge practice with action.

The previous **Bay Area** BASE group finished its six-month run in March and chose to continue meeting on an ongoing basis. This group, primarily for people involved in service/social action jobs, has found weekly BASE meetings to be a wonderful support in the difficult work of directly engaging with suffering. One member reports: "I've grown to love the tension between structure/plan and allowing flow. Getting to

and through our agenda and being deeply present for whatever comes up, and letting it run its course...we'd come to realize the group *was* practice." (Tom Malarkey)

We have just finished the new and improved **BASE handbook** with explicit instructions on how to make a BASE program happen in your area. This handbook includes curriculum ideas, resources, and much more. Write to BPF for a copy, available for a suggested donation of \$5. ❖ —*Diana Winston*



(Les Kaye, continued from page 48)

25 years, having been ordained by Shunryu Suzuki Roshi in 1971. He worked at IBM for 32 years as an engineer, administrator, and technical writer. These two kinds of work are at the heart of this instructive and highly readable new book, *Zen at Work*.

I am reluctant to make pronouncements about Buddhism in America, but it seems safe to say that we are shaping a kind of work and family practice that tries to find non-attachment in everyday life. This is very much a Zen approach—holding at once two seemingly contradictory realities. But looking at Les Kaye's life as priest, father, engineer, one thinks there just might be a way.

Zen at Work weaves together three strands in graceful fashion: the story of his own developing Zen practice, from his slow but steady start to finding his ground as a teacher; the challenging and sometimes troubling path of life in a huge corporation; and straightforward teachings and parables that point directly to the way that is in fact our lives. Les Kaye is honest, revealing, and imperfect, as we all are. And in these pages he demonstrates how he tries to turn his imperfections into practice, so as to understand himself and others in ways that bring forth kindness and wisdom, not conflict.

A wonderful bonus to this book are Les's stories of Suzuki Roshi and my own Zen lineage, most of them new to me. The intimacy of these stories and of Les Kaye's practice with sangha, family, and associates at IBM is a model for Dharma engagement in the late twentieth century. ❖ —*Alan Senauke*

N.B. Peter Rutter's book *Sex, Power & Boundaries*, reviewed in the last issue of *TW*, has been issued in paperback with a new title—*Understanding and Preventing Sexual Harassment: The Complete Guide*. It is available at bookstores from Bantam at \$13.95.

DIRECTOR'S REPORT

Warm spring days, lengthening evenings of angular light. Zen Master Dogen says, "You do not call winter the beginning of spring, nor summer the end of spring." Each season, each moment is complete in itself. I can see that when I sit out on the front steps after dinner. And yet in each moment there is the whole world working. Sitting on our front steps my busy mind mixes with kids on bicycles, homeless men pushing supermarket carts full of bottles and cans, Zen students looking for a parking place. Inside and outside meeting.

In the BPF office it is a season of departures and arrivals. BASE Coordinator Diana Winston, BPF board member Petra McWilliams, and I had a wonderful trip to Boulder, Colorado in April, with several mutually supporting items on the agenda, all linked to a weekend intensive on "Structural Violence" with Sulak Sivaraksa, hosted by Naropa's Engaged Buddhism program. We helped to facilitate small groups for the weekend, and with everyone else we wrestled with the complexity of understanding structural violence from our place in the middle of the structure itself. Looking at our privilege is a difficult koan for all of us in the developing world.

It was exciting to be at Naropa and to meet with students and teachers who have the energy and time to match study and practice in fresh ways, parallel to what we have been doing with BASE, but different, too. One of the other items on our working agenda was to outline a joint BPF-Naropa training on structural violence for 1998. We will share more details with you as this project takes shape.

This Earth Day weekend was also the inauguration of Colorado BASE, comprised of twenty-five to thirty members of several different sanghas in the Denver-Boulder area who are creating a new "alliance" model of social action and dharma practice. Diana, Petra, and I felt honored to be there at the beginning. We were grateful, too, for the participation of Zen teachers Danan Henry of the Denver Zen Center and Shishin Wicks of the Great Mountain Zen Center, for their support of BASE and for their probing questions about the dharma dimensions of our work.

We also met with Sulak Sivaraksa, Elizabeth Roberts and Elias Amidon of the Deep Ecology Institute, Judith Simmer-Brown, head of Religious Studies at Naropa, and others. The opportunity to meet old and new friends, and just to enjoy ourselves in the clear mountain air was invigorating.

Lewis Woods was gone for three weeks to Israel, a land where his heart has deep roots. Along the way he

stopped over in England to visit the Friends of the Western Buddhist Order, and learn more about their model of dharma community and their engaged Buddhist work. By the way, Lewis was recently designated BPF's Assistant Director, a title which properly fits his wide-ranging responsibilities. We are glad to have him back from his travels.

In late March we said good-bye to Elsie Okada Tep, who worked as Membership Coordinator for a year and a half. Elsie helped streamline and professionalize BPF's membership operations, the vital source of our organization and funds. She also worked on *Turning Wheel*, and helped with our public events. Just before she left, Elsie organized a wonderful afternoon of storytelling with BPF's longtime friend, author Rafe Martin from Rochester, New York. But having finished her Master's degree in folklore at U.C.-Berkeley, it seemed the right time for Elsie to step further into her music and her Taiko drumming work. We are grateful for her time with us, and look forward to future work together.

After a short but very active search we hired Karin Meyers to take on the Membership Coordinator's responsibilities. Karin spent much of last year working on a grant in Asia. She has an M.A. in philosophy, with strong experience working with Tibetans in India and the U.S. We are happy to have her energy and intelligence in the office. It's a good fit.

Turning Wheel editor Sue Moon has been awarded a month long residency by the Djerassi Foundation at their artists' retreat south of San Francisco. She will take the month of June to work on her writing there. When a twinge of envy for Sue arises, I recall the divine abode of sympathetic joy.

As this issue goes to the printer, we are looking forward to participating in a San Francisco conference—Peacemaking: The Power of Nonviolence—organized by Tibet House NY, with His Holiness the Dalai Lama and fellow Nobel laureates Rigoberta Menchu and Jose Ramos-Horta. Diana Winston and I are leading a workshop on BASE. More to report in the next issue. ♦

—Alan Senauke

Attention, BPF Members!

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS!



Please suggest candidates to serve on the BPF Board. We want people who are activist-oriented, with an interest in helping to shape the future of BPF. Contact the BPF office with suggestions and questions.

ANNOUNCEMENTS & CLASSIFIEDS

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

RENEWING NONVIOLENCE: Women, Spirituality, and Nonviolence. What does an interfaith, multi-generational, multi-ethnic, active, and feminist nonviolence look like? September 25-28, 1997, at the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Nyack, NY. Contact Paige at 914/358-4601.

BUDDHIST PRISON GROUP in need of dharma books, incense, robes, tapes, green tea, an altar cloth, large pictures of the Buddha and a Theravadin Bikkhu to visit on a regular basis. Richard L. Kaufman #224865, Riverside Correctional Facility, 777 West Riverside Dr., Ionia, MI 48846.

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SHARPHAM COLLEGE of Buddhist studies seeks a middle way between the academic study of Buddhism and orthodox presentations of the Dharma. Coursework emphasizes traditional Buddhism and its interpretation in ways relevant to our times. The College adheres to no particular school. Write for application information for 1998-9, to: Stephen Batchelor, Director of Studies, Sharpham College, Ashprington, Totnes, Devon TQ9 7UT. Fax: 01803-732037. Email: 101364,537@compuserve.com.

THE PRISON DHARMA NETWORK is alive and well and in need of funds. Please send your tax-deductible donations to: PDN, P.O. Box 912, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123.

MEDICAL CHI KUNG is an ancient Taoist system of simple movement, breathwork, visualization, and meditation. It is gentle and easy to learn. Daily practice encourages self-healing by mobilizing the body's natural healing capacities. Chi Kung is profound inner medicine that quiets the mind, increases energy and vitality, enhances immunity and encourages longevity and spiritual development. For information and schedule of San Francisco Bay Area classes, call Ellen Raskin at 415/431-3703.

THE CONCH-US TIMES, the Journal of the Dead Buddhists of America, for those appreciating both Grateful Dead and Buddhist Cultures: \$8/yr. Payable to: Ken Sun-Downer, Box 769, Idyllwild, CA 92549.

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

SIMPLE LIVING as War Tax Resistance: Practical WTR #5 published by National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee. Pamphlets are 50¢ each. NWTRCC, P.O. Box 774, Monroec, ME 04951. 207/525-7774.

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

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

VOLUNTEER M.D.'S AND NURSES are needed to provide health care to Tibetans in India. Former volunteer will provide information on how to help. Barry Samuel, M.D., 18324 Newell Rd., Shaker Heights, OH 44122-5052.

AMAZENJI: a Zen training temple for women which embraces women's spirituality. Summer monastic schedule includes meditation, study of traditional Zen texts, as well as ancient and modern women's teachings, silent meals, work periods, and ritual. 3-day retreats each full moon. Kuya Minogue, Abbot, Amazenji, RR 2 Site 11E Comp 3, Burns Lake, BC V0J 1E0. 250/694-3630.

FARM CABIN: Retreat, long-term residence, or short-term vacation. 12-volt solar electricity, organic garden, fruit trees, pasture, and ponds on secluded community farm near Mendocino. \$325/month. Shorter stays possible. For brochure send SASE to: P.O. Box 863, Mendocino, CA 95460, or call 707/937-0244.

HELPING HOMELESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN: You can help by donating personal care items that are greatly needed—toothbrushes, toothpaste, soap, shampoo, hair brushes, combs, and hand lotion—to the Women's Daytime Drop-in Center in Berkeley. Volunteers are also needed to work with the women and children. For more information call: 510/548-6933.

VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES in a Buddhist community. Participate in a work/study program offering classes, room, board, and a small stipend. The work schedule is demanding but rewarding. Work for a leading Buddhist publisher in the areas of shipping, warehousing, book-binding, and sacred text preservation. Part-time internships also available. Dharma Publishing, 2910 San Pablo Ave., Berkeley, CA 94702. 510/548-5407.

SUPPORT HOMELESS PEOPLE: The Berkeley Ecumenical Chaplaincy to the Homeless is seeking supporters for its new "Community of Compassion," a group of people underwriting monthly rent (\$300/person) for the Haste St. Transitional House, which seeks to empower homeless adults in their move from the streets to permanent housing. This progressive, interfaith program involves homeless people in counseling, volunteer work, job development and community living. For information, write: 2345 Channing Way, Berkeley, CA 94704, or call 510/548-0551. ♦

HELPING TURN THE WHEEL



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BPF CHAPTERS & AFFILIATES

BPF NATIONAL OFFICE
P.O. Box 4650
Berkeley, CA 94704
Tel. 510/525-8596
Fax: 510/525-7973

CHAPTERS

BUFFALO, NY
Jim Dodson
1807 Elmwood Ave.
Buffalo, NY 14207
716/634-1812

DEKALB, IL
PRAIRIE BUDDHA
Bruce von Zellen
136 Ilehamwood Dr.
DeKalb, IL 60115
815/756-2801

EAST BAY, CA
Margo Tyndall
88 Clarewood Lane
Oakland, CA 94618
510/654-8677

EUGENE, OR
Don Reynolds
P.O. Box 11233
Eugene, OR 97440
541/343-9206

HONOLULU, HI
Laura Prishmont
2913 Alphonse Place
Honolulu, HI 96816
808/739-1725

LOS ANGELES, CA
Kara Steiniger
732 Howard St.
Venice, CA 90202
310/821-8564

MILWAUKEE, WI
Paul Norton
3238 N. Shepard Ave.
Milwaukee, WI 53212
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NEW YORK, NY
Amy Krantz
115 W. 86th St.
New York, NY 10024
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Steve Walker
c/o Mandala Institute
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Sacramento, CA 95821
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SAN DIEGO, CA
Ava Torre-Bueno
1818 Tulip St
San Diego, CA 92105-5150
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SEATTLE, WA
Rick Harlan
911 29th St. So.
Seattle, WA 98144-3123
206/324-4153

SONOMA COUNTY, CA
Elaine O'Brien
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707/887-2849

SPOKANE, WA
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South 807 Cowley #26
Spokane, WA 99202
509/455-3987

TRIANGLE AREA, NC
Hans Henning
558 East Road
Pittsboro, NC 27312
919/542-6060

YELLOW SPRINGS, OH
Ken Simon
518 Lincoln Ct.
Yellow Springs OH 45387
513/767-1022

CONTACTS

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

BOSTON/CAMBRIDGE, MA
Jim Austin
20 Monument St.
West Medford, MA 02155
617/483-3271

**CAPE COD/
SOUTHEAST MA**
Chuck Hotchkiss
P.O. Box 354
North Truro, MA 02652
508/487-2979

CHARLOTTE, NC
Bob Repoley
923 Mineral Springs Rd.
Charlotte, NC 28622
704/597-0304

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

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

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

NEVADA CITY, CA
Annette Dunklin
P.O. Box 1833
Nevada City, CA 95959
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PHILADELPHIA, PA
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4709 Windsor
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PORTLAND, OR
Celene Ryan
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SANTA FE, NM
Greg Mello
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Ludlow, VT 05149
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YUMA, AZ
Sally Sheridan
1423 Pebble Beach Lane
Yuma, AZ 85365
520/726-9168

AFFILIATES

**BPF AUSTRALIA
(MELBOURNE)**
Jill Jameson
9 Waterloo Crescent
St. Kilda 3182, Victoria
Australia

**BPF AUSTRALIA
(SYDNEY)**
Gillian Coote
31 Bonnefin St.,
Hunters Hill
Sydney, NSW,
Australia

BPF BANGLADESH
Brother Jarlath D'Souza
St. Joseph's School, Hsad
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BPF LADAKH
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BUDDHIST AIDS PROJECT
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415/586-4368

**GAY BUDDHIST
FELLOWSHIP**
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San Francisco, CA 94114
415/974-9878

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510/649-2566

**INTERNATIONAL NETWORK OF
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Bangkok, 10206
Siam
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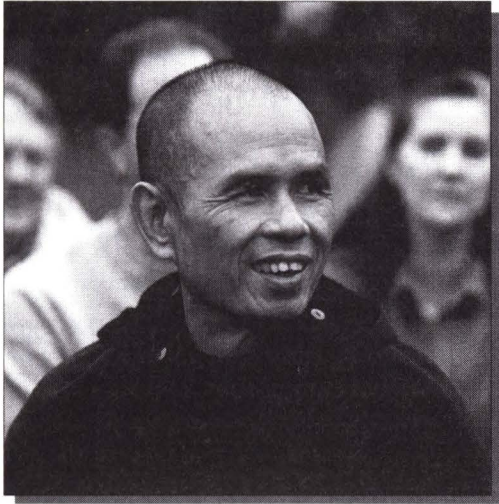
KARUNA CENTER
Paula Green
49 Richardson Rd.
Leverett, MA 01054
413/367-9520

**LEEDS NETWORK OF
ENGAGED BUDDHIST**
91 Clarendon Rd.
Leeds LS29LY
West Yorkshire, U.K.
0113-2444-289

**NETWORK OF ENGAGED
BUDDHISTS**
Ken Jones
Plas Plwca, Cwmrheidol
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- October 18*** Public Lecture, Location to be announced, New York City (212) 501-2652
- October 19-24** Five-Day Retreat, Omega Institute, Rhinebeck, NY (800) 944-1001
- October 26*** Day of Mindfulness, George Mason University, Fairfax, VA (301) 681-1036
- October 30** Public Lecture, Washington Hebrew Congregation, Wash., DC (301) 681-1036
- November 1-8*** Buddhist Psychology Retreat for Psychotherapists & Advanced Meditation Students, Location in Florida to be announced (510) 464-1350

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