

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

# TURNING WHEEL

*The Journal of Socially Engaged Buddhism*



## Art & Activism

**POETRY IN PRISON • MUSIC AS HEALER**  
**THE WORLD WHEEL: SACRED ART BY AN ITINERANT SCULPTOR**  
The Wargasm Wall: Public Art as Protest

## From the Editor

A rubber stamp in my collection says, "ART SAVES LIVES." I believe this. But how?

What is activist art, anyway? How about Buddhist activist art? As a Buddhist, an activist, a writer, and a would-be photographer, I wonder about these things. I wonder, for example, whether the world is in such a pickle that there's no time to make art unless it's art that openly urges people to change oppressive systems.

Last week, I saw an abandoned, burned-out building by the side of a country road. I stopped and took two rolls of film of the beautiful patterns on the smoke-stained walls. But in the face of globalization, what good do such "art shots" do? I doubt that anyone is taking pictures of beautiful smoke stains on the walls of bombed schools and homes in Afghanistan.

On the other hand, how much message about oppression and injustice can a work of art carry before it becomes top-heavy and topples over into propaganda? There's a wide range of opinion on this. And though we may scoff at message-filled art, we may forget how much message there is in *non*-activist art, like movies that teach young women to surrender to men, or that teach young men to love guns. These are topheavy too. And heavily subsidized.

If art is that which wakes us up and opens our hearts to others, then perhaps *all* art is fundamentally activist, even, in some mysterious way, my photos of burned walls. But for now I take activist art to be art that directly addresses issues of social and environmental justice. Like Tony Kushner's compelling play, *Homebody: Kabul*, which I just saw. A character in the play, an Afghan woman who is considered mad because of the terrible truths she speaks, made me feel her oppression keenly, in language that is at once art and message.

In this issue of *Turning Wheel*, we see that art can be activist because of its process as well as its content (Sheehan). It can be art that people create together in empowering collaboration (Hamilton), or that gives voice to those whose voices we haven't heard (Stout, Tannenbaum), or that speaks for trees (Sakaki, Saijo), or that teaches letting go rather than clinging to a product (Schneider), or that cheers us on and gives us courage when we are downhearted (Cryan). ART SAVES LIVES.

Since the last issue of *Turning Wheel*, Associate Editor Maia Duerr has taken a job in Massachusetts, with the Center for Contemplative Mind in Society, directing a research project based on interviews. For almost three years Maia brought to *TW* her insight, commitment to diversity, and skill both as editor and writer. The first and last issues of *TW* that she worked on included feature articles by her, on her pilgrimage to Mount Kailash in Tibet, and on the stigma of mental "illness" (see comments in the letters column), respectively. Maia also co-edited, with Mushin Ikeda-Nash, an issue of *TW* on Buddhists of Asian Descent in the West. We miss her, and her intuition and kindness.

We also have cause for celebration. *TW*'s new associate editor, Marianne Dresser, dived right into production with the *Turning Wheel* in your hands. Marianne has worked extensively in Buddhist publishing, including editing the anthology *Buddhist Women on the Edge*, a collection of diverse writings by Buddhist women. She was also *Turning Wheel*'s book review editor for a couple of years. A longtime Buddhist practitioner, she took part in a Buddhist studies program in Bodh Gaya, India, and attended one of the Zen Peacemaker Order's Bearing Witness Retreats in Auschwitz, Germany. We're lucky to have her. Welcome, Marianne! ❖ —Susan Moon

---

Cover: Stone carving by Vijali Hamilton

"Rainbow Bodhisattva" with two nuns, Shoto Terdrom, Tibet (see page 23).

---

Coming themes for *Turning Wheel*:

Winter '02-'03: **Activist Nuns and Monks**. Deadline: September 3, '02

Spring '03: **African American Buddhists**. Deadline: December 2, '02

# TURNING WHEEL

The Journal of Socially Engaged Buddhism



## Editor

Susan Moon

## Associate Editor

Marianne Dresser

## Book Review Editor

Shannon Hickey

## Consulting Readers & Editors

Maia Duerr, Annette Herskovits,  
Mushim Ikeda-Nash, Albert Kutchins,  
Karen Payne, Melanie Phoenix,  
Terry Stein, Meredith Stout

## Copy Editor

Rachel Markowitz

## Production & Design

Lawrence Watson

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

See insert card for subscription information.  
Single copies \$6.00 postpaid from:

BPF National Office

P.O. Box 4650, Berkeley, CA 94704

T: 510/655-6169 F: 510/655-1369

[www.bpf.org](http://www.bpf.org)

e-mail: <bpf@bpf.org>

For advertising information, contact  
Marianne Dresser, 510/655-6169 x302,  
e-mail: <marianne@bpf.org>

## International Advisory Board

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

## Board of Directors

Trena Cleland (CA), Roger Dorris (CO),  
Rev. Noriaki Fujimori (HI), Ruben Habito  
(TX), Mushim Ikeda-Nash (CA), Lauren  
Leslie (CA), Lee Lewis (MN), Lee Lipp (CA),  
Robert Lyons (CA), Fleet Maull (CO),  
C.S. Soong (CA), Terry Stein (CA),  
Clay Taylor (CA), Aran Watson (CA)

## Executive Director

Sibylle Scholz

© 2002 Buddhist Peace Fellowship  
ISSN 1065-058X

# Contents

## Departments

Letters/4

Indra's Net/8

History/12

Human Rights/13

BPF Reports/36

Announcements and Classifieds/38

## Art and Activism

*Songs of Freedom: Using Music to Work with Grief in the Wake of September 11,*

by Phillip Cryan, first winner of *Turning Wheel's* Young Writer's Award/14

*Awakening the Sacred*, by David Schneider/18

*Sisters Becoming One*, by Meredith Stout, in collaboration with Zelma Brown/20

*Finding the Spirit in the Stone*, by Vijali Hamilton/23

*Human Beings Together*, by Judith Tannenbaum/26

*The Wargasm Wall*, by Donna Sheehan/28

*Becoming the Landscape*, Nanao Sakaki talks with Trevor Carolan/29

*Sitting on Scarred Land*, by Diana Winston and Emily Jackson Snyder/32

## Book Reviews

Shannon Hickey on books of daily contemplations from Christopher Titmuss,

David Chadwick, Susan Suntree, and Norman Fischer/33

Paul W. Morris on *Nothing Left Over: A Plain and Simple Life*/34

Diana Lion on *Meditations on Everything Under the Sun*/35

Barbara Hirshkowitz on *New Jack: Guarding Sing Sing*/35

## Poetry

Norman Fischer/9

Nanao Sakaki/30

Albert Saijo/31



Meditating for peace in Dolores Park, San Francisco, April 20, 2002. Photo by Ko Blix

## Letters

We welcome your responses to what we print. Write to Turning Wheel, PO Box 4650, Berkeley, CA 94704, or send e-mail to <turningwheel@bpf.org>

### Impossible Choices

I found [Maia Duerr's article, "Impossible Choices," Spring 2002] very insightful. I was also in an institutional setting, as a patient. It does seem as if the self is fragmented because it is sensed as so much less than the whole. Though this is more evident in a mental health setting, it is greatly pervasive in our society. Many people see themselves as separate from others in day-to-day experience. What Buddhism intends is a loss of self through connection to others, not through psychotropic drugs, impersonal cognitive and behavioral manipulation, and often referred to as "empathy" in the helping professions. I personally find no fear or threat in dealing with someone with acute and chronic mental illness. Suffering helps us analyze our very existence and gives understanding of the depths of human experience, which we can use in our practice.

—Brian Lapp, via e-mail

I found [Maia Duerr's] article on mental illness very heartening. Having seen close up how terrifying a manic episode can be for those who witness it, I recognize the dilemma counselors are faced with. What I find so illuminating about the article proposed, stated so eloquently by Thich Nhat Hanh, is that it takes us all, the afflicted and those

responsible for guarding social welfare, out of the "self" and stigma we have constructed with the medical model of "individuals with mental illness." This concept limits our understanding and our ability to identify the multiple causes and conditions that favor the appearance of mental illness. Requiring psychiatrists to participate in efforts to create a more healthful environment, and offering those afflicted the strength to change an ill environment, are wonderful medicine and can help heal us all. This is the gift we must find a way to bring to those carrying the seeds of mental illness, and it is one we must bear collective responsibility for offering.

—Katherine Cook, via e-mail

### Zen Militarism

I'm disappointed in *Turning Wheel's* handling of the Rinzaï Zen leadership's war guilt ["Now I Truly Know Shame," Spring 2002]. A great chance was missed to address the sin of pride and arrogance on the part of Western converts to Buddhism in thinking that their newly adopted spiritual tradition did not share in the flawed humanity that is responsible for the human reality known as war.

—Lawrence P. Rockwood, San Marcos, California

I am concerned that the American Zen community is still dwelling on Japanese Zen at war. We should understand our karma as Buddhists, and probably condemn Yasutani Roshi's fascism and anti-Semitism; however, what are we as American Buddhists doing about the harmful actions being committed right now by our own government? What will be said about our actions 50 years from now?

The list is extensive: loans to foreign governments conditioned on their purchasing new U.S. weaponry, now flooding troubled spots from Israel to Colombia; devastation of numerous ecosystems by our Enron government in order to ensure massive profits for oil and gas companies; threats of unilateral military actions, including use of nuclear weapons; and damage to economies—and lives—at home and abroad by rapacious so-called "free trade" treaties that overthrow all environmental and human rights regulations.

It might not be too late to change the course of events if we all become informed, speak out, and mobilize dissent. I urge *Turning Wheel* to more fully address these issues.

—Taigen Leighton, Berkeley, California

Response from Albert Kutchins, TW Consulting Editor:

In a sense, Leighton's letter proves Rockwood's point. Leighton feels that we are dwelling on the errors of others in the past instead of attending to our own responsibilities in the present. Yet how can we sally forth for justice under the banner of Buddhism without remembering what happened when others—including teachers of great attainment—advocated militarism, nationalism, and racism under that same bright banner? *Turning Wheel* does devote space to the issues on Leighton's list, because to do so is consonant with our understanding of the Buddha's teachings. But it behooves us to recall that Buddhism is not a political program. The errors of those teachers are essential reminders that our views are just our views.

## \$500 YOUNG WRITERS AWARD!

offered by *Turning Wheel*, for essays from a Buddhist perspective—one award for each of the next six issues.

We want to hear your voice!

Coming themes and deadlines are:

### Activist Monks and Nuns

deadline: August 19, 2002

### African American Buddhists

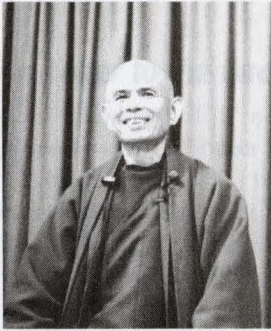
deadline: November 18, 2002

Writers must be 30 years old or younger, and not previously published in *Turning Wheel*.

For more information and guidelines, see [www.bpf.org/tw1.html](http://www.bpf.org/tw1.html)

e-mail us at <turningwheel@bpf.org> or call 510/655-6169, ext. 303.

—funded by a special grant—



## Thich Nhat Hanh

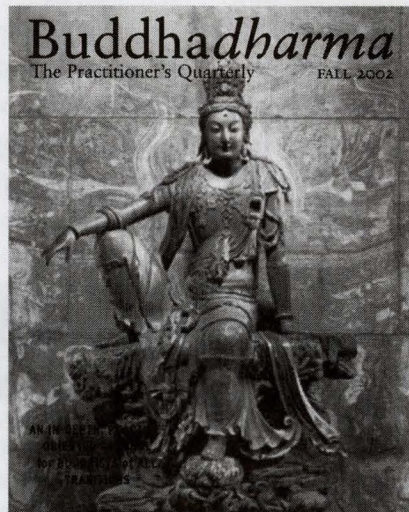
Highly regarded as a Zen master, author, and peace advocate, his compassionate spirit and teachings on the art of mindful living have helped many people. After the tragic events of September 11, many of us are searching for true security and peace. During these special retreats and public talks, the Venerable Thich Nhat Hanh will offer concrete practices and tools on nurturing our inner solidity and renewing our joy.

## Summer Teaching Schedule for 2002

- Aug. 12-17: "Healing our Hearts and Global Community: the Path of Non-fear and Compassion," East Coast retreat at Stonehill College, Easton, Massachusetts. Contact Green Mountain Dharma Center (GMDC) at (802) 436-1103, email: [mfmaster@vermontel.net](mailto:mfmaster@vermontel.net), Web: [www.plumvillage.org](http://www.plumvillage.org)
- Aug. 18: Public Talk in Boston, Massachusetts. Contact GMDC (802) 436-1103.
- Aug. 20: "Healing our Pain, Touching our Joy," Public Talk in Denver, Colorado. Contact Naropa University, (303) 245-4800, email: [ce\\_info@naropa.edu](mailto:ce_info@naropa.edu)
- Aug. 21-23: "Cultivating Compassion, Transforming our Anger and Fear," Retreat at Rocky Mountain Shambhala Center, Colorado. Contact (970) 881-2184, email: [info@rmcs.shambhala.org](mailto:info@rmcs.shambhala.org) (Booked/Waiting list only)
- Aug. 24: "Celebrating the Gift of Life: A Day of Peace, Solidity and Freedom," Day of Mindfulness in Boulder, Colorado. Contact Naropa University, (303) 245-4800, email: [ce\\_info@naropa.edu](mailto:ce_info@naropa.edu)
- Aug. 26-31: "Fear: Nurturing Stability and Joy in Uncertain Times," West Coast Retreat at UC San Diego. Contact Deer Park Monastery (DPM), at (760) 291-1003, email: [tnhtourw@plumvillage.org](mailto:tnhtourw@plumvillage.org), Internet: [www.plumvillage.org](http://www.plumvillage.org)
- Sept. 1: Vietnamese Language Public Talk in Santa Ana, California. Contact Deer Park, (760) 291-1144, email: [clarity@plumvillage.org](mailto:clarity@plumvillage.org), Internet: [www.plumvillage.org](http://www.plumvillage.org)
- Sept. 4-8: Vietnamese Retreat at Deer Park Monastery. Contact Deer Park, (760) 291-1144, email: [clarity@plumvillage.org](mailto:clarity@plumvillage.org), Internet: [www.plumvillage.org](http://www.plumvillage.org)
- Sept. 14: "Refreshing Ourselves: Touching the Wonders of Life," A Public Talk to be given in San Diego, at 3:00 p.m. in Golden Hall, Civic Center Concourse. Contact DPM (760) 291-1003.
- Sept. 19: "Deep Listening: The Heart of Compassionate Action," Public Talk in Berkeley, California. Contact Northern California Community of Mindful Living (510) 527-3751, or Internet: [www.iamhome.org](http://www.iamhome.org)
- Sept. 21: "Coming Home: A Joyful Day of Community and Healing," Day of Mindfulness in the Bay Area. Contact Northern California Community of Mindful Living (510) 527-3751, or visit [www.iamhome.org](http://www.iamhome.org)
- Sept. 22: Vietnamese Day of Mindfulness at Kim Son Monastery. Contact Deer Park, (760) 291-1144, email: [clarity@plumvillage.org](mailto:clarity@plumvillage.org), Internet: [www.plumvillage.org](http://www.plumvillage.org)
- Sept. 23-27: Monastic Retreat at Kim Son Monastery. Contact Deer Park, (760) 291-1144, email: [clarity@plumvillage.org](mailto:clarity@plumvillage.org), Internet: [www.plumvillage.org](http://www.plumvillage.org)

### For Information:

Phone (760) 291-1003, FAX (760) 291-1010  
Email: [tnhtourw@plumvillage.org](mailto:tnhtourw@plumvillage.org)  
or Internet: [www.plumvillage.org](http://www.plumvillage.org)



A N N O U N C I N G

# Buddhadharma

## THE PRACTITIONER'S QUARTERLY

**It's about your practice and study of the dharma.**

The **Shambhala Sun** announces a new publication for everyone with a serious interest in Buddhist practice. **Buddhadharma** is the new quarterly journal for Buddhists of all traditions who want to deepen their practice and understanding of the dharma.

**It's a wealth of Buddhist teachings.**

Every issue of **Buddhadharma** features outstanding teachings that reflect the wealth and range of Buddhist tradition, yet always hit the central point — deepening your practice on and off the meditation cushion.

**It's discovering all that we share as a community.**

No matter what tradition we come from, we're all Buddhist practitioners — with a common heritage and a growing sense of community. In **Buddhadharma**, we'll get to know each other better and share what we've learned on our journey.

The inaugural issue of **Buddhadharma: The Practitioner's Quarterly** will be available August 15 on newsstands throughout the United States and Canada. To subscribe at a special pre-launch price of \$19.95 for one year, call toll-free 1-877-786-1950.

**FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF THE SHAMBHALA SUN.**

## Open Letter to the Buddhist Peace Fellowship

As members of a new chapter, Buddhist Peace Fellowship of Pioneer Valley (western Massachusetts), we are proud to be a part of an organization that synthesizes social activist work with Buddhist principles. The Winter 2002 issue of *Turning Wheel*, "Vowing Peace in an Age of War," demonstrates BPF's awareness of its responsibility to respond to 9/11 and the ensuing escalation of violence worldwide. Although we are a new chapter, we are highly motivated to take action to stop this cycle of violence and the immense suffering generated by the "war on terrorism."

In the spirit of peace building, our chapter would like to propose that the Buddhist Peace Fellowship take a step further in its peace work. We call upon BPF to actively participate in building a national mass movement to end the so-called "war on terrorism": overwhelming reliance on military force, the erosion of civil liberties, the suppression of voices of dissent, and the U.S. government's use of racism to instill fear and divide our citizenry and the world (e.g., racial profiling, immigrant deportation and imprisonment). We deplore the theologically charged rhetoric of good versus evil that dehumanizes the very people we most desperately need to understand and absolves our own position from moral scrutiny.

Our chapter supports the goals of ending terrorism and ensuring international safety. However, we believe these goals are accomplished by bringing a compassionate understanding and response to the conditions that generate terrorism. We cannot solve what are ultimately political and economic problems through military means. The aggressive militarism conducted by the U.S. government toward these ends only escalates violence and intensifies and increases acts and attitudes of racial and religious oppression. The Buddhist principle of interconnectedness of all beings is a call to explore intelligent and nonviolent means of making peace and creating justice.

As the Massachusetts Women's Congress for Peace states so eloquently:

This is the time to build a culture of peace. The skills of dialogue and compassionate listening and the ways of nonviolence must become the universal peace-building tools of human interaction.... This is the time for justice and the rule of law to replace the rule of force as the means of ensuring peace and security in our world.

The Buddhist Peace Fellowship's Statement of Purpose emphasizes social justice activism and peace work. From a Buddhist perspective this means actively following the path of compassion, relying on nonviolence and collective right action. BPF is in a unique position to take a leadership role in building a mass movement to transform the current situation. This time of crisis in our nation and the world holds a clear opportunity for BPF to respond to the fear, anger, and despair in the hearts of so many around the world.

In the spirit of dialogue, we at BPF of Pioneer Valley invite the national office, local chapters, and individual BPF members to offer immediate responses to our proposal. This is an urgent call; please be specific in suggestions of next steps we can take as an organization that joins the peace movement with the Buddhist community. Please contact us at BPF of Pioneer Valley, c/o Emilie Woodward, 40 Barrett Place, Northampton, MA 01060, or <emiliewoodward@hotmail.com>. Thank you.

*In Peace,  
Buddhist Peace Fellowship of Pioneer Valley, MA*

### RESPONSE:

Here at the BPF national office, we appreciate BPF-Pioneer Valley's urgent call to action.

In the difficult months since September 11, BPF has taken a number of steps toward peace. We have organized town meetings, letter-writing parties, listening projects, and vigils; participated in interfaith dialogues; co-sponsored demonstrations and benefits; posted writings and suggestions for action on our Web site; and put out flyers and policy statements.

We are preparing a resource packet, and we are strengthening our commitment to serve as a nationwide resource.

However, we have not created a concerted nationwide BPF program in response to the current crisis, and we are interested in that possibility. The Pioneer Valley chapter's request that BPF "take a leadership role in building a mass movement" seems like a tall order for our relatively small organization,

but we would certainly like to *participate* in building such a movement. So we thank Pioneer Valley BPF for pushing the dialogue forward. Please send your ideas to us here, too, at <sscholz@bpf.org>. What would *you* like to see the national office doing? Let's work on this together.

And check our Web site for weekly updates, coming events, and more. ❖



BPF-ers with banner in peace march, San Francisco, April 20, 2002

## Indra's Net

*In the image of the "jeweled net of Indra," found in the Avatamsaka Sutra, the universe is represented as an infinite network of jewels, each of which reflects all the others. The following reports on peace activism around the world demonstrate how all our lives touch each other.*

### Brave Enough for Peace

Peaceful Tomorrows, an organization founded by relatives of September 11 victims, seeks effective nonviolent responses to terrorism. The name comes from a quote from Martin Luther King: "Wars are poor chisels for carving out peaceful tomorrows."

One of the founders, Amber Amundson, whose husband was killed in the attack on the Pentagon, wrote President Bush last November: "When you say that vengeance is needed so that the victims of 9/11 do not die in vain, could you please exclude Craig Scott Amundson from your list of victims used to justify further attacks? I do not want my children to grow up thinking that the reason so many people died...was because of their father's death." She received no reply.

Amundson now travels around the country speaking about alternatives to war in confronting terrorism.

In January, four Peaceful Tomorrows members traveled to Afghanistan to meet with families of people killed by U.S. bombing. Rita Lasar, whose brother died in the World Trade Center attack, explained that she didn't want others killed in his name. At 70, she made the difficult journey because "I thought if I could get the attention of the American people, I could help."

Kelly Campbell, sister-in-law of Craig Amundson, realized that the day the U.S. started bombing was "someone else's September 11," and she wanted Americans to know that Afghans were hurt by U.S. bombs.

The delegation visited a house in Kabul hit by a bomb that killed four adults and four children. They were shown the sites of former orchards now reduced to enormous bomb craters. They saw families forced to live outside in the cold due to unexploded cluster-bomblets around their homes. They met children who had completely stopped speaking after a bombing. One woman described how she had gone to the U.S. Embassy for help after a bomb killed her husband and seven children and was told: "Go away, we don't accept beggars."

Peaceful Tomorrows wants the U.S. government to create a \$20 million fund—half the cost of a day's bombing—to compensate victims' families. It also calls for a detailed

study of civilian casualties. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld admits to "bombing errors," but the number and circumstances of these civilian deaths suggest that Afghan lives have little value for the U.S. military command or for those who drop the bombs.

Investigating an "error" which took the lives of 25 to 35 villagers, mostly children, Human Rights Watch found that U.S. planes fired on people while they were escaping their bombed village. In another incident, planes targeted a tractor hauling a trailer with 30 people (all but three of them women) who were fleeing the bombing.

**Action Alert:** Write your elected representatives asking for a compensation fund. Additional information can be found at [www.peacefultomorrow.org](http://www.peacefultomorrow.org), or call Kelly Campbell, 415-518-1991.

### Plagues and Prayers in Jerusalem

Every Friday for the last 18 months, Israelis and Palestinians have gathered to pray for peace in a courtyard



Israeli and Palestinian vigil participants gather near the Western Wall of the Temple Mount in Jerusalem.  
Photo by Alan Senauke

of Jerusalem's Old City that overlooks Temple Mount/Al-Aqsa mosque. The vigil's organizers vow to continue until the bloodshed ends.

On March 29, Good Friday, people assembled as usual in the courtyard. On that day, the Israeli Army entered West Bank towns and refugee camps, using tanks, helicopter gunships, and fighter planes against a trapped civilian population. The day before, 24 Israelis had been killed in suicide bombings.

For Palestinians and Israelis to sit down together in peaceful silence in such times takes great courage.



Eliyahu McLean, director of Israel's Peacemaker Community (founded by Bernie Glassman Roshi), sent the following report:

On this day holy to the three Abrahamic faiths—Good Friday, Pesach, and Salat al-Juma'ah (Muslim Friday prayers)—we gathered with messages from many people around the world praying for peace in the Holy Land. Silence and shared prayer seem to be the most powerful contribution we can offer at this most unforgiving time. As we sat in silence, we were joined by a group of Christians, who linked hands with Muslims, who linked hands with Jews; together, we offered heartfelt supplications for peace. Haj Ibrahim [a vigil co-founder] began by asking for the world to stop selling weapons to both sides for use in killing each other. Tough-looking Israeli police

stood nearby, watching. An officer then said, "If only your prayers for peace could succeed. I pray for true peace in the whole world."

For the first time in a year, clashes erupted outside Al-Aqsa mosque between Palestinians and Israeli forces. Just as [vigil co-founder] Devorah Brous was offering a plea for mercy, we heard the loud explosions of stun grenades. At that point, our friend Nizar from East Jerusalem, who had just finished Friday prayers at Al-Aqsa, joined us. We stood still, bearing witness. When quiet prevailed, Nizar lifted the Qur'an and read a teaching about oneness and our unity as Children of God. Eliyahu offered a teaching from the Torah about the arrogance of exclusive human ownership of God's Land.

As violence and hopelessness expand in Jerusalem and throughout the region, it is important to remember that any coming together of people from the different sides, any act of nonviolent resistance, can ripple out into actual peace.

Two organizations that sponsor peace delegations to the Middle East are Global Exchange, 800-497-1994 ([www.globalexchange.org](http://www.globalexchange.org)), and the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR), 202-244-0951 ([www.forusa.org](http://www.forusa.org)). The Middle East Children Alliance ([www.mecaforpeace.org](http://www.mecaforpeace.org), 212-666-8512) places volunteers with grassroots Palestinian organizations: dates are flexible, but participants must stay at least one month.

## Psalm 122

Joy drenched me when you said  
Come inside my house  
Now our feet stand within your gates, Jerusalem  
Planted upon your wholeness

Jerusalem,  
Place where each is welcome  
All belong

For this is the place  
Toward which people ascend  
Giving thanks with their mouths  
Singing the thousand names of the nameless  
And here stand the upright chairs of David's  
justice

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem  
Pray that all who love her will be well  
May there be peace within her walls  
Plenty in her palaces

For the sake of all that lives and is  
Let me speak these heart words:  
Peace, peace,  
Peace for Jerusalem

And for your sake  
From inside your house  
I pledge myself to seek the good

—Norman Fischer

[Reprinted by permission of the author from *Opening to You: Zen-Inspired Translations of the Psalms* (New York, Viking Compass, 2002). See review, p. 33.]

### Christopher Ikeda-Nash, CPA

#### INCOME TAX and BUSINESS SERVICES

Tax Preparation, Planning  
Audit Representation  
Business Formation  
Retirement Plans



405 14<sup>th</sup> Street, Suite 1410  
Oakland, CA 94612-2710

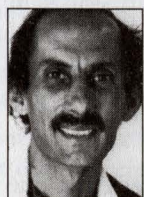
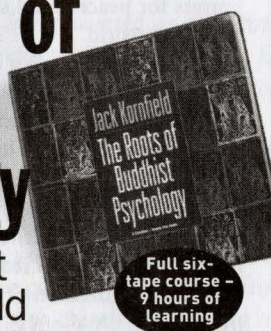
Voice (510)267-0171

Fax (510)267-0172

email [ina@dnai.com](mailto:ina@dnai.com)

# The Roots of Buddhist Psychology

An Audio Retreat with Jack Kornfield



JACK KORNFELD

The Buddha said many times that just as the great oceans have but one taste, so do all the true teachings of the dharma: the taste of freedom. Jack Kornfield's *The Roots of Buddhist Psychology* is an invitation to drink deeply of these teachings – to taste the wisdom that flows from the heart of Buddhism's most useful ideas on the interior life. Jack Kornfield opens this eternal view of the mind for all listeners on this full 6-cassette curriculum. Like no other teaching course, *The Roots of Buddhist Psychology* gives you immediate strategies for living in the present: 12 challenging lectures – each one a gem of useful wisdom – on Buddhism's central teachings about the psyche and sacred attention. Contains nine hours of dharma talks, taught in the classic tradition, and enlivened with many parables, worldly stories, and thoughts from artists, philosophers, and writers who have helped us to see how to live true, useful lives. Join Jack Kornfield on *The Roots of Buddhist Psychology*, and discover for yourself that what you seek is already here.

**FREE CATALOG:  
CALL SOUNDS TRUE  
800-333-9185**

## Introductory Special

Order now and pay only \$59.95 for *The Roots of Buddhist Psychology* (reg. price \$69.95) and also receive FREE shipping (an \$8.95 value). You save almost \$19 off the regular price (U.S. orders only). Please refer to offer TWFYA when ordering by phone. 100% money-back guarantee.

**YES** Please send me Jack Kornfield's *The Roots of Buddhist Psychology* (#AF00027) 6-cassette audio retreat. Enclosed is payment in full of \$59.95. I understand that my purchase is 100% guaranteed by Sounds True.

Check  MASTERCARD  VISA  AMEX  M.O.

CARD NUMBER

EXPIRES

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Mail to: SOUNDS TRUE CATALOG,  
PO Box 8010, Dept. TWFYA, Boulder, CO 80306  
Call 800-333-9185 for Fastest Service

## Peace Samadhi Day in Sri Lanka

An eyewitness account by Joanna Macy

By midday on March 15, thousands of figures in white filled the paths that lead toward the ancient sacred city of Anuradhapura. It was not possible to tell which side of Sri Lanka's civil war these pilgrims came from, and no placards or shouted slogans proclaimed their identities. But place names on the thousands of buses parked on the periphery showed they had journeyed from areas that have been pitted against each other for 19 years in the bloody conflict between Hindu Tamils and Buddhist Sinhalese.

This was Peace Samadhi Day, organized by the Sarvodaya Movement in support of the ceasefire recently negotiated between the Sinhalese-identified government and the secessionist Tamil Tigers. For 18 months, Dr. A. T. Ariyaratne, Sarvodaya's founder and a BPF Advisory Council member, had convened public peace meditations to transform the "psychosphere," to let ordinary people demonstrate and deepen their desire to end the war. Now he had reached for something larger: a day of meditation to include half a million people.

Two nights before the event there had been a grenade attack on Ariyaratne's home. A note from an extremist Sinhalese group, tossed in the gate, read: "Final Warning: For traitors to our land and race, the punishment is death." The story, featured front page in the press, may have discouraged some, but the turnout was enormous: 650,000 people took part. Sitting on the grass as far as the eye could see, in the hot sun or pools of tree shade, the massive crowd created the biggest silence I have ever heard. In the intervals between Ariyaratne's words, leading us in mindfulness of breath and body, in lovingkindness and firm resolve for peace, the silence deepened into a mighty presence: the sound of bombs and landmines not exploding, of rockets not launched and machine guns laid aside. I realized this sound is possible for us all.

The most moving moment for me came while people were still gathering. Near the ancient bodhi tree (grown, according to legend, from a cutting of the original Indian tree under which the Buddha became enlightened), a small ceremony inaugurated Sarvodaya's Link-Up program, which pairs a thousand war-torn Tamil villages with a thousand in the less-devastated Sinhalese areas. The Sinhalese will provide materials and labor, and both sides will work together rebuilding Tamil villages. To symbolize this partnership, young people from two selected villages, one from each side, came forward bearing trays of special festive food and fed each other.

The plates were then passed among those gathered there. The taste of the sweet rice and coconut was so full and good, I don't want to ever forget it—even if the ceasefire is sabotaged—for it told me that this is what we really want, most of all: to stop the fighting and to feed each other. ❖

*Indra's Net is researched and compiled by Annette Herskovits.*

# deepSTREAMS

Authentic Zen Practice

## Interdisciplinary Study

March 23, 2002 9:30 - 4:30  
*Desire—Problem and Opportunity*  
with Raul Moncayo & Joseph Bobrow

April 27, 2002 9:30 - 12:30  
*Meditation & Psychotherapists' Well-being*  
with Denise Scatena & Joseph Bobrow

May 6-June 3 Mondays, 7:30-9:00 pm  
*Being Bodhisattvas: Dogen's Bodhisattva's  
Four Methods of Guidance*  
with Alan Senauke

October 11-13  
*Depth Psychology and Spiritual Practice*  
co-sponsored with the C.G. Jung Institute

CE credits available

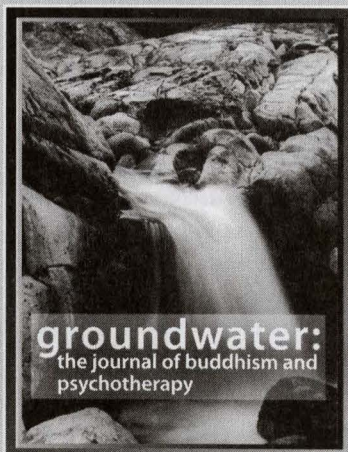
Sunday morning zazen and dharma talk  
9:30, Presidio Community Center

Monthly retreats with Joseph Bobrow Roshi



Interdisciplinary workshops include talks, meditation and discussion and are recommended for meditators and psychotherapists.

For more information on sitting or interdisciplinary workshops:  
[www.deepstreams.org](http://www.deepstreams.org) 415-487-8742 121 Clement Street, San Francisco, CA 94118



## groundwater

The first forum of its kind that explores current ideas and controversies at the intersection of Buddhist and psychological practice and thinking.

### first issue:

*Sangha as a Vehicle for Awareness; Terror and Awakening;*  
and an online interactive discussion group

published by deepSTREAMS Institute  
[www.deepstreams.org](http://www.deepstreams.org)



## Coming-of-Age Program

### San Francisco Zen Center

Our Coming-of-Age Program inspires, guides, and empowers our children to life-long spiritual inquiry and engagement, and provides a supportive environment of peer and mentor relationships in which young people ages 11-13 can meet and discuss their views and perceptions of the world around them. This two-year program includes regular meetings, special events, and activities, including a Family Weekend at Tassajara, and culminates in a Coming-of-Age Ceremony.

**For more information,  
call Barbara Wenger  
415-431-0148.**

# History

## Milarepa Invites Women to Practice

by Diane Patenaude Ames

One morning in 11th-century Tibet, a ragged yogi named Milarepa (1052–1135) barged into the house of a prosperous landowner, alarming an old woman who was sweeping the hearth. In response to her irate shrieks, the yogi uttered (in melodious verse) a startling message to the women of the family: “Leave this world of patriarchal oppression, drop your brooms, and follow me.” He pointed out that as an elderly widow, the old woman was little more than the “unpaid maid” of her own sons. The woman agreed. So did her teenaged granddaughter, one Bardarbom, who declared that she dreaded meeting a similar fate. Both women rejoiced that Milarepa had offered them what had seemed impossible for their gender—escape! Bardarbom became one of Milarepa’s chief disciples.

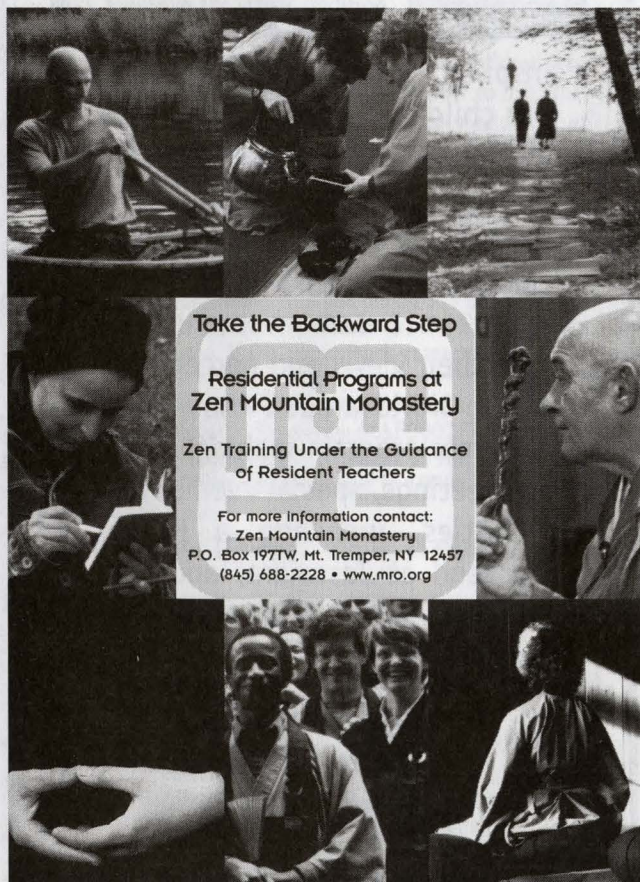
Milarepa was himself born the son of an affluent landowner, but at his father’s death he was cheated out of his inheritance by scheming relatives. His vengeful mother persuaded him to study black magic and call down a terrible hailstorm on his village. When he saw how much harm he had done, Milarepa was stricken with remorse and went to study under the great yogi Marpa in an effort to stay out of hell. Although Marpa was an extremely harsh teacher, Milarepa’s eventual spiritual attainments dazzled all of Tibet. Famous for his extreme asceticism and defiance of conven-

tion (he often walked around naked), he preached an unvarying message to all audiences: Give up worldly attachments and seek enlightenment through intensive meditation practice. Since he had a rare gift for poetry and often expressed his teachings in poetic form, he also became, almost incidentally, one of Tibet’s greatest poets.

Although Milarepa always talked of renouncing the world rather than changing it, his poetic denunciations of samsara made him an acidic social critic. Said one of his poems (put into the mouth of a female follower):

*Sometimes to myself I have thought,  
How does it make sense—  
Freely to give yourself with your parents’ goods  
To someone who for life enslaves you as a servant?*

This was subversive stuff and Milarepa knew it. It was not only because of women’s presumed intellectual and spiritual inferiority that they were—and often still are—discouraged from becoming full-time Buddhist practitioners throughout Asia. It was, perhaps, because anything that made it possible for women to escape male control was a threat to the system. That is why some Buddhist countries never established a community of nuns. In Tibet it was unusual and controversial for Buddhist teachers to accept women as full-fledged disciples. Milarepa, characteristically, did not care. At his death at least four of his most spiritually advanced disciples were female—and the doors to Buddhist practice had been opened a hair wider for women. ♦

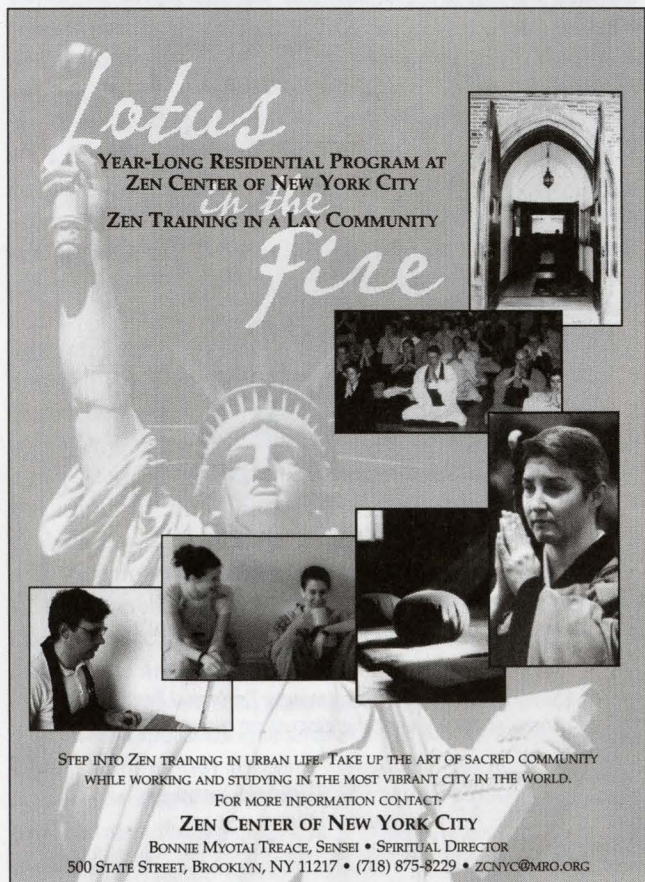


**Take the Backward Step**

**Residential Programs at  
Zen Mountain Monastery**

Zen Training Under the Guidance  
of Resident Teachers

For more information contact:  
Zen Mountain Monastery  
P.O. Box 1977W, Mt. Tremper, NY 12457  
(845) 688-2228 • [www.mro.org](http://www.mro.org)



*Lotus*

YEAR-LONG RESIDENTIAL PROGRAM AT  
ZEN CENTER OF NEW YORK CITY

*in the*

ZEN TRAINING IN A LAY COMMUNITY

*Fire*

STEP INTO ZEN TRAINING IN URBAN LIFE. TAKE UP THE ART OF SACRED COMMUNITY  
WHILE WORKING AND STUDYING IN THE MOST VIBRANT CITY IN THE WORLD.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT:  
**ZEN CENTER OF NEW YORK CITY**  
BONNIE MYOTAI TREACE, SENSEI • SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR  
500 STATE STREET, BROOKLYN, NY 11217 • (718) 875-8229 • [ZCNYC@MRO.ORG](mailto:ZCNYC@MRO.ORG)

# Human Rights

## A Nun in Drapchi Prison

by Judith Stronach

**D**rapchi Prison in Lhasa is infamous for its treatment of prisoners. In June 1998, after over a month of severe abuse for a protest in prison, five nuns died together in a storeroom of their cellblock. They were part of a group of 14 nuns who for a decade had resisted their captors. Ngawang Sangdrol is one of that group and is still in Drapchi Prison. Her path is one of nonviolence.

Sangdrol was admitted to a nunnery at a young age. At 10 and again at 13 she participated with other nuns in peaceful demonstrations for which she served prison time, although she was too young to even be charged with a crime. When she was 14, her father and her brother were detained for raising a Tibetan flag over a monastery. At 15 she was arrested for staging a peaceful pro-independence demonstration. Her original sentence was three years in Drapchi Prison. After an audiotape was smuggled out of the prison with songs and poems about independence, the Dalai Lama, and the harsh conditions in prison, she received an additional six years.

She is among the first to participate in protests within the prison. The nuns have protested the raising of the Chinese flag, have drowned out fellow inmates singing Chinese songs with their own Tibetan songs, and have refused to stand when Communist Party members have visited the prison. As a result, Sangdrol's sentence has been extended three times, to a total of 21 years. She is currently the longest-serving Tibetan female political prisoner, and the one with the stiffest sentence.

Amnesty International considers Ngawang Sangdrol a prisoner of conscience and is very concerned about her safety and well-being. Each of her nonviolent protests has been met with violence, and the severe beatings she has received have left her with kidney problems, head trauma, and damaged hands. Just to read about her suffering is painful: "They had trampled upon her body. There were so many people beating her that we couldn't see her when she had fallen down. She wasn't even able to lift up her head

afterward." In the recording Sangdrol reveals her own bodhisattva nature by singing, "May no other suffer like this." She raised this same voice to cry "Free Tibet!" during one punishment, for which she received more beatings and was put in solitary confinement.

You can do something to alleviate this suffering. For one thing, you can send a card of support:

☞ Ngawang Sangdrol

Xizang Zizhihiqu Di Yi Jianyu/Lasashi 85003

Xizang Zizhihiqu/People's Republic of China

You can also write the chairman of the Tibetan Autonomous Regional People's Government, asking that Sangdrol's physical well-being be protected, and that she be released immediately. Send a copy to the prison governor.

☞ Chairman Legchog Zhuren

Xizang Zizhihiqu Renmin Zhengfu

1 Kang'andonglu/Lasashi 85000

Xizang Zizhihiqu/People's Republic of China

☞ Prison Governor

Tibet Autonomous Prison No. 1/Drapchi Prison

Xizang Zizhihiqu Di Yi Jianyu/Lasashi

Xizang Zizhihiqu/People's Republic of China ♦

## SAMADHI CUSHIONS



**ZAFU \$42**

**4" BELL, CUSHION & STRIKER \$65**

**ZABUTON 4 1/2" loft \$49 2 1/2" loft \$44**

### Sitting anyone?

Samadhi Cushion sales support the retreatants at Karmê Chöling Buddhist Center here in Northern Vermont. Our 100% cotton cushions are sewn and hand-tufted by local residents. Our quality is guaranteed. We also offer a Buckwheat Hull Zafu and Kneeling Benches.

To order or receive our brochure call **1-800-331-7751** Fax to 802 633-2387. International calls 802 633-4440. Credit card orders shipped promptly. Visit us at: [www.samadhicushions.com](http://www.samadhicushions.com)

*Quantity discounts available*

**SAMADHI CUSHIONS · DEPT TW, 30 CHURCH ST · BARNET, VT 05821**

**IN THE  
FOOTSTEPS  
OF THE  
BUDDHA**



**Pilgrimage with Shantum Seth  
every winter in India and Nepal**

Lumbini, Bodh Gaya, Rajgir, Nalanda,  
Sarnath, Varanasi, Sravasti, Kushinagar

*"With each step and breath, the Buddha comes alive. Shantum's balance and knowledge, insight and humor brings joy to those journeying with him in the footsteps of the Buddha."*

**Zen Master Thich Nhat Hanh**

For information & free brochure:

e-mail: [info@buddhapath.com](mailto:info@buddhapath.com)

U.S. contact: L. Ballantine 888-279-1484

Website: [www.buddhapath.com](http://www.buddhapath.com)

**First Winner of Turning Wheel's Young Writer's Award!**



Phillip Cryan, 23, currently works for Witness for Peace in Bogotá, Colombia, bringing delegations from the U.S. to assess firsthand the impacts of U.S. intervention in Colombia and to meet with some of the many Colombian bodhisattvas standing up for justice and peace amid the violence. He recently completed a fellowship program with Pesticide Action Network North America, focusing on U.S.-funded aerial herbicide sprayings in Colombia. In 2000–2001, he participated in the Youth BASE (Buddhist Alliance for Social Engagement) program through BPF. The Thai forest tradition of Ajahn Chah and the Chan tradition of Master Hua are his Dharma homes—for which he is profoundly grateful. He graduated *summa cum laude* from U.C. Berkeley in 2001 with a bachelor's degree in English.

## Songs of Freedom

*Using Music to Work with Grief in the Wake of  
September 11*

by Phillip Cryan

Grief has become a precious gift, in need of nurture and even fierce defense, in the months since September 11—a controlled substance, in fact, because it threatens the U.S. war machine. The grief awakened in everyone's hearts by the September 11 attacks was manipulated by the government and the media into something else, something useful to them: the desire for vengeance and a childlike trust in our leaders' fatherly capacity to take care of us. Staying connected to that initial, raw response of empathy has required conscious practice.

In the months since September 11, music has carried me through. It has pried my heart open again and again despite the accretions of cynicism. It has allowed me to make space for anger, and to turn it into compassion. Music has returned me to that simple ground of metta, right in the midst of the horror: may all beings be happy, free from suffering, awake; I vow not to rest until we have all crossed over.

I

I'm no musician, so I have relied on the songs of others. One of the first songs to which I turned in those first raw days was "Masters of War." I expect there were many others around the country breaking out the Bob Dylan LPs along with me that week—remembering another time when we as a nation were in an overt war, and how those standing in resistance found hope and resolve for struggle. "Masters of War," from the *Freewheelin'* album, is a song of anger.

Dylan addresses the makers of bombs and guns, defense contractors and politicians:

*You that fasten all the triggers  
For the others to fire  
Then you sit back and watch  
While the death count gets higher.  
You hide in your mansion*

*While the young people's blood  
Flows out of their bodies  
And is buried in the mud.*

Anger, I believe, is vital to the exercise of grief. And I know many Buddhists disagree. I simply don't understand—and this can perhaps be chalked up to my youth—how a person can have a full, openhearted response to the world's cries, to the enormous suffering created by our delusions and greed, without feeling anger.

Anger as a way of addressing those in power appears to me useless. But simple rejection of anger suggests denial. When asked by bell hooks (the great feminist African American writer and activist) about how to work with anger, Thich Nhat Hanh replied that it should be used "as compost." The fire of anger can be converted, through mindfulness and compassion, into the practice of building justice. "For Warmth," the famous verse written by Thich Nhat Hanh after hearing a U.S. military officer say that "we had to destroy the town [of Ben Tre, Vietnam] in order to save it," provides a picture of how this "composting" works:

*I hold my face in my two hands.  
No, I am not crying.  
I hold my face in my two hands  
to keep the loneliness warm—  
two hands protecting,  
two hands nourishing,  
two hands preventing  
my soul from leaving me  
in anger.*

In this poem, the fire of rage is not dismissed out of hand, not "transcended" by a simple act of will. Rather, it is acknowledged and held—sat with—so that compassion can emerge. Two days after the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, Sister Chan Khong—an inspiring exemplar of engaged Dharma who helped lead Buddhist nonviolent resistance to the Vietnam War—sang "For Warmth" to a packed audience at the Berkeley Community Theater. The theater filled with tears as she sang.

## II

I want to return to "Masters of War."

*You've thrown the worst fear  
That can ever be hurled—  
Fear to bring children  
Into the world.*

During a meeting in early October, a Dharma friend who has a 10-month-old son wept for her horror at the world she has brought a being into. Dylan recognizes that there is something inhuman taking place in the making of war, something to resist with every ounce of humanity in us. As Simone Weil, the great political mystic of World War II, put it, "War is unreality itself." War depends upon a failure to see that we are all each other's mothers and children. Our resistance to war is a stand for clear-seeing. On the Sunday after September 11, at a peace rally in San Francisco, we all wore homemade armbands saying "Stay human."

One of the saddest things about greed, from a Dharma perspective, is how profoundly it fails to bring happiness. Again addressing the "masters," Dylan wails:

*Let me ask you one question:  
Is your money that good?  
Will it buy you forgiveness?  
Do you think that it could?*

Many mornings last fall and winter, as I read in the newspaper on the commute to work of ever-greater abuses of power, this verse of Dylan's song would come through my mind, leaving me weeping. The fruits of hatred and greed are nothing but deepened suffering and delusion.

## III

I drove out to the beach at Point Reyes one Sunday in early October. It was one of the first times, post-September 11, that I left the city. Facing the vastness and power of the ocean, I found what my heart wanted—the simple desire for beings' awakening lying beneath all the anger. Again, a song provided the vehicle through which the emotion could find expression. It was a spiritual song in the Coen brothers' film *O Brother Where Art Thou?* by Allison Krauss. It's a song of baptism and rebirth.

*O sisters let's go down,  
let's go down, come on down,  
O sisters let's go down,  
down in the river to pray.*

That was it: beyond all the confusion of life in a war-making world, my heart simply wanted to grieve, and to wish for our waking. It was the same sentiment that was etched in the dust on a table near the wreckage of the World Trade Center (a message that was pho-

tographed and reproduced in newspapers worldwide): "May God save us." Even for those of us with no "God" to appeal to, the gist of the prayer works equally well: "May we wake up; may we save ourselves, all together."

When I visited the former World Trade Center site in December, it was "O sisters let's go down...down in the river to pray" that I turned to as a mantra, for converting grief into prayer, compassion, and resolve.

## IV

In January of this year, I went on a two-week delegation to Colombia, meeting with community and church leaders and looking at the effects of U.S. military "aid." In meeting after meeting, we were overwhelmed with emotion at both the depth of the injustices we witnessed and at the courage of the bodhisattvas we met, people standing up for peace and justice even when doing so endangers their lives.

In solidarity with those Colombian leaders, and in solidarity with each other as activists working to redress a horrific policy ("Plan Colombia," the U.S. aid package), we sang—morning, noon, and night, whenever in need of strength—a song reportedly sung by slaves in the U.S. when their friends or family were being taken away from them.

*Courage, sisters  
You will not walk alone  
We will walk with you  
And sing your spirit home.*

A Colombian woman, held in the circle of song—a local activist whose sons were recently assassinated by paramilitaries—broke down in tears when the words were translated for her.

## V

Robert Nesta Marley, one of love's most recent and powerful prophets, knew the depth of suffering's roots. In "War," he sings words from a speech given by Haile Selassie, addressing international political leaders:

*Until the philosophy  
That holds one race superior  
And another inferior  
Has finally and permanently  
Been discredited;  
Until the color of a man's skin  
Is of no more significance  
Than the color of his eyes—  
Well, everywhere is war.*

*.....  
And until that day  
The dream of lasting peace,  
World-citizenship  
And the rule of international morality  
Shall remain but a fleeting illusion,  
To be pursued but never attained.*

The end of a particular instance of military violence is not the same as the restoration of peace—peace is a much broader, deeper, subtler thing than that. “Peace is not the absence of war; it is the presence of justice,” said Martin Luther King.

While holding this “long-haul” perspective, Bob Marley knew and preached the joy of small acts of resistance. In another song of his, many voices sing: “We don’t need / No more trouble!” This refrain helps me to get through those bleak mornings when the newspaper is full of horrors, or when I hear one of our political leaders on the radio or television exploiting the public’s fear of “terror.”

Resistance can be celebrated, sung in joy. “We don’t need no more trouble!”

## VI

It can be quite difficult (as many of you have also found, I’m sure) to talk with some family members and friends in this climate of patriotism and compliance. The judgments and reactions build on both sides, disabling communication. “I guess we just see it differently; let’s agree to disagree” often becomes the most skillful way of interacting—an agreement which never feels good or clean.

It seems to me that this failed communication comes about not only because of reactivity and righteousness but also because people in the U.S. have so little access to any perspective on the war other than the one being pushed by corporate media. Unlike in many other countries—even much poorer countries, economically—in the U.S. there is very little genuine political range in the imagery and opinions offered by mainstream media. The government and news sources present a relatively watertight picture, with emotionally appealing arguments to justify U.S. militarism repeated again and again by a variety of public figures, and with creative omissions in the representation of history (for example, the scale of the U.S. role in arming and training the mujahideen in Afghanistan during the 1980s—or U.S. support of Saddam Hussein in the late 1980s despite knowledge that he was engaging in genocide against the Kurds).

After 9/11 I understood more clearly that the public is prevented from seeing any reasonably balanced portrayal of the war by a more-or-less coordinated set of institutions that control the circulation of information. This understanding came about as I watched my interactions with people shift in the first week or two after 9/11. In the first few days, before the gov-

ernment’s new rhetoric had taken hold, I found it incredibly easy, and very powerful, to talk with people—with anyone and everyone. Whatever our different political perspectives or beliefs about how the U.S. should respond, we met on the ground of shared grief, as human beings with opened hearts. But a week later conversation was effectively closed, as a story about what had happened (and about “America” and vengeance) got told and retold in the media. “You are angry,” Bush told us, as images of Arabs and Arab Americans appeared on television screens, and hate-crimes multiplied.

Watching this transformation—from grief to the desire for revenge, from open-ended questioning (“Why does the world hate us?”) to blind trust in our government—I did become angry—at the talking heads feeding us skewed portrayals of the world. In anger, I went back, for the first time in many years, to a band I’d loved when I was 15: Rage Against the Machine.

As an adolescent, I hadn’t realized how sharp and uncompromising their political insights were. Over driving bass lines, lead singer Zach de la Rocha compares television’s control of public perceptions to an “in-house drive-by,” the killing of minds:

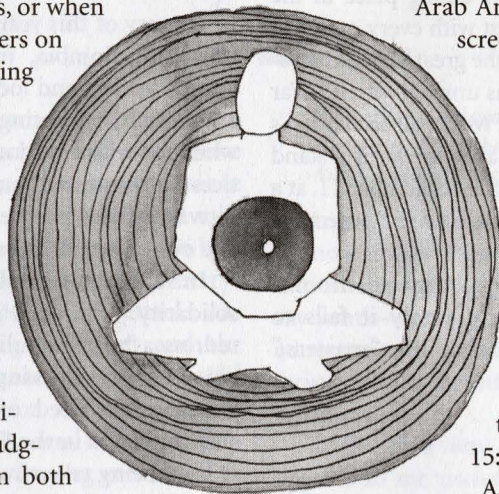
*They load the clip in Omnicolor;  
They pack the .9, and fire it at prime-time.  
Sleeping gas—every home was like Alcatraz  
And mother-f\*\*ers lost their minds.  
Just victims of the in-house drive-by:  
They say “jump,” you say “how high?”*

*.....  
No escape from the mass mind-rape—  
“Play it again, Jack, and then rewind the tape  
And just play it again and again and again,  
Until their minds are locked in.”*

The sharpness of their insight is accompanied by a rage that borders on hate—a sentiment that I, as a Dharma practitioner, don’t want to nourish. But anger at the manipulation taking place through corporate media is, once again, a useful resource to “compost” into informed action.

The song’s final refrain speaks directly to the patriotism that has swept the U.S. since September 11—what Indian writer Arundhati Roy has called the “shrink-wrapping” of minds with flags:

*Standing in line,  
Believing the lies,*





*Bowing down to the flag:  
You've got a bullet in your head.*

While it may seem overstated, I have come to see this picture as tragically accurate. It is not so much that the middle-class American public, “mesmerized” by television, gets a literal “bullet in the head,” but that other human beings—Afghan families, Arab Americans, perhaps Iraqis and Colombians and Filipinos in the near future—*literally* get bombed and shot as a result of the complacency of American minds. If we take seriously the radical metaphor of Indra’s net and the teachings on dependent co-arising—if we believe that we are indeed all karmically each other’s mothers and children—then we cannot take this violence lightly. Our brothers and sisters are being killed, and their deaths are dependent not only upon the greed of our corporations and political leaders but our consent.

## VII

One of the Buddhadharmā’s most powerful contributions to activist work, in my opinion, is the practice of letting go. The world’s problems are much vaster than our capacities to redress them. Instability and *dukkha* are fundamental attributes of this human realm. So the activist’s idealism—“if we could only change X, everything would be better”—can be investigated with insight, seen through, and dropped. We learn to act for change without needing particular results. Nonattachment to results allows us to act more energetically and resolutely, because we are not impeded by the fear of failure that usually accompanies the need for success.

The late Zen teacher and activist Maylie Scott packaged this practice into a simple mantra: “Full effort; no attachment.” This is the radical work of engaged spirituality—what Archbishop Oscar Romero described in a famous poem:

*The Kingdom is not only beyond our efforts;  
It is even beyond our vision.*

.....

*In our lives, we achieve only a tiny fraction  
Of the magnificent enterprise that is God’s work.  
We cannot do everything,  
And there is a sense of liberation in realizing this.  
This is what we do:  
We plant seeds which will someday bear fruit;  
We water seeds already planted....*

How to let go in this way, at the same time that we act resolutely for justice, at the same time that we let ourselves grieve, at the same time that we cultivate release and joy through meditation? For me, the most helpful practice for integrating all these dimensions has been prayer to Kuan Yin, the bodhisattva of compassion, “she who hears the cries of the world.” Kuan Yin responds to

suffering as a sleeping person reaches for a pillow in the night. The response is natural and effortless, continuous with the practice of deeply listening.

An interviewer once asked Mother Teresa what she says to God when she prays. She replied, “I don’t say anything; I just listen.” Somewhat confused, the interviewer then asked: “Well, what does He say?” And she replied, “He doesn’t say anything; He just listens. And if you don’t understand that, I’m sorry but I can’t explain it to you.” This is the ground of Kuan Yin’s practice—listening with a clear, awake mind and heart. Compassionate action arises naturally from this listening.

When I have felt overwhelmed with outrage at war and injustice, Kuan Yin has offered gentle support. And a different kind of song—a Theravada chant—has come to mind and nourished my heart: the cultivation of the four “divine abodes”:

*I will abide  
Pervading the all-encompassing world  
With a mind imbued with lovingkindness  
...compassion...sympathetic joy...equanimity....*

What more could we need to work diligently for peace and justice?

## VIII

We visited a number of Catholic priests while traveling through Putumayo, the province in southern Colombia where U.S.-funded counternarcotics efforts (militarization and aerial spraying of herbicides) have been most focused to date.

In the small city of La Hormiga, right-wing paramilitaries are gaining control over civilian life, and they regularly threaten and kill those who speak out for peace. The local priest and one of his parishioners invited us into the church and led us through a morning reflection. Their commitment to the practice of love was awe-inspiring. They would not bow before the threat of violence. What they wanted was not complicated, not even all that “revolutionary.” They wanted food, work, and freedom from terror for the people of their community.

At the end of the reflection, the parishioner pulled out his guitar and sang, with the priest, a version of the “Padre Nuestro”—the “Our Father” prayer, a central piece of Catholic practice. They sang this song of faith to the taut harmonies of “The Sound of Silence.”

Their voices blended and rose, until they were practically shouting. It was a celebration of their resolve to work fearlessly for justice.

Song itself became resistance, liberation. ❖

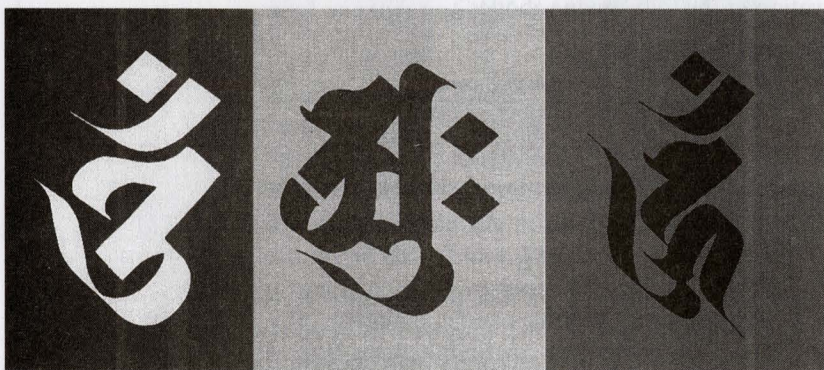
**AWARD!** For each issue of *Turning Wheel*, we offer an award of \$500 to a writer 30 or under, for an essay on the theme of the issue. For more guidelines see page 4, and also our Web site: [www.bpf.org](http://www.bpf.org).



# Awakening the Sacred

by David Schneider

In the context of Shambhala Buddhism, the approach founded by Tibetan teachers Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche and his son Sakyong Mipham Rinpoche, there are specific purposes for art, as well as views of how such work fits into society and into one's personal life. Basically, art should provoke a quality of awakens. A work of art should stop your mind and bring you to the present; beyond that, it could lead you in a direction of appreciation, or of dignity, or of goodness. It should promote basic goodness.



What I mean by this is not dualistic—not basic goodness as opposed to basic badness. I mean that art should bring out the reality of a situation; art should highlight what's already happening. A piece of Dharma art should actually force—“force” is too strong a word for it, but it's in the right direction—both the artist and the viewer to be present. But force is too strong a word. It could be more like an invitation, or even a seduction...a very persistent invitation.

Perhaps I. M. Pei's pyramidal entrance to the Louvre is an example. Simply by being there, you see the beauty of the surrounding space. It's quite a different style of architecture from the older buildings around it, and it's very bold. Some like it and some don't, but it points out to each passerby the power of the surroundings.

In the Western tradition, there have been many art movements and schools. Some have been against the current society and some have been for it; some have been propaganda and some have been anti-propaganda. But it's a shocking idea that art should actually wake one up.

In today's world, art is increasingly something to sell. Artists in this case are glorified producers and they produce something for the market. Artists are either successful because their product sells or they suffer and join the grand tradition of suffering artists.

*Om, Ah, Hum*  
Calligraphy by  
David Schneider

From the Shambhala Buddhist point of view, neither of these has much to do with what we mean by art.

In the early 1970s, when Trungpa Rinpoche began talking about Dharma art, he spent a long time challenging, and almost insulting, the artists of his day who were trying to create a commercial product. In one talk he says that if he himself ever promoted such a view of art, he would wish for lightning from the sky to strike him dead on the spot.

The purpose of Dharma art is to help us live a life that has room in it for beauty. A Dharma artist trains herself or himself in an open, appreciative mind and also in techniques for making other people share that mind.

This all sounds pretty good, pretty straightforward. But then why don't we live that way? Why isn't it the case that our personal lives are filled with beauty and dignity? Why do we find our society so very perverted in terms of its values?

There is an obstacle to Dharma art, and this obstacle is called aggression. On a personal level it is sometimes called arrogance. This is difficult to talk about, because if, as an artist, you don't have a certain amount of arrogance, you might create great works of art and then leave them at home because you think: “It's too arrogant if I take them out and show them to people.” So some arrogance might be useful, but it can also become a monster that takes over, and then it's actually the opposite of art.

What I mean by aggression is the basic attitude that the world is there for us to use. When we're done using it, we can throw it away like a little napkin at a tapas bar. The attitude that the world is there for us to manipulate as we want—that is what we call aggression. Trungpa Rinpoche described it as the attitude that the world is a cosmic nipple that you always want to suck. When milk doesn't come through, you get angry and complain.

Such an attitude actually makes us blind. It makes us deaf. We don't smell, we can't taste, we can't touch, because we're regarding the world as a commodity. If it's not working our way, then it's just a bad commodity. We can become poisoned by this point of view, so that we don't really perceive the world anymore. What we perceive instead is our own disgust, or unhappiness, or dissatisfaction. We might just stop looking at the world, because: “I don't get what I want anyway!” This is the poison of the aggressive attitude.

Another form such poison can take is competitiveness: “I don't know why she is such a success—I mean

her work is just....” This competitive attitude makes our minds very small and tight.

We might get an inspiration and think: “What a good idea! I want to tell everybody. If everybody would just listen to my idea, everything would be better, and so I’m going to just *make* everybody listen to it.” This is particularly common for artists, because they really do have a vision which they want to share with others. Writers, calligraphers, painters, musicians all do this. But if the sharing comes from an aggressive point of view, it’s almost like cosmic vomit. We might laugh about this, but if we look closely at our lives, we see we’re doing this kind of thing all the time.

So aggression, in these various manifestations, is the obstacle to Dharma art. It’s what’s in the way. The whole point of Dharma art is to overcome aggression, to step over it into a world where aggression is not the main motivation.

So how would you do that? The answer is a pleasant one, in my opinion. Instead of aggression, the artist follows the way of passion. I am not talking about self-centered passion—that we have every little sensation we want—but passion in the sense of tremendous interest in the world. You could even say *love* for the world—which brings with it a heightened awareness—and this not just on Friday or Saturday night when you’re going out, but even on a normal ordinary day—Tuesday morning, Wednesday morning.

Passion can be curiosity. *How does that work? Why is that like that? Why is it that color? Oh, look at that!* It’s the way children are when they’re learning. They don’t care if it’s Friday night or Tuesday morning—it’s *all* interesting.

This kind of mind is much much more useful for the Dharma artist. This is being awake: when you are interested in your world, you are awake. Instead of: *It’s not worth it, it won’t work, I won’t try*—which is so very easy for us to fall into—instead of that, we think: *How did that come together? What’s my relationship to that? What, actually, IS that?* Haiku poetry, for example, arises from and points to this.

If you really get into it, you might get even more curious: “Who am I to ask?” We might get curious about the basic space in which we think “out there” and “in here” exist. We might wonder about the dance between the two of them.

This all has to do with how we contact the world. We understand the world through our senses: sight, sound, smell, taste, touch, and, in the Buddhist world, mind. Our entire relationship to the world comes from our senses. Oddly, we spend little time training our senses, but the senses are basically our instrument, whether we are working as a painter, musician, poet, dancer, textile designer, or someone who simply appreciates those things. We’re always arranging

things to create specific effects in the sense realms: sweater and pants, blue and gray and black, roses and vases, cream and sugar.

So the first training for Dharma artists is to investigate how the senses work: how, most of the time, they seem to work in a neurotic way; and how they might be trained to work in a more intelligent or purified way. I don’t want to insult people and say that how we normally work is neurotic, but very often we go through life not being there, actually not sensing our lives. We tend only to really sense our world when it becomes extreme—and not before. Mostly we are just going along listening to some sort of radio station in our heads, our favorite radio station called “Radio Me.” This plays our favorite program: “What I like, what I don’t like.”

Maybe it looks like we’re eating but actually we’re just listening to our radio. Do we actually taste our food? Maybe the first bite. After that, we think we know

*Instead of aggression, the Dharma artist follows the way of passion—passion in the sense of tremendous interest in the world.*

*You could even say love for the world.*

what it is and go back to “Radio Me.” This happens constantly, and this is how we make a life, missing most of the sense information. Sometimes we want very strong sense information to wake us up again. I don’t really wake up in the morning until I turn off the hot water in the shower and leave the cold water on. Then I have an extreme sensation and wake up. This is a rather harmless example, but we search a lot for highly stimulating sense experience—so that we feel alive!

The Dharma artist trains in how to perceive. We ask about sense perceptions: What are they anyhow, and what are my patterns with them? Do I limit myself through the use of them? If so, is it possible to do anything about that? Do I see the world I expect to see? Is there a world bigger than my expectation? If so, can I learn to see it?”

This is the ground of how we create and appreciate art. It’s also how we create lives (altogether) and societies. In the Shambhala tradition we take a very intense interest in the creation and organization of societies, and we regard the world itself as sacred. We relate to the world through the senses, so we regard the senses as sacred.

It’s really a question of whether your mind is sensitive and open or not. If your mind is open and sensitive there still may be nothing new to write down or paint. But in that case at least your mind is sensitive and open and you have refrained from creating more

*(continued on page 22)*



# Sisters Becoming One

by Meredith Stout, in collaboration with Zelma Brown

It was a Friday evening, and we were late arriving at the San Francisco Women's Jail. We had arranged with the director of the jail's recovery program to be there by six o'clock, but traffic had been solid on the bridge. By the time the 10 of us in The Sisters Project performance group and our cumbersome equipment had been screened through heavy security doors and we had arrived in the jail's upstairs living "pod," more than 60 morose-looking women wearing incongruously vivid orange-colored warm-up suits had been waiting for us on small chairs for well over half an hour.

We call ourselves The Sisters Project, but our major focus and why we were at the jail that evening was to put on our dramatic show called *My Sister, My Sister*, a presentation about women and children dealing with poverty and homelessness. The performance is based on my photographic slides, each slide accompanied by a poem by Zelma Brown. The poems are spoken, rapped, or sung by a group of seven readers who act as a Greek chorus. They stand on either side of huge close-up images of women and children projected on the screen. The 50 short dramatic photo pieces in the hourlong show tell stories not only of women's struggles

with injustice, deprivation, and abuse but also stories about dignity, love of family, the importance of humor, and faith.

The women sat glumly on their chairs as we greeted them and tried to tell them who we were, while our team of readers and technicians set up music equipment, coaxed some mikes to work, and arranged a

white sheet on the wall for slides. But when the room was finally darkened and the thrum of drumming came up behind the opening title slide—"My Sister, My Sister, A Tribute to Women and Children Everywhere Engaged in Struggle"—the air of restless resentment began to soften. By the time the fourth large photograph of a beautiful young African American woman was on the screen and our readers had swung into the rhythmic poem, "*Sista! I walk in your shoes / I walk in your shoes / In the morning / I dress and put on your shoes, Sista...*," our audience seemed to have forgotten the long wait and the guards watching from upstairs.

Photograph after photograph, poem after poem, the common themes of too-familiar stories began to weave together.

An image of an angry-looking woman shone on the screen. A reader spoke for her, telling the story of how she had lost her job and become homeless:

*Dammit dammit dammit  
someone has stolen my life!  
I said, someone has stolen my life!  
...  
Couldn't cover the rent  
had to move  
The same way my money went  
so did my friends...*

"You got it, sister, you got it," said a voice in the audience.

"Tell it like it is, sister!" called someone else.

Then a close-up of a sad, tousled toddler. A reader spoke for her:

*I'm so tired,  
can you believe I'm only two?  
Too much life is caught behind my eyes.  
I'm tired.  
Feels like I've been on this planet twenty years.  
I'm so tired.  
Can you believe I'm only two?*

Some of the women were weeping. Then came sympathetic laughter when a photograph of a disgruntled-looking woman complained:

*Less is more? Then excuse me  
if I decline the offer of more  
because all I have is less  
and I want no more.  
I am home-less, power-less, penny-less.  
So please excuse me if I decline.  
Because I want no more LESS!*



*Someone has stolen  
my life!*

Later, a woman in a baseball cap smiled on the screen as readers shouted in celebration:

*Good News! I hear Good News comin'...  
Good News today!  
Maybe someone loves me in spite of all that I have done!  
Maybe no more sleeping on those benches  
that hurt my mind and my back  
Good news today! I know it's comin'! I feel Free!...*

After the last poem had been read and the last drumbeat had fallen away, the women stood to applaud, to ask questions, and to cry some more. Some talked about their lives, and all of them thanked us for coming, for believing in them. They listened carefully while Zelma talked to them about her own life and suggested that they were now in a kind of school that would prepare them to become teachers when they were on the outside.

Several women told us that the evening had given them new strength, new hope. The director of the program walked us out. "What can I say?" she said. "I have never seen a room full of such different people become one being in such a short time."

It is this sense of oneness that has been the essence of The Sisters Project from the beginning. We began six years ago, or I should say "evolved," because there was no prior intention to this project. Originally, there was only an invitation from *Turning Wheel* for me to do a photographic documentary on the Women's Daytime Drop-In Center in Berkeley, for an issue on homelessness (see *TW*, Fall 1996). I had been looking for a chance to use my love of black-and-white photography as a voice for social issues, but I didn't know this opportunity would change my life. I started coming to the Drop-In Center one morning a week, but I was not prepared for the sense of oneness I would soon feel with the women there, or for the friendships that developed from having been intimately joined for just a moment through my lens. I concentrated on close-up portraits of the women and



*I'm so tired*

children, most of whom posed easily, sometimes eagerly, after we had developed a mutual trust. They were pleased when I gave them each a copy of their own portraits. For some it was a first; for others this brought a sense of identity again, of knowing they were real.

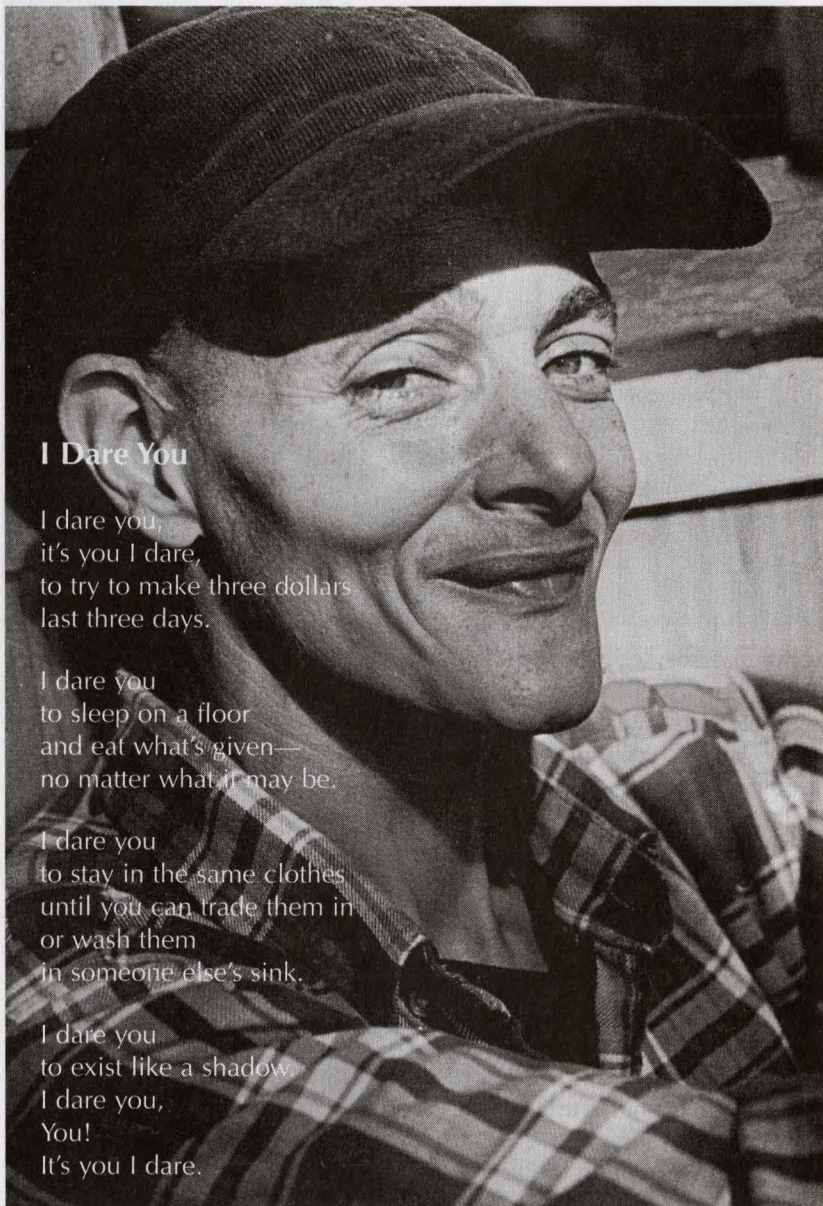
Perhaps it was a natural process that Zelma and I would meet as volunteers at the center, but we never anticipated that we would become partners in a consuming new life adventure. We didn't know then that although we come from wildly different backgrounds and life experience, we see life through the same lens.

We met after I read a poem called "My Sister, My Sister" that Zelma had written and pinned on the wall, and I sought her out to tell her how much it had moved me. The poem was her way of thanking the women clients for their support while she emerged from a serious depression after an accident on her sheet-metal job. Formerly homeless and a survivor of a highly abusive background, she could relate deeply with the women and children at the center.

A summer passed as I worked in my basement darkroom enlarging the photographs, and Zelma wrote poems to go with the images, some of them autobiographical, some of them telling the stories she saw in each face. We discovered that the photographs and the poems came together as naturally as if they had been born together in one creative act. Before long we were being encouraged to display our



Zelma Brown and Meredith Stout. Photo by Betty McAfee



## I Dare You

I dare you,  
it's you I dare,  
to try to make three dollars  
last three days.

I dare you  
to sleep on a floor  
and eat what's given—  
no matter what it may be.

I dare you  
to stay in the same clothes  
until you can trade them in  
or wash them  
in someone else's sink.

I dare you  
to exist like a shadow.  
I dare you,  
You!  
It's you I dare.

work so that others could experience, through art, the lives of suffering women, and perhaps could understand that people are not so different after all.

The project kept growing. I made the photographs into slides so the faces could be larger than life on a screen. We recruited readers—a sister, a daughter-in-law, friends—who gave voice to the stories behind each image. In the beginning, most of us were afraid to speak on stage, and at our first performance some of the readers insisted on sitting with their backs to the audience. We acquired a sign-language interpreter whose hands dance as the readers speak. Gradually we added new material, and at rehearsals we learned to coax more feeling from the written words. We borrowed mikes, added music, tried out dance pieces, put in a prop or two. Sometimes Zelma and I argued when one or the other of us seemed too much in charge. Egos and personal

goals got in our way, and we continually had to stop to remind ourselves of what we were doing and why.

But every time we gave a show—and over the past four years we have given more than 50 performances and workshop programs to a huge variety of audiences—the message of sisterhood has always been the same. In Zelma's words, "The Sisters Project has turned us into midwives trying to rebirth the interconnectedness of people. When we perform *My Sister, My Sister*, we give our audience a veil of darkness in which they can examine their stereotypes and open up to suffering without being seen. Then we bring up the lights and introduce them to their new family. All of us are sisters and brothers. Like a lotus blossom that remains closed, if we brothers and sisters remain closed to each other then we fail to bless the world with our inner beauty."

*My sister, my sister.*

*I reach my hand like a rubber band  
stretching to break your fall and  
spring you back to your feet.*

*Remain strong. ❖*

The Sisters Project recently received a grant from the San Francisco Foundation to perform three more shows at the San Francisco Women's Jail. Visit our Web site at [www.sistersproject.org](http://www.sistersproject.org). Anyone interested in volunteering with the project can call Meredith Stout at 510-528-8198.

*Zelma Brown lives in Vallejo, California, is a student at Solano Community College, and is on the staff at the Women's Daytime Drop-In Center.*

*Meredith Stout is a longtime resident of Berkeley, a freelance photographer, and has been a member of BPF since 1991.*

## Sacred, continued from page 19

garbage in the world. That sounds tough, but I'm being honest with you.

It's easy in society to create an "anti-" movement. Someone does something and it's easy to say: "Oh no, let's have a protest. Let's have a political party against that." It's much harder to actually *promote* something—in this case, even to promote appreciation of the basic goodness that is going on all the time. This is the challenge for Dharma artists: to do this in their own lives, in their families, their apartments, neighborhoods, and societies. The challenge is how to do this in the pulsing world. ❖



Readers are referred to *Dharma Art* by Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche (Shambhala Publications, 1996).

*David Schneider has been the Director of Shambhala Europe for the past seven years, and serves as an acharya (senior teacher) to the Shambhala community. He lives in Köln, Germany, with his partner and their new baby.*

# Finding the Spirit in the Stone

by Vijali Hamilton

*Vijali Hamilton—sculptor, dancer, and performance artist—is a courageous woman who walks her talk. In 1993 she completed what she calls a World Wheel, traveling to 12 countries in a circle around the world, and creating a large sculpture and sacred ceremony in each country. Vijali is now at work on the second World Wheel, which will comprise nine sites around the world. She has completed the first of the nine—the sacred stone in Ecuador described below. She went to Ecuador with her fellow peaceworker Edie Hartshorne, a musician from Berkeley, California, who helped put the project together.*

*Since 9/11, Vijali has been performing a peace circle and dance that involves local children in different parts of the U.S. And at her home in a wilderness area of Utah she offers retreats and ceremonies, including rites of passage for older women as elders, because, “Our culture doesn’t support older women, and we need to know we have a place.”*

*In June 2002, Vijali travels to Brazil, the second point of the second World Wheel, taking with her a Tibetan “earth treasure vase” to bury in the ground for healing.*

*The following piece is based on interviews.*

—Susan Moon

The World Wheel came from a dream. I saw myself going around the world to various countries in a circle. At the time, I was living like a hermit in the Santa Monica Mountains in an abandoned trailer, completely withdrawn from society. One day I was just turning a globe and I had my finger right where I was living, and as I turned the globe I kept my finger on this parallel, and various countries leapt out at me—Siberia, Tibet, China, Japan, Israel.... I realized that they were the countries of my dream, and I started preparing right then to leave.

In many of the places, indigenous cultures were being threatened. In each place I went to I asked the local people the same three questions I had been asking myself. First: What is my essence? Second: What is my sickness? And third: What is the solution and the healing?

In each place I made a sculpture, and we put a performance piece together—music and dance. We did this transformative ceremony in the place where the sculpture was, so the sculpture became a sacred site.

The traveling was often difficult, but I never changed my mind about completing the earth mandala. I had to overcome people’s ideas about me as an

American, and especially as a single woman. People assume that you’re loose if you’re by yourself. In Egypt I was attacked twice. It was very difficult. It’s just not part of the culture for a woman to be by herself.

Also, everyone assumes that if you’re an American you have money, no matter what you say. They want to get connected to you, romantically or sexually, thinking it’s going to better their life. What I try to do—because I was a Vedanta nun for 10 years—is to travel as a pilgrim, having nothing. In India I wore my robes and went as a mendicant.

It was easier on the most recent trip, to Ecuador, because I was traveling with Edie. I didn’t have any trouble. Of course now I’m an elder woman, so that helps, too.

In Siberia it was very, very dangerous, and my things were stolen. But I’ve felt, at times, that I was

meant to experience the difficulty of traveling alone, so that I could really see people’s difficulty and be one with them. People were so depressed there, and they were addressing the problem by drinking until they fell over—both men and women—on the roads or in the buses. Out cold. So when I connected with writers and artists there, they were happy to have a project to work on together.

When I go to a new place in the world, my preparation is in being really empty, with no preconceived idea of what I’m going to do. In that way I can be present with the people I meet and with the earth. It’s so different from anything you can ever learn from reading. Take China, for example. I couldn’t possibly have understood China by reading books. I had to go there.

One thing we don’t want to do is to be like the stereotype of an American, thinking that we know what’s best for another country. Our government has done that over and over again. My way is to go as empty as I possibly can, and to let the appropriate response come out of emptiness.

It took me seven years to go to all 12 sites in the first World Wheel. After I completed it and returned to the U.S., I went into mourning. It was very difficult to be back in the U.S. after being in rural communities with



Edie Hartshorne and  
Vijali Hamilton in  
Ecuador

**That's really what we have to work with—our life! That's the sculpture, that's the art.**

people who are still connected with the earth.

I try to make my life a kind of art—to demonstrate a different way of living. In this country I see people going to all sorts of workshops about spirituality and healing the planet, and then they step back into their lives exactly as they were before. But we have to change our lives totally in order to have an effect in the world. And that's really what we have to work with—our life! That's the sculpture, that's the art.

We need to come to a simple way of living in order to survive. We'll have to learn not to be such consumers or we're going to destroy this planet.

The second earth mandala forms a nine-pointed star—three triangles with their points on the surface of the globe. And these points are actually our body, our arms and legs coming out, in all the different colors, the different nationalities and cultures of human beings. And we all have one center, the heart center, which is also the center of the earth.

The first triangle is on the equator. Ecuador is where we did the first sculpture. Next I'm going to Brazil, and the third site will be in Nigeria.



I went to Ecuador because I really wanted to connect with South America. Edie and I were staying in Quito, and the man who ran the guesthouse was an indigenous Otavaleñan from a village high in the Andes. He told us

about a once sacred stone in the village that needed to have its power reclaimed. Everything fell into place so quickly that it was obvious we were meant to go there.

About 500 people live in the village—weavers and musicians and farmers. They all have cornfields and they usually have a pig in the front and a cow in the back, and chickens. We stayed with a wonderful family and lived just like the villagers.

At night I meditated by the stone and I really felt the presence of a deity. I always try to see the spirit inside the stone. And I really listened to the people, so the image came out of their culture. I wanted it to be their face, and it really *is* their face.

It turned out to be a pre-Incan deity, called Pachacamac, that was androgynous. The sun and moon represent the male and female within the one figure, and the conch shell represents the beginning of life. Traditionally the people would call the community together with a conch shell, and so it also stands for calling all indigenous people together into community. And the corn, of course, represents Mother Earth's nourishment for the children of all indigenous people.

The Otavaleñan culture of that area is a distinct culture, and it's pre-Incan. The Incas occupied the area for a very short time, and then the Catholics came, and they converted the Indians. The people in the village really wanted to go back to their early culture, before

the Catholic influence. And they felt that this stone represents who they really are, and they were so excited about it.

We completed the sculpture in about six weeks. We'd get up at 4:30 or 5:00, when the rooster crowed and it was still dark out. It was a very, very hard stone and the carving was difficult. I showed some of the men how to carve, but at first it was very hard for them, and we had to bind their wrists. I'm used





to carving, so I can do it. We worked hard—we were tired at the end of the day. They have to work really hard there, and you become very close when you do hard physical work together every day. We got so close—we were just like family. There was no separation.

The villagers told us that many visitors have come to the village—it's well known because the people are such incredible artisans—and the visitors promise all kinds of help but they don't follow through. And so there was a little barrier in the villagers' hearts toward outsiders. They said that two things about us opened their hearts: one was that we were living and eating with them and wearing their clothes, and the other was that we worked so hard.

There were always problems coming up. We needed tools and there weren't any tools, so Edie went to an auto shop and got the man there to make tools for us out of a bar of steel. She did all the more complicated communication. I only have pidgin Spanish, but she speaks Spanish well.

One day when I wasn't there, a piece of the nose got chipped off by mistake. I had to do emergency surgery. I gathered up stone dust from the carving and mixed it with cement and glue and built up the nose again.

The whole experience called for tremendous faith—that everything would unfold as it was meant to unfold. Art has to be that way. You trust that it will find its own shape, even if you don't know what that's going to be. It's a practice of living in the unknown.

We finished just in time for the villagers to have their annual harvest festival at the stone. Musicians played, and we shared food and drink, and everybody danced, and danced, and danced. It was wonderful.

A school and cultural center began to grow along with the sculpture, and that's still being developed.



The people of that culture are still connected with the earth. We have lost that connection in the U.S. I believe that most of the environmental problems in the world come from the attitude toward the earth that we have developed in the West: we think we're superior to animals and plants, and that it's okay to use the earth and other people for our gain. And this consciousness is destroying the world.

So it's important that we support the few pockets on the globe where people are still connected with the earth, and that we somehow try to regain that awareness in our "developed" cultures before we destroy the globe.

People can help in the struggle in various ways. They don't have to go down to Ecuador. People can live more simply here in the U.S. And people can empower each other to live out their vision. We need to help each other. The earth mandala was my dream, my vision.

Sometimes people see what I do and they think, "Oh, well, if I had money I could do that, too." But I



had no money in the beginning. I sold my car. I had no support, emotionally or financially. And I think it was important that I didn't have money, because it shows that it isn't money that makes the vision come about. Dedication to your vision is what brings it about—not money. Later I did receive support from grants.

It's up to us to balance our spiritual practice and our work in the world. I have a lot of friends who burn themselves out. We need to listen to our bodies, because the body tells us when we're overworked. We really have to learn to walk in balance within our own body and our own psyche, and to do so in our own culture. It's a difficult struggle, because we're bombarded by so much material and so much opportunity to run around and go crazy. But when the work comes from a place of balance in ourselves, then it has power. ◆

*World Wheel: One Woman's Pilgrimage for Global Peace*, a new film about Vijali's work around the world, is available for \$25 from <vjaliham@aol.com>. A music CD, "Awaken Your Heart from Its Ancient Sleep," by Edie Hartshorne and Vijali Hamilton, is also available for \$20.

Site 10 of the first World Wheel: "Kuan Yin-Naxi" in Kunming, China

# Human Beings Together

by Judith Tannenbaum

**M**y work life has been in the field of community arts. I've shared poetry with little kids in primary schools, with teenagers in continuation high schools, with retirees in community college classes, and with adult men and women in prison. In September 2000, my book *Disguised as a Poem: My Years Teaching Poetry at San Quentin* came out, and its existence allowed me to talk to many people about poetry, about my prisoner students, and about this unusual field in which I've

*Think of the worst thing you've ever done.  
Now imagine that this act is all you're known for.  
Any other fact of your life—any act of love,  
kindness, compassion, intelligence, creativity,  
joy, humor—is irrelevant.*

worked for 30 years. The question I was most often asked as I read from my book in bookstores, and as I was interviewed in newspapers and on radio, was: "How did your students change?"

Of course, I understood what the questioners meant. My students were maximum-security prisoners, most of whom had been convicted of serious crimes. Many had harmed, even killed, another human being. Poetry, on the other hand, is a force for the good. Surely, these questioners seemed to assume, the purpose of sharing poetry in a place like San Quentin is to transform men from criminals into productive citizens. Please, these questioners seemed to hope, let us know good can transform bad.

I understood, but the question surprised me. As the question was repeated in interview after interview, in one post-reading question-and-answer period after another, I found myself quite astonished. For whether working with children, elders, gifted teenagers, or prisoners, I've never thought my job was to change anyone.

Instead, I've thought my task was to meet my students; to pay attention to their interests and ideas; to share poems I love, tools of poetics, and the work of as wide a range of poets as possible; to encourage everyone to explore his or her own voice and vision; and to create ways to put the resulting poems out in the world. I've thought of my work as demanding (as sweetly as possible) that the outside world listen. For the youngsters, struggling teenagers, and prisoners

I've worked with are most often unheard, most often excluded. As Coties Perry, one of my San Quentin students, put the matter in one of his poems:

*Say how ya doing  
Outside world?  
Do you remember me?  
I'm that intricate part  
Missing from the whole  
The one y'all decided to forget....*

San Quentin was a maximum-security male prison during the four years I taught there in the late 1980s. Most of my students were serving some kind of life sentence, most had come to prison in their early twenties and had been down about 10 years when I met them. What I felt, and continue to feel, is that almost everything about prison is designed to be "that hatred like hands in the way it touched me at times," as Elmo Chattman, another San Quentin student, put it.

San Quentin poet Spoon Jackson described the hatred this way, in his poem "No Beauty in Cell Bars":

*Restless, unable to sleep  
Keys, bars, guns being racked  
Year after year  
Endless echoes  
of steel kissing steel.*

For a moment, think of the worst thing you've ever done. Whatever it is, remember it well. Now imagine that this act is all you're known for. Imagine that everything in your world is designed to treat you as a person defined by that act. Any other fact of your life—any act of love, kindness, compassion, intelligence, creativity, joy, humor—is irrelevant. You are only a person who has done this worst thing. That's it, that's you, from now till forever.

This is the reality of a person in prison. Whether you actually did that worst thing, or you didn't; whether it was one uncharacteristic act or part of a sad series of missteps; whether you are still the person who committed that wrong or someone whose spirit has grown—you've been convicted and you're thrown into a world where all you are is bad and ready to do bad.

In such an environment, I was given a grant that allowed me to share poetry. I had a room in which my students could be not only prisoners but also poets. We—the men and I—were given hours each week in which we could greet each other with a brighter range of emotions than "hatred like hands," could listen to

sounds richer than those echoes of “steel kissing steel.”

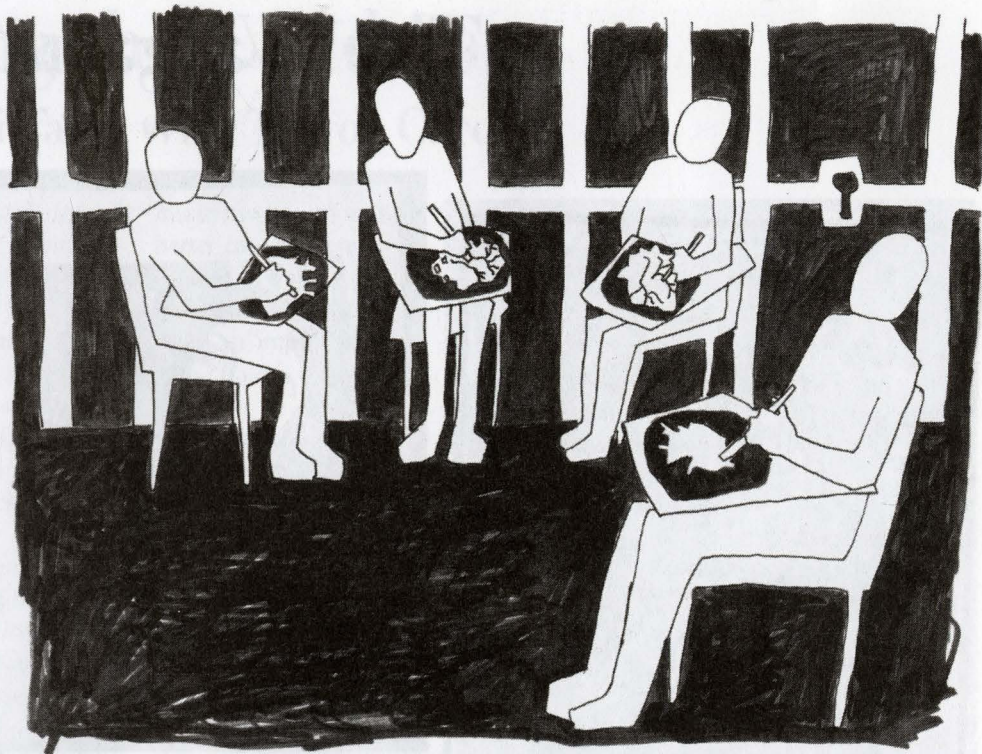
I, and the guest artists I brought in, related to the prisoner poets as full human beings and not as men who were capable only of one worst act. I did what I could to provide a space in which other qualities—those qualities of compassion, intelligence, and joy mentioned above—had room to live and grow. I worked with a core group of men over the four years I taught at San Quentin, which means I got to know my students pretty well and they got to know me. We knew each other—as much as prison rules and realities allowed—as people.

In such an environment, “change” isn’t the point. I wasn’t—didn’t want to be—a criminologist, therapist, social worker, or priest. I wasn’t even a teacher, exactly, though I certainly shared information and resources. I wasn’t trying to judge or analyze or, even, create poets. I wasn’t looking for what was “wrong” with my students. I wasn’t trying to change anyone.

I was—or I hope I was—a person sharing with other people. To intend to change someone requires an assumption that you know more than he does. I knew more about poetry than most of my students, and they knew more about living with regret. We all knew something about keeping one’s spirit alive in the midst of darkness. We each had strengths and weaknesses, we each had done good things and bad things. We were human beings, and for a few hours each week, we were human beings together.

Normal prison conditions are the consequence of economic, social, and political values and decisions. At the core is the tendency to divide the world into us-and-them and then to treat *them* as less than human, as different from *us*. There are not many situations in prison where everyone in the room—prisoners, cops, secretaries, or poets—is simply *us*, human beings together. I wanted our class to be one such situation.

In our years working together, one student who had known nothing about poetry when he entered our class began publishing his poems in many journals; another read a poem to his mother on the radio that had a listener call in crying for his own son. Public school students read the prisoners’ poems and were inspired to write poems of their own. The San Quentin poets created a book, *The Real Rap: A Message to the Youth*, that we distributed to over 400 schools, juvenile facilities, and community programs. Doors opened, good things happened.



A space in which hearts could be nourished by poems

After I’d worked at the prison for a few months, Elmo Chattman handed me a poem he said was the first he wrote after coming to prison:

#### METAMORPHOSIS

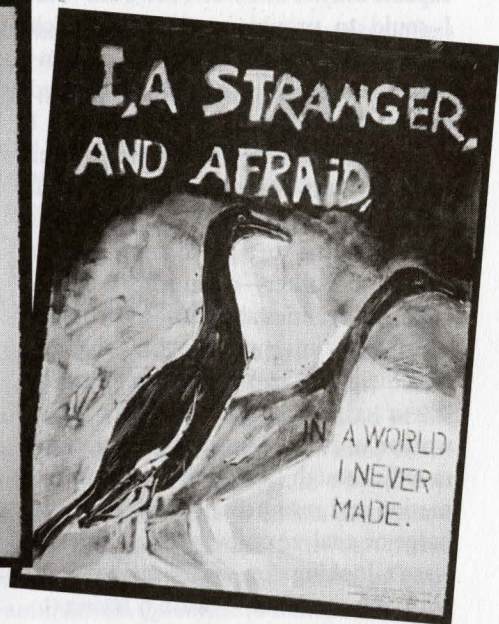
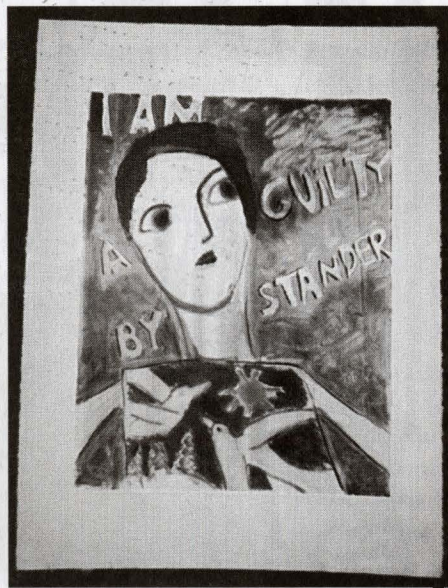
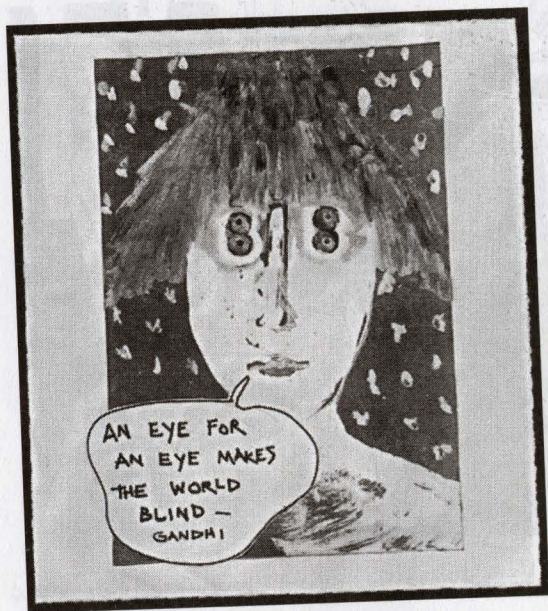
*Hostility  
like a garden  
GROWS  
rising up  
out of the grave in my heart  
where I’ve buried the man  
I used to be.*

Elmo describes the metamorphosis prison most naturally creates, encouraging those locked up to become something closer to the monsters they’re perceived as being. Classes like mine provided a different kind of encouragement: a space, a few moments, in which hearts could be something other than graves, a space in which hearts—my students’ and mine—could instead be nourished by poems, by conversation, by human sharing, by love. ❖

*Judith Tannenbaum is the author of Disguised as a Poem: My Years Teaching Poetry at San Quentin and Teeth, Wiggly as Earthquakes: Writing Poetry in the Primary Grades. She currently works as training coordinator for San Francisco’s WritersCorps program. You can read The Real Rap: A Message to the Youth and more of the poetry of her San Quentin students at [www.chapbooks.prisonwall.org](http://www.chapbooks.prisonwall.org).*

The art on this page, and on pages 16 and 31, is by Tiffany Sankary, a visual artist, writer, and activist who lives in Oakland, California. She comes from a Jewish family and is currently exploring the intersection of Judaism and Buddhism.

# The Wargasm Wall

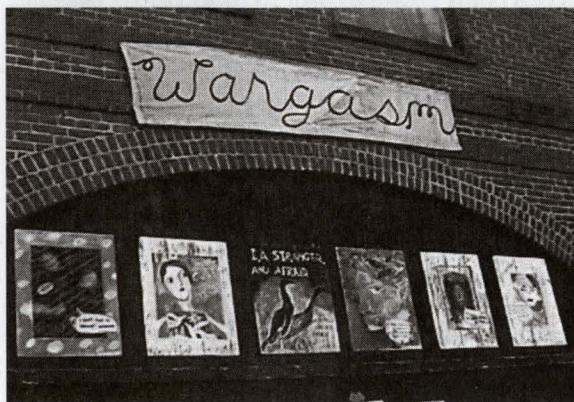


One month after 9/11, artist, writer, and community/environmental activist Donna Sheehan installed a series of her monotypes, coupled with slogans written by her partner, Paul Reffell, on a wall of the 100-year-old Grandi Building in Point Reyes Station, California, where she lives. The images and words call attention to the evil of war, the erosion of civil liberties, and U.S. xenophobia. The wall includes an interactive space for viewers to post their comments and artwork in response (paper, pens, and pushpins are provided).

Known as the Wargasm Wall, the site has been received enthusiastically by the community, with prolific public comment both for and against the antiwar



Bert Crews



and pro-free speech messages of the original artwork. The 20-foot-long wall has become a gathering point for demonstrations and rallies, a focal point for newly forming activist groups—even a stop on tour bus itineraries.

Sheehan's intention was to simply create a space for public discourse. "It was about getting people to think a little bit," she said in an interview with the *Marin Independent Journal* (12/11/01). She welcomes all responses, pro or con. "I'm a patriot," she says, "that's why I'm doing this. Our goal is to put in realistic terms what the Constitution means to us in everyday life." ♦

Paul Reffell (top and bottom)

# Becoming the Landscape

Nanao Sakaki Talks with Trevor Carolan

*The life of Japanese writer, environmental activist, and wanderer Nanao Sakaki is the stuff of legend. As a radarman in the Japanese Imperial Navy during World War II, he tracked America's B-29 bombers on their fateful mission to Nagasaki. His wartime experiences, including visiting bombsites where human beings had been vaporized to shadows on concrete, led him to denounce militarism and abandon mainstream society. He co-founded the Bum Academy, a renegade group of artists influential in Japan's postwar counterculture. In the early 1960s, Sakaki befriended American writers Gary Snyder and Allen Ginsberg, who were then living in Tokyo, and the three became lifelong friends. Snyder joined Sakaki in building an ecologically attuned agricultural community on a volcanic island in the East China Sea, the "Banyan Ashram" chronicled in his influential book, Earth House Hold.*

*For five decades Sakaki has led a vagabond life in the tradition of Japan's wandering Zen poet-storytellers, walking the length and breadth of the Japanese islands, writing poems, and speaking out against nuclear technology and industrial degradation of the environment. He is equally at home in the deserts, western mountains, and coastal regions of North America. His crazy wisdom poetry, published in *Break the Mirror* (Blackberry Books, 2000), *Let's Eat Stars* (Blackberry Books, 1997), and *Real Play* (Tooth of Time Press, 1981), calls to mind Charlie Chaplin, Basho, and the anonymous Asian masters immortalized in *Paul Reys and Ngoyen Senzaki's Zen Flesh, Zen Bones*.*

*Nanao or Never, a collection of essays, interviews, poems, stories, and photographs about Sakaki by more than 50 of his friends, including Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Rick Fields, and Joanne Kyger, was published by Blackberry Books (chimfarm@gwi.net) in 2000. Also worth noting is *Caribouddhism* (Blackberry Books), a book of poetry by Gary Lawless, which is dedicated to Nanao Sakaki and speaks of a journey the author made with Sakaki in Newfoundland.*

*The following is adapted from conversations during Nanao Sakaki's recent visit to British Columbia.*

—Trevor Carolan

**W**e are thinking that the new millennium must be very important for human beings. But that's all wrong. We must think another way about history—not just two thousand or five thousand years, but thousands and millions of years back to amoeba time, to the place we come from. Why? This is our home, our

family, so we must take better care of them.

The Hopi people believe you shouldn't make an important decision unless you think through its effects for seven generations. This means we have to imagine how we, and the consequences of our actions, fit into the scale of things. Think of trees—they usually live longer than humans. Harvesting a tree can be like destroying your own great-grandfather. So, rightly, we should think, "What's the appropriate thing to do here?"

My love for the wild began after I read Sir Laurens Van der Post's *Sands of the Kalahari*. I was so excited after reading it that I couldn't sleep for almost three days. It was so new, so different. Here's this hostile desert environment of lions and poisonous snakes. But Van der Post wants to understand the Bushmen so much he finally comes to comprehend their philosophy, which is "There is a dream that is dreaming us." That's very interesting to me! It's similar to the Taoist master Chuang Tzu's "Am I a man dreaming of a butterfly, or is the butterfly dreaming me?" So, as a young man, I began to think about what's real—because the evolution of this idea is that we must go with the dream; there is no other choice.

The wild is a good place to think about history and the future. The north has so many wild places, glaciers, bears, foxes. Not so much human culture. San Francisco, Tokyo, New York—terrible places! Everyone has to move faster. So much noise and confusion. After the war, I worked for a big publisher in Tokyo. I met many famous writers and artists. But I had to leave. Too many people. So much activity, like living in a beehive! There are no mosquitoes there. No wild places. Not even flies! It's a miserable feeling.

I don't want to go to such places now. Instead, I walk the mountains, the north. I love glaciers and being in the desert. No civilization. You can think clearly—who we are, where we are going. So, get away sometime. All

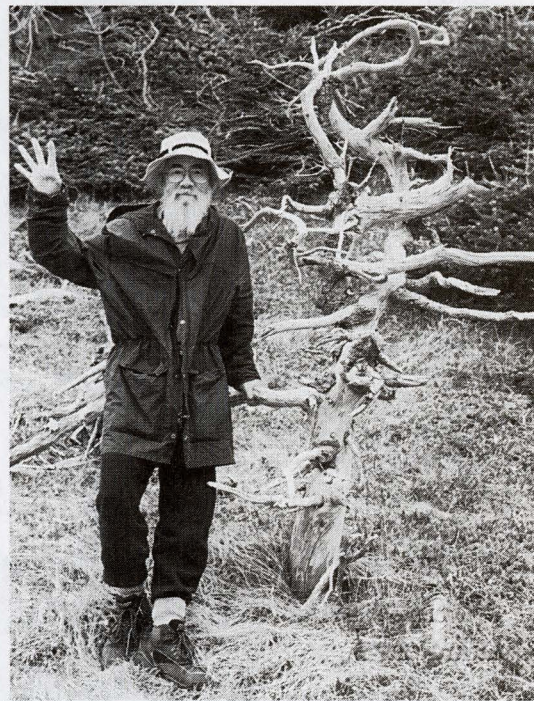


Photo by Beth Leonard

**San Francisco,  
Tokyo, New York—  
terrible places!  
So much noise  
and confusion.  
Too many people.  
There are no  
mosquitoes there.  
No wild places.  
Not even flies!  
It's a miserable  
feeling.**

## LET'S EAT STARS

Believe me, children!

God made  
 Sky for airplanes  
 Coral reef for tourists  
 Farms for agrichemicals  
 Rivers for dams  
 Forests for golf courses  
 Mountains for ski resorts  
 Wild animals for zoos  
 Trucks and cars for traffic tragedies  
 Nuclear power plants for ghost dance.

Don't worry, children!  
 The well never dries up.

Look at the evening glow!  
 Sunflowers in the garden.  
 Red dragonflies in the air.

A small child starts singing:

"Let's eat stars!"  
 "Let's eat stars!"

Sept 1988  
 Mount Taisetsu, Japan

[Nanao Sakaki, from *Let's Eat Stars*, Blackberry Books, 1997]

your personal history—goodbye! You get a much wider perspective. At the same time, life is much simpler. You must carry your own things, your own rucksack. It's a good way. Everybody wants to live a long time, but in India, for centuries, at 50 years old people went to the forest to die. Live quietly, in meditation; eat a little, beg food from the village, take water, then die peacefully. Look at me: already I'm 77. I'm ready!

In the 21st century our job is to reverse the big construction projects—dams, energy projects—that have wiped out the fish runs in our rivers and polluted our soil and air and water. Why does the Japanese government build another dam? To keep construction companies

busy! China is building the Three Gorges Dam on the Yangtze, creating lots of environmental problems: deforestation, pollution. So many fish and animals die; wetlands for birds are disappearing. Who will be left? Only people. Very unnatural. It's time to reverse this. Already in Japan we are seeing legal cases where representatives of endangered species are suing the government. Japan still has many rich wild spaces and two thousand black and grizzly bears, where in another island ecology like Britain's they have disappeared.

So it's very important to speak out. Speak out! In Japan, the Yoshino River Dam, for instance—the government wants to dam this last river. So in the spring we organize Walk The River. A group of us spend about 10 days walking, camping, and reading poetry along the river for 220 kilometers. In Japan, people don't often openly criticize government policy. But we must. So I wrote a poem, "Don't Cry, Yoshino River." It's so important that we speak out.

One answer may be no more big cities. Why does everybody want to live in a big city anyway? Perhaps we can have smaller cities for people to live in, a more envi-

ronmentally healthy scale—everybody has a small place, small gardens, some wild land close by. I say to young people in Japan: go to the mountain farm areas. Since the war, many people went to the cities, so now many villages are abandoned. But you can live in a rural village for almost no rent. It's possible to grow your own food and live quietly. You can pick plants for medicine.

I study botany because I like to know the names of the plants I meet. Sometimes I find the same plants in Alaska and in New Mexico, and I feel as if I'm seeing an old friend. Like kinnikinnick: "Oh, I haven't seen you for so long time!" It's the same with stars, birds, mammals—always I'm happy to meet bear, caribou, coyote, eagle. It's a good feeling.

In my work and travels I have come in contact with Aboriginal people from Australia and Tasmania, and with Navajo people from the American Southwest, who live in timeless landscapes. That's good for me, you see, because I'm crazy for wild landscapes; always I wish to see the desert or volcanoes—big spaces, pure like empty mind of Buddha.

I never call myself Zen Buddhist, or Beatnik, hippie—anything. Most Japanese Zen is uninteresting to me. It's too linked to the samurai tradition—to militarism. The samurai class that many have associated with Zen were in fact deeply Confucian; they were concerned with *power*. The Zen I'm interested in is the great teachers of China's Tang dynasty, like Linji. This was a nonintellectual Zen. It came from farmers—so simple. Someone became enlightened, others talked to him, learned, and were told, "Now you go and teach." When Japan tried to adopt this tradition it was hopeless. The emperor sent scholars [to China] but with their high-flown language and ideas they couldn't understand.

Today many young people have lost their way. They're looking for salvation. They read Zen anecdotes, see Zen pictures—it seems perfect! Then they think about achieving enlightenment, but it's not so easy. I always say just forget about enlightenment. Everybody's already enlightened: people work at their jobs, the traffic moves along, so things are okay. A mother looks after her children, she makes their lunch, does her job well—that's enlightenment, just doing a good job.

Some aspects of Zen practice may be good for Westerners—monastery life, for example. So little food, maybe only 1,500 calories per day, and lots of walking. Near Taos I lived in a cave—just like ancient times, very cold in winter! And almost fasting: just some brown rice to eat and a little water. Just enough. Western people eat so much. At dinner last night, so much food was left over. What happens to it? In Southeast Asia many people have only a little food to eat. So maybe the West can give some extra food to other people.

Once, while hitchhiking in southern Japan, I met my cousin who told me my father was very sick. We

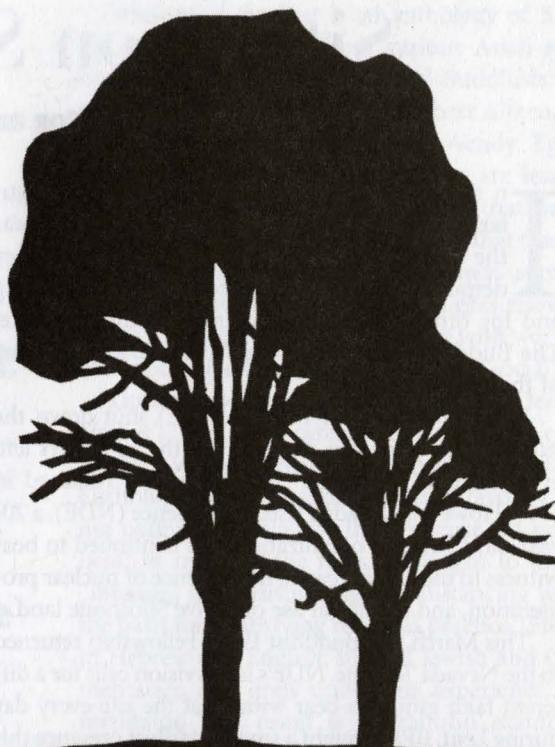
went to the hospital to see him. He was surprised to see me. I said, "So you are going to become Buddha!" In the Amida sect of my family [Jodo Shinshu], we say that when you die you're becoming Buddha. My father sort of half-smiled. His face brightened, and he said, "Yes, I'm going to become Buddha, looks like!" That's it. When it's time to sleep, just sleep; when you're sick, just be sick; when you're going to die, just die! Enlightenment!

Real compassion goes beyond human society—it extends to animal life, trees, water, stones. If we think this way it becomes easy to relate to the environmental movement. Buddhism says we are all the same; the West, I think, is missing this. There is an Indian sutra that discusses the perfect wholeness of all things and how they are joined (*pratitya samutpada*)—the Dalai Lama, Thich Nhat Hanh, the *Diamond Sutra* all talk about this.

The way to compassion is to slow down. Slow down the metabolism. Compassion is like a shadow—like the Hopi thinking seven generations on. After all, how we work out our difficulties is a social question, not spiritual or mental. If we have no vision as a society, all we're left with is bureaucratic process. That's too sad! Artists and poets have a responsibility to the landscape, to wild nature. As a poet I feel my poems are also sutras; a painter's work is also a kind of visual Dharma. And as listeners, if we meet a good poem—or discover a new landscape—we must have a good response. In the end it becomes spontaneous. It's like hearing good music; it calls to me, I start humming, moving—I find I'm dancing! That's *Zen*—not thinking, not stopping halfway, not copying the landscape but finally *becoming* the landscape. ♦

*Trevor Carolan writes from Vancouver. His current work, Giving Up Poetry: With Allen Ginsberg at Hollyhock, is published by Banff Centre Press.*

*Albert Saijo, whose poem appears at right, was born of Japanese parents in 1926 in Los Angeles. During World War II his family was interned at a camp in Wyoming. He was drafted into the army immediately after high school and served three years in a Japanese American unit in Italy. While in the army he became interested in literature after reading Hemingway's A Farewell to Arms. Back in L.A. in the late 1940s he met the influential Zen teacher and monk Nyogen Senzaki. In the late 1950s he moved to San Francisco and became involved in the Beat movement. The era was crystallized for Saijo on a cross-country trip with Jack Kerouac and Lew Welch to the New York City apartment of Allen Ginsberg. The character Baso in Kerouac's Big Sur is based on him. In the 1960s he moved to Marin County where he lived for 20 years, later moving to Humboldt County. He now lives with his wife, Laura, a teacher and musician, in upland Ohi'a Lehua Hapu'u Forest in Hawai'i, which borders an active volcano. Says Saijo, "If you're not living on the edge, you're taking up too much space."*



## TREES

by Albert Saijo

TREES ARE SO SIMPLE IN THEIR MIGHT—SUCK UP CO<sub>2</sub> GIVE OFF OXYGEN—SUCK UP WATER OUT OF DIRT PUT OUT NEW GREENY LEAVES—TREE SAY GREEN TO LIGHT—TREE TAKE SUN MAKE SUGAR—TREE NO NEED FEET TO WALK—LIKES WHERE IT'S AT—STAY PUT IN WIND AND DANCE IN ONE SPOT—OTHERWISE TREE EVER PATIENT IN ITS HABIT—TREE NO TALK SO NO TREE WARS—SWEET TREE SEX NOT VENERAL—TREE STAND—TREE THROW COOL SHADE TO GROUND—TREE REACH UP AND DOWN AND SIDEWAYS—TREE BRAVE DON'T FLINCH WHEN CHAIN SAW PUT TO IT—TREE DON'T HAVE RED BLOOD—TREE SAY GO AHEAD KILL ME SEE IF I CARE—ANYWAY TREE GOT PARTY GOING ALL THE TIME—THE BUGS AND THE BIRDS—LICHEN AND FUNGI—MYCORRHIZAE AT THE ROOTS AND UP THE TREE THE SQUIRRELS POSSUMS GRINNING CATS RACCOONS AND OTHER ASSORTED ANIMALS EVEN PORCUPINES BETIMES—LIGHT PLAYS ON LEAVES—LEAVES SHUDDER—TREE LIKE RAIN WASH OFF MAN DUST IF RAIN NOT ACID—EVEN DEAD TREE MAKE FIRE

Reprinted by permission from *Outspeaks: A Rhapsody* (Bamboo Ridge Press, 1997).

# Sitting on Scarred Land

by Diana Winston and Emily Jackson Snyder

## A Buddhist Retreat at the Nevada Test Site

In the mid-1980s, thousands of protesters regularly convened at the seasonal Peace Camp near the Nevada Nuclear Test Site. For years they demonstrated and got arrested for trespassing and for other acts of nonviolent civil disobedience. The Buddhist Peace Fellowship participated in some of these demonstrations.

The Department of Energy (DOE) shut down the site some 10 years ago and most of the protesters left, even though “subcritical” nuclear testing resumed in 1997. However, Nevada Desert Experience (NDE), a 20-year-old Christian organization, has continued to bear witness to the scarred earth, the violence of nuclear proliferation, and the illegal use of native Shoshone land.

This March, the Buddhist Peace Fellowship returned to the Nevada Test Site. NDE’s latest vision calls for a different faith group to bear witness at the site every day during Lent. BPF brought a small Buddhist presence this year, with the intention of building toward a larger event in the coming years. Little did we know that a week before our vigil, the *L.A. Times* would reveal the Bush Administration’s “Nuclear Posture Review,” a document that reverses nuclear treaties of the last 30 years, raising

ing our mindfulness and concentration, and preparing our hearts to bear witness at the test site.

In the late morning, Diana Winston spoke on principles of Buddhist activism, and we held a rich discussion on how to bring our Dharma practice to address systemic violence. We asked ourselves: Could we avoid demonizing the “other”—the guards at the site, the DOE, the Pentagon? How could we protest from a mind of not knowing? The word *intentionality* often came up. We acknowledged that we could never know for sure that what were doing was going to do any good.

Since we need information in order to act, in the afternoon we had a wonderful teach-in at the test site itself. We followed this with Tibetan *tonglen* practice. We visualized and breathed in smoke that represented suffering, and breathed out compassion.

We spent the late afternoon in a group process to create our ritual for the next day at the test site. Creative juices were flowing. We considered expressive dance or movement, invocation of wrathful deities, a council of all beings, music, chanting.... Our koan: how do we bring our practice to this site? How do we face that scarred landscape with love and compassion, and what forms or rituals would best express our deepest intentions? Together we planned a Buddhist ritual for peace.

The next morning, the early risers headed to the site for a sunrise ceremony with Corbin Harney, the spiritual head of the Shoshone people. Harney led a chant while the protesters held hands and circumambulated a ceremonial fire. The attention he put into this ceremony was breathtaking. Any Zen master would have been proud. After Harney finished his prayers, we approached the fire and made an offering while saying our own prayers.

After breakfast, we began our Buddhist peace ritual. Tempel Smith, who had helped to organize the event, led a *metta* (lovingkindness) meditation. Afterward, we wandered individually in silent meditation and tried to feel the land—one of the most heavily bombed places in the world. Over a thousand nuclear bombs have been exploded at the test site since the 1950s. Protesters before us had built big peace signs out of rocks. One of the No Trespassing signs had been marked: “You can’t own the land.”

We sat down on the sand around the firepit for a council, speaking in a circle for ourselves and the world. Edward, an ex-DOE geologist, talked about his years working at the site and how much it meant to him to be here now protesting. (He later crossed the line and was

(continued on page 35)



the possibility of the U.S. using nuclear weapons in a first strike against countries that don’t have nuclear weapons or in the event of “surprising military developments.”

Fifteen of us arrived in Las Vegas—from Utah, Los Angeles, the Bay Area, Northern California, and a contingency from the Denver Zen Center who lost their luggage on the way. We met in the gym of the Methodist Church, which had been recently carpeted but still had the flavor of a basketball court.

The retreat began the next morning and combined meditative sitting and walking, Dharma talks, and discussions. Meditation was our foundation, sharpen-



## Book Reviews

### *Four Books for Daily Contemplation or Devotions*

#### **The Buddha's Book of Daily Meditations: A Year of Wisdom, Compassion, and Happiness**

Edited by Christopher Titmuss

Three Rivers Press, 2001, 390 pp., \$14.00 (paper)

#### **To Shine One Corner of the World: Moments with Shunryu Suzuki**

Edited by David Chadwick

Broadway Books, 2001, 144 pp., \$16.95 (cloth)

#### **Wisdom of the East: Stories of Compassion, Inspiration, and Love**

Compiled by Susan Suntree

Contemporary Books, 2002, 332 pp., \$16.95 (paper)

#### **Opening to You: Zen-Inspired Translations of the Psalms**

by Norman Fischer

Viking Compass, 2002, 175 pp., \$19.95 (cloth)

#### **Reviewed by Shannon Hickey**

Although only one of these books deals directly with issues of engaged Buddhism, each can be a resource for daily devotion and meditation, which are crucial supports for Buddhist activism.

*The Buddha's Book of Daily Meditations* is specifically designed for this purpose. Christopher Titmuss, a founding member of BPF's International Board, culled the Pali Suttas for brief, pithy quotations—one for each day of the year. The entry for May 15, for example: "One who is friendly amidst the hostile, peaceful amidst the violent and unattached amidst the attached—this person I call spiritual." The book includes an outline of several sutta collections currently available in English, a glossary, and an index showing where to find each quotation in its original context.

*To Shine One Corner of the World* is a modern-day *goroku*: collected sayings of a Zen master, a traditional form of Zen literature. David Chadwick, a disciple and biographer of the late Shunryu Suzuki Roshi, gathered stories from dozens of fellow students—teaching moments that were burned into the memories of those who experienced them. The result is a vivid portrait of Suzuki's teaching style, which I found more accessible, if less substantial, than the classic anthology of his lectures, *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*. Each page offers a lozenge of wisdom worth savoring slowly.

*Wisdom of the East* is an anthology of 51 short essays inspired by teachings from various Asian spiritual traditions. Many well-known engaged Buddhists are represented: Melody Ermachild Chavis, Robert Aitken, Susan Moon, Thich Nhat Hanh, Bo Lozoff, Wendy Egyoku Nakao, Christopher Titmuss. Other writers are less well known. Each essay begins with a quotation that has particularly inspired the writer, and elaborates on that teaching. Because the writing is so personal, some essays seem a little self-indulgent, but others ring with insights relevant to anyone trying to integrate spiritual practice with workaday life, and with political efforts toward peace and social justice.

*Opening to You* is the result of Zen teacher Norman Fischer's long and careful contemplation of the Psalms. Fischer, who is Jewish, was inspired by his visits with Catholic monks whose daily practice revolves around chanting psalms. Troubled by the "violence, passion, and bitterness" in many of the texts, he sought to understand how "intoning these disturbing and distancing words could be the basis for a satisfying religious practice." He read the texts in Hebrew and English, studied Jewish and Christian commentaries, and drew upon long experience as a poet and meditator. The result is a beautiful example of Jewish-Christian-Buddhist dialogue within a single person's heart—so important in these times of interreligious violence.

To convey the intimacy and passion of the texts, Fischer renders the names for G-d as "you." (In Jewish tradition, the divine is not directly named.) This gives them the quality of love poems. In listening deeply to even the most troubling passages, Fischer finds important lessons for Western Buddhists. He writes, in his introduction:

Buddhism...is full of practical advice on how to work with anger, jealousy, confusion, and other painful emotional states...[but] there is still sometimes a need to call out, to sing, to shout, to be heard, to be answered.... All this is the territory of the Psalms.... I have seen many Western Buddhist students...believing they could go beyond or had gone beyond their suffering, only to find that it was there all along...[and] because they had not seen and accepted it, they allowed it to grow far worse. The Psalms make clear that suffering is not to be escaped or bypassed.... [Through] the letting go into suffering and the calling out from it, mercy and peace can come (this most poignantly expressed, of course, in the example of Jesus).

Fischer also values many Psalmists' emphasis on justice and freedom from oppression, a focus that traditional Buddhist teachings have often lacked. Although some readers might not appreciate Fischer's versions of certain well-known texts, I found them exquisite: full of vitality and the nondualistic wisdom that is central to mysticism of all kinds. In my work as a hospital chaplain, I am finding that this book is helpful for people of any religion or none.

*Shannon Hickey has been practicing Soto Zen since 1983 and is the Book Review Editor for Turning Wheel.*

# THE ART OF PEACE

*Nobel Peace Laureates discuss  
Human Rights, Conflict and Reconciliation*

edited by Jeffrey Hopkins  
234 pages, \$22.95 cloth

"This is education at its best  
and highest—inspiring and  
uplifting."—JULIAN BOND

"Remarkable...."—*Today's  
Librarian*

"Landmark book...."—*Kirkus  
Reviews*

Archbishop Desmond Tutu,  
H.H. the Dalai Lama, José Ramos-  
Horta, Betty Williams, Dr. Rigoberta  
Menchú Tum, President Oscar  
Arias Sánchez, Harn Yawngwhwe (for Aung San Suu Kyi),  
Bobby Muller, and Jody Williams share their life stories and  
views on resolving social conflicts.



For a free Newsletter  
and catalog on  
Tibetan Buddhism  
and culture, contact:

**SNOW LION**  
PUBLICATIONS  
PO Box 6483 • Ithaca, NY 14851  
800-950-0313 • 607-273-8159  
www.snowlionpub.com

Introducing  
a new Zen  
monastery in  
the northwest  
named after the  
great vow to  
save all beings...

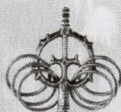
RESIDENTIAL TRAINING

5-7 DAY RETREATS

SUMMER SEMINARY

DAILY MEDITATION

WORKSHOPS & CLASSES



Great Vow  
Zen Monastery  
P.O. Box 368  
Clatskanie, Or. 97016  
1 (503) 728-0654  
www.greatvow.org

Resident Zen Teachers Chozen and Hogen Bays

## Nothing Left Over: A Plain and Simple Life

by Toinette Lippe

Bell Tower, 2002, 272 pp., \$21.95 (cloth)

Reviewed by Paul W. Morris

“Less is more” has long been an adage embraced by those looking to scale back. But as Toinette Lippe points out in her new book, *Nothing Left Over*, the emphasis of this phrase is on “more,” with more preferable to less. For the author, this simply won’t do as a maxim. When she suggests “Less is enough” as a substitute early on in the book, we immediately sense that she has carved out her own way in the world. As a result, she has some valuable insight to share.

Part memoir, part instruction manual, *Nothing Left Over* starts with the author’s recent retirement from corporate America, where she had worked ever since she arrived in New York at age 25. Looking back at her childhood growing up in England, her distinguished career as a book publisher in Manhattan, and her travels the world over, Lippe draws from a reservoir of experience to illuminate how living economically and eliminating what’s unnecessary can lead to a richer and more fulfilling existence.

Take only what you need. Honesty is always easier. A clean home is a clean mind. These are some of the lessons that we take for granted every day. In spare and graceful prose, *Nothing Left Over* reminds us of the inherent wisdom of these teachings. It instructs us how to apply them to our own unique circumstances in a matter-of-fact way.

The stories Lippe uses to illustrate these lessons are often presented in a casual tone, as if the author jotted down whatever anecdote came to mind while sitting in front of her computer. If these offerings seem somewhat arbitrary, they are likely intended to be. This is the elegance of the book: the idea that any moment contains all we really need to know in order to live simply and plainly; every instance presents an opportunity to refine our awareness so that we can be present and of service to others.

## AFRICAN-AMERICAN DHARMA RETREAT & CONFERENCE AT SPIRIT ROCK

Thursday, August 15 – Tuesday, August 20 (5 nights)

Rachel Bagby, Alice Walker, Thulani Davis, bell hooks,  
Gaelin Ferguson, Joseph Jarman, Marlene Jones,  
Konda Mason, George Mumford, Ralph Steele,  
Sala Steinbach, Rev. Suhita Dharma, Jan Willis,  
Angel Kyodo Williams, and Lewis Woods

Cost \$375 - \$275 sliding scale. Information 415-488-0164 x 396.  
Scholarship and Financial assistance info 415-488-0164 x 312.

visit us online at [www.spiritrock.org](http://www.spiritrock.org)



From creating a home office to raising a child to boiling water for a cup of tea, there is a lesson here for everyone, no matter how simplified we think our lives already are. *Nothing Left Over* is an honest and accessible book. It separates the wheat, while still finding a use for the chaff. ❖

Paul W. Morris is an editor of *Killing the Buddha* ([killingthebuddha.com](http://killingthebuddha.com)) and a contributor to *Blue Jean Buddha: Voices of Young Buddhists*. He lives in Manhattan.

## In Brief:

### ***Meditations on Everything Under the Sun: The Dance of Imagination, Intuition, and Mindfulness***

by Margo Adair; foreword by Angeles Arrien  
New Society, 2001, 408 pp., \$21.95 (paper)

This is a manual designed for organizations and groups of community activists who want to bring spiritual power into their work. Chock-full of guided visualizations and meditations, it will be a useful resource for virtually any situation a community group might encounter. For example, Adair provides meditations addressing collaboration, competition, and burnout, as well as more traditional meditation subjects such as wisdom, compassion, and other wholesome qualities. ❖

—Diana Lion

### ***New Jack: Guarding Sing Sing***

by Ted Conover

Vintage Books, 2000, 331 pp., \$14.00 (paper)

Ted Conover is a journalist with several books to his credit. He wanted to find out more than superficial information about corrections officers, aka prison guards. No official involved in the prison system would talk to him much, so he took the civil service exam and was trained as a corrections officer at the New York training academy. He became a "new jack" (as rookie officers are called) at Sing Sing Prison in upstate New York, where he worked for eight months. His depiction of his work seems very honest; it is often harrowing and sometimes touching. He learned to care about some of his fellow officers, as well as some of the inmates. A long section on the history of Sing Sing gives the reader some perspective on the 175-year saga of this infamous place. Not surprisingly, Conover concludes that it's time to try some new ideas. For example:

The term "corrections officer" is imbued with the promise of reform and assistance. I think it would help to rehabilitate prisons themselves if officers taught some of the classes, did some of the counseling, were allowed to engage their own hearts and minds on the job, instead of just having to pretend they don't have any. ❖

—Barbara Hirshkowitz

## Upaya Zen Center

Dedication to contemplation and social action

### JUNE 7-JULY 4: Ango: Upaya Zen Training\*

#### JUNE 7-9: The Great Precepts

Joan Halifax Roshi

#### JUNE 9-14: Dogen Sesshin

Kazuaki Tanahashi Sensei,

Joan Halifax Roshi, Enkyo O'Hara Sensei

#### JUNE 14-16: Calligraphy Meditation

Kazuaki Tanahashi Sensei

#### JUNE 21-23: Living with Mara

Stephen Batchelor

#### JUNE 28-JULY 4: Bodhidharma Sesshin

Joan Halifax Roshi

\*Register for Ango by the month, week, or individual retreat.

#### August 1-4: IN THE SHELTER OF EACH OTHER:

WOMEN'S RETREAT- Joan Halifax Roshi, Zuleikha

#### August 7-11: MOUNTAINS & RIVERS SESSHIN

Joan Halifax Roshi leads this experience of monastery and mountain.



Head Teacher  
Joan Halifax Roshi

### Upaya Sanctuary Program

Community practice/service/training programs: one week to three months. By application.

**Personal Retreats** throughout the year.

**Facility Rental** available for your Retreat.

Upaya Zen Center, 1404 Cerro Gordo Road;  
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501; (505)986-8518  
email: [upaya@upaya.org](mailto:upaya@upaya.org); web: [www.upaya.org](http://www.upaya.org)

### ***Scarred Land*, continued from page 32**

arrested and let go.) Nancy spoke for the seedlings that were struggling to survive and the children of Iraq who are also struggling to endure. Emily retook a vow to continue to practice until all beings are liberated. Lindsey spoke for the red ants that were sick and didn't know why. We later found out that the Shoshone used to eat red ants as a staple of their diet. Harney then gave a "Dharma talk," which helped us feel more connected with the land and the results of the nuclear tests.

We closed by dedicating the merits of our weekend and thanking those who had come before us. We walked silently to the fence, where some people hung Tibetan prayer flags. We rang bells and blew horns and finished with prostrations to the earth.

Did we halt the production of nuclear weapons with our tiny vigil? Hardly. However, each of us directly experienced the interface of spiritual and social change. We deepened our commitment to free our hearts and the world from all suffering.

We plan to hold this event again next year, and we welcome your participation. Contact Diana Winston at the office if you wish to assist. ❖

Diana Winston is the Associate Director of BPF and a regular contributor to *Turning Wheel*.

Emily Jackson Snyder is a student at the Zen Center of Denver and is working toward a degree in political science.

## BPF Reports

### From the Executive Director:

In these troubling times it's hard to know where to turn to find relief. My *zafu*, hard as it is, seems to provide the softest spot. One of the things I am working on is to listen, and to hear.

On April 20, many Buddhists participated in the peace marches in Washington, D.C., and in San Francisco. When a reporter asked me what Buddhism can bring to the conflict in the Middle East, I said that perhaps a good start would be to learn how to listen and how to hear.

One of BPF's signs at the San Francisco march said, "Realize that the other person is you." You can see photos of the march on our Web site, which is now updated every week and offers BPF's response to the current world situation. We have opened a bulletin board as part of our effort to listen to each other. This is a continuation of our Listening Project which started almost immediately after 9/11. The "Listening Project" (described on our Web site) is something each one of you can do wherever you are. BPF is also committed to a new peace activities program, to respond to violence in the wake of 9/11.

As an organization, we have also had to listen and hear deeply within BPF in recent months. In order to align our administrative costs with our program expenses, we had to make deep cuts in administration. This led to the very painful necessity of letting go of Joo Eun Lee, our Administrative Director. BPF benefited greatly from Joo Eun's work during the eight months that she was with us. Here in the office she knitted us all together with her friendliness, generosity, and deadpan humor, and we miss her terribly.

At about the same time, we also lost Maia Duerr, *Turning Wheel's* beloved associate editor, who accepted a position on the East Coast, but we are fortunate to have found Marianne Dresser to take her place, so that *Turning Wheel* can continue to bring you good food for your spirits. (See page 2 for the Editor's farewell to Maia and welcome to Marianne.)

As we work on economizing BPF's budget, we are happy to look to our chapters and contacts for mutual support. New chapters keep forming (see the list on page 39). BPF

chapters organized delegations to the April 20 march in Washington, D.C. The Sacramento chapter and the East Bay chapter provided important support at a rally in May calling for a moratorium on executions in California (see below). There's not room here to tell you about all the other good work our chapters are doing, but they are more active than ever. BPF is greatly strengthened by this work around the country, and I look forward to more collaboration with chapters in the future.

We encourage BPF members to contact a nearby chapter to see how you can be directly involved with our work. And please continue to provide input to the national office, to help us in the shaping of our organization. ❖

—Sibylle Scholz

### From the Prison Project:

Pearl was there because her grandson has been sentenced to die in San Quentin. People with relatives on death row sat interspersed among people from various faith communities. On May 1, 2002, BPF members rode the bus with members of dozens of other groups—both religious and secular—to the first rally for a moratorium on executions in Sacramento, California.


Almost 400 of us marched, chanted, and rallied about the need to end executions. Ed Asner, Rev. Jim Lawson, and others spoke from the stage. One high school student asked why we don't burn arsonists and rape rapists, if we're following the logic of matching the punishment to the crime. A man, released from Oklahoma's death row because he was innocent, spoke of his unwavering support for the death penalty, even after he was convicted and sentenced to die for a crime he had not committed. Then his best friend on the row was executed. He'd expected to feel indifferent; instead he felt deep grief, and realized that the world was no safer now that Chuck, his friend, was dead. After this compelling statement, we presented 90,000 signatures to the governor's office.

The BPF Prison Program sees this as a First Precept issue. We are thrilled at the response from members who sent in signed moratorium petitions. And we are joined by 73 percent of the California population, who also support a moratorium. One of our most prolific signature gatherers wrote me that she found the task more rewarding than she'd anticipated. She has been carrying the petition everywhere she goes, and dialoguing with old and new friends about the issues. She's learned a lot from listening and talking with others.

Please keep sending in your petitions (more are available from the Web site), as we will continue to gather them until we have implemented a moratorium here in California. And we invite members in other states to get involved in their local anti-death penalty groups. Once again, we have an opportunity to take our practice off the cushion and apply it where it will literally save lives. ❖

—Diana Lion

A Buddhist inspired Retreat Center, based on Mindfulness Practice, Deep Ecology, and Nonviolence  
—for the Celebration and Healing of the Individual, Society, and the Earth



**Manzanita Village**

Scheduled retreats and private retreat facilities  
Resident teachers: Cairtriona Reed & Michele Benzamin Miki  
[www.manzanitavillage.org](http://www.manzanitavillage.org) 760/782-9223

In the secluded hills above the Anza Borego Desert  
2½ hrs from LA - 2 hrs from San Diego - 8 hrs from Bay Area

# Gratitudes

*BPF gratefully acknowledges contributions above membership received between February 1 and April 30, 2002:*

## **Donors of \$10,000–\$50,000:**

Pamela Krasney ♦ The Maitri Fund ♦ Gail Seneca

## **Donors of \$500 and above:**

Barry Briggs ♦ Betsy Currie ♦ Peter and Stella Elliston ♦ Carolyn Zecca Ferris ♦ Apiwat W. Ford ♦ Jennie Miller Lloyd ♦ Robert Lyons ♦ Michael and Mary May ♦ James Pelkey ♦ Jean W. Reyes ♦ C. S. Soong ♦ Terry Stein ♦ Julia Reid Summers ♦ Tor Taylor ♦ Cheryl Wilfong

## **Donors of \$250–\$499:**

Sheridan Adams and Jeff Kitzes ♦ Michael Arnett ♦ Susan and Charles Beek ♦ Ann Evans ♦ Gene K. Hoffman ♦ Mushim, Chris, and Josh Ikeda-Nash ♦ Bruce Krawisz and Jane Kennedy ♦ Lucy Leu ♦ Lee Lewis ♦ Susan Springborg and Greg Martin

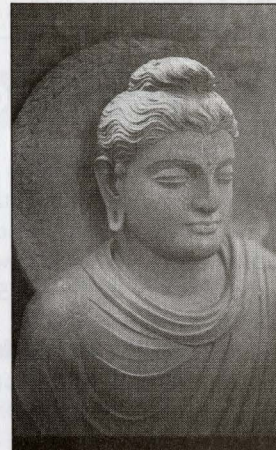
## **Donors of \$100–\$249:**

Athena Angelus ♦ John and Alex Ankele ♦ Rita Archibald ♦ Avery S. Beer ♦ Berkeley Zen Center ♦ Robert Bowers ♦ Gary Carlson ♦ Duane Carr ♦ Pimporn Chavasant ♦ Martha and Lee DeBarros ♦ Miguel DeTorres ♦ Linda Dow ♦ Robert Festa ♦ J. Jeffrey Franklin ♦ Rev. Noriaki Fujimori ♦ Cynthia Maurice Garrett ♦ Charles Geiger ♦ Robert Gibson ♦ Scott Glascock ♦ Sheilah Glover ♦ Yakov Green ♦ Sarah Hancock ♦ Leonie W. Hansen ♦ Richard Hart ♦ Margaret Harvey ♦ Keith and Lara Heller ♦ Carl Husa ♦ June Johnson and Stephen Lieman ♦ Howard King ♦ Kenneth Kraft ♦ Frederick Lancaster ♦ Dale D. Laney ♦ Brian Lapp ♦ David Lee ♦ Conny Lindley ♦ Edgar Lion ♦ Lee Lipp ♦ Toinette Lippe ♦ Donna Minock ♦ Phillip Moffitt ♦ Gabriel Molieri ♦ Michael Murphy ♦ Thuy Nguyen ♦ Bevan Alan Norkin ♦ Richard Patterson ♦ Julie Perry ♦ Pamela Perry ♦ James Powell ♦ Walter Powers ♦ Ralph Quillman ♦ Judy Ramsey ♦ Bob Reynolds ♦ Matthew Riley ♦ Patricia Rollinger ♦ San Francisco Zen Center ♦ Sara Sanderson ♦ Alice Scheffey ♦ Peter and Grace Schireson ♦ Stephen Schroeter ♦ Judith A. Sharp ♦ Michael Smith and Kyna Snyder ♦ Mae Stadler ♦ Gayle Stone ♦ Clay Taylor ♦ Denise Taylor ♦ Dan Tedesco ♦ Karen and Keith Umezawa ♦ Yolanda Marie Vazquez ♦ Denoya Wyatt

*To those of you who gave \$1–\$99 above membership: Thank you so much! Your generosity and dedication keep our work alive.*

*A special thank-you to our volunteers:* Veronica Balseiro ♦ Ko Blix ♦ Christian Brown ♦ Jeannine Chappell ♦ Elizabeth Cheatham ♦ Scotti Clair ♦ Tom Cramp ♦ Marinell Daniel ♦ Daniel Doane ♦ Miriam Eisenberger ♦ Emily Fleischman ♦ Faith Fuller ♦ Asha Goldstein ♦ Belinda Griswold ♦ Jennifer Hagar ♦ Janet Hastings ♦ Annette Herskovits ♦ Aanand Krishnan ♦ Paula Kristovich ♦ Christopher Martinez ♦ Zoe Newman ♦ Douglas Nielson ♦ Tammy McKean ♦ Masumi Patzel ♦ All the Prison Meditation Network members ♦ Joyce Rybandt ♦ Valerie Sealey ♦ Alan Senauke ♦ Joel Siegel ♦ Tempel Smith ♦ Judith Stronach ♦ Gordon Tyndall ♦ Margo Tyndall ♦ Donna White

*Thanks for book donations:* Amitabha Buddhist Society of USA ♦ Berkeley Zen Center ♦ Dennis Crean of *Inquiring Mind* ♦ Human Kindness Foundation ♦ Metta Forest Monastery ♦ Parallax Press ♦ Karen Payne



## SAN FRANCISCO ZEN CENTER

### **San Francisco Zen Center**

300 Page Street  
San Francisco, CA 94102  
415-863-3136 [www.sfzc.org](http://www.sfzc.org)

### **City Center**

300 Page St.  
San Francisco, CA 94102  
415-863-3136

### **Green Gulch Farm**

1601 Shoreline Hwy.  
Sausalito, CA 94965  
415-383-3134

### **Tassajara Zen Mountain Center**

39171 Tassajara Rd.  
Carmel Valley, CA 93924

Offers one-day and weeklong meditation retreats, practice periods, residential training, and a guest student program.

Offers one-day and weeklong meditation retreats, one and two month practice periods, residential farm and work apprenticeship programs, and a guest student program.

Offers traditional Soto Zen 90-day training periods and a summer work practice program. Call the City Center front office for information: 415-863-3136.

## THE MONASTERY STORE

DHARMA COMMUNICATIONS 2002 CATALOG

on-line at: [www.dharma.net/store.html](http://www.dharma.net/store.html)

Supporting your spiritual  
practice at home

On-line • From the Catalog • At the Store

Reliable service, quality products, low prices.  
For specials and new items, visit our award-winning web site.  
For a printed catalog please call or e-mail.

P.O. Box 156, Mount Tremper, NY 12457  
(845) 688-7993 • e-mail: [dharma.com@dharma.net](mailto:dharma.com@dharma.net)

# Announcements & Classifieds

## CLASSIFIEDS/ ANNOUNCEMENTS

### **Landscape Garden Design, Restoration, and Resource Conservation.**

In harmony with Bay Area ecosystems. Katharine Cook, (415) 457-6368; <artemisgardens@cs.com>. A former Garden Manager at S.F. Zen Center's Green Gulch Farm.

### **CALL FOR ENTRIES: In-Sight Buddhist Film and Performance**

**Showcase.** Marsh Theatre, San Francisco, Oct. 31–Nov. 2, 2002. Buddhist and Buddhist-inspired film and performance art. Suvarnaprabha, SFBC, 37 Bartlett St., San Francisco, CA 94110, e-mail: <suvanna@earthlink.net> [www.sfbuddhistcenter.org/insight](http://www.sfbuddhistcenter.org/insight).

**Sakyadhita 7th International Conference on Buddhist Women.** July 11–17, 2002, Taipei, Taiwan. Leading Buddhist scholars, practitioners, and social activists from around the world meet to express ideas and offer insights on the theme of "Bridging Worlds." Registration and fees due June 1. For more information, contact Joanne Molyneux, 415/456-4830; e-mail: <jmolynea@attbi.com>. Info on Sakyadhita: [www.sakyadhita.org](http://www.sakyadhita.org).

**Free Dharma Teaching Altar Cards for Inmates.** Naljor Prison Dharma Service offers three beautiful Dharma Altar Cards: Eight Verses for Training the Mind, the Four Noble Truths and Eightfold Path, and the Four Immeasurables. Inmates may request one Altar Card of their choice. For all other practitioners, the Altar Cards are \$8.95 each. Contact Naljor Creations, P. O. Box 628, Mt. Shasta, CA 96067; 530/926-1166; [www.naljor.com](http://www.naljor.com).

**BPF publications: *Making the Invisible Visible*,** writings by people of color and their white allies about healing racism in our Buddhist communities. \$5 a copy. *Safe Harbor*, BPF's publication on guidelines, process, and resources for ethics in Buddhist communities, available for a \$5 donation. Order from BPF, 510/655-6169; <bpf@bpf.org>.

## GROUPS

**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.

**Sangha for Buddhists of Color** meets monthly in the San Francisco Bay Area for meditation, Dharma talks, and mutual support. For information, call 415/789-8359; e-mail: <boc\_caretakers@hotmail.com>.

**Diversity and Social Change Sangha,** for those interested in blending mindfulness practice in the tradition of Thich Nhat Hanh with social change work, meets weekly in Oakland. Contact Olga at 510/540-0141; e-mail: <drking@attglobal.net>.

**Healing Racism in Our Sanghas.** How can we make our Western sanghas truly welcoming to people of all ethnic and racial groups? Monthly gatherings for Buddhist practitioners of color and of European American origin, Empty Gate Zen Center, 2200 Parker St., Berkeley, 7:00–9:30 PM. on the first Friday of each month. Info: 510/845-8565.

**Art, Buddhism, and social change group.** I am interested in creating a group that explores the intersection of art, Buddhism, and social change. What does it look like when creativity emerges from a Buddhist practice? How can the process of creating art be an act of socially engaged Buddhism? Please contact me if you are interested in creating a space (once or twice a month?) to meet, discuss, and explore these and other related questions. Tiffany Sankary, 510/532-9625; e-mail: <tiffany@prisonactivist.org>.

**Forest Meditation Action Camp** will be forming this summer in the ancient forests of the Pacific Northwest. We will camp in primitive simplicity, practice meditation, and work alongside forest activists in efforts to preserve our last old-growth forests. No charge; donated food will be available. Coordinated by Zen priest but nonsectarian. If interest-

ed, please contact Satya Vayu, c/o No Abode Hermitage, 80 Friar's Lane, Mill Valley, CA 94941; 415/381-5441.

**Gay Buddhist Fellowship.** Meets every Sunday, 10:30 AM., at the San Francisco Buddhist Center, 37 Bartlett St. We also sponsor occasional sittings, workshops, retreats, and social activities. For more information or to request our newsletter with information and articles on topics of concern to gay Buddhists, call 415/974-9878.

## VOLUNTEER/DONA- TIONS/SPONSORSHIP

**Help Tibetans in Exile.** Many Tibetans escape the oppression of life under the Chinese by making a perilous journey across the Himalayas to India and Nepal. For a donation of \$3.50 to \$30 a month, you can help these and other Tibetans. One hundred percent of your contribution to the Tibetan Sponsorship Project goes to their support. To learn more, please call 877-Tibet-Aid or visit our Web site, [www.TibetAid.org](http://www.TibetAid.org).

**Help Homeless Women and Children** by donating needed personal care items—toothbrushes, toothpaste, soap, shampoo, hairbrushes, combs—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.

**Prison Dharma Network (PDN)** needs your donations of dollars and used Dharma books to continue making the Dharma available to prisoners. If you are interested in forming local or regional chapters to facilitate contemplative prison ministry, contact: PDN, P. O. Box 4623, Boulder, CO 80306-4623, 303/544-5952; <pdn@indra.com>.

**BPF volunteers, wanted, needed, loved.** Call us: 510/655-6169.

**BPF office wish list.** We are in need of a copier with collating capacity, a toaster oven, and an air filter/purifier. Tax-deductible donations gratefully welcomed. Please call 510/655-6169.

# BPF Chapters & Contacts

See our Web site, [www.bpf.org](http://www.bpf.org), for the most current version of this list, including affiliates.

## Chapters

### TUCSON, AZ

Annina Lavee  
anninal@earthlink.net  
Tucson@yahoo.com

### EAST BAY, CA

Sandy Hunter  
510/540-5296  
sandyh@iopenet.net

### GREEN GULCH ZEN CENTER

Sausalito, CA  
415/383-3134

### LOS ANGELES, CA

Andrew Rasmussen  
310/455-3578  
onelove@igc.org

### SACRAMENTO, CA

Rebecca Levin  
916/374-3633  
spike95831@yahoo.com

### SAN DIEGO, CA

Ava Torre-Bueno  
619/266-2442  
avatb@bigfoot.com

### SAN FRANCISCO, CA

Paul Haller  
San Francisco Zen Center  
415/863-3136  
sf-zen@pacbell.net

### SONOMA COUNTY, CA

Steve Berry  
707/542 8162  
pwood@lmi.net

### TASSAJARA MONASTERY

Carmel, CA  
Tova Green

### WEST BAY (PENINSULA), CA

Jill Boone  
408/379-6835  
bpfcontact@lanmill.com

### DENVER, CO

Emily Snyder  
Zen Center of Denver  
303/455-1500  
office@zencenterofdenver.org

### HONOLULU, HI

Tom Davidson-Marx  
808/955-1798  
tdavidson@medscape.com

### PRAIRIE BUDDHA SANGHA, IL

Karuna Maddava  
847/934-1711  
PrairieBuddha@MaddBear.com

### BOSTON, MA

Sharon Dudelson  
617/945-1020  
info@bpfboston.org  
[www.bpfboston.org](http://www.bpfboston.org)

### CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS

Clifford Reiss  
508/753-2520  
dharmastrider@earthlink.net

### PIONEER VALLEY, WEST MA

Emilie Woodward  
413/586-0474  
emiliewoodward@hotmail.com

### TWIN CITIES, MN

Lee Lewis  
651/699-1330  
Lee.Lewis@mindspring.com

### CENTRAL NEW JERSEY

Brian Unger  
732/870-9065  
Brianshozen@yahoo.com

### PORTLAND, OR

Heidi Hoogstra (Enji)  
503/236-5741  
enji@earthlink.net

### TEXAS HILL COUNTRY

John Dinsmore  
Austin Zen Center  
512/258-6591  
dinsy@jump.net

### SEATTLE, WA

Shannon Turner-Covell  
425/485-0145  
shannonturnercovell@hotmail.com

### SPOKANE, WA

Merry Armstrong  
509/455-3987  
amerry@uswest.net

### MILWAUKEE, WI

Paul Norton; 414/961-9281  
pnorton42@hotmail.com

### SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Gillian Coote, 31 Bonnefin St.,  
Hunters Hill, NSW 2110  
gilliance@acay.com.au

### MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Jill Jameson, 50 Daveys Lane  
Hoddles Creek, VIC 3139  
61-3-596-74-372

## Contacts

### COOPER LANDING, AK

David Rhode  
907/595-1314  
hylocichla@aol.com

### VALDEZ, AK

Nancy Lethcoe  
907/835-5175  
nlethcoe@yahoo.com

### NEW HAVEN, CT

Roy Money  
203/288-4290  
roy.money@yale.edu

### IDAHO FALLS, ID

Jim Mills  
208/522-0378  
opusig@srv.net

### NORTH IDAHO

Gretchen Albrecht-Heller  
208/263-6893  
hellar@televar.com

### CHICAGO, IL

Dave Reczek  
847/966-1475  
mediherb@chicagonet.net

### SOUTHWEST MICHIGAN

Matthew McCromick  
616/692-3692  
plato12345@aol.com

### NEW JERSEY

Dodie Murphy/Eric Phillips  
609/291-1412  
dmurphy@nccaddnj.org

### SANTA FE, NM

Ann Dasburg  
505/982-8179

### NEW YORK CAPITAL AREA

Michael Fallarino  
518/828-8757  
herbalist@berk.com

### NEW YORK CITY

Alison Alpert  
212/946-1167  
alison@assistech.info

### ROCHESTER, NY

Kit & Dave Miller  
kitdave@frontiernet.net

### GREENSBORO, NC

Daniel Rhodes  
336/274-1007  
thuongxa@yahoo.com

### TRIANGLE AREA, NC

Jeff Wilson  
jwilson403@hotmail.com

### CLEVELAND, OH

Matt Wascovich  
216/556-2847

### COLUMBUS, OH

Sue Roy  
614/891-0886  
roy-43081@3mail.msn.com

### YELLOW SPRINGS, OH

Eric Lang  
937/767-2488  
e3-design@email.msn.com

### ASHLAND, OR

Robert Carroll  
541/482-5472  
robtcarroll@yahoo.com

### RHODE ISLAND

Francis & Frank Cunnion  
401/785-2449  
fpc@ids.net

### MEMPHIS, TN

Cliff Heegel  
901/758-4070  
bpf@askdrcliff.com

### VERMONT

Richard Dunworth  
802/228-2476  
dunworth@ludl.tds.net

### YAKIMA, WA

Douglas C. Ray  
509/865-6045  
bodhimind@hotmail.com

## International Contacts

### CANADA

Karen Harrison  
c/o 37 Kingsgarden Rd.,  
Toronto, Ontario, M8X 1S7  
416/604-5785  
torbpf@hotmail.com

### F. Ulrich, Sensei

75 Essar Ave., Winnipeg,  
Manitoba, R2G0S4  
204/338-1538  
ulrichs@mb.sympatico.ca

### Shaney Komulainen

2250 Papineau #111, Montreal,  
Quebec, H2K 4J6  
514/529-9491  
shani2001@3web.net

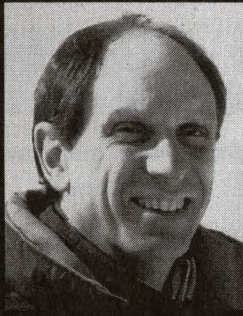
### Phil N Rossner, "Tâm Pháp"

Mill Hill Mindfulness Centre  
2375 Kamaureen Place  
Sooke, B.C., V0S 1N0  
250/642-6065  
bozroz@shaw.ca

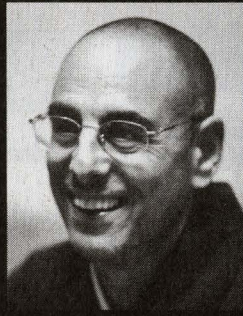
### NEPAL

Dr. Brian W. Cobb, Profesor,  
Dept. of Internal Medicine,  
Universal College of Medical  
Sciences & Teaching Hospital,  
Ranigaon Campus, Bhairahawa,  
Lumbini Zone, Nepal  
Drbrianfl@aol.com

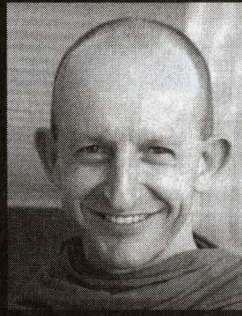
# B U D D H I S M U N F O L D S



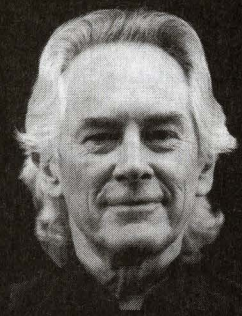
**JOSEPH GOLDSTEIN**  
June 28



**NORMAN FISCHER**  
June 29



**AJAHN AMARO**  
July 26, 27



**MICHAEL MCCLURE**  
Sept. 13, 14

SAN FRANCISCO ZEN CENTER PRESENTS A 2002 LECTURE AND WORKSHOP SERIES CELEBRATING THE DIVERSE EXPRESSION OF BUDDHIST PRACTICE IN AMERICA.

**BILL VIOLA**  
Oct. 4

**RITA GROSS**  
Nov. 8, 9

**TONI PACKER**  
Dec. 13, 14

EACH WEEKEND BEGINS WITH AN EVENING LECTURE AND IS FOLLOWED BY AN ALL-DAY WORKSHOP.  
PROCEEDS WILL BENEFIT SAN FRANCISCO ZEN CENTER.

FOR A SERIES BROCHURE EMAIL: [DEVELOPMENT@SFZC.ORG](mailto:DEVELOPMENT@SFZC.ORG) OR CALL 415-863-3133

# BASE

## Buddhist Alliance for Social Engagement

### *New Program in the Bay Area*

Six-month volunteer program combining Buddhist practice, activism, service, study, and training. Stipends may be available.

### *Starting September 2002*

For details and application visit our Web site:

[www.bpf.org/base1.html](http://www.bpf.org/base1.html)

or call: 510-655-6169, ext. 301

### **Buddhist Peace Fellowship**

P.O. Box 4650  
Berkeley, CA 94704 USA

Address Correction Requested  
Forwarding & Return Postage Guaranteed

Nonprofit  
Organization  
U.S. Postage Paid  
Permit No. 413  
Berkeley, CA



7 50644 89284 3 03