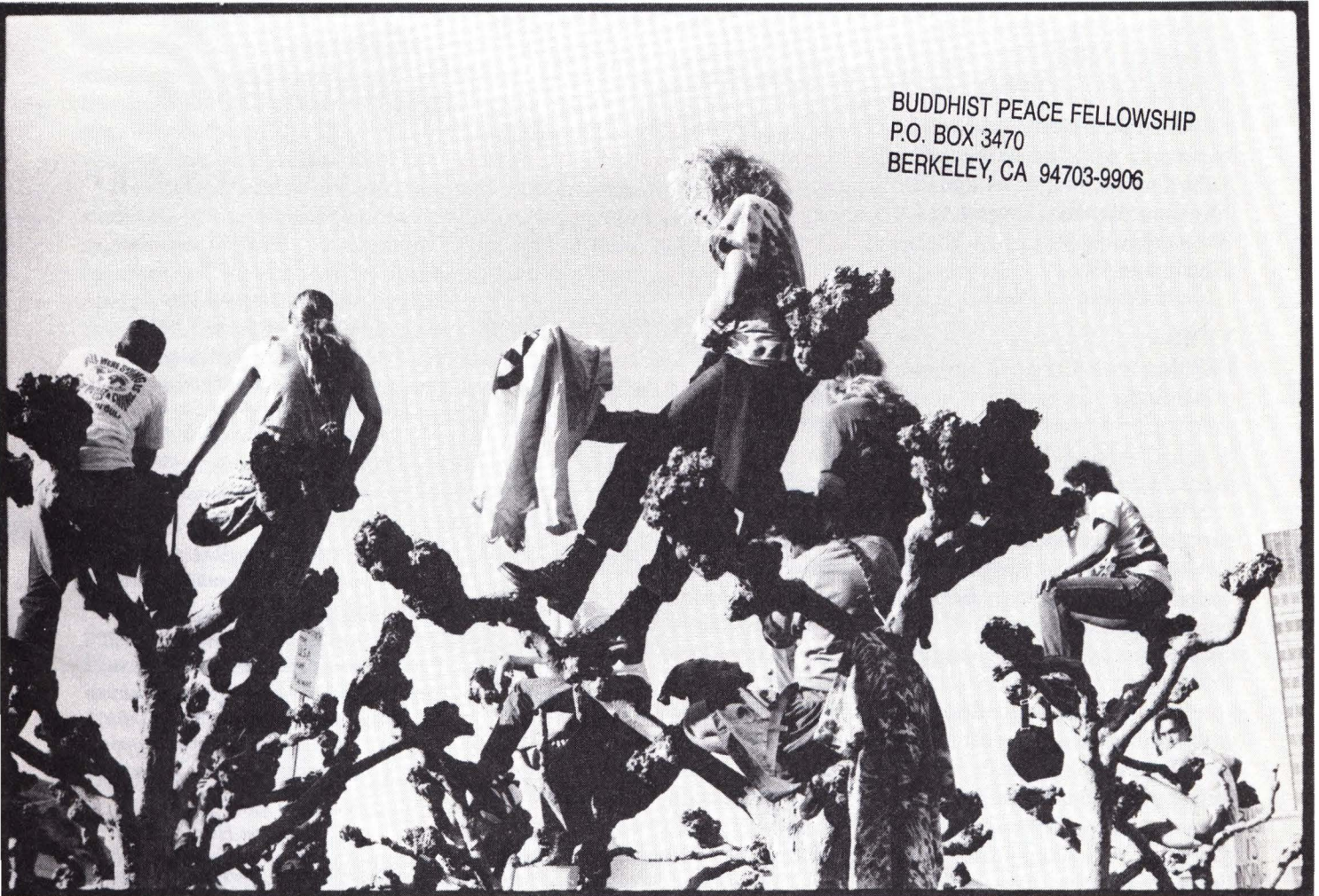


B U D D H I S T P E A C E F E L L O W S H I P

NEWSLETTER OF THE BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP, WINTER 1991

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



“Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly affects all indirectly.”

— Martin Luther King, Jr., Letter from a Birmingham Jail

War & Peace ❖ The Nuclear Guardianship Project ❖ Trees

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FROM THE EDITOR

This war makes me *so mad!* The people who know me know that I almost never get mad. Believe it or not, I almost never even *feel* mad — but my considerable skill at repressing anger is not equal to the present situation.

I want to kick in the television. I fantasize acts of arson and assassination (Just fantasies!) Alone in my car, listening to the news on the radio, I scream and cry. Newspaper headlines send me into a rage. Take today, February 6. Front page of the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "President Doubts Air Raids Alone Will Do the Job." Do the job?! *What job?!* Or, "Experts Say War Won't Peril Economy." What experts? Whose economy?

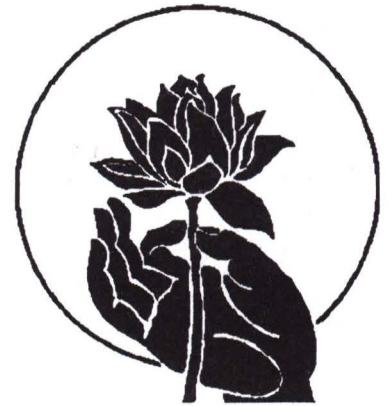
A disciple of the Buddha does not harbor anger. We Buddhists think we have to look into our own hearts and find a peaceful place there, if we want to make peace in the world. Buddhism tells us that all of this suffering — the children being bombed in the Middle

East, the American families torn apart, the smoke and oil choking the air and water in the Persian Gulf (I don't have to tell you, you feel it, too) — Buddhism says this is all created out of the hatred in our own hearts. At the deepest level, this is no doubt true.

But this makes me mad, too. I didn't spill that oil! I didn't drop those bombs! We better not wait till all is peace within, before we work for peace in the world. And just because we're Buddhists, we don't have to make peace with this war. Seeing what's really there is not the same as agreeing to it. As Joanna Macy says, "We own our anger — and let it link us with all who are betrayed." (See page 12.)

A disciple of the Buddha does not *harbor* anger. So — I want to pull up anger's anchor and sail away on it, braving the open water.

I want to let my anger burn, so that it gives me light in this dark time and shows me where to put my feet. ❖



B U D D H I S T P E A C E F E L L O W S H I P

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Cover photograph by Susan Moon:
Peace demonstration at Civic Center
Plaza, San Francisco, January 19, 1991

We want your input —

In our next issue:

teaching as Teaching

I take refuge in the Buddha as the perfect teacher.

I take refuge in the Dharma as an endless education.

I take refuge in the Sangha as one big class.

Our schools (non-Buddhist) offer us opportunities and blood-curdling challenges to engage Buddhism with this fundamental social institution. What are the possibilities for practicing “the way of peace and protection of all beings” in the classroom? How be peace/teach peace in the midst of so much stimulation and responsibility? How apply the lessons learned in the more ideal situations of our meditation halls and practice centers? And how take back to those places what we learn in the classroom?

Professional educators, parents, and students/ex-students, of the Newsletter readership are invited to explore these and related questions in the light of their experiences. Anecdotes, reflections, lesson plans, poems, gathas, and artwork (this is an integrated curriculum) should be sent to Patrick McMahon, c/o the BPF Newsletter, by April 1. Contributions can be as short as a short paragraph, or as long as a page.

Responding to the War

BPF has been holding “Town Meetings” in which people have come together to express their feelings and ideas about the war in a supportive atmosphere, without any special agenda. We can do that in some measure in the Newsletter.

Write to us about how you are dealing with the war in your own life. What are you finding to do about it? How does it affect your personal relationships? What does it do to your sense of community? Of citizenship? How is it affecting your body?

You will find three such personal responses at the end of the letters column. Send us yours by April 1.

Attention!

We're going to be changing the name of the Newsletter, probably in the next issue. Any suggestions? We want a good handle, something that trips off the tongue a little more easily than *The Buddhist Peace Fellowship Newsletter*. And besides, it's more than a newsletter. In any case, the subtitle, right on the front cover, will be *Journal of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship*.

LETTERS

Dear Friends:

I want to thank Tensho David Schneider for his beautiful and moving account of the recent death of Zen priest Issan Dorsey. As a recently diagnosed HIV-

positive person, I have begun the struggle to safeguard my health while I continue to learn the process of living in the moment for as long as I remain here among friends. It was the earlier development of my spiritual path, along with the wisdom of Buddha and meditation, that gave me the courage and calm to accept the diagnosis of my HIV status and not fall apart. Throughout his colorful life, Issan lived in the moment, and he remains an inspiration to those of us fighting the battles against AIDS.

— Craig R. McKissic

Dear Buddhist Peace Fellowship:

The National Meeting in September was a great inspiration to continue my practice and deepen my involvement in issues vital to peace, the environment and other concerns. Everyone I met left a vivid impression that helps on these cold grey days when people are frowning or gloomy. Hope may be fleeting, but faith was restored! My deepest gratitude to all who participated and especially to the Boston group for hosting the event.

— Joe VanDerBos, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor:

There was one omission from the two excellent articles on disability in the last Newsletter. It came to mind when I read, in the January issue of “Disability Rag,” that Mother Theresa’s Missionary Order of Charity refused to put an elevator for disabled access into a building they were planning to renovate to serve NYC’s homeless. The sisters repeatedly said money was no issue, but that such an elevator would be a modern convenience, and thus inconsistent with their religious belief in “simplicity.” They stressed their total willingness to carry upstairs on their backs anyone who couldn’t climb up on his or her own. When the NYC Mayor’s Office would not budge from its statutory responsibility to require appropriate access, the Order simply dropped all their plans for the building.

As a long-time practitioner with disabilities myself, I can easily imagine a not very different scenario in a Dharma center somewhere, in which the temporarily able-bodied practitioners insist that carrying a wheelchair user upstairs is entirely adequate, and cite the basic Buddhist tenet of interdependence, or interbeing, as justification enough for providing such “access.” It was this issue which I was surprised neither Ms. Tollifson nor Ms. Smith addressed.

I believe that the struggle for independence of all people with disabilities is an arena from which all, both disabled and temporarily non-disabled, can learn about that delicate balance that is truly co-dependent arising. So please, make your centers and your retreats accessible!

— Mitch Turbin, Seattle, Washington



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"At the moment of giving birth to a child, is the mother separate from the child? You should study not only that you become a mother when your child is born, but also that you become a child." – Dogen

READERS WRITE TO US ABOUT THE WAR

February 1, 1991

Today is my father's birthday. We haven't talked since the war started, and I'm sure we're both somewhat fearful, because almost certainly we differ about this, each of us quite passionate in our conviction that our own position is the most moral and patriotic one. I'm afraid because the rift we suffered during the Vietnam War was violent, painful and very shocking to both of us. We respect each other's moral integrity and love each other deeply, but that war tore us apart.

Although we are now on friendly terms, I can tell by several indicators that we have never healed from the pain we caused each other. He doesn't know that I'm aware of how I caused him to suffer. I was young and righteous and never stretched out a hand of understanding about how hard it was for him to see me take a position which he loathed. I was oblivious to many things, being only 18, and I was also drowning in fear and hurt at having been rejected by him. It shook my world, and it has taken me decades to fathom how it must have shaken his, too.

Not to mention my inability to listen with respect and understanding to his position, even though I didn't agree with it. Not only were we both unskilled at doing that, it did not occur to either of us to even try. Now, it seems like listening with a loving heart is the only thing that could possibly matter, and maybe the best chance we have to bring peace in a time of war. We may not be able to stop the war in the Persian Gulf, but we have an extraordinary opportunity to bring peace to Texas and California.

— Karen Payne, Berkeley, California

Dear Friends:

I'd like to share with you the comments I made at the beginning of a day of sitting and discussion about the war:

First. I hope that everyone will feel like a world leader. I think that our belief that someone is ahead and others are behind is one of our most deeply ingrained delusions. We're all the same distance from the Big Bang; we're all riding the same wave in time. Each of us is just as well positioned as anyone else in the world to guide the way the world will open and develop.

We need to remember our Buddha-nature. When war and politics seem overpowering, it's imperative that we don't lose sight of our own peace, strength, compassion. Our different traditions have their own name for it. But whatever we call it, bearing witness to it is our foremost task.

Next we need to remember this war. But you know this war didn't start on January 16. It's been going on somewhere forever. There was Lebanon, Angola, Panama, Vietnam, back into the dim past. And all the military actions are only part of the bigger war which is destroying the earth, producing brutality in our inner cities, and on and on. Especially as Buddhists, whose basic instruction is on the truth of suffering, we shouldn't be acting as if something new is happening. Of course this war seems more intimate to us because so many of our friends and countrymen are endangered, and because our elected officials are writing most of the deadly orders.

But that's not why this war is ours to end. It's ours because we started it. With ancient attitudes and modern activities which blossom under the radar of our awareness, we daily perpetuate the causes of conflict. Actually, if this mess was really caused by others, we would have no reasonable hope of cleaning it up; it is only by knowing that we've participated in it that we can be sure that we can yet work out a remedy.

Keeping these things in mind, we should be really aware of those around us. A lot of people are having a very difficult time with all the uncertainty, violence, and their sense of powerlessness. We've each got our own views about what's going on, but rather than just expostulating or letting ourselves be carried away by our own emotions, we need to be responsive to the concerns and distress of those nearest at hand. Don't let anyone slip through the cracks of our interest.

— Tom Misciagna, Santa Cruz, California

Dear Interdenominational Floating Sangha:

Waiting for Chinese food to go at a Berkeley restaurant two nights ago, I sat next to three young American men discussing the war. They are all white, have long hair, bright eyes, and talk of "people of color being made to fight people of color," "monopoly capital," and a very real fear of being drafted. I introduced myself and we talked as we waited.

They are all 19-year-old sophomores at U.C. Berkeley. They were all *born* when I was a 19-year-old sophomore at Stanford, looking like them, making the same comments, holding similar fears, and feeling the same anguish in the tumult of a different war. Twenty years. I immediately felt and feel such a responsibility to these young men. Almost all who are fighting this war were born during the Vietnam War. Now, as "elders," we must tell them our stories, share what we've learned, and help them and us to keep our balance.

— Steve Peskind, Berkeley, California

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[The following list was prepared by the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, and is included in our Persian Gulf Study Guide (see classifieds). — Ed.]

WHAT WE CAN DO

1. Hold regular peaceful vigils and demonstrations for all the victims of the Middle East war — civilians, soldiers and their families.
2. Create forums within your community to support each other in an atmosphere of trust and openness. Let these be places where people can express their confusion and their pain for our world.
3. Pledge to not drive your car for one day a week, or find other ways to observe and reduce your consumption patterns.
4. Voice your dissent to the government and media about the censorship of the news of the war. Be creative in your quest to get to the real truth. Let the media know that you do not accept their use of military jargon that obscures facts, such as “collateral damage” (people, hospitals, homes), and “surgical strikes” (bombs), and ask that each report should include an acknowledgement that it has been censored.



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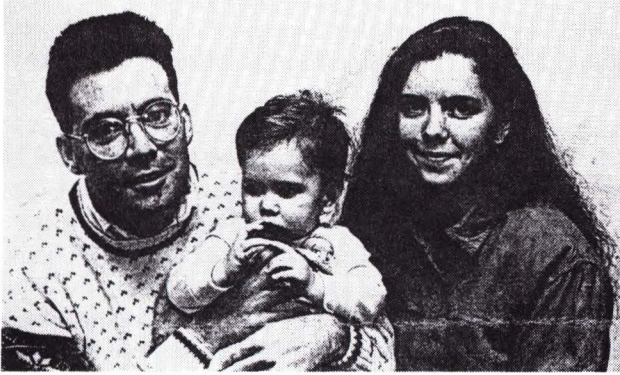
5. Educate yourselves on Islam, the history and people of the Middle East, and the U.S. involvement in the region. Hold teach-ins and forums, with speakers from all peoples of the Middle East.
6. Develop a “sister congregation” relationship in your community between a Christian church, Jewish synagogue, and/or Muslim mosque.
7. Speak out against violence wherever it happens. Counter the rising anti-Arab racism and anti-Semitism in your community. Make personal contacts with Arab-Americans; invite them to speak in your schools and community groups. Contact: American Anti-Discrimination Committee, 4201 Conn. Ave. NW, Suite 500, Washington, DC 20008. 202-244-2990. New Jewish Agenda, 64 Fulton Street, Suite 1100, New York, NY 10038. 212-227-5885.
8. While opposing the war system, support U.S. troops in the Gulf and their families at home. For information, contact: Military Families Support Network, 4417 North Oakland Ave., Shorewood, WI 53211. 414-964-3859.
9. Learn to counsel young men and women on alternatives to serving in the military. Contact: Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2208 South Street, Philadelphia, PA 19146. 215-545-4626. In San Francisco, call 415 474-3002.
10. Dramatize the domestic costs of war that directly effect education, housing, health, and human services in your community. Contact: Common Agenda, 76 Summer Street, Boston, MA 02110. 617-338-5783.
11. Contribute to FOR’s “Civilian Casualties Fund” which provides direct humanitarian aid to victims of the Middle East war. Make checks payable to Fellowship of Reconciliation, P.O. Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960.
12. Send loving kindness and compassion to all peoples of the world, including those directly involved in this war. ❖

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LETTER FROM AN ARMY C.O.



Joel, Dylan and Mary Smith

Dear Servicemember,

I've been dead for three years. For three years I've dedicated my life to learning how to kill. I am an active-duty soldier at the Presidio of San Francisco, California, and a conscientious objector.

Three years ago I signed a contract that gave someone else the authority to make my moral decisions for me. As a soldier, I gave someone the legal right to tell me when to kill another human being.

Since becoming a father early last year, a person responsible for creating and caring for another human being, I've had to question the morality of killing.

Last March, in the delivery room of a San Francisco hospital, I learned first hand how difficult it is to bring a life into the world. Throughout the fifteen hours my wife was in labor I held her hand. Every time she trembled I felt my son struggling to be born.

I stroked my baby's head just before he came into the world, before I could even see his face. When he took his first breaths, I shared them.

After my son's birth, I saw in contrast how easily, how mindlessly, life is torn from the world. As my love for my son grew, I had to struggle to justify being a soldier, a person who could be asked to kill, to kill without question.

I couldn't imagine myself being a loving father and conscientiously killing another man's son. I knew that in a war, children as innocent and beautiful as my own son would die horribly. Bombs don't fall only on soldiers, they fall on their families too. Bullets don't know not to maim the innocent. Napalm doesn't know not to burn children.

I knew that war doesn't end when the bombs stop falling or when the soldiers leave the battlefield. War leaves behind the widows and the orphans, the shattered bodies of the conquered enemy — and their hatred, the seeds of another war.

In considering my conscience, I became the first

casualty of my own war. Whenever I thought deeply about how I was using my life, there was no peace in my mind. I hated what I had become. I had let my life become a tool for killing. At my son's birth I had witnessed a miracle. Now I was witnessing a murder, the murder of my own conscience. It wasn't that I didn't understand that killing is wrong. I simply wasn't giving my values life.

When I read that a Marine Reservist had filed as a conscientious objector, I learned that service members who have undergone a moral change may have a legal right to end their support of the military.

On December 5, 1990, I filed a conscientious objector statement with my commander. The Army is reviewing my statement. The Army wants to know if I am sincere.

Since filing, I've been asked several times how I can ethically refuse to kill when I volunteered for the service. I have to answer, "I do not feel a moral obligation to fulfill a contract which requires me to murder people."

I'm reclaiming my conscience. I'm challenging the belief that we can stop violence by using violence. I'm finally at peace with myself, and I'm living the best way I know how — I'm sharing the reverence for life my son has given me.

If your conscience is leading you to question your involvement in war and killing, I and thousands of Americans support you. If you feel that you can't kill and then live with your conscience, you may qualify, under military regulations, as a conscientious objector. If you are a "C.O.," then you don't have to kill and you can be separated from the service with an honorable discharge.

For more information, call 1-800-86-NO WAR. Skilled counselors at this number, and at the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, can help you in your moral struggle.

Please don't wait until you've killed before you ask if killing is right. ♦

— Joel Preston Smith, Specialist/U.S. Army
P.O. Box 29153, San Francisco, CA 94129

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YOUNG ADULTS PEACE PROJECT

by China Galland

The house vibrates, my living room is hot and full of young people drumming, drumming up peace. It's late, nearly eleven o'clock, December 27, 1990. The drumming circle ends another meeting of the Young Adults Peace Project, a group of friends and families that has been meeting together since September 1987 to consider what it means to want peace.

The next day we meet again to plan an anti-war demonstration and to make a "Desert Shield Memorial Wall," a banner honoring the nearly 80 American soldiers who have died to date. Lisa Citron joins us, explaining her idea of putting up memorial "walls" now, in this present moment, naming those who have already died, stopping this war before it starts.

We spend the last afternoon of 1990 together, making our banner, working for the peace we want to help bring about in 1991. We gather at Mayumi Oda's,



Stephanie Kaza

and decide to add a second panel to our "wall," a blank one, for people to write in the names of friends and relatives called to duty for Operation Desert Shield. They still have a chance. "Peace Through Diplomacy," Jeremiah Nathan, Mayumi's son, carefully prints across the top of the banner. We trace around his black sumi ink letters with gold paint. We write in each name of those who have died. When we finish, we splatter the names of the dead with bright red paint.

We lift up the banner by the edges to move it outside to dry. Someone begins to lift the sheet in soft waves. The rest of us join in, spontaneously, quietly, sensing a gesture of farewell. Everyone grows still. We stand for a moment in the middle of the room, gently waving this white banner full of black names and red paint, up and down, up and down. We raise the sheet

high in the air, happy in the unity of this brief moment, then carefully take it outside to dry.

The formation of the Young Adults Peace Project was precipitated by my youngest son's seventeenth birthday. At Ben's birthday party, I asked the roomful of teenagers present if they knew that all young men had to register for military service when they turned 18 or if they had thought about what that meant. The amount of information they had was vague or non-existent. We resolved on the spot to gather again, teenagers and families, to educate ourselves about the realities of the selective service law, the consequences of not registering (fines up to \$250,000, no financial aid for college, etc.), options in the case of a future draft, conscientious objector status, and how to establish it.

We became a community-based group meeting once a month in a private home for potluck supper followed by a speaker and/or discussion, often both. Members range in age from 15-23 for the young adults, with a handful of parents or adult friends taking part. Some of the younger members have known each other since first grade. Many come from families that have an affiliation with San Francisco Zen Center's Green Gulch Farm or live in the area, so it was natural for the group to elect to take part in a Buddhist Peace Fellowship Day at Green Gulch in 1988. That decision proved pivotal. Steve Stuckey, the father of one of our members, James Asher, was the priest who gave us beginning zazen instruction. It gave everyone the common experience of meditation and began to expose the group to the work of the Vietnamese Zen master Thich Nhat Hanh.

Our day of meditation and tree-planting proved so successful that we began to open our regular home meetings with a short, silent meditation and the reading of Thich Nhat Hanh's Precepts from the Order of Interbeing. Robert Aitken-Roshi encouraged us when he visited Green Gulch. He came to our meeting, reviewed zazen practice with us, and gave a short dharma talk on the phrase in the Fourteenth Precept, "the realization of the Way."

Beginning our communal meals with a blessing, meditating together, and reading the Precepts have had a profound effect on the group. The Precepts have provided members with a common set of values for making decisions outside the group. Many have gone on to study Thich Nhat Hanh's books: *Being Peace*,

The Heart of Understanding, and *Interbeing*, to name a few. Several members plan to participate in his April retreat in Santa Barbara and are excited about getting to spend time with Thich Nhat Hanh in person. He's become our main teacher.

Some of our members have started study groups and peace groups at colleges and high schools including Prescott College in Arizona, the Wolman School in Nevada City, Antioch College, and Hampshire College in Massachusetts. This is the kind of activity we want to see: more small groups like ours started through outreach, rather than having our group grow large and formally organized.

Our group has functioned as a study group, a political action group and, most importantly, has evolved into an informal sangha, a community of fellow and sister seekers, formed around the Precepts of the Order of Interbeing and the principles of non-violence. We realize that we cannot say that we want peace in the world if we don't live peacefully in our daily lives, within our communities, within our families, inside our own hearts.

We've had speakers from the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, the War Resisters League, Fellowship of Reconciliation, Vietnam Vets, former C.O.'s from the Vietnam era, Buddhist priests, Mennonites, and Quakers, to mention a few. Vietnam vet Lilly Adams kept us on the edge of our seats one evening with stories of her experience as a triage nurse at the age of 19 on the battlefields of Vietnam. Attorney Charles R. Johnson helped greatly, holding mock draft board hearings with us. We've taken part in demonstrations, held community events, raised money for Brian Willson's defense, written letters to the editor, to Congress, made phone calls. Meetings always include a circle in which everyone has the chance to check in and speak without being interrupted. Members simply say what's been going on in their lives — whether it's a surfing story, the anguish of having a brother in the Marines sent off to Saudi Arabia, or the experience of having one's natural mother make contact for the first time in 18 years.

Meetings also include a written sign-in and written summary that's sent out to members with the time and place of the next meeting. The written records and sign-in sheets become part of the documentation necessary to build a claim for conscientious objector status for those who would choose that option in case of a draft.

We are small, loosely organized, intensely personal, have no dues or fees, office or telephone. We believe in planting seeds and making ripples, joining in the multiplicity of efforts needed to grow forests and make waves. We have no illusions that we can save the world alone, but we believe that we have made a start in the right place, in our own homes, with our own friends and families, in our own neighborhoods, and in our

own schools. In the process we have created a community that is growing from the inside out and spreading. We invite you to take part in this down-home, cheap and simple grassroots movement and gather your own friends and family around the hearth. Peace begins at home.

Here is an excerpt from the summary of a meeting on December 27th, 1990:

"Our sacred gathering . . . was a great focus of light and energy for us all. It was great to see how all my friends have grown and that we all came together to share our heart and to speak our minds . . . it seemed that even though some of us feel hopeless and scared by the thought of war and the draft, we all felt a new strength in our community. This is the right time to spread the word and let the world know how we feel. . . . The meeting generated a lot of hope and love as we talked about the other active groups in Prescott, Amherst, and Santa Cruz. It's good to feel that we're not alone. The more we put ourselves out there, the more we are doing to work beyond war and create communities of support. It is this support that dispels fear and violence. Consider the impact of the choices you make in all aspects of your life — are they loving and peaceful?

"Don't forget to write your thoughts down and put them in the file with all your letters...if there's a draft, you may not have much time — be prepared! I love you all and I don't want to see any of us sent off to war, so get it down and sort it out for yourself.

"Keep the faith and pray for snow.

Peace. Timothy O'Shea" ❖

— *China Galland's latest book, Longing for Darkness: Tara and the Black Madonna, was published by Viking in 1990. She is a Research Associate at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, California. She is a longtime student of Buddhism and mother of three.*

DESERT STORM MEMORIAL WALLS

by Lisa Citron

Imagine Desert Storm Memorial Walls rising up like doves of peace, all across America, extending from Washington, D.C. to California, on church steps, in school courtyards, on university grounds, at the entrances to synagogues.

Desert Storm Memorial Walls call for a diplomatic resolution to war in the Persian Gulf. Made out of whatever materials are available — bedsheets, plywood, cardboard — they will name the names of the American soldiers who have already died in the Persian Gulf. Their deaths remind us of what we already know:

the loss of 58,132 men and women in Vietnam. The walls will honor the men and women who have died in the Middle East. They are loved. They are not "casualties." They will be named.

On January 20, the Air Force announced that they would not hold honors ceremonies for returning dead, and that they probably would not allow media to cover the return of the dead. This makes it more important than ever for us to remember them.

In the bottom left-hand corner of every Desert Storm Memorial Wall, the names of those who have died will appear in black. The rest of the wall will remain white, to be filled in if and when more people die.

The Desert Storm Memorial Walls call out to the poor, the rich, Republicans and Democrats. Black, brown, red, yellow, and white American families know from experience that combat kills. Combat cripples the future for all who survive. Only diplomacy cradles the solutions that lead to peace.

Imagine: not war in the Gulf, but diplomacy.

Imagine: Desert Storm Memorial Walls uniting our nation . . . one nation among united nations.

Imagine: Desert Storm Memorial Walls going up, instead of bombs coming down. Bring home the mothers, the fathers, the sons and daughters stationed in the Persian Gulf! Bring them home alive!



B.P.F. member Ken Simon built this Desert Shield Memorial outside his store in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Ken writes, "It's hard to really gauge what the impact is — I see lots of people standing and reading it — and then they go on."

Getting Started

Find a location with good public visibility, preferably on private property (with permission) —

church, synagogue, schoolgrounds — so that your Desert Storm Memorial Wall has a good home until American soldiers come home.

You'll need a large piece of material for the surface of the wall. The bigger, the better. Good choices are bedsheets, canvas, cardboard, plywood, etc.

Find three posts for support of the wall. Old broomsticks, or doweling from the hardware store will work well. Place a post at each end and in the center .

The post supports can be anchored in cement standards, like the ones that support patio umbrellas. For fabric walls, sew a hem large enough to slip over the end poles.

Walls made of fabric or cardboard should be pierced with several rows of U-shaped cuts to allow the wind to pass through.

Paint the entire wall white. Paint the lower left-hand corner black, and write in white the names of American soldiers who have already died in Operation Desert Storm.

Honor the dead.

Honor the living.

For a list of the names of soldiers who have died in the Persian Gulf, check your local newspaper, call your local Congressperson, or the Dept. of Defense: (703) 697-6462, or call Lisa Citron, at Desert Storm Memorial Walls: 415/668-0562. Please let her know and send photos if you do build a wall. ❖

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CARING FOR HOME

by Jack Kornfield

Excerpts from a talk at Spirit Rock on January 21, 1991

It feels wonderful to be home. Coming back after being away, I'm feeling how important home is: having friends, having a sense of community, being connected to the earth in some particular location. We all have this longing in ourselves for home, to find a place where we are connected, where we belong.

In the Buddhist tradition the understanding of home is often expressed in an odd way, in a backwards way. The Sanskrit word for someone who becomes a follower of the Way is Anagaraka, or homeless person. What does it mean to be homeless? It means in some way to discover that our home is everywhere, that wherever we are is our home. To find our true home is to find in ourselves an unshakeable place in our hearts, in our being, where we belong to all things, where we are connected to the sky and the earth and the plants and the animals and the people around us, to care for wherever we find ourselves as our home.

Here is a quote from a Russian astronaut about home: "We brought up some small fish to the orbital space station for certain investigations. We were to be there three months. After about three weeks the fish began to die. How sorry we felt for them! What we didn't do to try to save them! And yet on earth we have great pleasure in fishing, but when you're alone and far from anything terrestrial, any appearance of life is especially welcome. You just see how precious life is." And another one of the astronauts said, "All I wanted to do when I came back was to take the politicians and bring them up into space and say to them, 'Look at the earth from this perspective — look at the Persian Gulf, look at the Indian Ocean. See the beauty of it.'"

So the question arises in this time of war — can we find home in ourselves, can we find peace in ourselves, in the face of conflict?

Martin Luther King, whose day it is today, says, "Never succumb to the temptation of becoming bitter, no matter what happens. Never succumb to the temptation of using violence in the struggle, for if you do, unborn generations will be the recipients of a long and desolate night of bitterness."

So now, we have our war in the Gulf. I watch television as most of you probably do, and it's not called "the war," it's called "Desert Storm," the miniseries. It's like the Superbowl. There's a kid down the street from us, who asked her parents, "Is our team still winning?" Or it's like some video game, only it's live from the Persian Gulf. And it's really hard to tell if it's just the usual TV violence or some other violence.

I started to watch it and I got really interested. Look at those missiles! They carry a picture in them and they match the picture up, and — They got 'em! Let's wipe out the nuclear power plant, and then we'll wipe out the chemical factories. And we'll do it in a few days. And it will be surgical, right? Which means no blood, just clean. It's like a game. The most horrifying thing about it is that they don't show any people and they don't show any blood. It's just machines.

I began to pay attention to my body as I watched the war on TV, and noticed that it was very hard to stay in my body. I was actually very, very tense, and there was a lot of pain. It was hard just to feel, and stay here.

Here's a meditative task for you. Can you watch TV, the war, and stay in your body? Or as Thich Nhat Hanh might suggest, can you make a meditation gatha, a poem, to recite to yourself when you turn the TV on?

*Watching the war,
It is not far away.
It is people like me.
I send my love.*

Make your own poem.

As I feel it and I breathe and I pay attention, then all the things of childhood come, the despair that I carry anyway that has nothing to do with the war, that the war touches, or my own fear and loss and helplessness and depression. And I sense that the war has been here a long time — hundreds, thousands of years. For millennia we have been creating images of conquering nature, conquering one another, and conquering ourselves, putting aside our pain or our fear or our loss or our joy and making war with ourselves.

When I look at the images of the war I sense these enormous contradictions: my safety sitting here in my living room in Marin, and the danger and pain of the war.

I wonder if it's O.K. to have my problems. I got irritated with my daughter for doing something. Am I supposed to do that? There's a war on. Can I be petty today? Can I do my own thing? Is it all right to make money or to carry on business while the war is happening?

Or you drive around in your car, and maybe it's a little bit smoggy, and you say we're fighting a war to get more oil, right, so we can have more smog and drive around more. It's not just somebody else's war, it's the war that we create in living the way we do. It's our country and our culture and our boys, and they are mostly very young.

Make no bones about it, war is a terrible, terrible thing. The way it's packaged, the way it's sanitized on TV, it's hard to really see it. But if you want to be in touch with it, think of the worst day of your life. Think about the day you were mugged or abused or your

friends died in a car accident, or you nearly died. Or remember the earthquake last year? That was small, it was one bridge and part of one highway. Remember how that shook us up? Imagine putting all of those worst days together, and then imagine it continuing day after day after day.

The sickness of our culture is that we've isolated ourselves, that we've lost our feeling, that we've lost our connection to one another and to the earth. And in losing our feelings we lose our sense of our home. To live at home asks a very great and brave thing of us, which is to not pretend but to open ourselves to our feelings and our connection with each other.

In the book *The Wall*, about the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial, a vet says, "I wish I could take them all — all of the lawmakers and the politicians and the generals — by the hand, and walk them by the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial together with the mothers and the husbands and the wives and the children, the parents of the people who died, holding their hands and reading the names. To walk by it and really know."

This is our home and we can learn to care for it in many ways. Put on Mozart instead of the news. I'm serious. Make your home a place of peace. Make a peace garden and tell people that you're doing it. Write letters. We went to a march a few days ago and talked a lot about President Bush. My daughter, Caroline, who's six, wrote a letter to him: "Dear President Bush, I don't want any war. You should stop the fighting wherever it is and use your words. Love, Caroline." That's what she's been told in preschool and kindergarten. When the kids start hitting one another, they're told, "Use your words, now, tell them how you feel."

Is it human nature to fight? Is it necessary that we as a species continue to have wars? Or could we evolve? Is there another possibility for us on earth?

We're here for a short time in this great mystery of being alive, the mystery of becoming conscious, being born out of a woman's body and waking up and saying: Wow! Look at this!

So what is really our home, and what is this mystery that we come to live in? And what are we to do with it for the short time that we're here?

We live in a materialistic, scientific kind of culture that has very few models about how to deal with conflict and difficulty. We just have the old ways.

But gradually we can learn this other way, these simple principles, that life is really precious, that we human beings have the capacity to face the joy and the sorrow. We can do that. That is our birthright. And if we do, we will find that true strength is in love and in forgiveness and in compassion. That's the true strength. Even Napoleon said it. He said, "Do you know what astonished me most in the world? The inability of force to create anything. In the long run

the sword is always beaten by the spirit."

One of the astronauts, Edgar Mitchell, said, "On the return home, gazing through the black velvety cosmos at our planet, I was suddenly engulfed with the experience of the universe as intelligent, loving, harmonious. After visiting space, it is now our task as humans to fulfill this vision on earth."

So write letters or sit or walk for peace or drive peacefully or plant a peace garden or create a sense of community or join a vigil, but realize that it's our home and our earth and that we can create it many different ways, that the creation of it comes out of each of us and out of each of our hearts. ❖

MEDITATION IN THIS TIME OF WAR

by Joanna Macy

Given January 18, 1991, at a meeting in San Francisco

... When we feel such grief as this, there is a temptation to fold, to shut down. So this is a meditation on NOT shutting down; for we can let the grief stretch us instead, and open us wider to the powers of life.

We own our sorrow — and let it connect us with all those who suffer in this assault upon life. With the herders and farmers and townspeople now under our bombs. With the animals and birds of the desert, with the very stones of that ancient land, cradle of our civilization.

We own our shame — and let it reveal our connections with the weapons-makers and generals and politicians whose greed for profits and power led our people this dark way.

We own our anger — and let it link us with all who are betrayed. All from whom the war-makers would divert our gaze. The hungry and homeless in our cities, and the children whose future we prepare.

We own our dread of what lies in store for us — and let it remind us of the fear that walks the streets of Baghdad and hides in the hearts of our warriors.

We own our weariness — and let it connect us with our ancestors, who tired, too, as they struggled forward through countless ordeals, in oppression and exile and long marches through the ages of ice. And so we connect with their endurance, too. They did not give up.

Though hard to bear, the sorrow and shame, the anger and fear and fatigue — each is a gift. For each can bring into focus our deep, invisible inter-connection in the web of life. And lift us out of our narrow selves, and bring us into community across space and time. Each can open us to the boundless heart. Though found through pain, that boundless heart is real — and the ground of all healing. ❖

BODHISATTVA WARRIORS

by Chagdud Tulku Rinpoche

Many great Buddhist masters have prophesied that centuries from now, when the forces of aggression amass on earth and no reason can turn them back, the kingdom of Shambhala will open its gates and its enlightened warriors will come forth into battle. Whoever they encounter will be given a choice — turn away from nonvirtue to virtue or, by direct, wrathful intervention, be liberated into a pure land beyond suffering.

A Buddhist story tells of a ferry captain whose boat was carrying 500 bodhisattvas in the guise of merchants. A robber on board planned to kill everyone and pirate the ship's cargo.

The captain, a bodhisattva himself, saw the man's murderous intention and realized this crime would result in eons of torment for the murderer. In his compassion, the captain was willing to take hellish torment upon himself by killing the man to prevent karmic suffering that would be infinitely greater than the suffering of the murdered victims. The captain's compassion was impartial; his motivation was utterly selfless.

Now, as I write this, the Middle East is inflamed with war. Watching the television news, I pray that this war will prevent greater wars, greater suffering, and that those opposed to war develop the skills to bring about authentic peace.

We cannot fully discern the motivation of any participants involved in the conflict, but it is unlikely that many have the ability to bring about ultimate liberation for friends and enemies alike, or that they will be able to sustain the bodhisattva's impartial compassion as they engage in conflict.

What we can know is our own minds. We can adhere to Buddhist ideals in our activities, whether we are combatants, protestors, decision-makers or concerned witnesses. We can pray that whatever virtue there is in the situation prevails, that genuine peace be established. The Buddha has taught that throughout countless lifetimes all beings have been our parents and have shown us great kindness. Now they have fallen under the sway of the mind's poisons of desire, anger, ignorance, and they suffer terribly. Could we exclude any from our compassion any more than the sun could exclude any from the warmth and radiance of its rays?

As we aspire to peace, now and in the future cycles of our existence, we cannot deny the possibility that each of us may be confronted with the need for wrathful intervention in order to prevent greater harm. May the spiritual training we undertake now allow us to enter such situations free from the delusions of the mind's poisons. May we act with spontaneous compassion to bring ultimate liberation to all alike, both victims and aggressors. ♦

WE HAVE TO LOOK DEEPLY

by Thich Nhat Hanh

We have to look deeply at things in order to see. In the situation of war, we have to understand the suffering of both sides. When we protest, we have to protest with that attitude. When we write a letter to our Congressperson, it really must be an expression of our love and understanding of both sides of the conflict. This is the only way that we can create a peace that will last.

The Iraqi people are beautiful and the American people are beautiful. We are all hostages of the situation and of our own internal formations. We have to look deeply at ourselves to find a way out. ♦

RESISTING THIS CRAZY WAR

by Robert Aitken-roshi

Back in 1965 I had occasion to travel around Asia for an American educational institute, visiting alumni and touring with their guidance. I found the poverty oppressive, and was especially affected by the street people of India. Ten percent of the population of Bombay had no place to live; another 20 percent lived in wretched one-room huts. I stayed at the Red Shield (Salvation Army) Hotel, one block in from the bay-side promenade, where wealthy citizens strolled up and down to take the evening cool, dressed in finest silks, adorned with beautiful jewelry, with amahs for their children. To reach the promenade, I had to step over bodies on my side-street, some sleeping, some dead, for all I knew.

I asked one alumnus, a banker, about support for these desperate people, and he said the government leaves their welfare to the "private sector." This was at the outset of the War on Poverty in my country, and probably I felt a little smug that at least in the United States we were facing the problems of the poor and finding ways to help them to their feet.

Well, you know the rest. Now with countless people living in the streets of every city in our own country, we are reduced to an imaginary "thousand points of light" for their welfare, while our President seeks to oust Saddam Hussein from Kuwait no matter what the cost — a manifestly crazy plan considering the foreseeable cost in lives, treasure, the habitat of people, animals, and plants — not to mention all the unforeseeable disasters, which inevitably lie in ambush during any war.

It's surely time to draw the line. I think of Simone Weil, who, it seems, vowed that her daily diet would have no more caloric content than that of European

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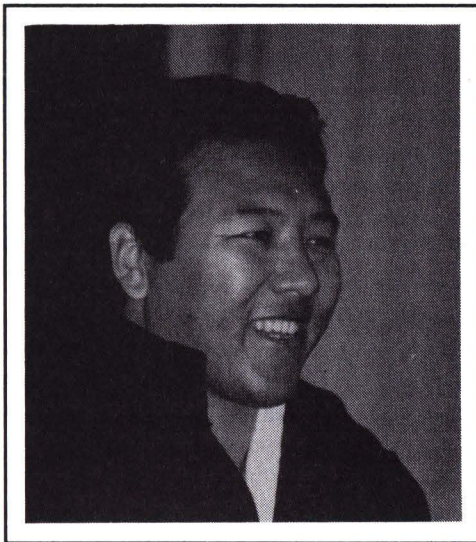


peasants and workers suffering at the outset of World War II. She died of malnutrition. She put herself on the line as best she could, and if she failed, well, so did Dietrich Bonhoeffer in his nonviolent resistance to Hitler, and many, many others on the same noble path. But the noble path lay directly before them and there was no doubt in their minds about taking it. We can question their methods, but never their intentions. No compromise to inhumanity.

In my case, the inhumanity is a conspiracy — my secret, unspoken consent to waste, and my protection of that lifestyle until the Armageddon comes — guaranteed soon. That's what the war is for: so President Bush can go plunging through the waves off the coast of his home in Maine in his cigarette boat, burning up gallons of gasoline per mile, and I can waste my share of dwindling treasure in my car and with my plastics and even with my books. My lifestyle itself has created this war, and George Bush is simply leading the way. There is nothing left — when everything is falling apart — except to abandon all the non-essentials and go for broke. I want to resist this crazy war, to help friends and colleagues who are wise to strategies of economic conversion, and here at home to reorder my life with a radical practice of true conservation, as painful and difficult as this inevitably will be. ❖

Robert Aitken, with his wife Ann Aitken, has been a war tax resister for the past 8 years.

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Special Section on the Nuclear Guardianship Project —

IN LEAGUE WITH THE BEINGS OF THE FUTURE

by Joanna Macy

[Excerpted from the forthcoming book *World as Lover, World as Self*, to be published in Spring 1991 by Parallax Press, PO Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707.]

"For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."
(Job 5:23)

This verse of the Bible delighted me as a child and stayed with me as I grew up. It promised a way I wanted to live — in complicity with creation. It still comes to mind when I hear about people taking action on behalf of other species. When our brothers and sisters of Greenpeace or Earth First! put their lives on the line to save the whales or the old-growth forests, I think, "Ah, they're in league."

To be "in league" in that way seems wonderful to me. There is a comfortable, cosmic collegiality to it — like coming home to conspire once more with our beloved and age-old companions, with the stones and the beasts of the field, and the sun that rises and the stars that wheel in the sky.

Now the work of restoring our ravaged Earth offers us that — and with a new dimension. It not only puts us in league with the stones and the beasts, but also in league with the beings of the future. All that we do for the mending of our planet is for their sakes, too. Their chance to live in and love our world depends in large measure on us and our often uncertain efforts.

At gatherings and workshops that address the ecological or nuclear crisis, we often begin with an evocation of the "Beings of the Three Times." We invite their presence at our deliberations. In evoking beings of the past and the present, we take time to speak their names, spontaneously and at random — names of ancestors and teachers who cherished this Earth, and then names of those living now, with whom we work and share this time of danger. But after the third evocation, which calls on the beings of the future, there is silence, for we do not know their names. Yet that moment of silence is the most potent of all, for those unborn ones are so many, so innocent, and so at our mercy.

I sense those beings of the future times hovering, like a cloud of witnesses. Sometimes I fancy that if I were to turn my head suddenly, I would glimpse them

over my shoulder — they and their claim on life have become that real to me. Philosophers and mystics say that chronological time is a construct, a function of our mentality; there is also, they say, a dimension in which all time is simultaneous, where we co-exist with past and future. Perhaps because I am so time-ridden, hurrying to meet this deadline and that appointment, I am drawn to that notion. The dimension of simultaneity, where our days and centuries merge in a blink of the cosmic eye, is powerful to me, giving context and momentum to work for social change.

It is plausible to me that the generations of the future want to lend us courage for what we do for their sake. The imagined presence of these future ones comes to me like grace and works upon my life. That is one reason why I have been increasingly drawn to the issue of radioactive waste. Of the many causes that pull us into league with the future, this one, in terms of time and toxicity, is the most enduring legacy our generation will leave behind.

More than ten years ago I engaged in a citizens' lawsuit to stop faulty storage of high-level waste at a nearby nuclear reactor. Night after night, to substantiate our legal claims, I sat up studying the statistics, trying to understand the phenomenon called ionizing radiation. I pored over the research of Rosalie Bertell and Ernest Sternglass who, despite government censorship, revealed the exceedingly high incidence of miscarriages, birth defects, leukemia and other cancers in the proximity of nuclear plants. Learning that genetic damage would accelerate over time, I strained to conceive of *spans* of time like a quarter million years, the hazardous life of plutonium.

During that period I had a dream so vivid that it is still etched in my mind. Before going to bed, I had leafed through baby pictures of our three children to find a snapshot for my daughter's high school yearbook.

In the dream I behold the three of them as they appeared in the old photos, and am struck most by the sweet wholesomeness of their flesh. My husband and I are journeying with them across an unfamiliar landscape. The land is becoming dreary, treeless and strewn with rocks; Peggy, the youngest, can barely clamber over the boulders in the path. Just as the going is getting very difficult, even frightening, I suddenly

realize that by some thoughtless but unalterable pre-arrangement, their father and I must leave them. I can see the grimness of the way that lies ahead for them, bleak as a red moonscape, and with a flesh-burning sickness in the air. I am maddened with sorrow that my children must face this without me. I kiss each of them and tell them we will meet again, but I know no place to name where we will meet. Perhaps another planet, I say. Innocent of terror, they try to reassure me, ready to be off. From a height in the sky, I watch them go — three small figures trudging across that angry wasteland, holding each other by the hand and not stopping to look back. In spite of the widening distance, I see with a surrealist's precision the ulcerating of their flesh. I see how the skin bubbles and curls back to expose raw tissue as they doggedly go forward, the boys helping their little sister across the rocks.

I woke up, brushed my teeth, showered, and tried to wash those images away. But when I roused Peggy for school, I sank beside her bed. "Hold me," I said, "I had a bad dream." With my face in her warm nightie, inhaling her fragrance, I found myself sobbing. I sobbed against her body, against her 17-year-old womb, as the knowledge of all that assails it surfaced in me. The statistical studies on the effects of ionizing radiation, the dry columns of figures, their import beyond utterance, turned now into tears, speechless, wracking.

Our citizens' group lost its suit against the Virginia Electric Power Company, but it taught me a lot. It taught me that all the children for centuries to come are my children. It taught me about the misuse of our technology and the obscurity of the legacy it bequeaths future generations — lessons confirmed by recent media exposés about mismanagement of nuclear wastes.

Hundreds of thousands of metric tons of radioactive waste have been generated by our production of nuclear power and nuclear weapons. The toxicity of these wastes requires them to be kept out of the biosphere for many times longer than recorded history. "Temporarily" stored in tanks, trenches, pools, and even cardboard boxes, they are leaking into the air, soil, aquifers and rivers in thirty-four out of fifty states. No permanent repositories are operative. As a "final solution," two mammoth burial sites are being prepared in New Mexico and Nevada.

If we think on behalf of future beings, this last fact is the most alarming of all. Eager to put it out of sight and out of mind, our government intends to bury the waste. As we discover in other aspects of our lives, hiding does not work in the long run. This is especially true of nuclear materials because, irradiated by their contents, containers corrode; and because the Earth's strata shift and water seeps, the radioactivity will shift and seep with them — into the aquifers, into the

biosphere, into the lungs and wombs of those who come after. Indeed, the two designated repositories are already presenting problems: salt brine is leaking into the New Mexico site and the other, adjoining the Nevada testing site, is geologically at risk.

When I asked officials at the designated repository in New Mexico how future generations would be protected, they said the site would be safe for a hundred years or so. "And after that?" I asked. They look at me blankly, as if puzzled by such an exotic question.

Standing there in the briefing room, I wondered how that question would be answered if we were to inhabit our Earth with a sense of time and of our unfolding story. If our long, ongoing evolutionary journey were real to us, if we felt the aliveness of our planet home and a living connection with those who come after, would we still want to sweep these wastes under the rug and go on about our business as before?

A different approach to nuclear wastes came to mind in England five years ago as I visited Greenham Common and other citizen encampments surrounding U.S. nuclear missile bases. These encampments with their

*I sense those beings of the
future times hovering, like a
cloud of witnesses.*

dogged dedication and strong spiritual flavor reminded me of those monasteries which kept the lamp of learning alive through the dark ages. I realized that it would require communities empowered with

similar dedication in order to guard the centers of radioactivity we bequeath to future generations for thousands of years.

In my mind's eye I could see surveillance communities forming around today's nuclear facilities — these Guardian Sites which are centers of reflection and pilgrimage, where the waste containers are religiously monitored and repaired, and where the wisdom traditions of our planet are the source of meaning and disciplines of vigilance. Here "remembering" is undertaken — the crucial task of continuing mindfulness of the radioactive presence and danger. Here those who come for varying periods of time participate in an active learning community, to receive training and to alert the public at large about the necessity for nuclear guardianship.

The vision has remained with me, reinforced by reading technical papers on the necessity and feasibility of above-ground storage of nuclear wastes. When I think about how the beings of the future will relate to our radioactive legacy, an unexpected danger occurs to me: the danger that they may not take seriously the toxicity of these wastes. That is because it will probably be hard for them to accept the fact that we, their ancestors, would knowingly fabricate and leave behind materials that would cripple and kill for millennia to come. How will they believe that we would do that? Such criminality may be hard for them to accept. They

may be tempted to deny it, just as a growing number of people today want to deny the reality of the holocaust.

The challenge for them, therefore, will have to begin with acceptance of what we, their ancestors, have done. In order for that acceptance to occur, a measure of forgiveness will be necessary. Our generation's crime against the future will be too terrible to be believed unless it can, in some measure, be identified with — that is, in some measure, forgiven.

If that is so, when should acceptance and forgiveness begin? Must it begin already with ourselves, so that we can stop trying to hide our guilt and bury our shame, so that we can find solutions other than hiding our nuclear wastes in the living ground?

Such are the reflections that turn in my mind. They bring the future ones close, as if we were in conversation. Sometimes I fancy I can see their faces — some are human like mine, others furred or feathered. My heart is warm in their company. That warmth encourages me to begin to work to create a demonstration Guardian Site for nuclear wastes.

At a recent meeting of educators, my friend Brian Swimme was asked to introduce me. He did so, saying, "She has a lot of friends. Most of them aren't born yet." The same is true for Brian. It is true for all of you who choose to take part in the mending of our world.

For then, thou shalt be in league with the beings of the future, and the generations to come after shall be at peace with thee. ❖

— *Joanna Macy is on the International Advisory Board of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship. She is a Buddhist scholar, author, and practitioner, a professor at the California Institute of Integral Studies, and is known worldwide for her workshops to empower people as agents of change.*

THE NUCLEAR GUARDIANSHIP PROJECT

*For the Responsible Care of
Radioactive Waste*

The Nuclear Guardianship Project is a growing worldwide network of citizens working to develop nuclear waste policies and practices that reflect our responsibility to present and future life.

To curtail rampant radioactive contamination the Project calls for a halt to the production and transportation of nuclear wastes, and for citizen involvement in the responsible care of the wastes produced to date. It promotes the guardianship of the wastes at their points of generation in monitored, retrievable storage facilities. And it develops

educational programs to begin the training in technical knowledge and moral vigilance required to establish and maintain these Guardian Sites.

The Project recognizes that radioactive wastes represent our most enduring legacy to future life on earth.

Δ Millions of metric tons of radioactive waste have been generated by the production of nuclear energy and nuclear weapons. The waste it generates annually in the U.S. alone is 240 times the amount released in the Chernobyl disaster. These wastes include irradiated fuel rods and intensely radioactive liquids as well as so-called "low-level" wastes which, though more diluted, have an equally long hazardous life.

Δ With a known capacity to cause cancer, sterility, immune diseases, birth defects and genetic mutation, and with a hazardous life up to 250,000 years and more, this waste represents an unprecedented and monumental assault on our own and future generations of all species.

Δ Mounting medical evidence reveals the devastating health effects of the radiation emitted by these wastes. These include cancers, diseases of the immune system, birth deformities, and genetic mutation; and they have already reached epidemic proportions.

Δ These health effects will become yet more crippling to future generations, as they compound through time and affect genetic structures. The radioactivity in the wastes, which lasts up to 250,000 years and more, requires that they be kept out of the biosphere for many times longer than recorded history.

Δ All wastes are presently in temporary storage — some in leaking tanks and unlined trenches, in pools, drums, and even cardboard boxes. Our radioactive legacy also includes voluminous uranium mill tailings, 438 reactors worldwide (110 in the U.S.), and other structures and equipment contaminated in the course of nuclear-energy and weapons production.

Δ Government and industry plans for "permanent disposal" of these wastes entail deep geologic burial. This creates extensive and long-term dangers through water seepage and seismic activity. No containers last as long as the radioactivity they contain, and when sealed off deep underground, they will be inaccessible for repair and replacement. These centralized burial sites also require dangerous transport of the wastes over long distances, on public roads and through populated areas.

The Nuclear Guardianship Project reflects a growing body of scientific judgment and citizen opinion in calling for:

Δ Cessation of nuclear weapons and energy production, whose operations at every stage contaminate the biosphere.

Δ Opposition to the deregulation of nuclear wastes, such as current government moves to place

large quantities "below regulatory concern" (BRC), free to be dispersed and recycled without caution.

Δ Curtailment of transport of radioactive wastes, with its inevitable accidents and spills. (The government estimates 45 highway accidents in trucking the wastes to the Carlsbad repository alone.)

Δ And, as a special focus of this Project, the retrievable, monitored, ground-level storage — or guardianship — of these wastes at their points of generation, using the best technologies presently available.

We propose to develop the motivation and means necessary to involve citizens directly in decisions concerning the disposition of radioactive wastes, and in the monitoring and overseeing of these wastes. This entails an educational campaign designed to:

Δ Shift public attitudes from the short-term calculus of burying the nuclear wastes "out of sight, out of mind" to a Guardianship Ethic that embodies our concern for our own and future generations.

Δ Envision and plan for long-term surveillance of the wastes at decommissioned reactors, present waste facilities, and other nuclear production plants as they are closed down. We propose that these become Guardian Sites, which will serve public safety concerns and will also provide a locus for ongoing training. This citizen training will include radiation protection, disciplines of mindfulness, and devotion to the well-being of future generations.

To these ends the Nuclear Guardianship Project was initiated in mid-1988 in Northern California by Joanna Macy and colleagues and has spread to other parts of the U.S., and Germany, Austria, Britain, Japan, and Australia. It has been developing and offering a variety of educational measures to awaken citizens to the moral, technical and political challenge of radioactive wastes. These include:

Δ An audio-visual presentation of the Guardian Site concept — a slide show with music, inspiring an identification with future generations.

Δ Workshops and seminars to present the technical and spiritual challenge of nuclear wastes, and to tap the wisdom traditions of our planetary heritage in responding to this challenge.

Δ A training model for local citizen groups, combining study and action and spiritual empowerment in understanding and dealing with nuclear wastes.

Δ An illustrated book on the Guardianship concept, and a conference on the biomedical effects of low-level radiation, both in preparation. ❖

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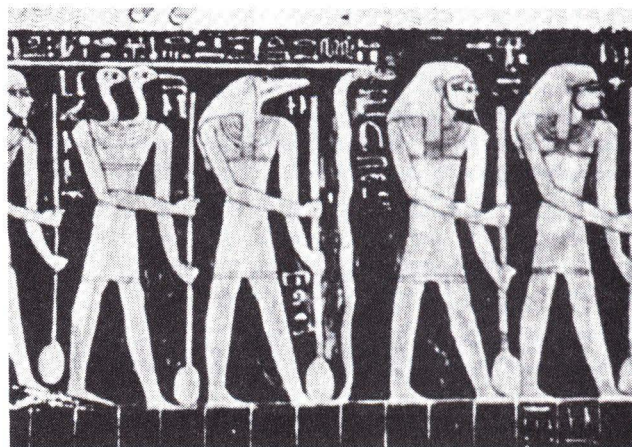
REMEMBERING AT A FUTURE GUARDIAN SITE

by The Fire Group

Pilgrims, Guardians, we are gathered here at the Great Guardian Site of Rancho Seco a brief 200 years since the turning from the Times of Nuclear Peril. Here in the Silkwood Pavilion we are engaged in the essential practice of Remembering. We must remember, because we cannot uninvent the nuclear technology that almost killed our planet. We must remember how it arose and how it was misused, for what we forget we are doomed to repeat. And we must remember how we gained guardianship over the poison fire so that we can sustain the protection for the generations to come.

In the beginning of time our universe took form. A fiery ball spun off from our sun and cooled into the blue-green planet that is our home. Through millions of years we evolved in relative harmony until our ancestors made the near-fatal mistake of tampering with the structure of the atom, the nucleus of life.

Oh, what power it unleashed! Yes, the poison fire was first used for weapons. Against great cities of a great people. And we know the names and you can say

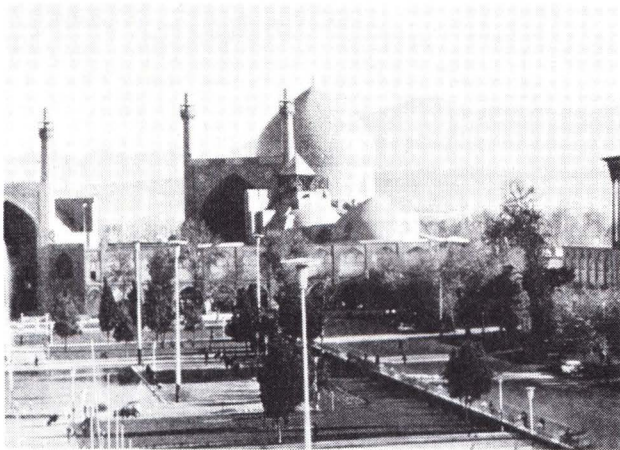


them in your heart — we shall not forget them: Hiroshima, Nagasaki. A quarter of a million people burned at once, then many more who sickened slowly, for that is how it destroys — slowly, hidden.

Yet still our ancestors built bombs with the poison fire, scores of thousands more, and called them "war heads."

And then our ancestors of that time — this is also painful to remember — they took that poison fire to make electricity. We know how easy it is to share the power of the sun and the wind. But they took the poison fire and used it to boil water.

And the signs of sickening grew. For at every step



along the way the poison fire proliferated. There were epidemics of cancer and there were epidemics of viruses and immune diseases and birth deformities and sterility. Oh, we know them well now. And we know their source. But for those ancestors it was mysterious whence came these sickenings of spirit and flesh. Some, sensing the connection with the waste from the poison fire, wanted to wish it away.

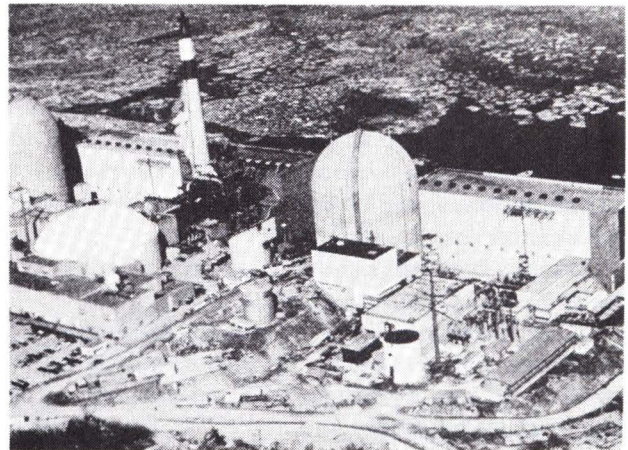
And the Governments tried to bury it. There were places called Carlsbad, Yucca Mountain: deep holes half a mile down. They wanted to bury it as if the Earth were not alive.

And those who did not agree with the Governments said, "Not in my back yard!" Their pain

and their despair were so great, they wanted it out of their sight, out of their minds. Yet among our ancestors in those dark times were those whose practice of mindfulness allowed them to look directly at the poison fire. They looked into their hearts and thought: "We can guard the poison fire. We can overcome our fear of guarding it and be mindful. Only in that way can the beings of the future be protected."

They remembered us! They looked back to the primordial sacred traditions of their peoples to see how the poison fire could be contained, how the knowledge of its care could be passed on, how places for protection and learning, and spiritual discipline could arise.

They saw that the very factories of the poison fire could become Guardian Sites for vigilance and remembering. They knew this from looking back on the monuments that had endured through time, monuments to that kind of vigilance. What was a threat to all life, they saw could become a promise for



life enduring.

Our ancestors knew that it would take more than structure, more than machinery. It would require community, and the knowledge that only community can hold. It would take commitment and discipline. It would entail descent into the wisdom that endures through time.

Ancient traditions showed them how protection is created — in sacred spaces, defined by layers of walls and series of gateways, engendering respect for the inner precincts where the poison fire is guarded. And flanking the gates . . . the guardians!

Fiercely mindful, using our own power to shield what must be shielded. Watchful lest the destruction

be unleashed again. All senses summoned, harnessed to the task. Unafraid to look, sustaining the gaze for the sake of all beings, those living now and those yet to be born.

That eye through which we look out at our world is the eye through which our world can see itself. It is like a mandala, the sacred circle which includes and protects — like an egg, like the earth

print of a nuclear explosion itself.

The ancestors learned again the power of the mandala from their Navaho brothers and sisters, and from their Tibetan brothers and sisters, with their knowledge of the wheel of time.

They saw a connection between the crater of the first nuclear explosion at Trinity and the circular architectures, sacred from ancient times, and recalled that mandala forms were preserved in dances done since the beginning of time.

The early ones recognized the role of sacred dance, connecting mind and body. And they knew the



musicians would pass on the memories of the poison fire, would sing the songs and beat the drums, beating forth the knowledge of the poison fire.

Even in the fabrics that were worn and hung and walked upon, the knowledge was woven — into the textures themselves — just as knowledge is recorded in sacred scriptures, so that what will allow us to endure will never be lost.

To this knowledge and to these rememberings of it at the Guardian Sites, people travel across the land.

Our ancestors knew that would happen, for pilgrimage is in our bones. For millennia that is what we did — made pilgrimages to Rome and Benares, to Mecca and Canterbury and Jerusalem, honoring the hope in our hearts.

*We come to be guardians, to take our
turn protecting life from the poison fire,
and caring for the containers.*

And so the pilgrims come. We come to remember — to hear and tell again of the danger and death the ancestors unleashed — lest it happen again. We come to pay homage to the sacred act of guardianship. We come, young and old, in gratitude and in celebration.

Some of us come to be guardians ourselves, to take our turn protecting life from the poison fire, and caring for the containers. Some of us come for study, some for retreat and spiritual renewal.

Pilgrimage can be joyful. It can also be hard. But the hardship and pain serve to awaken the mind to the folly that produced the poison fire.

We come to remember and grieve, knowing that it is grief that heals. In circles they dance their grief, to become whole again, because we cannot watch the poison fire unless we accept that it has been made, cannot accept that it was made without forgiveness.

We come in vast throngs, bearing witness for life, without end.

Our ancestors knew that guardianship of the poison fire could go on and on through time, on into times that would wonder: *Was this some sacred gift to wake us up to the miracle of life?*

And so we envision a possible future. The poison fire lasts so long, it calls us home to "deep time." We can take it in, deep time — time we share with beings of the future. And we can let it be real to us as we return to this period, in which Guardian Sites have yet to be established. The necessity we glimpsed, by the power of our imagination, can guide us now. It can bring us community and courage — and joy in the protection of life. ❖

The Fire Group is made up of Bay Area participants in the Guardianship Project.

PILGRIMAGE

by Claire Peaslee

In August, 1990, Joanna Macy and Christopher Titmuss conducted a three-day retreat at Shenoa Center in Mendocino County for some 75 people. The theme was toxicity — in the environment and in our bodies — and how to bring our attention to this painful subject. For me, the heart of the retreat was a group enactment of a ritual: pilgrimage to a Guardian Site where nuclear waste material is stored. First came an evening talk on the dire facts and consequences surrounding the poison fire, and a viewing of the exquisite slide program: images of sacred art and architecture juxtaposed with nuclear power plants and mushroom clouds, all penetrated by the gaze of guardian spirits. Then we devoted an afternoon, half of us as pilgrims and the other half as Guardians, to enacting a new relationship to radioactive remains, in future time. I was a pilgrim.

The trail is narrow and steep, and my footsteps are slow. The midday heat of August slows all movement in these central California hills, my home. I'm grateful for the shade of old trees — oaks, bays, madrones, firs, redwoods. I climb the path deliberately. One foot at a time seeks a hold in the soil and roots, places itself, takes my weight and draws me forward and upward.

It is not just that I'm leaving my village, which itself is not easy for a person like me. No, I'm going on pilgrimage. I'm joining others at the crossroads for departure. Our journey across the land will be long. Our destination is the Guardian Site of Rancho Seco, to meet and talk with the Guardians, to learn and relearn there the lessons of the poison fire.

The year is 2190, less than 200 years since people



stopped making the poison fire, yet pilgrimages to Guardian Sites have already become a strong tradition among us. Remembering the dangers of this contamination, a deadly, quarter-million-year legacy, is essential for us who are living now. We acknowledge

our ancestors' folly in loosing such harmful stuff upon the planet and its beings. So we visit Sites where poison fire was made and now is stored and carefully monitored. The sciences, ceremonies, and safety measures we study among the Guardians are part of every citizen's education.

When I enter the clearing at the top of the hill, my village disappears from view. I feel strangely at peace, though never before in my 42 years have I left my place behind. Now, alone, I join the pilgrims readying for the journey at the crossroads. An air of anticipation surrounds the group, about 30 souls, some of them veterans of many pilgrimages. Some are full of noisy good cheer; some are thoughtful and silent like me.

Most of us are bearing messages and contributions from our home circles to the Guardians. Here and around the Earth, pilgrimage helps support the Guardian communities. For the thousand generations until the poison fire can rest safely in the Earth, people will repeat the cycle, telling the old stories, training the monitors, technicians, and teachers who are Guardians, traveling to the Sites, supporting Guardianship.

We're off! The narrow road traverses forest and farm land. Within a few miles our colorful pilgrim group is spread out in a loose procession. Banners are held aloft, and song and drumbeat bind us together as we go. Small groups form and reform. We hear each other's stories. A young woman dances the miles away! An elder tells of numerous pilgrimages before, including three to the Seco Site. It seems some people, widely travelled, are deeply dedicated to Guardian Site observance.

I marvel at the changing landscape, the goldfinch and cicada song. Shyness ebbs from my body as my limbs loosen up with walking, till I finally say my own story to the quiet, wide-eyed man who walks beside me. I wonder aloud at the trouble that has lived in me till now.

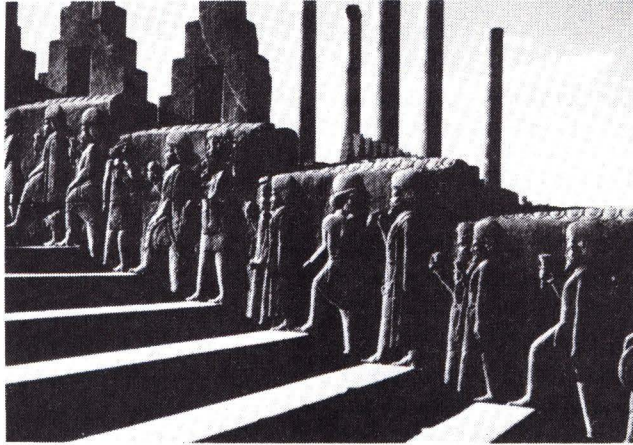
I tell of the dreams: all-consuming dreams of illness, suffering, and loss. My legacy, I suppose. So many of my ancestors were unknowingly poisoned by radiation. Some of us dwelled close to weapons storehouses or power factories, others far downwind or downstream, yet poison fire was in our air, ground water, or rainfall. A child (my aunt eight generations back in time) was stricken with leukemia at three years of age, and her sister born with spinal paralysis: imagine their parents' agony. In one dream I feel the children's terror, of precious soft life tissues and organs sacrificed. In another, I see through a mother's eyes my

daughters, poisoned. This dark trouble in my mind has kept me from walking well in the world till now. But this year my healing is coming full circle. As part of it, the elders of my village have prescribed this pilgrimage.

The miles fall away, and the days. We gather by wood fires at night to talk and pray, we share soup from one big pot, and we sleep in fields and hostels. One day, ankle-deep in a clear stream, I encounter a water beetle

and a hundred brilliant minnows. The marvelous forms of beings! The earth is healing, too.

Road-weary and awestruck, we finally sight the looming towers of Seco. When we arrive at our destination at last, we pause together in silence and the Guardians come to meet us. Their welcome brings me to tears. We pilgrims advance through a human passageway lined



with Guardians, while they sing to us: "Welcome to the healing of the poison fire," chanted, repeated.

The Guardians give us water and cool fruit. One of them meets each of us face to face, eye to eye, and demands with fierce intention, "Do you remember?" then lovingly commands, "Remember." Thus we enter the Seco Sanctuary to begin our period of study, and contemplation.

Inside, I take my place in a circle with an altar of flowers and stones in the center and tapestries all around. An orientation is given, sleeping places are assigned, and dosimeter badges given to us to wear, to measure radiation exposure. A senior member of this Guardian community is preparing to depart today: after repairing a leak in one of the intermediate walls, he has surpassed the safety limit for poison fire to his person. The dedication of these citizens touches me deeply.

Sitting very still, in the Rancho Seco site, I let the voice of Guardianship speak inside me. Hard discipline, it says, and full spirit. Perhaps, after our immersion in Guardianship, one of us will join this community and receive the First Training.

My prayer for myself while here is that ancient images of sacred sites and guardian spirits fill my dreams. My prayer for the poison fire is that it remind us — fiercely — of all our fellow citizens, the finches and minnows, and all future beings, to a thousand generations hence and beyond. ❖

Claire Peaslee is a naturalist, writer, and graphic designer who lives near the Point Reyes Peninsula.

[The photographs on the preceding pages are from the Nuclear Guardianship Project slide show.]

trees . . . trees . . . trees . . . trees . . . trees . . .

PLANTING WITH CARE

by Jake Sigg

In our Spring '90 Newsletter we printed a short and enthusiastic editorial about President Bush's "Plant a Billion Trees" program. We received the following article in response. It contains important information which is often overlooked. A version of this article was published in the October 1990 issue of Fremontia, the journal of the California Native Plant Society.

Massive tree plantings have been proposed as a stop-gap response to counter climate warming occasioned by the greenhouse effect. The American Forestry Association, through its Global Releaf program, is attempting to plant 100,000,000 trees in the next ten years. In his recent State of the Union address President Bush called for \$175,000,000 to plant a billion trees. State and local governments and conservation organizations are making similar moves. Clearly there is a panic reaction to what is widely perceived as a grave global threat. Are these suggested responses appropriate, and what are their consequences if implemented?

There are underlying assumptions:

- 1) Enough trees can be planted to make a measurable difference.
- 2) The source of the problem will be addressed in the meantime.
- 3) No damage is done to the environment by the remedy.

The last point gives cause for concern. Planting proposals are single-minded and devoid of reference to existing ecosystems and the potential for damaging them, thus exhibiting the kind of thinking which produced the problem in the first place. The single consideration behind these proposals has been that of wood volume produced. Suggestions have been made to alter the species composition of forests, to increase their density, to reduce or eliminate shrubs, to plant only rapidly growing species and strains, to plant on roadsides, open spaces, and "wherever you can."

The phrase "wherever you can" sends chills down the spine. For example, San Francisco was a treeless peninsula, a grassland/wildflower area of surpassing beauty according to eyewitness accounts. Civic-minded leaders thought it would be an improvement to plant the "barren" hills with trees, thus making San Francisco seem more like where they came from. The resulting forests destroyed the pristine native plant areas which had been vibrant biological communities and which included rare species now extinct. These

forests are continuing to expand through seedling regeneration and even today are threatening plants which are listed as endangered by state and federal agencies. The forests today are biological wastelands, monotonous and uninviting to humans or animals.

Yet, in our response to the greenhouse effect, we may be repeating this kind of mistake. When such thinking obtains, the greenhouse effect becomes a secondary worry. Because there is to be no centralized control of planting projects and emphasis is on the volunteer effort, there is risk that ecosystems can be damaged by well-intentioned efforts. There is a bias that planting trees is a good thing to do and that trees should be given priority over other life forms.

Guidelines need to be developed which would apply to all planting projects. Elements should include:

- 1) No type conversions, such as grassland or shrubland to forest.
- 2) All areas where natural ecosystems or a substantial native plant presence exist should be avoided, except for restoration.
- 3) If restoring, plant only those species and genetic strains which occur or have occurred there naturally, and in their natural ratios.
- 4) Prohibit exotic species, except in urban areas. Even here, encourage indigenous vegetation, as it tends to support native wildlife. Prohibit trees with aggressive colonizing tendencies, as they may spread into contiguous rural areas.
- 5) After fires and volcanic eruptions, let natural succession obtain. This is a necessary condition for the emergence of a stable, self-sustaining ecosystem. Artificial forest plantations are even-aged and short-circuit natural evolution. ❖

Jake Sigg is President of the California Native Plant Society Yerba Buena (San Francisco) Chapter.



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PLANTING CRYPTOMERIA AT GREEN GULCH: Reforestation and Species Preservation

by Wendy Johnson Rudnick

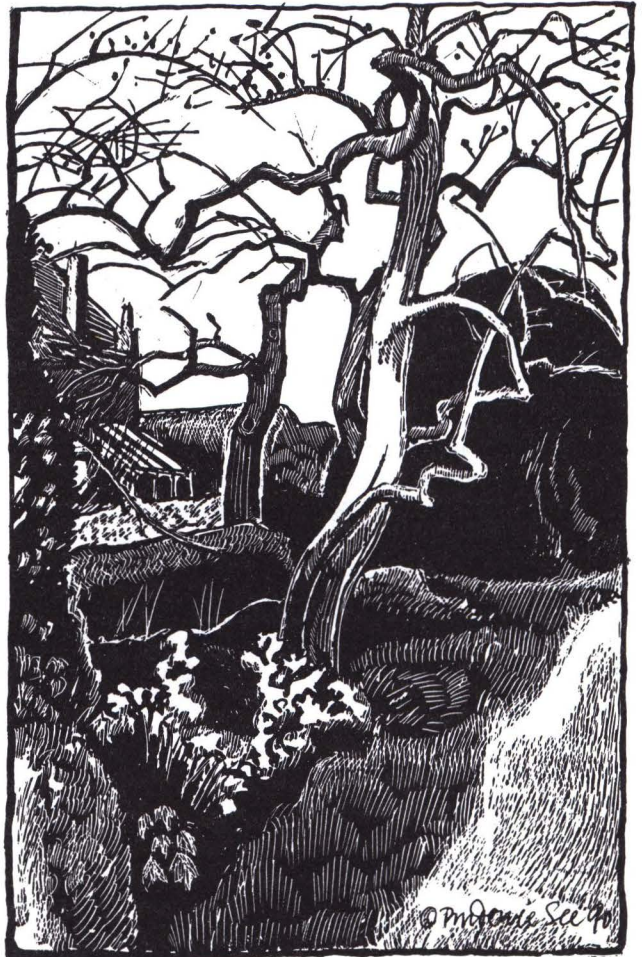
Because we are farming at Green Gulch Farm Zen Center and endeavoring to do our very best, we are involved in the preservation of species, of the billion-year pool of plants and animals so threatened by environmental pollution and carelessness and by the short-sightedness of certain techniques of agribusiness. Green Gulch has the fortune of being a "temple community," dedicated to good stewardship of our coastal valley, dedicated to fully knowing this spot where we sit, and dedicated to reforestation and species preservation.

Twelve years ago we were visited by Masanobu Fukvoka sensei, a natural farmer from Japan and author of *The One-Straw Revolution*. As we walked the bare coastal hills above Green Gulch, we all mourned the loss of the ancient Coastal Redwoods, logged at the turn of the century to rebuild the earthquake-ravaged Bay Area. Speaking to our great friend and advisor, Harry Roberts, Fukvoka sensei suggested that although it was not possible to replant Redwoods because of the massive loss of topsoil through wind and water erosion following their initial harvest, perhaps we might succeed in establishing a first cousin of the Redwood, *Cryptomeria Japonica* z. *Yanase* ("Sugi"). Sugi is the national tree of Japan, and since it is botanically related to the Coast redwood, it shares the stateliness and power of its West-coast relative. In certain sections of Japan the *Cryptomeria* have been alive for more than 5000 years. Although most cryptomeria are shallow-rooted like the redwoods, Fukvoka sensei was able to gather seed from the Kochi Preserve in Japan where there grew a virgin stand of *Cryptomeria* known to be deep taprooters. We received this seed in February of 1981 and sowed it immediately with Harry Roberts' advice and guidance. Two months later we were thrilled to observe the tiny tree seedlings erupting out of their seed flats. Soon we transplanted them to a deeply dug nursery bed where we nursed them along for two years until they were healthy saplings. We had about 76 young *Cryptomeria* trees.

In the winter of 1983, we took these trees out to the mountainsides of Green Gulch and planted them. We made circular cages out of strong hog-wire to protect the young trees from deer, and for the first year we carried buckets of water to the remote site to help welcome the *Cryptomeria* to the American Frontier.

Now, almost ten years later, I am delighted to report that these trees are thriving. A few years ago we were honored by a surprise visit from Fukvoka sensei. Eagerly we led him into the coastal mountains, not speaking. He sensed our mission, yet when he stood in front of the young Sugi trees, fingering the cages and gazing at the 8'-tall trees started from seed from his homeland, he was moved to tears.

I understand that *Cryptomeria* are not native to the coast of California and although they are genetically related to Redwoods, we have introduced a new genus to the Pacific rim of California. Nevertheless, this project has been very inspiring for us because it arises from a sincere effort to preserve and protect and build the soil of the coastal mountains and to learn as much as we can about *Cryptomeria* and about one another through our working together. A *Cryptomeria* tree will not produce fertile seed for seventy-five years. It may be one hundred years before we know if this new, ancient tree will grow and reproduce in California. Our grandchildren will collect and sow the seed, passing on the mystery.❖



Prudence See

A NATURAL BEING

A Monk's Reforestation Project in Thailand

by Andrew Getz

"In Asia the forest is like the second parents of the people. When they realize this, then they begin to start protecting the forest."

In 1989, Achaan Pongsakdi TejaDhammo received a United Nations award for his reforestation and conservation work in the Mae Soi Valley of northern Thailand. Ironically, he was almost barred from leaving Thailand to accept the award because a charge had been levelled against him for encroaching upon forest land.

Such irony is typical of the controversy that has surrounded this outspoken Buddhist monk since he began a struggle to save the forests of northern Thailand. I travelled to see Achaan Pongsak, who is abbot of Wat Tham Too Poo Monastery, in late 1990. On the dirt track on our way into the Wat, my companions and I passed two minibuses full of teachers who had just held a seminar there, and when we arrived, a group of students was camping out under the trees near the temple. The Achaan welcomed us to the Wat

with the same delightful presence that I felt in the natural surroundings. I settled into my cottage, which was nestled into the side of a hill overlooking a grove of mango trees that sloped down towards the ravine. The sense of harmony seemed even to be affecting the red ants as they marched through my cottage in formation.

I spent two weeks at the monastery, and talked with the Achaan at length about his work. "I have been living in the forests with animals and humans, and I understood how the forests were being destroyed. So I began to feel that this was the time to get started. Forests give us water to drink, water to bathe, water to grow and water to give life to food. So what is more important than this?"

Taking advantage of the local villagers' belief that spirits make their abodes in mango trees, the Achaan had intentionally planted a grove of these trees, knowing that the villagers would be afraid to cut them down for fear of incurring the wrath of the tree spirits. Eventually, the trees would bear fruit for the villagers. Other stories tell how the Achaan had wrapped his monk's robes around some of the most precious and ancient trees, knowing that the villagers would never

disturb a tree draped in a monk's robe.

When the Achaan returned to the Mae Soi valley in 1983 after a long absence, he was shocked at the devastation of the forest. At the invitation of the villagers, the Achaan was quick to isolate the cycle of destructive causes, both spiritual and material, that had led to the massive deforestation and erosion in the valley. The consequences of this environmental degradation were far-reaching and threatened the very livelihood of the villagers of the Mae Soi Valley.

Much of the region had first been exploited by commercial logging more than 50 years ago. Drought conditions also led the villagers to depend upon logging for their livelihood. "The only value the local people knew was the currency they earned every day from logging. They had no consciousness that the

water they drank every day comes from the watershed." By 1977 the forest had completely disappeared from the Mae Soi plain.

In 1975, a group of Hmong ethnic minority people attempted to establish a permanent home in the highlands, along the watersheds above the valley. With the aid of the Thai-Norway Highland Development Project, they began to raise potatoes and cabbages instead of their traditional poppy crop, used for making heroin. The project had a limited success, but it also had a disastrous effect upon the 45,000

people who live in the valley below. Rains flooded the valley, washing away all the fertile topsoil and silting up many of the major waterways. The Thai-Norway project had also encouraged the Hmong to use pesticides, which dangerously polluted the water that did reach the valley.

Empowered by the inspiration of Achaan Pongsak, the villagers of Mae Soi set up a Mae Soi Conservation Project. The Achaan provided funding through a private foundation in Thailand, and the villagers themselves provided free labor. The project, which is still in progress, has four main goals: watershed protection, reforestation, irrigation, and community development (including land allotment, education, and economic aid). As a result of the project, the villagers have laid 10 km of water pipes for watering seedlings and for fire control, and set up an 18-km barbed-wire fence along the watershed ridge to protect their immediate water supply. They have planted many tree seedlings, and built and maintained a 9-km road for transporting seedlings and supplies. They have organized anti-poaching and logging patrols, built a nursery at the meditation center, and planted a teak



Achaan Pongsak

grove with 10,000 saplings to reduce the demand for wood from the forest.

One of the most controversial aspects of the conservation work has been Achaan Pongsak's outspoken belief that the Hmong must be moved down to the lowlands if the watersheds are to be saved. The Conservation Project has offered them land to cultivate in the valley. Although Thai law in fact prohibits anyone from living above the watersheds, the Achaan's attempt to move the Hmong has met with strong resistance from the Hmong and the Thai-Norway Project, as well as from many government officials. Finally, though, after the Achaan suffered numerous threats and all kinds of intimidation, his plan has finally met with government approval and an offer of government support in securing acceptable land for the Hmong in the lowlands. Now, after more than five years of work, the conservation work has clearly borne fruit. The



The Achaan teaching in his forest monastery

natural balance has been restored, the once arid plains are being irrigated by reservoirs and feeder canals, and the villagers' sense of pride is palpable. But for the Achaan, this is just the outward expression of a much more essential truth which is at the heart of his work.

"It is hard for city people to understand how one can absorb the value of the forest, which is inestimable. I say 'inestimable' because if we take good care of the natural balance, the forest and its benefits are a boundless source of wealth. Boundless, never-ending. It is only when you have been in the forest and felt its coolness both in body and spirit that you will understand."

The Achaan attributes much of the inspiration for his work to Achaan Buddhadasa, one of his first teachers, with whom he stayed for five years as a young monk: "All monks should recognize the gratitude they owe to all trees and plants: that was the precept that Achaan Buddhadasa taught us." Thus for Achaan Pongsak, the work of conservation and reforestation is only part of a larger perspective of moral integrity and spiritual harmony that he calls Sila Dhamma, and that he feels it is his duty as a Buddhist monk to safeguard and protect. "The times are dark and Sila Dhamma is asleep, so it is

now the duty of monks to reawaken and bring back Sila Dhamma. Only in this way can Sila Dhamma be saved."

Achaan Pongsak uses the Buddhist concept of Sila Dhamma to point to a state of natural balance, or interdependence. "Sila Dhamma does not simply mean 'morality,' as is commonly supposed . . . in truth it means harmony, the correct balance of nature. The principle of Sila Dhamma can be applied to all things, including the family, the society, and the environment." From this perspective, the forest both expresses the harmonious balance of nature and also enhances and supports this balance within human beings. In fact the Achaan sometimes calls the forest "Sila Dhamma in its material aspect as nature."

The fact that all facets of Thai society are exploiting the forest is a sure sign that the Sila Dhamma is declining, and the Achaan believes that this waning of Sila Dhamma is actually the root cause of the destruction of the forests. Not only are Thai government officials and police exploiting their power for selfish ends, they have also undermined the self-reliance of the villagers, who feel disenfranchised and dependent upon these same officials for support through government aid programs. Yet the Achaan points out that the officials are really exploiting the forest and the villagers. "This is how the sense of social responsibility is being degraded at every level. The people are not just competing against each other for the timber. They are also doing it to sell to these same government officials. And the officials are prepared to buy it."

Achaan Pongsak's conviction that it is his duty as a Buddhist monk to speak and act with a ruthless truthfulness on behalf of the forest and its people is uncharacteristic of Buddhist monks in Thailand. In fact, government officials expect to have their actions condoned by the ordained Sangha. But the Achaan's sense of duty has forced him to confront the very role of religion in Thai society, where it has always been taboo for monks to confront political authority. "I am not frightened or discouraged. If you had opened your heart to the suffering of the villagers, you would do just the same. My gratitude to the forest for its unconditional love is so deep that I am not afraid to work like this on its behalf." ❖

For further information on the Mae Soi Conservation Project, please contact: The Dhammanaat Foundation, 101 Wat Palad, Doi Suthep, Chiang Mai, 50000 Thailand; or: Andrew Getz, 371 Palma Ave., El Granada, CA, 415-726-3177.

After four years as a Buddhist monk in Southeast Asia, Andrew Getz is exploring engaged Buddhist alternatives.

TREES WE HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED

In 1938, Bertold Brecht wrote about the rise of Naziism in Germany, in a poem called "To Those Born Later."

*What kind of times are they, when
Talk about trees is almost a crime
Because it implies silence about so many horrors?
... how can I eat and drink if I snatch what I eat
From the starving, and
My glass of water belongs to one dying of thirst?
And yet I eat and drink.
Truly I live in dark times!*

We live in dark times, too, but in these pages we speak about trees. Sometimes we have to pay attention to other things besides war and poverty. Trees need us to remember them, too, and we need the compassion of their leaves and shadows.

The preceding three articles speak about trees from an ecological, scientific, theoretical point of view. To complement this approach, I asked people to write about particular trees with whom they are personally acquainted. We human beings can have some pretty close relationships with trees, we can intertwine our limbs with the limbs of trees, and we can be working for peace at the same time (as this issue's cover demonstrates).

Besides, it is no longer true that to write about trees implies silence about the horrors of the world. In 1938, Bertold Brecht did not know about the greenhouse effect or acid rain. Both articles on Burma in this issue point out the connection between the fascist military junta in Burma and the destruction of the teak forests of Southeast Asia. Talking about trees is an important thing to do. — Ed.

When I was twelve, we lived on the outskirts of Colorado Springs, in the foothills of the Rockies. I often hiked across the dry fields spotted with prickly pear and yucca cactus.

The tree was hidden from the flat fields, deep in a gulch, where a creek flowed. Over the creek hung the main trunk. I spent hours lying in its limbs, dreaming the dreams that boys dream.

I still feel the bark flake as I climb. The trunk is round against my belly. My arms and legs wrap around it. In a crotch between trunk and limb, I hang over the waters, my chest and belly at ease. The round wood is hugged to me and the water close below. I am alone; no one knows where I am. The air is fresh and the blue sky is near.

—Eric Larsen



Susan Moon



Last winter I worked for the U.S. Forest Service collecting data for a study of the cumulative hydrologic effects of clearcut logging of redwood–Douglas fir forests in Mendocino County, California. The study examines changes in soil erosion, soil moisture contents, amounts of suspended sediment in streams, and rates of stream flow, due to clearcutting. The results of the study will affect logging practice regulations. The studies often seemed futile and insignificant to me, and I wondered if it was really a scientific question whether these trees should be cut. I found the answer one February night.

I hiked down a steep trail in the early evening to a stand of old-growth redwood. Crossing a fallen log over a small stream, I entered a magical world of trees. The redwoods reached high into the sky. Sword fern and redwood sorrel grew on the forest floor. The last of the evening light was sliding beyond the mountain range and the mist was settling into the valley.

I made a nest for myself beneath one of these giants. The roots made a kind of arm chair which I relaxed into to eat my still-warm ratatouille and bread. The light drifted away quickly as I lay out my sleeping bag and pad. I crawled into this nest, and my head was cradled by the roots of the redwood. A mouse scurried around my head, finding crumbs I had dropped. Besides the trickle of the stream, all was quiet. I drifted off to sleep, grateful for the comfort I felt.

The night passed quickly. With the first light of day I packed up my belongings. I bowed to the tree beneath which I had slept and stole away, not wanting to lose my sense of contentment. I had found my answer: trees must not be cut.

—Matthias St. John

TREE AT THE CROSSROADS

The broad limbs branched out low, inviting climbing. And so I had, springs and summers of my adolescence, picking the purple fruit, taking protection among the large coarse leaves, from the heat of the Valley, from growing up. The forms of childhood — family, Church — were crumbling on me. At a loss, I would set out on my bicycle into the countryside, and at the sight of the fig tree, lone survivor on the margin between the fields and the creek, my heart would begin to ease. In her smooth gray arms, breathing the odors of ripening and rotting, I could relax in safety.

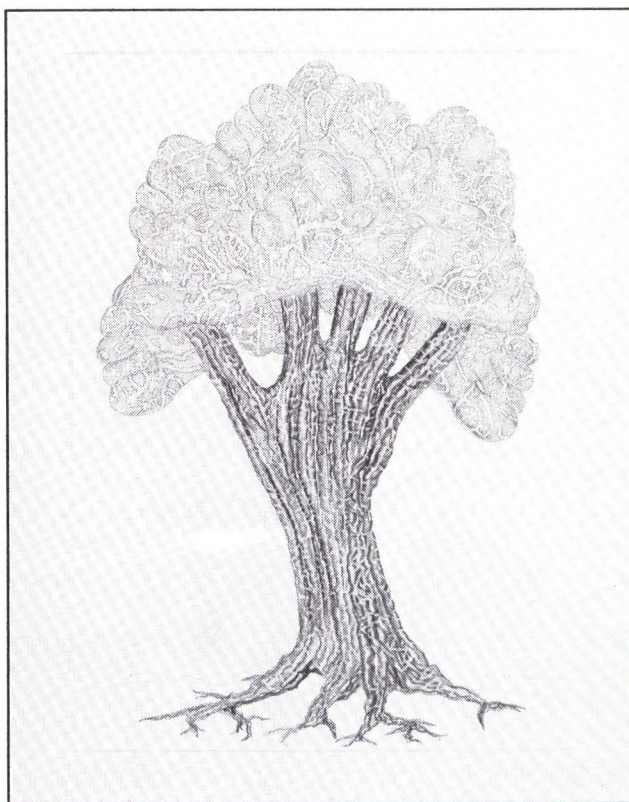
Some years later I returned, again seeking refuge. It was late spring, the first crop beginning to drop, flies and ants and birds already at it. I came to the feast as a Hungry Ghost, all cavernous belly and narrow throat. That winter at the Tassajara Zen Mountain Center, all that I had identified with — wife, old friends, ambitions — had washed away in the rains. I'd held on long enough to finish out the training period, and by the time I was ready to go out for my first furlough was sufficiently patched to promise that I would be back in a few weeks. I just needed to go home for a little while.

But home was no home. I couldn't eat, speak, play or work as normal people did. The love of family and friends was visible but not reachable. So I pumped up the flat tires on the old bike and set out for the fig tree. At the edge of the fields and creek, she was waiting. Breathing the milky odor, biting into the fleshy fruit, I watched the light filter through the leaves, that afternoon, and afternoon after afternoon, hiding.

The day of my intended return to Tassajara I pedaled out one last time and filled a fruit box for the kitchen at Tassajara. Void myself, I could at least show up with full hands. I boarded the Greyhound bus, stashed the box on the luggage rack above the seat, and watched my home town glide away from the windows. As the distance closed between my destiny and me, the hole at the core of me dropped open. In desperation I reached overhead for a fig, for a little comfort. The familiarity of smell, taste, and sensation to the tongue brought the tears. I reached for another, and another, and soon the box was on my lap, as I emptied it, and wept.

By the time the bus pulled into the San Francisco depot, I was mortally ill, bowels and soul. I was to meet my connecting ride to Tassajara, but instead I bought a return trip ticket to where I'd just come from. I never made it back to the monastery.

—Patrick McMahon



William Clark, *The Toe Tree*

FREEDOM FOR TREES

Some places on earth there's no trees — for instance the Sahara Desert. My favorite kind of tree is a copper beech, and my favorite copper beech tree is in my back yard, because I love to climb it. Beech trees are very common around where I live, Philadelphia. I like the silvery bark on it, which is quite smooth. The roots from the tree stick up above the ground and you can see designs in them, and nice shapes. We make lots of leaf piles out of the leaves to jump in. It is a couple of hundred years old, so always respect your elders. There's no person as old as that on earth.

My family takes care of it, because it takes care of us. For instance, it recycles the air, and it is nice to have lunch in, because you can climb up a few feet and there are two branches that branch off and make a sort of chair and you can lean against one of them, and another one sticks out from the tree like an arm rest and you can put your sandwich on it.

If you like your children, don't cut down trees, because trees help keep the air cool. But if too much heat gets trapped, it would be a less likely chance of snow. And your kids like snow to play in, don't they? Trees are our friends, so we shouldn't cut them down. We couldn't survive without them.

—Reuben Perelman, age 7



It can be hard for trees to live with people. I have driven past this tree for many years, and I'm always amazed that it hasn't had its unsightly top lopped off. It stands as a brave witness to air pollution. If you recognize this tree, write to the Newsletter and tell us where it is. Perhaps you'll win a prize! —Susan Moon



A Bodhi tree lives in my house. It is a descendant of the very tree in Bodh Gaya under which the Buddha sat all night before his enlightenment. The seeds were gathered and brought to this country by an American woman who carefully planted them in tiny pots and tended them till they sprouted. Mine was four inches tall when I brought it home. Now, six or seven years later, it's almost as tall as I am, its larger leaves the size of my hand, or of half my face where I sometimes press them against my cheek. They have that startling silhouette, like a heart with an extended tail, and they are the deepest, thickest green.

Once, after I'd had the tree a few years, all the leaves turned yellow and fell off, except for a few at the very tips of the branches. What had I done? A friend said, "Ask Dr. Suzuki," a Japanese Bonsai master she knew in Berkeley. When I phoned, he said I should come right over. So I drove to his house behind a tall

wooden fence on a trafficky street.

"Needs to be outdoors," he said.

"But I like it inside with me!"

"Then bring it inside sometimes."

"But . . ."

I could see he would not yield. I picked up the tree; we bowed; I left.

But I could not put the tree outside. I stroked it. I spoke to it. I gave it more water, less . . . More fertilizer, less . . . And soon all the leaves came back. I danced around it. I sang. I put a stone Buddha at its base. It grew. It loved to grow! It had just needed to visit Dr. Suzuki. The stem became a trunk, reddish-brown, well-rooted, rough to the touch. The branches reached out and the leaves shone in the sunlight.

When it happened again, I stayed calm. I gathered up all the perfect golden leaves from the floor and put them in a large book to dry. I turned the pot slowly, placing different sides towards the sun, as the days passed. As the weeks passed. And the leaves came back. Some are now the size of my hand, the size of half my face.

—Lenore Friedman.



EXCERPT FROM *A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK*
(reprinted from *Pacific Discovery*, April-June, 1984)

Pinnacles National Monument, March 10

Every morning, when I wake up, I notice the buckeyes: they writhe upward, full of motion, each twig scooping up air. I'm in love with these squatty, crooked trees that look so beautiful bare. Glimpsed through the oaks and pines, they appear sharp and white, like the bony antlers of dead deer. They are not white at all, of course, but gray, but I am fooled again and again. Seen against the boulders and lit up in the sun, they seem to drift upward like white breaths.

In the last few days, however, their outline has changed and softened. First they began sprouting red buds. Now the buds are gone, and in their place is a peeled-back sheath, a kind of green wrapper, out of which springs a cluster of starry leaves, exploding outward like a hand suddenly opened. Below is fresh growth, a wonderful maroon color, speckled with white. Midges float between the twigs like motes in the sun.

This explosion of green will continue, I know, for the next few months, until white blossoms smother the branches; but I, for one, will be sorry. It seems to me that the buckeye's real character — this contorted motion — is obscured when the trees are in bloom.

Soon, if I want to see them naked again, I will have to wait until July, when they drop their leaves to conserve moisture.

—Ellery Akers

TWO TREES

Trees that have known me are the ones that come to mind when I think of trees I have known. They taught me something (e.g. dropping leaves = letting go) or perhaps did nothing but catch the sunlight a certain way. In all cases there was some meaningful exchange: for both?

I. Like the sycamore that grew crookedly, angling north, then east and west and back again, gently corkscrewing, holding up 60 or 80 feet of sky. It grew by a bicycle path next to the university library. After many hours spent reading trees that had been turned into pages, I would emerge and admire it, seeing that all its modest bends cancelled each other out, leaving the overall impression of a perfectly straight tree. Perfectly crooked, perfectly straight. Or, pedaling weighty thoughts to my Philosophy of Law class, a dry leaf would spiral down, under the front wheel: crack!

II. On the path to the summit of Mauna Loa Volcano, on Hawaii Island, the vegetation thins with altitude. Just before the 8000-foot marker is a gnarled o'hia tree, barely tall enough to shade a feral goat or backpacker, growing from the desert of old lava rock. About this tree I can say little except that it is exceedingly pleasant to sit under.

—Doug Codiga



Autumn sunlight and weeping ash

Prudence See

I planted my plum tree two years ago. It blows with the wind. Its plums are dark purple. The plums are very juicy. The leaves are light green. I like how good the plums are.

—Jason Lesser, age 7



There used to be an enormous old walnut tree in my back yard, but over a period of years it sickened, apparently from root fungus, and I finally had to admit it was dead, and have it cut down. I needed to find a way to say goodbye. My son and I decorated the tree's branches with colored paper streamers. Then I gathered together my family and the tree-cutting crew, and we burned incense in several crooks of the tree, and we ate walnut pie and drank some wine and poured a little over the tree, and I read aloud the following letter to the tree.

Goodbye, dear tree. When I came here, 18 years ago, you made me and my children feel welcome. In fact it was you, growing up through a hole in the deck, who made me choose this house. In the early fall, you tapdanced on the roof with walnut taps. We dried your walnuts in the attic and ate them in pies and cakes. You dropped wormlike flowers in the spring, which left green powdery prints of themselves on the deck, even after we swept them up. On hot days we felt your shade on our own thin bark of skin, and on moonlit nights your branches cast a net of shadows over house and yard. We've listened to the wind talking in you, and to the birds and squirrels making a pretty racket. Cozy in our beds, we've heard you scraping gently against the roof, reminding us you're there, a member of the family, the one who rests standing up.

When we've taken family photographs of each other, we've naturally come to stand in front of you, to frame ourselves in your embrace, human trunks to tree trunk. We've climbed up into the empty spaces you describe with your form. From your branches we've hung, at one time or another, damp towels, a hammock, a hummingbird feeder, a swing, wind chimes, a laundry line, and poems.

You have been dying gradually, root by root, branch by branch. It's a different kind of dying from the kind we humans do. Your death is like clouds fading in the sky. Today we are calling you dead and cutting you down, and tomorrow we will call you firewood. But you still have a few green leaves growing on one of your branches, and many small beings live in your dying body.

Walnut tree, you are our friend, and we give thanks for your being.

Later that day, I watched the tree crew, strung by ropes and belts from the very tree they were cutting down, their chainsaw eating the tree from the outside in, while the sky came closer and closer to the house.

—Susan Moon



Weeping Ash tree in a storm 1986

Prudence See

THE DOGWOOD

Ten years old and tomboy to the core, I was sea-mad. Languishing in my landlocked Connecticut home, I despaired of finding a real sea to sail on, and settled for a dogwood tree that lived behind our house and down the hill. I made myself a crow's nest of sticks halfway up the tree, and happily watched for pirate craft that might happen to attack through the shrubbery.

The tree was ideally located: just out of earshot of the house so I could honestly tell my mother "I didn't hear you calling me," yet not so far away that I couldn't easily jog home for more books. Pirate and explorer tales were hoisted up in a box ("Weigh, hey, up she rises!") to my roost.

Blissed out on wilderness, I watched the dogwood's blossoms emerge and then snow down to the ground, leaving waxy green seeds and leaves that grew bigger and darker as the summer progressed. In response to the frequent hand-and-sneaker traffic, certain portions of the tree's grey bark became gently smoother. Complementing this development, my palms roughened, barklike, with callouses that I sported as proudly as any midshipman of yore.

By the time the berries had turned red and leaves were whisking off to fall, soundless, into the summer's wake, I had biceps like little knots from swinging up

into my friend's boughs. Then the cold was upon us and the tree, on swells of snow, sailed though the winter alone.

The next year I was too dignified to climb trees, but something of that dogwood's toughness, I like to think, entered my sinews, and I am quite sure that to this day its trunk bears, high up, my carved initials. So intimacy with a tree brings many blessings, not the least of which is the subtle impression that human and tree may make upon one another after long acquaintance.

--Amanda Aikman



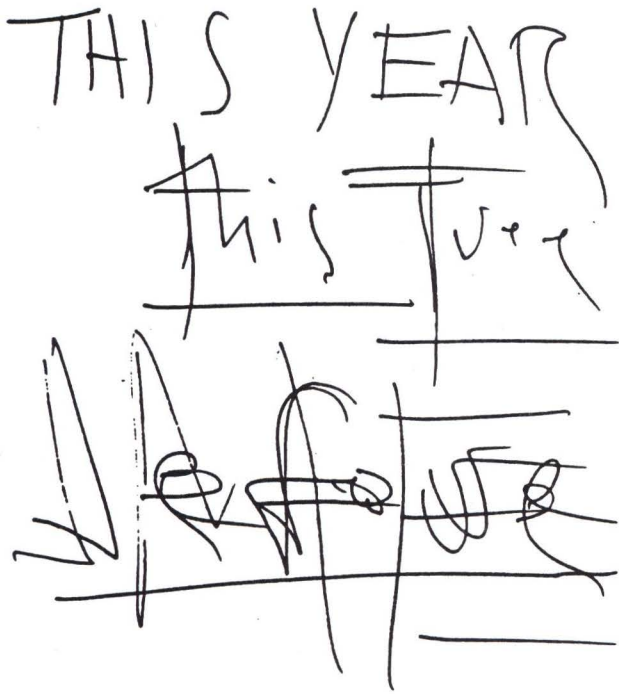
EVERY DAY IS A DAY BENEATH TREES

In the late afternoon, I sit beneath the Italian pine in my yard. The trunk, silver-red and fissured, is massive like the body of a whale. About twenty feet above the ground, it divides into three principle branches. They twist and turn upward, dividing into many more branches, which all support a great canopy of green needles floating like a bright green cloud some seventy feet above the ground; When it was a very young tree, it was injured. The principal split became exaggerated. The branches threatened to pull apart and shatter the trunk. Iron cables serving as guy wires now hold the three great branches in dynamic tension.

The solitary cones or strobiles look like hard miniature pineapples. Among the woody scales that compose them are the seeds. Each of these seeds is a quarter of an inch long, richly oily and meaty, and contains within itself the embryo of another Italian pine. We call these little embryo-enfolding seeds "pinenuts," and enjoy eating them. So do the brown squirrels, who have used this great tree as their freeway, their dining room, their bedroom and their jungle gym for over a hundred years.

--Mark McLeod





Bob Grenier

The old elm in the front yard of my childhood home was the largest living thing in my world. At the base of its massive, irregular trunk I played out my childhood dramas — mostly military exploits and chase scenes. A few years before my earliest recollections, Dutch Elm Disease had swept through Chicago and left, as far as I knew, exactly one elm tree standing. The sapling-lined streets testified to the magnitude of the loss. They also highlighted the majesty of the old elm. Its great arching canopy extended completely over the house and into the backyard — and reached over the crush of traffic to the house across the street. Its impressive silhouette dominated and softened the horizon from two blocks away.

Just as I, in the play-world of my imagination, constantly beat impossible odds and emerged unscathed from ambushes and mighty foes, so did the old elm seem to shrug off the scourge which had laid low all others of its kind. I appreciated that.

While away at college I heard the news that, twenty years after the demise of its contemporaries, the old elm was succumbing as well. Upon my return, a large stump marked the front lawn and the house was strangely bathed in sunlight as never before. Some years later, the stump was chopped out. And now the front lawn is undisturbed from edge to edge — save for a slight rise where the old elm had stood. No passerby would perceive the tree or its absence. The valiant elm lives in the memory of the valiant child — for a time.

—Mark J. Gallagher

THE GOLDEN TIME

This is the tender time of year, when everything drops away, and the trees are left bare and empty. Tender because the impermanence of things is so visible, so unmistakable. Tender because the heart feels the turning of the sun, the shortening days that slip under so quickly.

I am thinking about this turning in the company of a magnificent ginkgo — the ginkgo on the U.C. Berkeley campus by the north fork of Strawberry Creek. It is bathing in the last hour of afternoon light. The leaves have begun to say good-bye, fading out of active green into hidden gold. This is a well-established tree, undisturbed for some time now, so it has grown to good-sized academic stature near its redwood neighbors. Students walk by on the path by the creek, lost in equations and other philosophies. The light is an event above their heads. You have to stop and look up to notice it.

I have been waiting a month for this golden time. Two years ago, I taught an evening class in the building nearby, and every week we watched the ginkgo change. Now it is the end of November. I knew it would be time to come by for a visit. It's important to remember old friends; they are the ones who can offer companionship in the time of stripping away. So I think of this ginkgo as an old friend because there was a time when we saw each other every week. The class came and went, but the ginkgo is still here, a landmark on the campus, loved by those who know it.

I have come to be with this ginkgo especially because of its capacity to change so beautifully. I would like to know how to do this, how to gracefully lose everything on the surface, and yet still retain the core of life on the inside. This is a fine art. And this tree has perfected it. These fan-shaped leaves will drop all at once — tomorrow, next week? — and become a pool of gold at the base of the trunk, the last gift of sunshine to feed the tree over winter.

As the light drops in the sky, the color changes, from cool yellow to brilliant gold — a sort of fire in the tree. It almost seems as if it will glow in the dark, after the light is gone.

And perhaps it does glow into the long night of winter. This is the going under time, the black cloak time, the time for burrowing deep in the ground. The cold is stressful; it is not easy for any plant or animal to go through winter. There is nowhere to go to get warm if you are a tree. There are only these brief sunbaths in the afternoon — ah!

Already the sun is sinking low to the horizon and its light is slipping off the lower branches. The cold is creeping up the tree; activity will soon be slowing down. But the upper branches are still full of delight. Each day the sunbath gets shorter. The tree knows this

rhythm, the slow, undulating movements of planets and stars around golden trees and tender hearts. The rhythms trees know about are sometimes forgotten by busy people and animals scurrying about.

Standing here is a way of marking this slow time, of putting my feet in the context of years instead of minutes. I need this slow time for a frame of reference. It is a help in settling down for the winter, for the deep time. This is the time of cultivating patience, of preparing the ground for spring, of soaking the seeds. What seeds lie beneath the surface? What activity is waiting to be born? What scale of stillness is required to grasp the scale of change?

Now the tree is half in shadow. I am sitting with it into the dusk. The sun is almost on the horizon. I can feel the impending good-bye. Such drama before parting! The lowest light is the most intense, almost blinding to the eye. The spiral is always inward when the light is on the decrease. Then it is the inner light that keeps burning. It is the inner light that guides in the darkness. And the dark of the year is irrefutable. It can be obliterated by electricity or ignored by office buildings, but still it comes. The great darkness, creeping up the ginkgo, coming round again through another year.

The great darkness is the testing time. How does this tree walk through the storms and cold and heavy winds? Will it lose a branch this winter? Will it catch a cold? Will it have enough water to burn its own stored sugars? Will the pool of golden leaves feed the golden circle within, keeping the tree's inner being alive through another winter?

What will the great darkness bring? Now the sun has set, and the top of the tree is drifting into night. The street lights have come on along the path. And the sunbath is over. It is the turning point of the day, not so different from the turning point of the year. Poignant, hard to leave the light. Tender, welcoming the dark. Moving in rhythm, this companion ginkgo and I are walking into the night.

—from *Conversations with Trees, a book in progress* by naturalist meditator Stephanie Kaza.



The spring breeze tossed the topmost branches of the apple tree. The lower branches were rigid with repeated prunings, and yet the tree seemed a participant in some slow ritual dance, for across the path the pear tree twisted in answering contortions. And from all corners of the garden the ancient trees communicated, with gnarled arms and bent twig fingers: acacia, ash, mulberry and yew.

Once the tall tree had produced bumper crops of yellow apples. Bland flavoured and not "keepers," my father had nevertheless insisted on storing and eating them while the last bit of good remained: defying the demon of waste to the last. This tree had no name, no defined status, unlike the "Blenheim" that stood in the asparagus bed, proudly displaying its half dozen tart red apples, or the "Winter Greening" a "cooker" whose great green fruit made apple puddings all winter inevitable. And yet the nameless apple tree was the central presence in the kitchen garden. High above the lilac and holly, it spread its gaunt arms to the sky and gazed towards the church with the face of a horned dragon. Its tall gnarled body had breast bulges and vagina-like holes for the birth of the birds. One day I saw, fluttering atop this primeval being, a piece of blue plastic. My father, in his eighties, had climbed the steep ladder way up to the topmost branches, to tie a protecting cap over the broken trunk. It was a blue prayer flag, a gift from one elder to another.

—Prudence See



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BURMA: THE NEXT CAMBODIA?

by Alan Clements

In November, 1990, while I was in Australia on a lecture tour, I read an article in the international edition of *Time Magazine*, called "Bullets in Alms Bowls." I knew that Burma's military junta, known as SLORC, or State Law and Order Restoration Council, was one of the world's leading violators of human rights, but I was still shocked by what I read. SLORC had now begun oppressing the monasteries. Monks had been shot, in fact one right through his alms bowl, and hundreds had been injured, disrobed, or imprisoned. This was in response to the monks' boycott of the military: the monks had refused to conduct dharma ceremonies for military personnel and their families. All 133 monasteries in Mandalay had been surrounded by armed soldiers, some even with tanks and high-tech anti-insurgency helicopters.

Having been a Buddhist monk in Burma for five years, I wondered if monks and teachers I had trained with could have been victims of this recent cruelty. They had supported me as a monk, cared for me when I was too sick to care for myself, and given me the dharma, the greatest gift of all. I had a debt to them and I knew I must return to Burma, if at all possible, to witness for myself what was going on. Within a week I found myself en route to Burma.

At first glance, it looks to the tourist as if Burma has had a facelift, and people seem fairly happy. Rangoon has never looked more beautiful. The streets have been widened, parks have been built, pagodas repainted, there are new movie theaters, new gardens. Everything looks clean and new. But underneath the facade people are more oppressed, starving, fearful and financially disabled than ever before.

Soon after I arrived in Rangoon, I managed to extricate myself from my official tour group. I knew it was the only way I would gain access to the people I needed to speak with, to hear the truth.

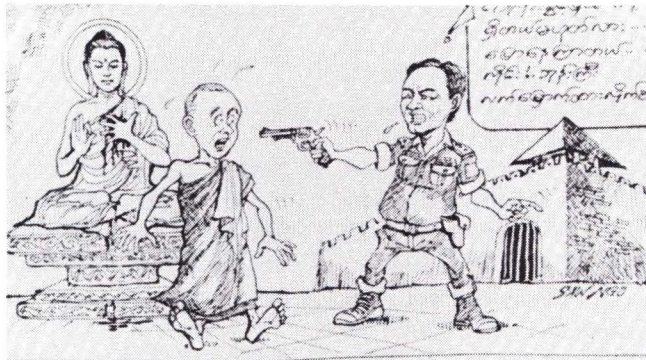
I talked to people behind locked doors in secret meeting spots, who broke down in tears and pleaded with me to tell the world before it's too late. They said the military took a perverse joy in escalating their methods of cruelty and torture. I was told that SLORC has established at least 19 centers of torture.

There are secret police everywhere in Burma today. They're planted in every shop, on every corner. They

are even within the sangha as monks and nuns.

I was told of some fourth-graders who sewed together a flag of the All Burma Students Democratic Front (the underground student movement), and during recess one day they put up their flag at school in place of the SLORC flag. The principal and all the teachers in that school were taken away. They disappeared. And in Burma "disappeared" means imprisonment at hard labor, torture, or death.

I was told that more than 600 monks have been killed by SLORC. A monk who was interrogated by SLORC and then released reported that in the prison he saw rooms filled with stacks of monks' robes. Four of the leading dharma teachers in Burma have now been imprisoned. SLORC has gone directly for the heads of the leading monasteries, replacing many of them with



Burmese General shoots through a monk to Buddha's heart

state-controlled monks who have in some way shown sympathy to SLORC. The generals pay homage to the monks on television, telling about all the donations they've given. Every day General Saw Maung gives a "dharma talk" on state-run television, propagating his version of "correct Buddhism."

Burma is one of the last great Buddhist countries of the world. I think 90 percent of the Vipassana teachings in the world today have their source, directly or indirectly, in Burma. Buddhism has only been in North America a short 20 years, but Buddhism has been in Burma for 23 hundred years. We are talking about the cry of our dharma grandfathers and grandmothers. We must tell the military government of Burma that we do not accept their brutalization of the Burmese people, the monasteries, the monks and nuns. Buddhism is in jeopardy in Burma today.

The Burmese people feel that the army is their enemy, not their protector. The two main military leaders, Saw Maung and Khin Nyunt, are nicknamed "The Torturer" and "The Butcher." They keep their rank and file in place through huge cash incentives, and they tell them the people they're killing are communist insurgents. I've heard that sergeants and colonels have up to 10 automobiles, even though the price of gasoline in Burma is \$15 a gallon and most people can barely afford to take the bus, much less own an automobile.

SLORC's escalating oppression and imprisonment of the elected leadership of the NLD (National League for Democracy) has made it quite clear that there is not

going to be any transfer of power to these people, even though they won the majority of parliamentary seats in the elections of May, 1990. Recently the remaining elected NLD members, those who haven't been placed under house arrest or imprisoned, left their homes, jobs and families behind and fled to the jungle, where the students have been living for over two years. There they met secretly in December and made a plan to fulfill the mandate of the people who had elected them. On December 18th, they announced to the international press the formation of an interim parallel government called the Coalition Government of the Union of Burma. It is significant that this new government includes the 21 ethnic minorities, who have never before been unified, and all of whom have been resisting the military regimes of Burma for many years. They came together under one government, with Dr. Sein Win as the prime minister. This body of unified ethnic minorities is a powerful force for resistance.

Of the original 10,000 students at Manerplaw, 3,000 remain. The others were killed, or left because of the harsh conditions, or died of hardship and disease. Thirteen camps remain, spread out along a thousand-mile stretch of jungle beside the Moei (Thai) River.

The students told me they were prepared to die. I did not meet one person in those jungle areas who didn't have active malaria. Food is mostly white rice with a little liquid fish sauce. Skin disease is prevalent.

One woman student said, "Each day that the world doesn't respond is another day in which we suffer. Please don't forget us."

I left Manerplaw, where the student headquarters are, on December 20th, because they had picked up Burmese intelligence of a massive troop buildup. The military had recently received 1.2 billion dollars of weapons from China, including MIG jets and 300 tons of chemical weapons. They've received 14 high-tech anti-insurgency helicopters from Yugoslavia, which are used to root out the revolutionaries in the rigorous terrain. The head of the resistance forces said, "We've picked up intelligence — This place will be bombed soon." It may have been bombed by now. It's the dry season — the time of devastation.

The night before I left the student camp, I couldn't sleep because of the sounds of vomiting and moaning from malaria. So I went to the clinic, where only the most desperately ill students are taken and given certain medicines. Because of the medicine, they are a little quieter at night. I was sitting with a group of students, one of whom was hooked up to an IV, and he had a very high fever. But he was smiling, and I asked him why. He said, "I love Buddhism. I love my family. And I have a chance to stand up in my life."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen years old."

"Why are you in the clinic?"

"Because I have black water fever." This is the active form of malaria, with a fever of 106 or 107 degrees. One in two who gets black water fever dies.

The student next to him said, "That's not all he has," and lifted up his blanket, and his leg had been blown off from a bullet shot. He lifted up his arm, and he had another bullet hole through his arm. He lifted up his shirt, and he had a ten-inch shrapnel scar on his chest. He was 15 years old.

Burma has not been concerned with international opinion. They've isolated themselves. They've gone from a flourishing economy, before the military coup in 1962, to being the fourth poorest nation in the world.

Burma's chief trading partners are Thailand, Japan, China, and Singapore, who turn a blind eye to SLORC's oppression. Thailand has purchased large tracts of teak and rain forest in Burma. (The Thai government has recently stopped the harvesting of teak in their own country, because it causes severe flooding and other environmental damage.) SLORC has sold the future of Burma.

Democratic leaders need to take a stand on Burma. Our government should condemn SLORC, and enforce economic sanctions. But Pepsico, Pepsi, Amoco, and Coca Cola just signed huge contracts with SLORC; Japanese firms are building huge hotels in Rangoon; we buy teak products manufactured in Thailand from Burmese teak, thereby giving fuel to the machinery in SLORC's hands. It's all interconnected.

What am I really willing to do to respond to suffering? How do I anesthetize myself? In the border camps of Burma, I reconnected to some place in me that was hungry, and I came back ready to step further into my American life and my dharma life, with greater purpose and commitment.

Let's do everything we possibly can to challenge non-involvement and to support creativity, whether it's by offering money to the homeless, or donating food and supplies to the students in Burma suffering from malaria and beleaguered by bullets, or going on a peace march, or doing a meditation retreat to further refine our dharma understanding. Let's put ourselves in the body of the oppressed.

My response has been to start the Burma Project. One of our joint goals with the Buddhist Peace Fellowship is to get every North American Buddhist group to fill petitions decrying SLORC's oppression of the Burmese and Buddhism. We will continue to raise public awareness of the Burma crisis through contacting major media. ❖

Alan Clements lectures and conducts retreats on human rights and Buddhist meditation. He is currently writing a book with the working title, A Vision for Humankind.

For information on how to help the Burma Project, or on Alan Clements' retreats, contact: Buddha Sasana Foundation, 45 Oak Rd., Larkspur, CA 94939. (415) 924-6447.

BURMESE STUDENTS RESIST

An Interview with Moe Kyaw and Max Ediger

In November, 1990, Margaret Howe, Stephanie Kaza and Susan Moon, of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, interviewed Moe Kyaw and Max Ediger. Moe Kyaw is a member of the All Burma Student Democratic Front, working out of Bangkok. (There are so many Burmese people named Moe Kyaw that it will not endanger him to print this much of his name. His generation name has been withheld to protect him.) Max is an American Mennonite who has been working in Southeast Asia for 16 years, and who currently works with Moe Kyaw and the Burmese student movement. Together they made a speaking tour of the U.S. in November, 1990, in order to bring attention to the cause of the Burmese people.

BPF: How did you become involved in the student movement?

Moe Kyaw: When I was studying geology in the university, I did my field work in the hill tribe area. In that area the people are very poor, but they have to buy their rice at very high prices from the black market. Seeing this made me feel very embarrassed about our government.

So finally in 1988, when I saw that there was going to be a big demonstration in Rangoon, I also decided to take part in it. Although it was a peaceful demonstration, one of the students was shot in the back by riot police. That night, the radio broadcast said that this student had been killed by civilians, not by the police. We demanded that the government announce the truth but they refused to do so. So we started the second round of demonstrations.

The demonstration took place along the main road in front of our university. Many thousands of students joined in the demonstrations. When the riot police and the army arrived, the students were sitting on the road. Suddenly the riot police trucks came from in back of us; they ran over some students with the trucks, and then they jumped out and beat the students on the other side. They chased the students onto the sloping retaining wall at the edge of the lake and then the police beat them until they fell into the lake, especially the women. Most of those people drowned in the lake. The police even tore off the women's jewelry before they chased them over. After that, the police caught some of the students and put them into vans. So many people were pushed in that some of the students suffocated and died in the vans. This began in June, 1988; but the demonstrations lasted many months. I was not interested in politics before these students were killed.

Max: In Rangoon, the military has built fences along both sides of the main thoroughfares, so if anyone begins a demonstration, the military closes it off, and you have to climb over the fence and can easily be caught. They built pedestrian bridges over the street at strategic points so the soldiers can run up and have a clear shooting range. So any big demonstration is limited these days: maybe someone will run out to the front of a market and give a quick speech and then will run off, whatever they can do. They are very creative.

BPF: Why did you leave Rangoon?

Moe Kyaw: In September 1988, after the military takeover, some of my friends left Rangoon for the jungle, for fear of persecution. And in 1989, I also left the city, to help serve as a liaison between Rangoon and the jungle camps.

BPF: Were people safe in the jungle, away from the cities?

Moe Kyaw: Even in the jungle the military shelled and bombed everything. They occupied the student camps. So they were not safe; in fact, the students then had to flee from Burma to Thailand, and Thailand then pushed them back to the Burma side. Thailand is only interested in trade with Burma, in economics, so they cooperate with the Burmese regime.

When one of my friends was killed in the jungle by the military, we decided it was time for me to go to Thailand to safety. I went legally from Burma to Thailand. I live in Max's house in Bangkok and I do documentation.

BPF: Will you go back to Burma under these conditions?

Moe Kyaw: I cannot go back. Burmese intelligence watches Max's house, so they now know me very well. It would be very unsafe.

BPF: So does this mean that you cannot openly communicate with your family?

Moe Kyaw: Yes.

BPF: Does your family know what you are doing?

Moe Kyaw: They don't know.

BPF: How do you communicate with the other student groups?

Moe Kyaw: We smuggle some information inside.

BPF: What kind of information do you send?

Moe Kyaw: I cannot speak very openly about this. But we send what you might call tactical information on all levels, from very local information to international events that concern our struggle and our survival. We explore negotiations with all the different groups who

can have an effect on our movement.

BPF: Do you hope to continue your studies?

Moe Kyaw: Yes, but my first goal is to finish the struggle. After the struggle ends, if I have the chance I will continue my education.

BPF: What has been the most painful part for you personally?

Moe Kyaw: It was very sad to me when the riot police ran over the students. Other things too: a friend of mine was in prison, and we sent food to him. The guards gave it to him, but they had mixed it with sand so he couldn't eat it.

The universities have been shut down since 1988. Some of the high schools were also shut down after students staged demonstrations.

And when some primary schools staged demonstrations, the government shot down even little kids.

Max: They talk in Burma now about the killing of the white and green, which means the elementary school students.

Those are the colors of their school uniforms. White means sincere and green means peaceful.

BPF: What is the connection between the students and the monks?

Moe Kyaw: The monks formed the monks' union secretly, as an illegal organization, and the students also formed theirs. These two are in communication with each other, as well as with the labor union and the farmers' union.

BPF: Is it inspiring to people that the monks are taking a stand?

Moe Kyaw: In a way, because their robes make them sacred. I think the monks have quite a major role in these demonstrations.

BPF: Have many monks been killed?

Moe Kyaw: Some of them have been. In our township's demonstration some of the monks demonstrated, and after the coup they arrested these monks and kicked and hit the monks in the police detention center.

BPF: Aren't the military personnel Buddhists, too? Wouldn't it be awful to hit a monk?

Moe Kyaw: Yes. But the office of propaganda says that these men are not real monks; they are communists.

BPF: Have you felt all along that this struggle had to be an armed struggle?

Moe Kyaw: I'd like to quit the civil war. But I have to accept the students' situation in the jungle. They are protecting their lives in the jungle.

BPF: How are they surviving there? Is food smuggled to them?

Moe Kyaw: Some groups, like the Burma Relief Center in Thailand, send food and medicine. But now

the Thai government is pushing these groups to cut all support to the students. In the past, local villagers have also helped the students. Now the government is pushing the villagers to retreat from the front lines.

BPF: Max, being a Mennonite and a pacifist, how do you see the armed struggle of the students?

Max: The students challenge me an awful lot. This is one of those situations where it is not easy to go in and say, "O.K., here's a nonviolent approach." It's just not that easy. I believe that a situation like this can be solved nonviolently if there is proper support from all the international friends in all the various sectors. The Burmese resistance cannot do it themselves. I think that's where there has been a real failure in the peace

movement. There have been several times since 1988 where something could have been done from outside to change the whole course of the conflict. For example, in December 1988, the Saw Maung government was almost broke: the money in the

national coffers was very low. So it was a time when Saw Maung might have been willing to talk. But General Chavolit, the supreme commander of Thailand, went to Burma and arranged for Thai logging and fishing companies to get concessions, and money started flowing in to Burma. If he could have been prevented from going, it might have changed the course of things. But nobody did anything.

There have been several other points like this along the way, but as it stands now, I am afraid that the conflict has reached a point where open confrontation and bloodshed will probably happen. Strong international pressure, strong economic and political sanctions brought to bear on Burma could lessen the violence of the conflict, but there will have to be a confrontation, because the people in power will not give it up. And if the support from international groups is not sufficient it will be very bloody.

BPF: And until there is that support you can accept the need for violence?

Max: I don't accept armed struggle. But I cannot tell the students not to do it, because I am not in their position. When I challenge them on it they always challenge me back: "O.K., what do we do? Why are you telling us this when you can't come up with strategies?" But the strategy that is unfolding is that there has to be international pressure and solidarity: economic sanctions. The sooner the better.

BPF: What is the military involvement in the drug trade?

Moe Kyaw: The Burmese drug lord, Khunsa, sends information to the government's troops in the front line. Some of the students have heard on their walkie talkies that government troops and Khunsa are in

When some primary schools staged demonstrations, the government shot down even little kids.

communication. We believe that the government force protects them. They get bribe money from Khunsa.

Max: And Khunsa's fight against ethnic groups also helps protect the government forces from the ethnic groups. For this, the military provides transportation for his opium. He has lots of money, which protects him.

BPF: What kind of economic support does SLORC [the military junta] get from outside Burma?

Max: Thai politicians and military people have logging company concessions, over 40 concessions. A lot of them are along the border in areas that are actually Karen. I suspect that the policy is, as in Vietnam, "clear out the cover and you can control the area." When you get rid of the trees, the Karen have nowhere to go and you can control them. I think that is one aspect; and the other is, of course, tremendous profit.

Moe Kyaw: 80% of the foreign investment in Burma is Japanese. The Hino company, for example, is a truck company which provides military transportation in Burma. The oil companies and teak logging are the other big foreign investments. Each oil company investing in Burma has to pay the government \$5 million. That's not a lot for Amoco, but it is a great deal for Burma. There is lot of oil in Burma.

BPF: Where do you feel your best hope of support is coming from now?

Moe Kyaw: There has been civil war in Burma for forty years, but no one knows about it. To get international awareness and pressure, that is why I came to the U.S. A nonviolent tactic is to raise the international pressure.

BPF: What do you think about the peace activists from here who go to Burma to teach nonviolent training and conflict resolution? Is this what the students are asking for, or is that just our idea of what you need? What kind of training, if any, do the students need or want from the West?

Moe Kyaw: I think the students need to learn how to use psychological warfare on the soldiers to break them away from the military, to make the common soldier unwilling to fight. Also, we have no experience, and suddenly our life has changed, so we are landed on the job, so to speak. So we need "job training," too, in propaganda and psychological warfare, and in organization.

Max: I think the nonviolent training is very important. Successful nonviolent struggle can't be dumped on the Burmese students. That's asking too much: it's asking the impossible. Moreover, I think that this nonviolent training ought perhaps to be done with groups *outside* of Burma, so that the students inside feel that there is a model for them in nonviolent struggle — for example, in other countries: how can peace groups and human rights groups take effective action to change their *own*

government's policies? I believe that if all of our groups can really start doing, acting, creating things, to exert pressure from the outside, then new options will open up for the students. Without models, without a "how," it sometimes seems almost cruel to me to come insisting that the Burmese struggle remain nonviolent.

There is nothing magical about nonviolent struggle. It is very difficult and very bloody. It's bloody on the people who take the nonviolent position. I have one hundred percent faith in it, but I believe that it is not just a little group that can do it. It takes all of us putting a positive effort into it, creating active possibilities. I think if someone were ever to write this history objectively, probably the biggest condemnation will come to the groups outside who could have done something and didn't, those who watched too passively.

And that will be very painful.

BPF: Besides Thailand, the US, and Japan, are there other countries who you see should take a larger role in turning the world's attention towards Burma?

Max: Yes: China, the Philippines, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand.

Britain should play a more significant role. They have been in Burma all these years, and they should be doing something. But they are very silent. A German company has a factory in Burma making weapons, producing assault rifles and bombs. China has sent \$1 billion in arms to Burma. Belgium, Singapore, and Sweden give arms or planes. Pakistan has provided artillery shells.

BPF: Are there any countries that have indicated moral support, or peace movements?

Max: Countries do not support the struggle, only individual groups from the countries. Like F.O.R., Amnesty International, Asia Watch, A.F.S.C., Peace Fund Canada, the Mennonites.

There are also parliamentarians in Australia who have spoken out very strongly. There are some very strong voices in Germany also, but nothing on the level of government policy.

There are people shouting, but when you are shouting above the voices of the Middle East and Eastern Europe, it is very difficult to be heard.

The students are very eager. I think people here can also help them to understand the American mentality, to learn how one should say things in order to reach Western hearts and minds.❖

There is nothing magical about nonviolent struggle. It is very difficult and very bloody.

The Buddhist Peace Fellowship has made Burma a major program focus for this year. We support Paula Green's ongoing work on Burma and will be initiating projects with her and the Burma Project (page 34). Donations for this work can be sent to the Buddhist Peace Fellowship national office or to the Burma Project.

TIBETAN REFUGEE PROJECT

A Progress Report and Vision of the Future

by Margo and Gordon Tyndall

The Tibetan Refugee Project began as a consequence of our visit in November, 1989, to Tashi Palkhiel Tibetan Refugee Camp near Pokhara in western Nepal. We described our experiences in Tashi Palkhiel in some detail in the Spring 1990 issue of the Newsletter. The essential fact is that, under the sponsorship of the East Bay Chapter of BPF and with the approval of BPF's National Board, we began a fundraising effort to provide basic equipment and supplies for the Cooperative Child Care Program at Tashi Palkhiel, and to help the families of some 25 children to meet their educational costs.

Our initial fundraising effort was focused on BPF members in Northern California. The gifts and pledges we received from this effort permitted us to provide \$60 per year for each of the 25 children, a total of \$1500 per year; plus \$400 for equipment, and \$300 per month for supplies to the Child Care Program, primarily for two servings of milk per child per day, plus soap and towels, etc. We hope to increase the number of sponsored children. To date we have received 100 gifts and pledges from individuals, plus a grant of \$1,000 from the Buddhist Churches of America.

A little ceremony was held in Tashi Palkhiel on the day when milk was first distributed to the children in the Child Care Program. Information has been supplied to the individual sponsors of the 25 children concerning the children and their family situation.

Initially our contact with the Tibetan community in exile was limited to three Tibetans in Tashi Palkhiel who helped us develop the details of the program. We thought it appropriate, however, to advise the Tibetan government-in-exile in Dharamsala of the project and to explore the possibility of expanding the project to include other BPF Chapters and other Tibetan refugee settlements. We have been in correspondence with the Deputy Secretary of H.H. the Dalai Lama's Committee on Social Welfare, and have learned that there are over 50 camps or

settlements of Tibetan refugees in various parts of Nepal, India and Bhutan. Serious efforts have been made by the Tibetan government-in-exile, with help from a few private agencies and governments, to make these camps economically self-sufficient, but because the land made available to them is so limited and of such poor quality, many of them are unable to provide for adequate nutrition and for their other basic needs.

The Dalai Lama's Committee expressed strong support for our project in Tashi Palkhiel and urged us to provide similar assistance to the children of two additional settlements in northwestern India: the Kham Khatok Tibetan Society and the Tibetan Cholsum Industrial Society. They also suggested we provide funds for the basic food needs of fifty elderly and infirm refugees who

do not have families to support them and who reside in a newly constructed home in Tezu in northeastern India.

Up to this point we had considered our project to be for the Tibetan children living in exile, but we decided to give BPF members the opportunity to support the very old as well as the very young, and since then, a significant number of donors have asked that their gift go to support the residents of the home in Tezu.



Cholsum Refugee Camp Nursery School

To date we have received gifts and pledges totalling \$4,400. We still have a long way to go to meet our initial goals for these three settlements. To wit:

Cholsum Industrial Society

1. Sponsor the education of ten children from the neediest families — \$600.
2. Provide a midday meal and supplementary nutrition for 95 children — \$3,600.
3. Re-roof the preschool building — \$4,500.

Kham Kathok Tibetan Society

1. Provide supplementary nutrition for 60 children — \$1,600.
2. Provide medical supplies for those who cannot afford the full cost — \$1,500.

Tezu Home for Tibetan Elderly

The total cost of providing and preparing the basic food supplies for the fifty elderly and infirm residents is approximately \$10,000.

We hope that if you have not already made a contribution, you will help us to meet our goals by making

(continued on following page)

the DRAGON



who NEVER



sleeps Robert Aitken

The Dragon Who Never Sleeps by Robert Aitken

reviewed by
Stephanie Kaza

Open this book and you gaze into the mirror of Robert Aitken's no-mind. Open this book and you meet the timeless form of the gatha, in

modern dress. Gaze on this book and you recognize a jewel of wisdom in the universe of Buddhist texts.

In his latest book, Robert Aitken has given the world a remarkable set of 200 gathas, or poems for mindfulness practice. From the earliest times, gathas have been a traditional way to personalize the Buddha's teaching and root it in the activity of everyday life. As Aitken-roshi explains in his introduction, "The first line establishes the occasion, the second line presents the act of vowing, and the last two lines follow through with the specific conduct that one promises to undertake in these circumstances." Each short poem is a vow to follow the

(continued from previous page)

one now; or if you have already donated, that you will continue your generosity.

In conclusion, we would like to put this project into a broader perspective and offer some thoughts on our roles as BPF members in today's world. We assume that each of us asks herself or himself from time to time: What can I do to relieve the enormous suffering in the world which results from the vast gulf between the world's rich and poor? We believe that projects like ours give Buddhists an opportunity to express their loving kindness in a very direct way within the world Buddhist community.

Of course BPF members are only a small fraction of the American Buddhist community. We believe that many in the larger Buddhist community would support these projects if they knew about them. If anyone can supply us with up-to-date mailing lists for Buddhist groups who might want to support the Tibetan Refugee Project, please forward them to: Margo and Gordon Tyndall, 88 Clarewood Lane, Oakland, CA 94618.

Gifts to the Tibetan Refugee Project are fully tax-deductible. Checks should be made payable to Buddhist Peace Fellowship and sent to us at the above address.❖

Margo Tyndall is a Minister of Religious Education, and has been practicing Vipassana meditation for many years. D. Gordon Tyndall is a Professor Emeritus of Finance and Management Science and is the Treasurer of the BPF.

Bodhisattva way, living this reality through the truth of our own bodies. Aitken-roshi's purpose in this book is "to show how we can involve ourselves in the practice of wisdom and compassion with family and friends — with everyone and everything."

*Preparing to enter the shower
I vow with all beings
to cleanse this body of Buddha
and go naked into the world.*

Most historical gathas were written for monastic life and refer to daily activities of waking up, getting dressed, eating. But as Aitken says, "we in the modern world are children of Freud as well as of the Buddha," and we need gathas for the occasions of human interaction that raise our anger, attachment, or overexpectations. So here in this book are humorous, insightful, and poignant gathas for paying taxes, watching TV, sitting in traffic, considering offers of sex. In simple, direct language, Aitken points to the irony, conflict, and challenge of sticking with the present moment even when the children are fighting, the rainforests are being destroyed, or nuclear bombs are being used as threats.

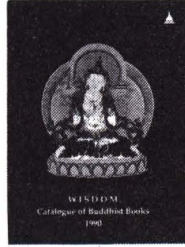
*When offered meaningless sex
I vow with all beings
to draw on my store of affection
and grace as I turn it down.*

*With tropical forests in danger
I vow with all beings
to raise hell with the people responsible
and slash my consumption of trees.*

This book is not only revolutionary in content, it is lovely poetry — from bookjacket to printed page. The hardbound edition is hand set and printed on a hand-fed press in a fine classic typeface. The poems are set graciously three to a page, leaving mostly empty space. The jacket has a simple and elegant woodcut by Marc Gripman, and is refreshingly free of any advertising for either author or book. Every aspect of this volume reflects an inspiring depth of mindfulness. Aitken-roshi has given us a sampling of his teaching revealed through the poetry of his heart and mind. One can imagine this becoming a classic text that is discovered with delight by students of Buddhism not only in the present moment, but 200 years from now.

*When people talk about war
I vow with all beings
to raise my voice in the chorus
and speak of original peace. ❖*

Hardbound copies of a limited edition (500 copies) of The Dragon Who Never Sleeps are available from Larkspur Press, Route 3, Monterey, Kentucky 40359, for \$30. A paperback version will soon be released by North Point Press, San Francisco.



THE SOCIAL FACE of BUDDHISM
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is a bimonthly newspaper established in 1978 by Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche to report on common interests of followers of contemplative traditions in the West, and to present the teachings of the Kagyu and Nyingma schools of Tibetan Buddhism. In the past 12 years of publication, it has become well known for its coverage of:

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FOR A SAMPLE ISSUE: Send \$3 to **The Vajradhatu Sun**, 1345 Spruce St., Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Forbidden Freedoms:
Beijing's Control of Religion in Tibet
 by *The International Campaign for Tibet*,
 September 1990.

Merciless Repression:
Human Rights in Tibet
 by *The Asia Watch Committee*, May 1990

reviewed by **D. Gordon Tyndall**

Neither *Forbidden Freedoms* nor *Merciless Repression* can be said to offer pleasant leisure-time reading, but both should be required reading for American Buddhists, and particularly for members of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship.

Forbidden Freedoms is concerned only with the denial of religious freedom, and tells the story from 1950 through 1989. *Merciless Repression*, on the other hand, also covers the Chinese repression of political and cultural freedoms, but concentrates on the period since September 1988, and more particularly the period from the March 1989 demonstrations in Lhasa and the resulting imposition of martial law in Tibet.

Both reports are well documented and describe in detail the brutality and thoroughness with which the Chinese authorities, assisted by a few Tibetan puppet-administrators, have carried out their efforts to crush the independent spirit of the Tibetan people and to destroy their religion and culture.

The picture given in these reports is vigorously denied by the Chinese authorities and, since both reports rely extensively on evidence from Tibetans now living in exile, it is appropriate to ask if the picture they present could be a distorted or inaccurate one.

The Chinese government has consistently refused to admit to Tibet the representatives of recognized human rights groups who seek to investigate the situation in Tibet. It is thus not possible to get a rounded and completely impartial version of the status quo inside Tibet; but the very refusal of the Chinese authorities must cast some doubt on the integrity of their claims. Moreover, the officially stated policies of the Beijing government are unambiguous in their aim to eliminate peaceful dissent: the phrase "merciless repression" itself is taken from an official Chinese communication summarizing their own response to the March uprising in Lhasa last year.

There would also seem to be at least some good evidence of Chinese intention to establish governmental control of the religious establishment in the stipulation that no novice may enter a monastery without receiving official Chinese approval. These candidates must avowedly "love Communism" and "firmly support the Socialist path."

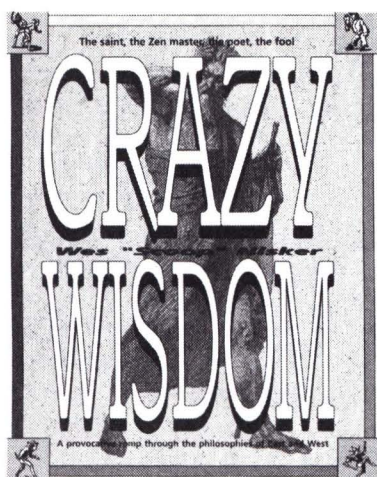
These assiduously documented books leave little doubt, whatever details may vary, that the situation in Tibet regarding basic human rights is extremely bad and that the Chinese government has consistently violated and ignored the relevant United Nations conventions which it has ratified. ❖

Copies of *Forbidden Freedoms* can be obtained from:

International Campaign for Tibet
1511 K. St., NW, Suite 739
Washington, D.C. 20005

Copies of *Merciless Repression* are available from:

Human Rights Watch
485 Fifth Ave., Third Floor
New York, NY 10017.



Crazy Wisdom

by Wes "Scoop"
Nisker

Ten Speed Press,
1990. \$12.95

reviewed by
Susan Moon

"Be humble for you are made of dung. Be noble for you are made of stars." — Serbian proverb quoted in *Crazy Wisdom*.

In the late sixties, in Boston, I used to listen to rebroadcasts of Scoop Nisker's "The Last News Show" from San Francisco's KSAN, when KSAN was the first counterculture radio station. Here was one more indication that northern California was where it was at, and Scoop's crazy wisdom was probably some part of the magnet that drew me west.

Crazy Wisdom is an encyclopedic gathering together of philosophers and visionaries from every corner of the earth and every period of recorded history, a Whole Earth Catalogue of wisdom. Nisker finds common threads that weave together the ideas of such various thinkers as Karl Jung, Kurt Vonnegut, and William Wordsworth, for example.

The two words "crazy wisdom" are not an oxymoron. On the contrary, Nisker's underlying assumption is that all real wisdom is crazy. "Conventional wisdom," he explains, "is the habitual, the unexamined life . . . lulled to sleep by the easy lies of political hacks." Clearly, this is not wisdom. But "Crazy wisdom is the challenge to all that."

Nisker divides the wise ones into four archetypes: the Clown, the Fool, the Trickster and the Jester. He takes a good look at Zen, Christian mysticism, Hasidism, Sufism, Existentialism, art, physics, and deep ecology, among other systems of thought. He makes us grateful for all the people who dared to be original, to challenge authority, to say out loud that the emperor has no clothes on. And in this way the book is inspiring and encouraging — these are the people we want for our friends. *Crazy Wisdom* is political in the best sense, encouraging us to "speak truth to power," as the Quakers say.

In the chapter "Crazy Wisdom Reads the News," Nisker addresses the threat of nuclear war and environmental destruction. "Remember, God promised He would never again destroy civilization with a great flood, but He didn't say we couldn't do it on our own."

Still, he gives us a heartening quote from John Seed: "And while it is true that 'human nature' revealed by 12,000 years of written history does not offer much hope that we can change our warlike, greedy, ignorant ways, the vastly longer fossil history assures us that we can change. . . . A certain confidence is warranted."

And Nisker's own comforting thought on the nuclear threat: "The consolation to death by nuclear war is that we won't be missing anything when we're gone. The Guinness Book of World Records will be closed."

The book is full of wonderful quotations, in the margins and in the body of the text. A couple of my favorites: "Perhaps whales came into being because nature had a lot of extra plankton and squid. What evolutionary vacuum sucked humans into existence?" from Gary Snyder; and, from Basho, "Clouds come from time to time —/ and bring a chance to rest/ from looking at the moon."

Nisker finds unfamiliar (at least to me) quotes from familiar people. "Once, Gandhi visited England's King George wearing only a loincloth, shawl, and sandals. Later, when questioned about the propriety of his attire, Gandhi replied, 'The King was wearing enough for both of us.'" Or Einstein, after Hiroshima: "If I had known they were going to do this, I would have become a shoemaker." Or Scoop himself, amending Descartes' "I think, therefore I am," to "I think, therefore I think I am."

Reading *Crazy Wisdom* is a little like going to a cocktail party with all the sages of the ages, from Lao Tsu to Allen Ginsberg. Just when you start to get into a conversation with Jesus, you overhear Gandhi and Yeats chatting nearby. You become distracted and you excuse yourself to Jesus, pretending you have to go to the bathroom.

In the first sentence of the book, Nisker says that "*Crazy Wisdom* is autobiographical." Through his work as a radio commentator, as a founding editor and writer for the Vipassana journal *Inquiring Mind*, and now as the author of *Crazy Wisdom*, he's earned the write (sic) to place himself in the lineage of crazy fools. ❖

THICH NHAT HANH'S SCHEDULE IN NORTH AMERICA, SPRING 1991

<i>Date</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>City</i>	<i>Public Lecture Location</i>	<i>Contact</i>
Tues., March 12	7:30 pm	Houston	Hamman Hall, Rice University	(713) 526-1571
Thurs., April 11	7:30 pm	Los Angeles	Veterans Auditorium, Culver City	(213) 396-5054
Friday, April 12	TBA	San Diego	U.C. San Diego	(619) 534-2501
Tuesday, April 16	7:30 pm	Berkeley	Berkeley Community Theater	(415) 525-8596
Sunday, May 12	1:00 pm	Chicago	Buddhadharma Meditation Center	(708) 475-0080
Tues., May 21	7:30 pm	Philadelphia	Hahnemann University	(215) 527-1514
Wed., May 29	7:30 pm	Washington, DC	Blair H.S., Chevy Chase, MD	(301) 652-0222
Tues., June 4	7:30 pm	New York City	Community Church of NY 40 E. 35th St., NYC 10016	NY Open Center (212) 219-3739
Tues., June 18	7:30 pm	Toronto	Zen Buddhist Temple	(416) 658-0137
Mon., June 24	7:30 pm	Montréal	To Be Announced	(514) 466-8726

<i>Date</i>	<i>Retreat/Location</i>	<i>For further information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:</i>
March 15-17	General Mindfulness Retreat Camp Olympia, Houston area	First Unitarian Church, (713) 526-1571 5200 Fannin, Houston, TX 77004
March 25-30	Retreat for Environmental Activists Ojai, California	Ojai Foundation, (805) 646-8343 Box 1620, Ojai, CA 93023
April 1-5	Retreat for Young People & Families Santa Barbara, California	Community of Mindful Living, (415) 548-6466 Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707
April 30-May 4	General Mindfulness Retreat Watsonville, California	Community of Mindful Living, (415) 548-6466 Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707
Sunday, May 5	Day of Mindfulness Spirit Rock, Woodacre, California	Community of Mindful Living, (415) 548-6466 Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707
May 6-10	Retreat for Helping Professionals Watsonville, California	Community of Mindful Living, (415) 548-6466 Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707
May 13-17	General Mindfulness Retreat Mundelein, Illinois	Buddhist Council of Midwest, (708) 475-0080 Box 7067, Evanston, IL 60201
May 24-27	General Mindfulness Retreat Front Royal, Virginia	Wash. Mindfulness Community (301) 652-0222 3712 Manor Road, #4, Chevy Chase, MD 20815
June 5-9	Retreat for Veterans and their Families Rhinebeck, New York	Omega Institute (914) 338-6030 Lake Dr., RD 2, Box 277, Rhinebeck, NY 12572
June 10-14	General Mindfulness Retreat Rhinebeck, New York	Omega Institute (914) 338-6030 Lake Dr., RD 2, Box 277, Rhinebeck, NY 12572
Sunday, June 16	Day of Mindfulness Boston area	Interface (617) 924-1100 552 Main St., Watertown, MA 02172

This tour is co-sponsored by the Buddhist Peace Fellowship and the Community of Mindful Living. For further information or for information on retreats and lectures in Vietnamese, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Community of Mindful Living, P.O. Box 7355, Berkeley, CA 94707. ♦

From the National Coordinator:

Ironically, war is good business for peace organizations; BPF is no exception. We have received a flood of new memberships and special donations of late, and the phone never stops ringing. Around the country people are searching for a way to understand this horrific war, and trying to do so from within their practice. Sometimes it takes a crisis as big as this to catch our attention, to wake us up. We sleep well with low intensity (read invisible) warfare and not so well with the visible kind.

This war is difficult to sleep through. It's hard to close our eyes to the deaths of tens of thousands in Iraq, hard to shut out the oil-covered cormorants and black waves lapping on the shore of Saudi Arabia, and impossible to shut out the American dead—their names and hometowns scrolling across the television screen each night. We may be confused about the why's and wherefore's of this war, and about the way out, but there is no mistaking the jolt of aliveness we feel now.

We are lucky to have a practice base from which to be with this war. We have the practice of staying with experience, no matter how horrible, to explore and understand it. We have the teaching of interdependence to help us deepen our relationship with each other and the people of the Middle East, and understand the causes and conditions that brought the world to this place, and our own internal formations that help create and sustain it.

And we have each other as community. Gene Knudsen-Hoffman, a long-time peace activist, said recently that the most important thing we can do for each other in this difficult time is to support each other. Live the kind of community we are trying to create. Do all you are doing to stop the bombing. But take time to just be with each other. Listen to each other express the feelings that this war brings up — the despair, anger, confusion, fear, disillusionment. This is how we feel our connectedness to each other, this is how we stay grounded, this is how we change the world.

And we are doing it. Around the country so many chapters and Buddhist groups are creating places where people can come together to “meditate, express, share, feel, listen, be, teach support, and engage as we encounter war and peace” (as the new chapter in Minnesota put it). We know the key to this is to stay connected with our deepest selves and with each other.

Most of the chapters are very engaged in activities around the war. The Boulder chapter is distributing information. The Oahu chapter meditates for peace outside, at the University of Hawaii with media coverage and has begun a campaign to conserve oil by pledging not to drive for one day a week. Mendocino had a

meeting on tax resistance, is planning Despair and Empowerment workshops, and is holding vigils. They are concerned about the us/them rhetoric and want their presence for peace to be nonconfrontational.

The New York City chapter wants to work on conscientious objector support, and raise consciousness about anti-Semitism and anti-Arab racism. Tallahassee offered a day of silence at the Unitarian Church, with no political signs; twelve hours for people to come and reflect on what is best for all sides.

Durham and East Bay participated in interfaith services and marches. Yellow Springs has a Desert Storm Memorial Wall. Northwest Washington has held vigils. Christopher Reed in Los Angeles will be holding Despair and Empowerment workshops. Pennsylvania is holding teach-ins, rallies, and town meetings. Many are doing letter-writing and postcard campaigns, and sending petitions both to the government and the media. There has been some talk of organizing a letter-writing campaign to people of the different countries of the Middle East, a kind of citizen diplomacy through the mail.

Four new chapters have come together recently, with groups forming in a number of other locations. Around the country Buddhist centers are holding meetings about the war and meditating and chanting for peace.

At the national office, we have created a statement on the war, a list of things to do, and a study and action guide that is available for \$5. We have held large town meetings for the greater local community. We are looking into establishing Buddhist affiliation as the basis for conscientious objector status. If anyone can help with this or has done some of the documentation for it please contact the national office. We have received many requests to document membership in the BPF and to write letters of support for people who wish to be C.O's.

Let us know in the office what actions you are taking. Keep each other informed through the newsletter or by writing to the other chapters of your activities. I encourage you to liason with other religious groups areas.

I will be leaving the national coordinator's job in early March to move to Chapel Hill, North Carolina. I'd like to thank you all for your wonderful spirit. I feel blessed to have been able to serve you and the Buddhist Peace Fellowship for almost two years. It has been an extraordinary opportunity to deepen my practice and understanding and to feel the greater community of which we are all a part. BPF continues to grow into its role as a vital and important center of engaged peacework. At this critical juncture in our lives, it is crucial that we continue our work in bringing the Buddha's understanding to the world. Thank you for all the good work you are doing.

In sangha,

Margaret Howe

ANNOUNCEMENTS & CLASSIFIEDS

Announcements

BPF JOB OPENING: BPF is looking for a new National Coordinator to begin work in February, 1991 (date somewhat flexible). 3/4 time. All interested should send resume and letter of interest to BPF national office.

SUMMER INSTITUTE FOR THE PRACTICE OF ENGAGED BUDDHISM:

August 16-21, 1991, Oakland, CA, with Robert Aitken, Joanna Macy, Christopher Titmuss, A.T. Ariyaratne. Come explore the best of the Buddhist and western traditions of liberation, and develop new forms of practice and community in response to the suffering and chaos of our world. Contact the BPF national office.

PEACENET MIDDLE EAST CRISIS DESK:

The PeaceNet computer network is operating a Middle East Crisis Desk to provide information by phone on nonviolent direct actions and local and regional Middle East peace organizing efforts. PeaceNet also carries important news services. Telephone and computer operators will accept or give information to anyone over the phone, by Fax, or over the worldwide PeaceNet computer network. Telephone: (415) 923-0700; Fax: (415) 923-1665.

UNDERSTANDING ARAB PERSPECTIVES,

a national conference in response to the Gulf War: March 23, 9:30-4, San Francisco. \$125. Call 415-665-1345. Co-sponsored by Tamalpais Institute, Telluride Institute, and BPF.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON BUDDHIST WOMEN,

October 25-29, 1991, at Thammasat University, in Bangkok, Thailand. Full cost of conference is approximately \$100. For information or to register, write to: Dr. Chatsumarn Kabilsingh, Faculty of Liberal Arts, Thammasat University, Bangkok 10200, Thailand.

THE VEN. LOPSANG JINPA, a young monk from Tibet, was recently awarded the Reebok Human Rights award. Lopsang Jinpa was imprisoned and tortured by the Chinese government for his part in nonviolent actions protesting the cultural and political occupation of Tibet by the People's Republic of China. He speaks from the heart about China's occupation, the place of nuns and monks in leading peaceful resistance in Tibet, the relationship of human rights to his understanding of the Buddhadharm and the integration of the religious community's protest action into their practice of Buddhism.

A speaking tour by Lopsang Jinpa for February and early March is being organized by the U.S. Tibet committee. They ask that anyone interested in helping to organize or co-sponsor talks by Lopsang Jinpa please contact Louron Hartley of the Office of Tibet at (212) 213-5010. (Fax: 212-779-9245).

HEARTS ACROSS THE GULF

Let us sit together and listen to the voices of the grandmothers within us. We women do not give our permission for this war. We were not asked if we would exchange sacred blood for oil. We do not agree to that exchange.

We are forming a local council for women to speak our truths to each other about these times and to plan strategies for how to move our convictions into action. To join us, or to form a council in your area, contact: Western Mass. Hearts Across the Gulf Council, P.O. Box 405, Greenfield, MA 01302; (413) 774-5952.

PRISON DHARMA NETWORK,

a non-sectarian Buddhist support network, provides correspondent meditation instructors and free Dharma books to prisoners upon request. Donations are needed (tax-deductible). Please send money and/or Dharma books (new or used) to PDN, attn. Vicki Shaw, P.O. Box 987, Bloomfield, CT 06002. Inquiries welcome. Make checks payable to Prison Dharma Network, Inc.

EVENTS WITH JOANNA MACY — WEST COAST:

Courage under Fire: A Despair and Empowerment Workshop, June 14-16, 1991. To register, call the California Institute of Integral Studies, San Francisco, CA; (415) 753-6100. *Workshop-Leader Training*: June 21-22, 1991. Berkeley, CA. Request registration packet from BPF National Office before June 1, 1991. Prerequisite: Attendance at Jan. or June Despair & Empowerment workshop.

EAST COAST: *World as Lover, World as Self: A Deep Ecology Workshop*, August 2-4, 1991; and *Theory and Practice of Deep Ecology Work: A Training Seminar*, August 2-8, 1991. At Clayton Court, Charleston, West Virginia.

Participants may register either for the weekend Deep Ecology workshop, or for the week-long training seminar (which includes the workshop). The training seminar is limited to 25 participants.

For more information, and to register, write to GATEWAY, 6134 Chinquapin Parkway, Baltimore, MD 21239; or call (301) 433-7873 or (703) 955-2942.

LENTEN DESERT

EXPERIENCE: Las Vegas and the Nevada Test Site, March 8-10, 1991. Celebrate ten years at the Nevada Test Site with Joanna Macy, Daniel Berrigan and many other spiritual peacemakers. Box 4487, Las Vegas, NV 89127. 702-646-4814.

THE SACRED ART OF TIBET,

a major art exhibit organized by the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco in cooperation with Tibet House, will open in San Francisco on April 17 and run through August 18, 1991.

METTA VIHARA AIDS RESIDENCE PROGRAM

for homeless persons, run by the American Buddhist Congregation, needs donations and volunteers to operate their hospice and other social service programs. Contact: American Buddhist Congregation, 120 Broadway #22-25, Richmond, CA 94804-1938; (415) 236-0908

Classifieds

BPF'S GULF WAR STUDY

GUIDES: 40 pages of articles and resources by historians, Buddhists, social activists. \$5 postpaid, from BPF office.

ALSO FOR SALE FROM BPF:

T-shirts with BPF logo in turquoise or white: \$12. Specify S, M, L, or XL.

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

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

A 25-page resource packet on Buddhist approaches to environmentally sensitive living: \$2. (Postage included in all prices.)

PERSONAL LOBBYING SERVICE

a voice for people too busy to write letters, generates 6 letters a month reflecting a humane viewpoint on: peaceful resolution of international conflicts, disarmament, environmental sanity, women's rights, human rights, etc. Subscribers sign the pre-addressed letters and mail them to their representatives and other public figures. For more information, contact Personal Lobbying Service, 2119B Essex St., Berkeley, CA 94705. 415-841-8425.

THE INFLATABLE ZAFU

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BACK ISSUES OF BPF JOURNAL

For those who have missed some of our issues, we are now offering back issues and reprints through the mail. Newsletters are available back to our first (from 1979!); what follows is a catalogue of the most recent ones. All issues are \$4 postpaid from the BPF National office. Starred issues () are available as photocopies only.*

***Summer '85:** HH Dalai Lama; Maha Ghosanaanda; Brother Chon Le; etc.

***Fall '85:** Thich Nhat Hanh on Tiep Hien Precepts.

***Winter '86:** Massachusetts Peace Pagoda; Jim Perkins' Civil Disobedience; Right Speech; Travels with Thich Nhat Hanh.

***Spring '86:** Aitken-roshi and Kenneth Kraft; Rochester Conference on Nonviolence, Chittagong Hill Tracts, Big Mountain.

***Fall '86:** Joanna Macy on Sri Lanka, Changing Buddhism; Interview with Christopher Titmuss.

***Winter '87:** Thich Nhat Hanh on Reconciliation; Christina Feldman; Nicaraguan Children; Bangladesh Campaign; Kalu Rinpoche.

***Fall '87:** Persecution of Buddhists in Vietnam; John F. Avedon on The Rape of Tibet; Right Livelihood; Poems of Insight from Retreats with Thich Nhat Hanh.

Spring '88: *Special Section on Buddhism and AIDS:* Maitri AIDS Hospice and Issan Dorsey; The Heart of Healing in AIDS by Ram Dass and Stephen Levine; The ACCESS Group. Interview with Sulak Sivaraksa; the Dalai Lama on Buddhism and Nature; BPF Report from Nicaragua; Gene Knudsen-Hoffman on Appreciating Conflict.

Fall '88: *Special Section on Burma* (10 pages); Interdenominational Floating Sangha; Sacred Waste by Joanna Macy; Art in a Global Crisis by Kaz Tanahashi; articles on Tibet, Chittagong, and Global Survival.

Spring '89: Buddhist Perspective on Conscientious Objection and War Tax Resistance; Letter on War Tax Resistance; Katy Butler on Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder: Veterans, Molested Children and The Buddha; Tibet, a Tragedy in Progress; Interviews with Mayumi Oda and Ram Dass.

Summer '89: Tibet and Tiananmen; *Special Section on Thich Nhat Hanh*, including Vietnam Vets' Retreat with Thich Nhat Hanh and Sister Phuong, by Katy Butler; TNH retreat on Buddhism and Psychotherapy; TNH Retreat with Young People. *Special*

Section on Homelessness: Interview with Richard Levine, M.D. on Medical Care for the Homeless; Socially Conscious Zen Confectioners; Zen Community Project for Single Homeless Mothers; Interview with Gary Snyder; Aitken-roshi on War Tax Resistance.

Fall '89: The Dalai Lama's Nobel Peace Prize Announcement and Acceptance Speech, and excerpts from his talks in Costa Rica and New York; Robert Aitken's Guatemalan Journal; Interviews with Desmond Tutu and Kaz Tanahashi; The Dole Boycott; Abortion.

Winter '90: Buddhists and the USSR; the Dalai Lama and the Jews; Vietnamese Refugees: Forced Repatriation; Refugee Children in Thai Camps; Interview with Tai Situ-rinpoche; More Buddhist Approaches to AIDS Care; Listening to the Libyans.

Spring '90: *Earth Day Issue.* Galen Rowell on The Agony of Tibet; Emptiness as an Environmental Ethic; Interviews with Helena Norberg Hodge on Ladakh and Dr. Chatsumarn Kabil Singh on Buddhism and Ecology in Thailand; The Los Angeles River; Int'l Network of Engaged Buddhists Report; Jungle University in Burma; A Buddhist Views South Africa; Tibetan Children in Nepal; Excerpts from talk "Feminist Perspectives on the Dharma"; Katagiri-roshi obituary.

Summer '90: Buddhists and Native Americans: An Interview with Peter Matthiessen; A Ritual for Aborted and Miscarried Children; Theater Work with Young Cambodian Refugees; Story of an Arrest; Thai Buddhist Women; Green Gulch Earth Day Ceremonies.

Fall '90: If We Go To War; Peace Message Project on the Middle East Crisis by Kaz Tanahashi; BPF Statement on the Persian Gulf Crisis; Compassionate Listening by Gene Knudsen Hoffman; Two Articles on Disability and Buddhism; The Dying of Issan Dorsey; Katagiri Roshi on Dying Together; Responding to Tibet's Eco-crisis; Democratic Reforms in Tibetan Exile Gov't; Report from Asia Watch and Review of the Situation in Burma; Essay on Jewish Buddhists. (*Quantities limited: if we sell out originals, xeroxes will be available.*) ❖

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- ❖ To bring a Buddhist perspective to contemporary peace, environmental, and social action movements;
- ❖ To encourage the practice of nonviolence based on the rich resources of traditional Buddhist teachings;
- ❖ To offer avenues for dialogue and exchange among the diverse American and world sanghas.

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