



TURNING WHEEL

Journal of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship

Winter 1997 \$4.00

A riveting issue on...

BUDDHIST PEACE FELLOWSHIP
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Work



*Sorting eggs, lawyering, entering data,
building stone walls, saving lives*



Plus: Interview with a Buddhist Army Officer



FROM THE EDITOR

Work is what most people must do, whether they want to or not. Sometimes work is what gives your life meaning. Work is how you bring home the (soybean) bacon. Work is drudgery, that which you avoid. Work is art. Work is how much weight is moved over how much distance. Work is what you sell to the capitalist boss. Work is what you do together with your family. Work is a place you go.

I work at BPF, editing *Turning Wheel*. I love my work; it gives my life meaning. It's my livelihood. I work hard, and sometimes there are moments of drudgery.

In her brilliant book, *The Body in Pain* (Oxford), Elaine Scarry speaks of "the deep ambivalence of the meaning of work in western civilization." Work, she says, is at once pain's twin and its opposite...it has repeatedly been placed by the side of physical suffering yet has, at the same time and almost as often, been placed in the company of pleasure, art, imagination, civilization."

I've struggled a lot in my life with the question of what I would do for work. I'm so lucky to have a job that combines my interest in activism, Buddhism, and the written word—three important parts of my life. I like the people I work with. I look out the window at kids from the junior high school working in the garden. And right now I'm doing the hardest part of the whole job, but also one of the most fulfilling—writing my editorial. This is work, sitting here putting words on the screen of the computer. I'm putting my whole self into this, nothing left over, wanting to let you know how it is for me, alone in the BPF office in the early morning, wishing I'd started sooner, feeling grateful to you for being there, and wondering how it is for you, what kind of a day you're having as you meet me, in the future, over this artifact, a piece of work which will be printed on the page.

We are changed by the work we do. Working is making. When we work we remake the world, and we remake ourselves. There is, after all, no fixed self. Work is karma, cause and effect, what we take responsibility for. If you make a garden, you change the landscape outside, and you change your body: maybe your muscles are stronger, maybe your back aches, maybe you eat organically raised lettuce, maybe your heart blossoms along with your sunflowers. If you work on the Internet, you change the web of communication around you, and you change your body to a heavy lump of clay forgotten in its chair. I'm changed by my work. I'm part of a dialogue in these pages. The way I think about things changes. I learn about sweatshops, and I decide to boycott a clothing company. My body is changed; my mind is changed.

There are cultures where there is no word for work. It's just being alive—it's nothing separate from being alive.

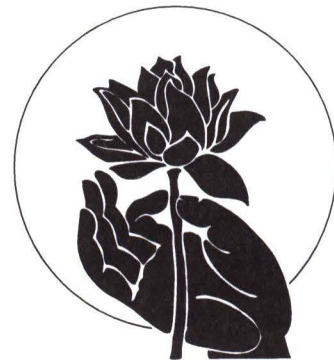
It's my understanding that in pre-industrial cultures people work slowly, and they have time for festivals. They hunt, and then they feast. In dark winters they tell stories. Closer to the equator, after a big catch they salt their fish and take a rest.

In industrial societies, we are burdened by a pressure not just to find work but to find the *right* work. We define ourselves by our work. We ask children: "What do you want to *be* when you grow up?" Some of us are workaholics, driven to work harder and harder, whether it's to make more money, save the redwoods, send the children to college, stop the plutonium, or write a book. And we are the lucky ones, who have this burden. The unlucky ones work long hours in demeaning conditions with no time or energy left for asking existential questions, or telling the family stories. Other unlucky ones are unemployed, devalued, without the faith or the resources to celebrate themselves and their community.

But somehow, I imagine that work can lead all of us to a place where we can find openings; that our work, or even our lack of it, can bring us into meaningful connection with others, reminding us that we're not alone. ❖ —Susan Moon

Coming themes for *Turning Wheel*:

Spring '97: Water—Deadline: January 6, '97; **Summer '97: Hatred**—Deadline: April 7, '97; **Fall '97: Cities**—Deadline: October 6, '97



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Susan Moon

Associate Editor

Denise Caignon

Assistant Editor

& Advertising Director

Lewis Woods

Book Review Editor

Barbara Hirshkowitz

Consulting Readers & Editors

Thelma Bryant, Tova Green, Shannon Hickey, Mushim Ikeda-Nash, Alan Senauke, Meredith Stout, Elsie Okada Tep, Diana Winston, & Peter Wood

Production & Design

Lawrence Watson

Production Assistants

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Alan Senauke

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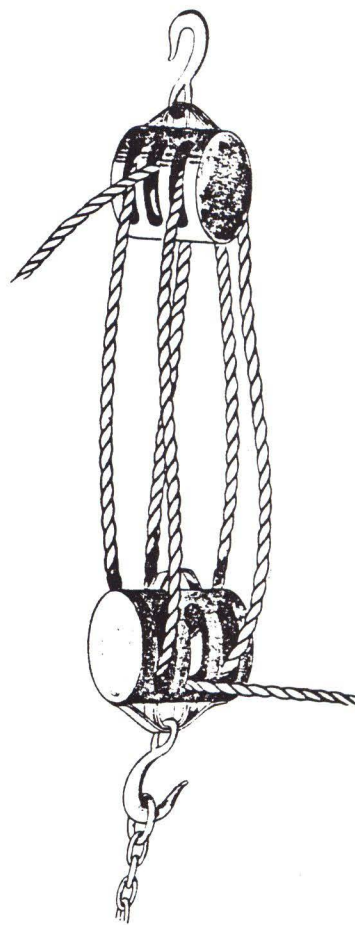
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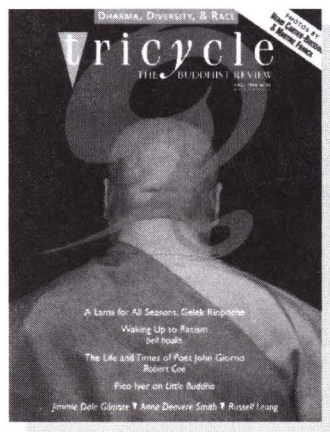
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LETTERS

Longing for Home

Reading the *Turning Wheel* on homelessness, I became aware of the long-standing longing to visit home. I was born and raised in Cambodia, and the geo-political situation forced my family to flee. I was 15 then. It's been more than 30 years since I left Phnom Penh. I have a deep longing to see, visit, experience the homeland where I was born. As this awareness arose, I thought of and identified with people around the world who have been displaced by wars and other disasters. In my deep contemplation, [I saw that] even if I had the chance to visit my homeland, the family members, the friends, the neighbors, the familiar surroundings would no longer be! And once again, I would not feel at home, but a stranger to my own homeland!

—Bo Tep, Concord, California

Nowhere to Run

I just finished reading Tony Patchell's article "Nowhere to Run." My heart aches; I'm angry, sad, mad, a whole constellation of emotions. I'm close enough to my own "inner city" (Santa Barbara) to know what's happening—but I didn't know it was so *bad*. Hope and faith came crashing—of what cloth is my practice made? It seems so tattered.

Since I cannot rescue any of Patchell's friends, it seems I need to follow where my journey leads with my particular gifts. At this time, it apparently leads to the Middle East with my Compassionate Living Project—and oh, how I bless the Tonys of this world who work where I cannot. Thank you for publishing the truth we rarely hear or see.

—Gene Knudsen Hoffman, Santa Barbara, California

Sexual Misconduct

Thank you for your willingness to discuss the issue of sexual misconduct within the American Buddhist community. Your letters and stories have helped me in my practice.

In Minnesota, the Zen Center recently settled out of court over allegations of sexual misconduct by one of its priests. And a suit has been filed against the Zen Center Board for not providing appropriate safeguards and supervision...I have observed these events unfold and the Center's response to these allegations. Your discussions around the issue have helped me to put things into broader perspective.

It seems that John Stevens was right when he said, "Whenever there is a sex scandal in a Buddhist community...the primary cause of the trouble is sure to be deceit: people deceiving their disciples, families, and friends, deceiving their communities, and lying to

themselves." (*Lust for Enlightenment*, p. 140.)

The mask of deceit is worn by many people in these situations: by the perpetrator who holds himself up as an authentic teacher of The Way; by members who are willing to protect the "family secret" because they are clinging to their small-mind beliefs of what is best for the sangha; by members who look for refuge in others, rather than themselves.

In Buddhist communities we need to ask ourselves the hard questions: How does this relate to me and my experiences with authority figures, power, and sex? Why is it painful for me to discuss the issue? What does it mean when a lineage has been tainted by sexual misconduct? What does it mean to be an authentic teacher? Does dharma transmission mean that the recipient is truly enlightened, and does anyone who receives transmission have the right to teach? Where can authentic Buddhism really be found?

—Mary Hayden, St. Paul, Minnesota

Disney in Haiti

I'm responding to Gordon Tyndall's letter "Disney in Haiti?" in your previous issue. Technically, Gordon's point is well taken that Disney does not directly own plants in Haiti, but instead operates through contract vendors. However, "contracting out" is one of the most important vehicles employers are using to "down-size" and replace well-paid employees, who receive benefits, with cheaper labor. (The fight against "contracting out" to protect union jobs is the number one priority of many labor unions in both the public and private sectors—witness the recent GM strikes in Canada and the U.S.) Particularly in the garment industry, hugely profitable corporations completely disconnect the pink- and white-collar workers in corporate administration from the contracted-out (overseas or immigrant) blue-collar workers who actually sew the clothes, for miserable by-the-piece wages and no benefits of any kind. So it is with Disney in Haiti.

Gordon is mistaken when he says "our Haitian friends want us to...pressure Disney to cancel the licenses of manufacturers who violate Haitian laws." The Draft Model Letter that the National Labor Committee asks us to send to Disney CEO Michael Eisener (who made \$97,000 an *hour* in 1993) reads: "To be very clear, I want Disney to stay in Haiti." No Haitian I've ever met wants the garment factories to leave. What the workers want are the following:

1. For Disney to stay in Haiti, and for top Disney executives to visit the homes of workers and see for themselves how these women try to raise families on wages as low as 28 cents per hour. (The NLC has documented such wages in videotaped interviews.)

2. For Disney to demonstrate true respect for family values by requiring its contractors to pay living wages. The workers themselves proposed a wage of 58 cents

per hour. A nearby Canadian T-shirt manufacturer pays 90 cents an hour and still makes a substantial profit.

3. For local non-governmental organizations (NGOs) and human-rights groups to do independent monitoring of factory conditions.

4. Guarantees of human, worker, and environmental rights, including the rights to unionize and to have safe, sanitary working conditions.

Gordon objects to "asking an American company to be responsible for the enforcement of Haitian laws." I would ask why he doesn't seem as concerned about the following clear violations of Haitian sovereignty by the U.S. government and others:

- USAID spent \$26 million of U.S. taxpayer money to lobby against an increase in the minimum wage to \$4/day by the pre-coup Aristide government. The post-coup Aristide government raised the wage to its current \$2.40/day level, still starvation standards. (The workers often feed their infants sugar water instead of milk.)

- The World Bank and USAID have withheld portions of promised aid to Haiti until the Haitian government agrees to privatize nine essential, government-owned industries: sources of revenue to a government treasury that was robbed into bankruptcy by the exiled military dictators.

- The U.S. military stole an estimated 150,000 pages of Haitian military documents during the restoration of

President Aristide to power, documents that possibly implicate our government in the coup itself. We have denied all requests from Haiti to get the documents back.

- The U.S. resists the extradition of CIA-backed, Haitian death-squad leader Emmanuel Constant despite Haitian diplomatic requests. He lives free in Brooklyn.

Gordon's letter expressed sincere concern for Haitian workers, should Disney decide to pull out because of protests, but I don't believe he understands how dire the current economic conditions are for Haitians. He talks about a "false comparison" between Haitian and American standards, but in Haiti basic necessities such as milk, eggs, gasoline, and imported medicines cost *more* than in the United States. These women workers don't have enough to eat, and they can't feed or buy medicines for their children.

Meanwhile, one of the most powerful corporations in the world is getting rich off their labor, as it blathers on about "family entertainment." The National Labor Committee has produced a 17-minute video called "Mickey Mouse Goes to Haiti," featuring interviews with workers in their homes, where 10 families share a latrine. Available from the NLC, 275 Seventh Ave., New York NY, 10001; tel: 212/242-3002; fax: 212/242-3821. To express your opinion to Disney, write: Michael Eisener, CEO, Walt Disney Co., 500 South Buena Vista St., Burbank, CA 91521. His fax is: 818/846-7319.

—Charlie Hinton, San Francisco, California

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READINGS

Mickey & Co — Made In Burma

Disney has joined the ranks of companies putting profits in the pockets of the military dictatorship in Burma. Some of Disney's "Mickey & Co" children's jerseys and sweatshirts are made by the Yangon assembly plant in Burma which is 45 percent owned by the military holding company, the Union of Myanmar Economic Holdings (UMEH). On top of that, the Burmese government collects a 5 percent tax on all exports. Wages in the sweatshops in Burma are only 48 cents a day. In fact the cost of producing garments is so low that over 60 companies in the U.S. are importing apparel from Burma. And 66 percent of the apparel exported worldwide by Burma goes to the U.S.

Nobel Peace Prize-winner Archbishop Desmond Tutu said, "Only when serious sanctions started to take a significant economic toll on my country did the road to real reform begin...International pressure can change the situation in Burma. Tough sanctions, not constructive engagement, finally brought the release of Nelson Mandela and the dawn of a new era in my country. This is the language that must be spoken with tyrants, for, sadly, it is the only language they understand."

Support the movement for democracy in Burma by sending a letter to Michael Eisner, Chief Executive Officer of Disney, demanding that they stop doing business there. Address it to Michael Eisner, CEO, Walt Disney Company, 500 South Buena Vista Street, Burbank, CA 91522, Fax # 818-846-7319. (See letter, p. 5.)

Mobile Medical Teams on the Burma Border

For the last two years BPF has been able to sponsor mobile medical teams on the Burma border with generous grants from the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation. Several weeks ago we received detailed documentation and photographs of the 1996 projects from our friends at the Burmese Relief Centre in Chiang Mai, Thailand, who administered this year's grant of \$7000.

Three mobile teams of local doctors and medics provided treatment and health education to villagers and displaced people in the Min Ywa area, Northern Ye township, and the Mudraw district of Burma, not far from the Thai border. The BPF funds also provided medicine to the All Burma Young Monks Union for monks in refugee camps in Thailand, Bangladesh, and India.

Altogether the teams spent more than ninety days in the forest, traveling mostly on foot. The most common problems they saw were malnutrition among children, malaria, worms, respiratory and intestinal infections, and complications of childbirth. All told, the mobile teams provided treatment for more than 5,600 Burmese who would not otherwise have had any medi-

cal care. Many would have died. At an average expense of \$1.25 per treatment this is intensely cost-effective care. We are grateful to the Kaiser Foundation and especially to the medics who carry their compassion freely to their people. Readers who wish to support these teams for 1997 are invited to make donations to BPF earmarked for "mobile medical teams."



Medic treats Burmese refugees

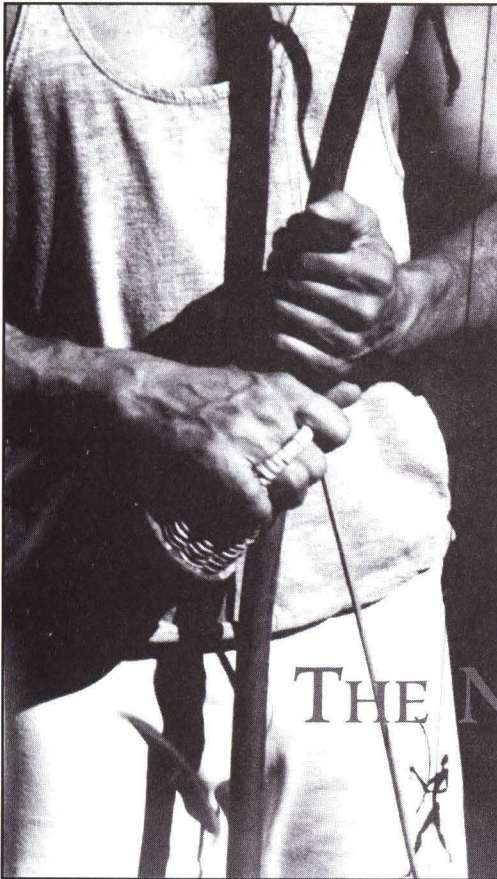
Peacemakers "On-Line"

With the assistance of eight Nobel Peace Prize winners, young people are being shown how to be peacemakers via the World Wide Web. Information on the lives and work of Archbishop Desmond Tutu, the Dalai Lama, Aung San Suu Kyi, Rigoberta Menchu Tum, President Oscar Arias Sanchez, Betty Williams, Mariad Corrigan Maguire, and President Nelson Mandela is featured in Peacejam at <http://www.peacejam.org>. A brief browse-through (crawl-through?) provides biographical information as well as texts of their speeches and writing. This innovative program also includes a series of youth conferences. Through Peacejam, the Nobel Laureates are sharing their understanding of how each one of us can build peace in our own community.

Liverpool and East Timor are Interdependent

A British Court in Liverpool made a landmark decision last July in support of four women protesting genocide in East Timor. The women, who had broken into an airplane hangar and damaged a Hawk fighter jet at British Aerospace's plant at Warton last January, were found not guilty of criminal charges.

The jet was scheduled to go to Indonesia. These women feared that the jet would be used by the Indonesian government to intimidate the East Timor people and halt their protests against the Indonesian occupation. Having exhausted all other means to stop the shipment of arms to Indonesia, they took the only action they felt was left to them to halt British support



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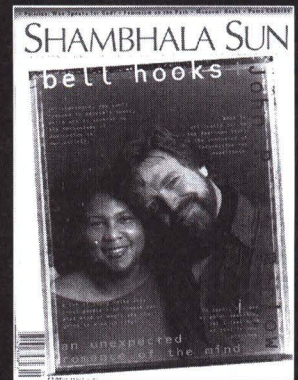
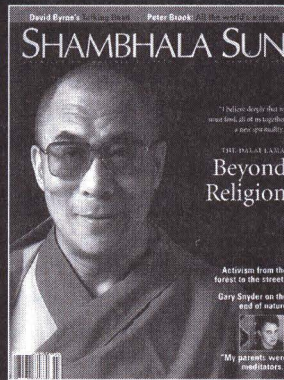
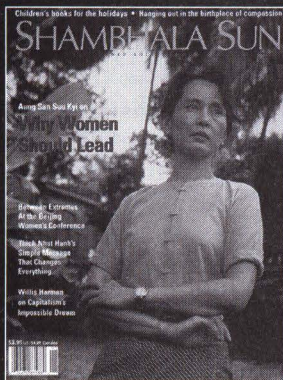
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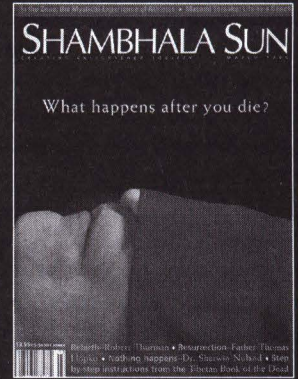
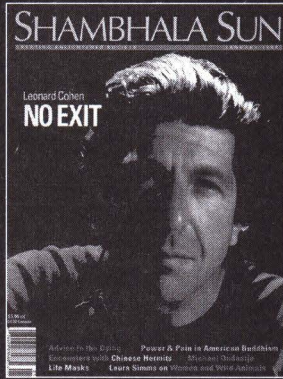
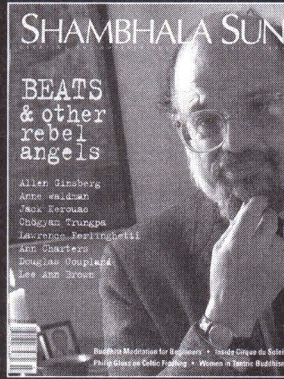
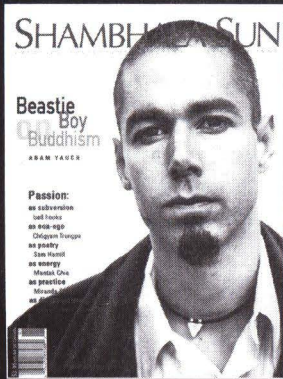
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of Indonesia's genocide. Amnesty International estimates that 200,000 Timorese out of a total population of 600,000 (one third of the population) have died under Indonesian rule in the past two decades. Hawk fighter jets have been flying low over the city of Dili, the capital of East Timor, to remind the Timorese of the Indonesian military power.

Citing international and British legislation against genocide, the women successfully argued that some crimes can be committed for the greater good, to prevent a greater crime. (This is similar to the "Defense of Necessity" in the U.S.) The verdict is clearly a criticism of the British government's support of the Indonesian government, despite repeated United Nations condemnations of Indonesian attacks on the population of occupied East Timor.

Ban Landmines Now!

At a Conference in Ottawa in October 1996, the International Campaign to Ban Landmines reaffirmed its commitment to work for an international agreement to ban landmines: their production, stockpiling, transfer, and use. The conference was attended by 50 countries and numerous non-governmental organizations and international agencies representing a wide cross-section of the world's peoples.

The Conference formulated an Agenda for Action outlining actions on the global and regional level to build support for a ban of AP (anti-personnel) mines as soon as possible, as well as programs to deal with the humanitarian crisis already caused by AP mines.

A major goal of the group is passage of a United Nations General Assembly Resolution promoting an international agreement to ban AP mines. A time-frame was set leading up to the signing of an international treaty banning landmines. Canada's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lloyd Axworthy, proposed that this treaty be targeted for signature in December 1997 in Ottawa.

At the national level, the U.S. Campaign to Ban Landmines (USCBL) has asked President Clinton to ban U.S. production and exportation of AP mines, to claim no exceptions to the ban and to divulge details on U.S. landmine holdings. It also calls for implementation of the June 1996 Organization of American States (OAS) Resolution calling for the establishment of a hemispheric mine-free zone. USCBL is critical of the U.S.'s past unwillingness to commit to a time-frame for a ban, and urges the president to work for the signing of a treaty in December 1997.

For more information contact: Mary Wareham, Coordinator, U.S. Campaign to Ban Landmines, Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation, 2001 S St, NW, Ste. 740, Washington, DC 20009; tel: 800/853-9292; fax: 202/483-9312 or 483-9314; e-mail: mary@vi.org or banminesusa@vi.org; website: <http://www.vvaf.org>.

Headwaters—6 Ancient Groves, 60,000 Acres

On September 15, 1996, a small number of BPF members from Northern California and I joined with some 5,000 others in the mass rally in Carlotta, California in support of the Headwaters Redwood Forest complex. The six ancient groves are the last unprotected stands of old-growth Redwood trees in the state. At the time of the September 15 rally, all six groves were still intact, having benefited from the responsible (no lay-offs, no clear-cuts) policies of Pacific Lumber before it was acquired in a hostile takeover by Maxxam and Charles Hurwitz in the Fall of 1985.

There was no visible Buddhist presence at the rally, but the bodhisattva spirit was well represented by a local rabbi from the town of Carlotta. She reminded us of the humanity and the goodness of the loggers whose livelihoods are as threatened by Maxxam's owner Charles Hurwitz's clear-cutting policies as the forest is. I was also moved by the words and presence of one of my heroes, Judi Bari. I do have to say, however, that it was difficult for me at times to actually feel the magnitude of the threat to the forest habitat and its spiritual import in the midst of the party-like atmosphere and all the pot smoking.

After the rally we marched through the small town of Carlotta to the gate of Pacific Lumber's logging road to the Headwaters complex. Over 1,000 of us waited our turns to cross the green line in civil disobedience. By the time we were all across, the sun had long since set and the sheriffs had run out of arrest forms.

I wish I could say that our actions that day moved the politicians to save all six groves and 60,000 acres from the hands of Hurwitz. Instead, we got a bogus deal to save a 7,500-acre tree museum—a deal that not only allowed Hurwitz to desecrate four of the six old-growth groves through "salvage" logging, but also to hold the remaining groves hostage during negotiations over his habitat conservation plan.

Earth First! and others have been leading a valiant—and nonviolent—fight on the ground, in the trees, and in the board of forestry hearing rooms. Still, corporate greed seems to have the upper hand at the moment. Charles Hurwitz has demonstrated that he neither cares about the people of Humboldt county nor the forest habitat he intends to destroy. And Pete Wilson, Diane Feinstein, and the Clinton administration have thus far given us nothing but political gestures in bad faith. If they are to be stopped, if our elders, the great trees, are to be saved, we are all going to have to do our share. Contact the Mendocino Environmental Center to find out how you can do yours.

Mendocino Environmental Center, 106 West Standley St., Ukiah, CA 95482; 707/468-1660. Earth First! is in separate need of funds. Checks should be made payable to Earth First! and sent to the above address.

—Lewis Woods, BPF Staff

Metta-Dana Project In Burma

"The Wachet Jivatadana Hospital—serving monks, nuns, and poor lay people for free—stands mostly empty for lack of personnel and medical supplies. The Wachet village primary school is only able to serve a small number of the area's children, 75 percent of whom are unable to continue school beyond 4th grade due to lack of funds. When I learned that it cost only \$25 annually to fund one child in school, or \$50 for a 6-month supply of medicine to treat the village for malaria, I felt compelled to help."

So writes Steven Smith, a young American Buddhist traveling in Burma. When he saw the situation described above, Steven started a project, the Metta-Dana Project, to help provide desperately needed medical and educational assistance. The initial goals for the project are to provide funds to hire an experienced hospital administrator and a surgeon, and purchase essential medical supplies; and to raise scholarship money for as many students as possible. The Project has already helped 20 children continue their education beyond 3rd or 4th grade and provided funds for medicine, and for a search for a full-time senior physician and hospital administrator. This hospital, which combines both modern and traditional (native Burmese) approaches to healing, is also interested in a learning/exchange program with western physicians.

Steven's Buddhist practice led him to Burma, where he spent over four months in silent retreat. He will be returning to this community to lead a seven-week retreat from January 7 to February 28, 1997.

For more information contact; Steven Smith, Metta-Dana Project, 380 Portlock Road, Honolulu, HI 96825; 808/395-5301; email: mettdana@aol.com.

PLEASE HELP!

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Stop Sweatshops!

Sweatshops were eliminated in the U.S. in the first half of this century thanks to labor unions. Now sweatshops are proliferating all over the world, and they are back in the U.S., too, where workers labor in exploitative conditions unseen since the turn of the century.

Today's sweatshop is a product of the global economy. Large retailers and manufacturers seeking greater profits contract production wherever labor costs are low, whether in China or Los Angeles. UNITE!—the Union of Needletrades, Industrial and Textile Employees—estimates that 2,000 of the 6,000 garment shops in New York City are sweatshops, and that 4,500 of the 5,000 garment shops in Los Angeles are sweatshops.

Sweatshops are most prevalent in the apparel industry, but they also exist in an increasing number of manufacturing and service industries.

UNITE!, along with a coalition of other groups, has started a campaign called "Stop Sweatshops." The campaign is currently focusing on Guess!, most of whose clothing is produced by contracting shops in Los Angeles. Many of these factories are sweatshops, where workers are underpaid and labor long hours in unsafe and unhealthy working conditions, in violation of basic U.S. labor laws.

You can help by writing a letter to Maurice Marciano, Guess Inc., 1444 S. Alameda St., Los Angeles, CA, asking him to ensure that Guess clothing is produced in fair working conditions. And you can find out more about the Stop Sweatshop campaign from UNITE!, 815 16th St. NW, Washington, DC 20006; 202/347-7417; website: www.uniteunion.org.

Another excellent organization is the California-based coalition called Sweatshop Watch. Join and get their newsletter by contacting them at 468 Bush St., 3rd Floor, San Francisco, CA 94108; tel: 415/391-1655. ♦

IN MEMORIAM

Roshi Jiyu Kennett, founder and abbess of Shasta Abbey in Northern California, died on November 6 after a long illness. She had been suffering the long-term effects of diabetes.

Roshi Kennett was the dharma heir of Keido Chisan Koho Zenji, abbot of Dai Hon Zan Sojiji in Yokohama, one of two head temples of the Soto Zen Sect in Japan. She came to the United States in 1969, and founded the Zen Mission Society, later called The Order of Buddhist Contemplatives, shortly after that. She was born in Sussex England on January 1, 1924, and served in the Royal Navy during WW II. She was abbot of a small temple in Japan before coming to the United States.

Roshi Kennett was the first woman in the West to have full authorization as a Soto Zen teacher. She authored many books on Zen Buddhism, including *Selling Water by the River*, and *How to Grow a Lotus Blossom*.

NOT SO FAST

by Stephanie Kaza

Last week I received a plain tan brochure in the mail from a friend. The simple type and unpretentious layout were complemented only by a small picture of a stubby pencil. It was an invitation to join the Lead Pencil Club—"a pothole in the information superhighway." Inspired by Henry David Thoreau, whose father made fine pencils in early 19th-century America, the club deplored "the amoral, mindless, commercial frenzy of an age that is spurred on by an increasing array of electronic gadgetry." Thoreau himself warned early on that "our inventions are wont to be pretty toys which distract our attention from serious things."

The club's motto? "Not so fast." This seemed to line up pretty well with the spirit of Buddhist practice. The club sees the pencil as a symbol for what is "simple, personal, and thoughtful." Yes, I thought. That is how it feels when I use a pencil. Sensual, I would add, as the act of writing involves contact. Pencil to paper, hand to pencil—a felt experience that happens slowly enough that I can actually stay in my body. Contrast this with the speed-typing I manage on the computer—I race, I fly, I tear through word-land! And later, when I go home at night, I am weary from living in my head.

Rubbing this soft graphite across the page is calming. There is a lovely uneven organic sound of substance contacting substance. The writing is in my body, the work comes from my hand. The human hand—what marvelous intelligence dwells here! The hand that knits, the hand that kneads bread, the hand that weaves baskets and shapes pots. Just recently in the local Mexican restaurant in Napa, I saw two men making sugar skulls for Dia de la Muerta (Day of the Dead). I watched spellbound as they poured molten sugar into molds and decorated the eyes and teeth with squiggly frosting. Deft, familiar, their confident hands at work. I could imagine my own hands moving in the same way; my joy in their work was in turn a celebration of human capacity.

As more and more things are mass-produced by machines or degraded by sweatshop labor, I find myself yearning for signs of loving human contact—for things that have been touched with awareness, created by the whole body. I'm drawn to handbuilt pottery, handmade paper, hand-drawn sketches. I'm hungry to taste the handwork of home-cooked meals; I'm eager for beauty that reflects the skilled hands of the maker.

Loving the earth and working for the earth happens in the body. Interpenetration of forms depends on bodies. Simple sensory contact offers a meeting point. And so I

(Continued on following page)

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In addition, Thubten Dhargye Ling and UCLA Extension are co-sponsoring a course, "Buddhism in the Modern World" in the January 1997 quarter. This will be taught by Dr. B. Alan Wallace, featuring masters from seven Buddhist traditions and professors of psychiatry, psychology and physics. For information, call UCLA Extension 310-825-2301.

PO CHU I

by Diane Patenaude Ames

Amid a dazzling performance by musicians and dancers, a hundred porters marched into the Chinese imperial palace, struggling to carry one of the most magnificent carpets the world had ever seen—a gift for the emperor from the governor of Hsuan-chou. When the courtiers saw how the thing covered the entire Hall of Spreading Fragrance, how every ounce of it was silk and every inch was a work of art, they predicted a bright future for the governor of Hsuan-chou. Many provincial governors had tried to advance their own careers by making lavish “gifts” to the emperor at public expense, but this was a master stroke. No one dared to decry such expenditure of the province’s taxes, of its silk, of the labor of its silk weavers, at a time when most of China’s population was in rags—no one except the devout Buddhist poet and social critic whose poetic protest, “The Red Embroidered Carpet,” has excoriated the governor of Hsuan-chou down through the centuries: Po Chu I (772–846).

From the day that he passed the daunting civil service examinations and joined the imperial bureaucracy, Po never learned the prudent art of keeping his opinions to himself. The emperor soon rued the day that this man was appointed imperial censor in 808; censors

were supposed to report official abuses, but they were also supposed to know when to quit. They were not supposed to tell the emperor to stop accepting those gubernatorial gifts or to reduce the size of his harem. Neither were they supposed to spend their spare time writing poems denouncing the infamous carpet or protesting against the military draft. Certainly they were not supposed to exclaim, “Your Majesty is wrong!” when the emperor refused to end a bloody and unwinnable war. But Po Chu I did all of these things. Eventually his many enemies got him exiled to then-remote Szechuan, where he was supposed to get malaria and die, but he survived. He then went back to the capital and criticized the emperor again.

To go on fighting his hazardous and losing battle to keep the rotten socio-political system of T’ang China from destroying itself, Po Chu I found it necessary to cultivate Buddhist non-attachment to career, comfort, and life itself. For years he practiced Ch’an (Chinese Zen) meditation and performed devotional practices aimed at attaining rebirth in Amitabha Buddha’s Pure Land. The only way to know inner peace in the midst of political storms is to recognize the emptiness of all worldly success, he declared in poems like this one (Howard Levy, *Translations from Po Chu I’s Collected Works*, Paragon):

*If you wish to get rid of the illness of worry-anxiety,
take up and read the Ch’an sutras.
Realize that all things are empty;
don’t let your thoughts be enmeshed in plans.
Please think of the dream in spring frolic,
this dream—how fleeting it is!
Lascivious beauty is then an empty flower,
the floating world is then a scorched grain.
A good marriage is in fine pairing,
but in an instant one becomes single and alone.
One enters service on a self-glorification wish
but in an instant becomes degraded and disgraced.*

Indeed, Po Chu I was to die in exile and obscurity, his life endangered to the end—but he was not forgotten. His poems, and his devotion to the oppressed, are still celebrated today. ❖

Not So Fast (continued from previous page)

return to the virtues of the pencil— “simple, personal, and thoughtful”—an invitation to work in this earth body in this body’s time-frame. In a world absorbed by speed and fascinated with gadgets, writing by pencil loads the odds for being present and paying attention. Scritch, scratch, my hand flows across the page. Scritch, scratch, words are singing through this pencil. ✍ ✍ ✍

For more information, write to the Lead Pencil Club, P.O. Box 380, Wainscott, NY 11975



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ON ZEN WORK

by Norman Fischer

[The following article is based on a dharma talk delivered at Green Gulch Farm on May 5, 1996.]

Pai Chang was the Zen Master famous for establishing the Zen monastic rule. He was always very insistent on working every day. When he was old he persisted in this, and the monks felt sorry for him so they hid his tools. He said, "I have no virtue. Why should others work for me?" And he refused to eat. He said, "A day of no work is a day of no eating." This saying became very famous in Zen circles, and to this day the Zen schools are noted for their practice of work.

Once Yun Yen asked Pai Chang, "Every day there's hard work to do. Who do you do it for?" Pai Chang said, "There is someone who requires it." Yun Yen said, "Why not have him do it himself?" Pai Chang said, "He has no tools."

If you really think about what work is you see that everything is work—being alive and in a body is already work. Every day there is eating and shitting and cleaning up. There is brushing and bathing and flossing. Every day there is thinking and caring and creating. So there's no escape from work—it's everywhere. For Zen students there's no work time and leisure time; there's just lifetime, daytime and nighttime. Work is something deep and dignified—it's what we are born to do and what we feel most fulfilled in doing.

Even within conventional notions of work there are a lot of kinds of work. There's administrative work, clerical work, creative work, and emotional work. Clearly all these forms of work are important and useful, but in religious practice, especially in Zen, there is a special place given to physical work and the dignity of physical work.

I am a little embarrassed to be speaking about physical work because I don't do that much of it these days and haven't done that much of it throughout my life. When I was young I used to have very little use for it. But probably the most important thing I have learned in my years of Zen practice is to appreciate physical work and to honor it as a special practice. So even though I do not have great skills as a worker I hope I have a good spirit for work. Most of the physical work I do nowadays is housework—dishes and bed-making

and taking out the garbage and compost and recycling. And I always enjoy our temple communal work times, hoeing together in the early mornings, or digging, or planting potatoes, or the long *soji* [temple cleaning] periods every month.

I think we are lucky at Green Gulch to have as much work as we do. Work brings us together and makes us into a real community. There are many places to do sesshins and retreats, but it's not the same when the members of a community don't have real work they need to accomplish together. When there's real physical work we struggle together and create a place together, and that place then inspires our practice on a daily basis because we know we have worked to make it.

At Green Gulch we have good basic work—taking care of land, growing flowers and food that will actually be used by people, making good soil and a sustainable agriculture and horticulture. We also have the practice of cooking food and of cleaning up after cooking. And we have the practice of taking care of guests—making beds and cleaning the guest house, mak-

ing spaces feel beautiful and warm. And we have the very fundamental work of stewardship of the physical plant—making sure the invisible things—like sewage and water—as well as the visible things—like buildings and walkways and cars and trucks—will be in working order when we need them. All these forms of work are really wonderful. We couldn't ask for more straightforward and meaningful work.

I recently gave a weekend poetry workshop at Green Gulch. One man, an older retired man who had lived a full life, was very moved by the weekend, but his being moved had nothing to do with the poetry. What moved him was the feeling he had about our community. He said he was so touched by the way the guest house was taken care of, the way the dining room was taken care of, the quality of the food, the way people treated him and seemed to treat each other. He had gone into the kitchen at midnight and found fresh bread there with butter, freely offered—this really impressed him! He said that after a whole lifetime of working within organizations he had become pretty cynical, that he'd seen many organizations begin with lots of idealism but very soon devolve into battles for turf and the usual pettiness and meanness, and he had the strong view that all organizations must be this way. So he was very surprised by

Being alive and in a body is already work. Every day there is eating and shitting and cleaning up. There is brushing and bathing and flossing.

his feeling that our organization was somehow different. I didn't bother to mention to him that we too have our turf battles and our pettiness, because our life here at Green Gulch is not so different from anywhere else. And yet I think there is something else that happens at Green Gulch that comes from our commitment to the bodhisattva path, a commitment that isn't just theoretical or emotional, but is grounded in the daily activity of our shared work.

I would like to distinguish between two modes of work practice. One is work as meditation and the other is work as giving, or work as love, or maybe simply, work as offering.

Work as meditation happens when the work you are doing is very simple and repetitive, and it can involve an actual meditation practice that you do as you are working—like being aware of your hands and feet, or of your tool as it moves, or of the rhythm of your movements in the work. Most physical work involves some sense of rhythm or timing. When you can enter into this timing and flow with it, you can work very efficiently and at the same time be very relaxed. You enter into something bigger than the thoughts inside your head or your distractions and complaints. Work as meditation can also involve periodic pauses during the work to recollect yourself—to go to your breath, or stop for a moment to come back to the present if your mind is wandering. In some of our work places we have the custom of striking a bell every now and then to bring us back. Just as in *zazen*, you can be aware of your mind as you work and keep trying to bring it back to the task at hand all the time, even when there is no bell or no special pause.

In this kind of work there isn't too much thinking or planning or conceptualizing. There's no worry about how much you are getting done, though you do try to do what you are doing efficiently and beautifully, without hurrying. This is the kind of work we do during work periods in *sesshin* or during *saji* periods. Not rushing to get the dishes washed or the compost buckets emptied so you can get onto the more important job, which is the way I used to view physical work before I began my Zen study, but just appreciating work for what it is—a thorough-going engagement with

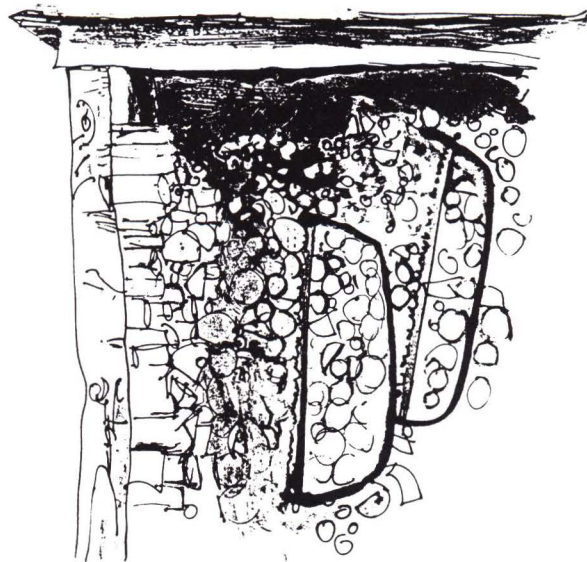
our life. We have a custom during our monastic training periods at Tassajara of assigning the cleaning of the toilets to the head monk. The head monk is a highly honored person in the practice period and assigning him or her this job is a way of saying that even this work, which may seem lowly, is special work when it is practiced in the spirit of meditation.

There are a few important ways to practice with this kind of work. One important way is silent work. When we work silently we put ourselves more fully into our actual working, with more clarity and with more gusto. Silent work isn't strictly silent. It's OK to talk about the task—where we put something or where to get something or how to do something, but we don't have conversations or make social talk. There's a time for that too, but if we always chat when we work we won't appreciate the depth of the work and we also won't appreciate how wonderful it is to chat together.

Second, there is bowing in and bowing out. Beginning work together with incense and a bow really helps to remind us that we're working together, even if we go off to different locations, and it helps to remind us that our work is an offering.

Next is cleaning up and caring for our tools. If we do a flurry of work and don't leave time to care for our tools or clean up, we'll come back to work the next time and we won't be able to begin well. We'll end up having to look for something we've misplaced, or we'll have a sour feeling seeing such a mess. It's good to start every work session with our workspace and tools in order. This can be hard to do—in fact it's one of my biggest problems in my personal work. I get confused and sidetracked and I don't leave things in a good state when I stop work, and this snowballs. But I am very clear about the consequences of this—it leaves me in an even bigger state of confusion. So I am working

hard on this myself and it is definitely improving. It's important to have a sense that we have finished something before we go on to the next thing. Even if we can't finish a task, we can try to bring it to a place that has a feeling of finishing, to a particular stage, and we can take a moment at least to consider where we have gotten to before we go on to something else, rather than just dropping one task and flying off into something else. And this includes cleaning and maintaining our tools.



Rebecca Sutherland, *Woodshed and Saws*

The second kind of work practice, work as giving or as offering, is not as simple as this kind of work and sometimes it's not so relaxing. The essential characteristic of work as offering is not the how of the work—because there may be a variety of ways to accomplish the work depending on the situation. Here the crucial factor is the underlying attitude and purpose of the work. Our work is an offering: we are accomplishing it for the benefit of Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha—in other words, for the benefit of others. So work as offering is a kind of burning up of the self in the activity of work. Just doing it completely without holding anything back. There's no sense of an observer or of any practice at all. There's just doing what you do completely with a good spirit.

This reminds me of the story about Pai Chang. We work hard because there is someone who requires it. Who is that someone? We can say all beings, we can say reality itself, we can say Buddha, but none of these is quite accurate. Someone requires it and maybe it is best to say we don't know who that someone is. Why doesn't this person do it herself? Because we are her tools. Our body, our mind, and our whole life are her tools. So we throw ourselves into our work with a lot of verve and joy

In this kind of work there may be lots of planning and organizing and concern about how much money we make or how much work we get done. But the reason we are concerned about all this is not because we want to get rich or become famous or get a promotion—the reason is that we love the one who requires us to work and we want to do as good a job for that one as possible. So this kind of work is a little difficult and we have to take care of ourselves in the midst of it, but it is also very fascinating, because every task requires a different kind of effort and we need to discover the kind of effort that is appropriate. And we need always to reflect on our attitude and to see how we are doing. Complaining a lot or feeling like we're working too hard or joylessly are signs that we're forgetting to *offer* our work—we're sliding into a conventional view of work for pay or profit or promotion, a view that serves no one. It takes the joy out of work. It makes us feel pressured; it grinds us down. No amount of money and prestige justifies wasting our precious time, our precious life, doing something that isn't important to us. We need to feel that we are choosing to work because a human being works for the one who requires it. This is what a human being does. Fish swim and birds fly; humans work. This is our life and our joy.

As some of you may know, I have been exploring the possibility of setting up a restaurant in the new shopping development in Marin City near Green Gulch. I believe this Zen approach to work is important for everyone, not just Zen students, and especially for people for whom the most creative jobs in our society are not an option. Social welfare people say it's not

enough to get someone off dope or out of jail—they have to have hope—and this means a job. And the dream for this restaurant is that it would provide jobs for people in Marin City and eventually be owned and operated by people in Marin City.

But the truth is, just having a job isn't enough to give you true hope. A lot of ex-cons do get jobs but they end up going back to jail because although they have a job they don't have a vision for how to do that job in a way that makes it fulfilling. If you don't see how you can become fulfilled through your job, then it is natural that you will feel taken advantage of, and the job will become not a source of hope but another way for you to feel denigrated and exploited. I imagine a restaurant in which every worker can practice making an offering. When we make wholehearted offerings, we always receive more than we have given. We receive our freedom and our dignity.

The other day I drove by a garden under construction in Mill Valley. All of the men working in the garden were Hispanic. And it reminded me that in most of the Western world white people do the management and people of color do the physical work. I saw it in

Fish swim and birds fly; humans work.

This is our life and our joy.

Israel when I visited there some years ago, and it is the case in many European countries as well.

Everyone loses in a situation like this. The managers begin to develop the idea that physical work is beneath them, and the physical workers begin to overlay their work with a sense of its inferiority. So the managers lose their bodies, and their connection to the actual tasks that support their lives. They become abstract and ideological, they become ungrounded. And the physical workers lose their sense of dignity and ownership of the work they do. Such a social situation can't be healthy. How can there be justice if management people can't understand or appreciate working people? And how can working people grow and develop if they don't have a sense of the dignity of their work?

The training that we do together through physical work in places like Green Gulch is important not only for us but in a wider context as well. As we learn distinct skills—like cooking, cleaning, bread-making, carpentry, plumbing, farming, gardening—we also learn to appreciate the beauty of physical work, and we develop an attitude and an understanding of work that we will carry throughout our lives. ♦

Norman Fischer is a Zen priest, a poet, and one of the abbots of San Francisco Zen Center. He lives with his wife in Muir Beach, California.

HOW I WORK

by **Mushim Ikeda-Nash**

I work at home, proofreading Buddhist texts, at my kitchen table in the one-bedroom Oakland flat my husband, seven-year-old son and I have shared for over five years. I have been doing this freelance work for around eight years as part of my spiritual practice.

After I receive a manuscript, I clean the table, which is actually an old drafting table with a scarred white surface, and set out the copy to be corrected, some red and black pens, style sheet and time sheet, and my bibles: the dictionary and *The Chicago Manual of Style*. Since my work space is not very large, everything has its own place and occupies it with precision. My eyes must be well-rested, and my mind must be quiet and clear; I practice conscious breathing while working. If possible, I prefer to work by natural light from an old window overlooking a “deck” (actually the roof of the flat below) on which my husband Chris has made an urban garden of potted plants, flowers, and small trees. In the backyard beyond the deck there is an overgrown plum tree which hosts, in shifts, a variety of birds: hummingbirds, mourning doves, jays, house finches with maraschino cherry-colored heads, and a mockingbird. While working I look out the window from time to time to rest my eyes. The plum tree, whether in blossom, greening, in full green, or in autumnal foliage, is my constant companion. The birds and the occasional squirrel come and go; the angle of the light changes as the day progresses. Sometimes I must work late into the night after the dinner dishes are cleared; sometimes I get up at 4 or 5 AM to get in a few quiet hours. The small kitchen with its broken yellow linoleum and white-painted drawers becomes a womb-like space surrounded by darkness and my sleeping family. In this city hermitage I sit in my circle of lamplight.

This is how I work, proofreading: I become the words and I become the page, chapter, book in its entirety. I have therefore limited my work to books by Thich Nhat Hanh and other Buddhist-related texts. The concentration required is intense—I become a sort of net, pulling myself slowly through the text, straining out errors and inconsistencies from the minute to the gross. I am also reading for sense—sometimes an entire section has been omitted by mistake, or a portion of text has duplicated itself. I am simultaneously focused on the sentence I am reading and opening all channels in my mind to everything I have ever read and experienced. While working I am fully engaged; the rhythms

of the sentences, punctuation marks, capitalizations, idioms or foreign phrases, and the visual aspects of formatting, produce a running stream of physical sensations in me that signal “OK, OK, OK,” or “Hold on, this looks odd!” or “Stop! Mark it!” A friend of mine who has painted for 40 years says he sometimes has dreams in which he is a shape in one of his paintings. I can believe this, because that is the way in which I experience language.

I have proofread texts that included numerous foreign proper nouns, statistics, terms in Pali and Sanskrit, extensive footnotes and bibliographies, and specialized uses of language found in the sutras, with their long, weaving, repetitive structures. Over the years, the work has provided a refuge for me, to which I retreat to do Buddhist study, although it is a highly motivated and disciplined study performed according to deadlines. It is important to me to feel I am helping in a small way to contribute something positive to the world. And no matter how many books I have proofed, I always feel

Some books when they are printed contain, like an invisible watermark, my tears.

excited when I begin work on a new manuscript, as though I have been granted a sneak preview to a new movie, or had the opportunity to see an ultrasound photo of someone’s unborn child. I feel honored. This book, which mysteriously will find its way to many

different hands around the world, is, just for this moment, “mine.” I feel in touch with the author’s mind, as though we were sitting down together as friends to share something of great importance, which neither of us could do without the other.

It is also important for me to deal with the business aspect: clear, pleasant and professional communications with my editor; *careful* record keeping (time-keeping, invoicing, business mileage, etc.); and integration of my other household duties and deadlines with the proofreading schedule.

The income from this work, while not large, has always been necessary to my way of life. When I was a single mother I often worked with my infant son strapped to my back or chest; if I had to, I worked standing up so that I could gently rock back and forth to keep him happy. When he was a toddler I sometimes worked while he lay on my lap and nursed, heavy and squirming; I supported him with my left hand and used my right to turn pages and mark copy. If I felt frustrated and exhausted with the difficulty of doing two jobs at the same time, I sometimes added a Buddha figure, flower, or favorite photo of my beautiful child, whom I felt so lucky to have with me, to my

desk, as a reminder that what I was doing was worthwhile. Or I would think, "Just 20 more pages and you can pay car insurance this month. Go! Go!"

All his seven-year life Joshua has been watching me do this work. He recently walked into the kitchen, looked at the pages spread out on the table, and said, "What's this, Mom? More mindful living stuff?"

Some books when they are printed contain, like an invisible watermark, my tears. The account of the nun who self-immolated in protest of the war in Vietnam, the Vietnam veteran's story of how he learned to kill, and did so, the story of Tibetan nuns tortured with cattle prods at the hands of the Chinese—all these have imprinted themselves deeply on my consciousness. On very rare occasions I have felt compelled to comment on content, which is not really a part of my job. (An example of this was a recommended reading list on relationships at the back of one book; I thought the implied heterosexual bias of the choices would be an affront to gay readers, and said so.)

As Thich Nhat Hanh has said many times, in the paper of the page we are reading we can see the tree from which it came, the clouds, rain, sun, air and earth that helped produce the tree, the tree cutter, the sandwich he ate, the paper-mill worker, and all their ancestors and antecedents. As I proofread, I realize that the paper in my hands is not merely a doorway to the universe, it is the universe itself.

It is also true that this universe includes frustrations, stresses, and absurdities. Only a perfectionist like me would be willing to spend hour after hour seriously considering whether a particular space should be occupied by a semi-colon, comma, or—let's get really wild!—a dash. And mistakes are inevitable. I would like my work to be perfect, but my best effort must suffice.

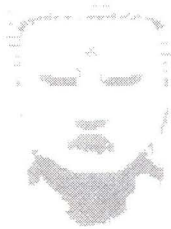
I do not wish to romanticize the process. It is, after all, just another kind of work, like doing laundry, washing dishes, and driving my kid to school. I remember completing one heavily pressured project in a kitchen filled with dirty dishes, while my son crouched on the floor (since I was working on the table), eating some cold McDonald's french fries. My husband has likewise endured our kitchen being turned into my office and put up with my odd nocturnal habits during extended stretches of work, as I creep into the room where he is sleeping with a flashlight, searching for a particular reference source, or revive myself with a 3 AM shower.

This is how I work. My methods change as my experience deepens, yet I am perpetually, and with each new book, just learning to read. ♦

Mushim (Patricia) Ikeda-Nash's recent publications have included Buddhist odes in Premonitions: The Kaya Anthology of New Asian North American Poetry, and "Zen Laundry: Living with Buddhist Nuns in Korea" in Muac. She lives in Oakland, California.

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CHILDREN WITHOUT CHILDHOODS

by Marcia Reecer

All over the developing world, children are being used and abused in factories, fields, and workshops. They are dragging containers of coal out of mines in Colombia and working barefoot in Pakistani brick kilns where they have no protection from either the blazing heat in summer, or the cold in the winter. They are getting up in the middle of the night to pick jasmine blossoms in the muddy, mosquito-ridden fields of the Nile Delta. They are hand-sewing the soccer balls our kids play with and being paid 60 cents for a ball that costs \$6 to make and sells for \$30 to \$50 in a U.S. sporting goods store. They are crouching 14 to 16 hours a day in dark, airless, stinking sheds to make the handknotted rugs that are carried in upscale catalogs and stores here and in Europe. For the people who employ them, these children are commodities—cheap and expendable.

Most middle-class Americans would find it hard to imagine the conditions in which many of these children work—misery generally takes different forms in our country. It is not just that the work they do often taxes their strength and stamina to the utmost or that they are poorly paid—and sometimes not paid at all. Many of the children labor in foul and even dangerous workplaces where their health is permanently damaged: Brickmaking children, who constantly breathe quartz dust, are likely to get tuberculosis or silicosis; the children who make rugs develop spinal deformities from crouching at their looms day after day, and their eyesight is damaged by the poor light in which they work. But the horror is multiplied by the often unbelievable abuse that some working children suffer. The worst stories are of children who are treated like slaves. These are the bonded laborers, sold by their families to rug or brickmakers or glass blowers or owners of fireworks or match factories, usually for a small sum of money that the child's work is supposed to repay (though owners seldom admit that it has). Here is how Irfana, a Pakistani child who was handed over to the owner of a brick kiln when she was 6 and freed from bondage when she was 10, described her life to reporter Jonathan Silvers:

"My master bought, sold, and traded us like livestock, and sometimes he shipped us great distances. The boys were beaten frequently to make them work long hours. The girls were often violated. My

best friend got ill after she was raped, and when she couldn't work, the master sold her to a friend of his in a village a thousand kilometers away. Her family was never told where she was sent, and they never saw her again."

Of course, not every child who works suffers the abuse of an Irfana, but that does not mean we should confuse the work done by children who labor in the developing world with the fast-food jobs our middle-class students take on in their spare time. Even under the best circumstances, these children are likely to work long hours for a fraction of what an adult would get for doing the same job—and they are usually deprived of the opportunity for an education.

How many children are working worldwide? We don't really know. Many countries, including some of the worst offenders, have laws against employing children under the age of 13 or 14, particularly in jobs that are dangerous or physically demanding. So even if they are lax about enforcing these laws, there are unlikely to be very good statistics about working children. However, the International Labor Organization (ILO) estimates that between 100 million and 200 million children under the age of 15 work. More than 95 percent live in the developing world, and Asia accounts for over 50 percent, which is why so many of the discussions of child labor focus on this part of the world. The South Asian Coalition on Child Servitude (SACCS), a leading Indian child-advocacy organization, estimates that 55 million Indian children work (the government says 18 million, but even that, the *National Journal* points out, is as large as the entire labor force of Canada). SACCS also estimates that, in South Asia alone, one million children are bonded laborers: 500,000 in Pakistan; 300,000 in India; and 200,000 in Nepal.

There is nothing new about child labor. In some places and industries, children work side by side with their parents as they always have. Or, again following traditional ways, they are apprenticed to craftsmen to learn their trades. But increasingly children are being sent out of their homes and communities to work in factories and shops where they are likely to be abused and exploited. This is especially true in countries eager to produce export goods that will be competitive in the new world markets. However, the global nature of trade also opens to scrutiny industries that are making

They crouch 14 to 16 hours a day in dark, stinking sheds to make the handknotted rugs carried in upscale stores here and in Europe.

products for export. Prompted by activists here and in the countries where the child labor is rampant, consumers are starting to ask, "Who made this soccer ball?" "Who grew these flowers?" And "under what conditions?"

None of Our Business?

Some people say that labor conditions in other countries, however repellent to us, are none of our business. For example, there is the familiar plea of cultural relativism. Here's how one official of a U.S. company with an overseas operation put it when reporter Sydney Schanberg brought up the issue of child labor: "Pakistan is a very different culture. We can't just sit back and say whether it's right or wrong." But even if you buy the idea that what is immoral in one culture is not necessarily immoral in another, Pakistan in fact has laws against employing children under the age of 14, and laws specifically prohibiting bonded labor. So when we criticize a company there that employs children or turns a blind eye to the existence of bonded labor, we are not merely applying our standards; we are also applying theirs. The same is true of other countries that are coming under scrutiny because of their child labor policies—India, Nepal, Bangladesh. Hiring children may be a local custom, but it is against their laws as well as ours.

Some claim that the economic arguments in favor of child labor are harder to refute. They go like this: Child labor is a result of poverty and will disappear when poverty does. In the meantime, developing nations need to be able to throw their children into the workforce (and keep them out of school). Efforts on the part of well-meaning people to put an end to child labor will only impede these countries' progress toward modernization—and harm the very children they want to help.

But some Asian countries—South Korea and Sri Lanka—have demonstrated that universal education can precede development. And perhaps employing children, who are always cheaper than adults, is a cause of poverty rather than a cure for it, in part because it creates a downward pressure on adult wages and in part because it delays the development of an educated workforce. Why shouldn't companies employing children employ out-of-work adults instead? That is what Kailash Satyarthi, the founder of SACCS and a leader of South Asia's crusade against child labor believes: "Today in India we have 55 million children in servitude and an equal number of unemployed adults. No government can scale down unemployment without curbing child labor." Dan McCurry of the International Labor Rights Fund makes a similar argu-

ment in connection with the soccer ball industry in Pakistan. Children, he says, make 20 to 25 percent of the soccer balls; at the same time there is a 75 percent unemployment rate among adults in the region where the soccer ball industry is concentrated. Clearly, employing children here is a choice, not a necessity.

The explanation that many companies would probably give is that they would no longer be competitive if they hired the children's parents. Perhaps. But the International Labor Organization (ILO)'s answer is that labor costs make up only a fraction of the total cost of production. So replacing children with adult workers would raise these costs by an average of 8 percent in India or Nepal. This would not be enough for the industry to lose its market share in industrialized countries, though it would cut down on the profits. But suppose consumers who do not want to buy products made with child labor organize to support companies that employ adults only?

What Can We Do?

However inhumane and self-serving some of the arguments against ending child labor sound, there are practical problems associated with rooting out the practice. If an American company buys a handbag or a blouse or a rug from an importer who buys it from a middleman who buys it from a company that contracts out the making of the article to a number of small operators, it can be genuinely difficult to

establish whether or not a child worked on it even if you want to—especially since it is in the interest of so many people in this chain to lie or avert their eyes.

In addition to these practical problems, there are cultural and social conditions, unrelated to the greed or indifference of companies, that make it difficult to eradicate child labor. Experts generally agree that the best way to end child labor is to dry up the supply of children by putting them in school. That is why most efforts at helping children escape from repressive workplaces include making sure they have schools to attend. But in many developing countries, laws mandating compulsory free education, when they exist, are as little regarded as laws prohibiting child labor. There may also be attitudes about education related to the class and, in some cases, the caste of working children. In other words, there is no easy formula that will lead to the end of child labor in the near future. This does not mean that we should just relax and forget about the issue.

Exerting a direct influence over another country's political and social policies can seem like a big order. Nevertheless, ordinary people who buy products made in developing countries do have influence. And they can exert it if they organize to support companies that aban-

Nobody can be proud of knowingly wearing something that has been produced at the cost of the life of a small child.

don child labor. One example of how this can be done is the *Rugmark* campaign. It focuses on the handknotted rug industry where child labor—in fact bonded labor—is known to be a big problem. *Rugmark* is a nonprofit foundation established by Kailash Satyarthi. The idea is to inspect and certify companies whose rugs are not made with child labor. The companies agree to surprise inspection of all their looms. They also number rugs according to the loom on which they are made in order to help importers verify that no child labor has been involved. And consumers recognize rugs that are certified by the foundation when they see the smiling carpet label shown here.



Rugmark is now two years old. It has been endorsed by UNICEF and signed up 15 percent of the companies making handknotted rugs in India. So far, most of the rugs have gone to Germany. But *Rugmark* has begun certifying rugmakers in Nepal, another area which has been known for abusive child labor practices, and it has enlisted 70 percent of the rugmakers there. The first *Rugmark* rugs in the U.S. were auctioned off in April 1996, at a ceremony commemorating the death of Iqbal Masih, a Pakistani child rights activist, who was sold to a rugmaker when he was 4, freed when he was 10, and mysteriously murdered in April 1995 at the age of 12. *Rugmark* was recently registered as a nonprofit

foundation in the U.S. This means it will be able to deal directly with consumers and rug importers in this country. Will *Rugmark* be able to have a significant influence on the way handknotted carpets are made in India and Nepal? That depends on whether consumers start demanding carpets with the *Rugmark* label—and importers are able to supply them.

Another form of leverage consumers can sometimes have is through a company's concern for its image. A U.S. company that manufactures products abroad might listen carefully to demands that it stop using child labor in its overseas operations—if it was worried about tarnishing its image. Pharis Harvey of the International Labor Rights Education and Research Fund describes how some well-known U.S. multinational companies reacted to the news that child labor was being used in their overseas operations. Speaking on the radio program "All Things Considered" last year, Harvey said that, once the companies found that some of their subcontractors had been using child labor, "they took rather rapid steps to try to distance themselves from the practice. I believe that is primarily because the companies have an image to maintain, and the image of producing high-quality, high-cost garments on the labor of small children is not what [they want]...American consumers want bargains...that are

(Continued on page 22)

THE EGG BARN

By Lin Jensen

Each Mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves—goes itself; *myself* it speaks and spells,
Crying *What I do is me: for that I came.*

—Gerald Manley Hopkins

The egg barn was little more than a shed really, about the size of a garage. It stood on the outermost perimeter of a 360-acre farm located in a remote area of the Irvine Hills of Southern California. The farm was my father's, and he had leased the acreage to raise turkeys on. In addition to the egg barn, the farm also had a feed barn, stalls for two work horses, a small house and a yard, a well, and thousands of feet of poultry fencing strung on red, metal T-posts to form enclosures for a hundred thousand turkeys.

None of these other structures could be seen from the egg barn, which stood down a long hill on the edge of a wash. The wash itself was a narrow crease of moist earth where a few willows survived. In the early mornings or late evenings when the turkeys were rest-

less, one could hear them from the egg barn, their cackling faint in the distance, the smell of them on the wind. But all one could see of the rest of the farm were the tire tracks disappearing in the weeds up slope.

As a boy, I worked long hours in the egg barn. I lost my childhood to such work. In time, I nearly lost myself as well. To understand why this is so, one must know how I was first put to work and what the nature of that work was.

My brother Rowland and I began working on the farm when we were still very young. As far back as I can remember I had rushed home from school to do chores, but the summer Rowland was ten and I was eight, father put us to work full time. We were to get a week's vacation before school resumed in the fall. It was time, he told us, to learn what a day's work was. My mother supported father in this new regimen, seeing to it that Rowland and I were on the job by eight and that we did not overstay the lunch hour.

I felt this like a punishment, as though I had been put to these labors as a penance for some wrong of mine. I wanted to ask what it was that I had done, but my father's strange sternness regarding the matter

silenced me. From the hot summer fields where I was chopping weeds or rolling up poultry fencing, I could see the laundry drying in the shade near the house and I yearned for the cool return to a refuge from which I felt exiled.

The whole of that summer passed in tight little increments like the staccato advance of the second hand round the face of a clock. It was the longest 90 days of my life; yet it was not time enough to make right again whatever it was that had gone wrong. Rowland set his face hard against any feelings he might have been having. He went through his days without disclosure of any sort. He could not talk about what was happening to us. At night we would lie in the upstairs bed we shared, staring into the darkness, knowing the other was doing the same, and we never spoke. I had already been cut off from my schoolmates, who did not go home to chores. Now I was being cut off from my family, even from my brother. But worse, an intransigent and divisive doubt had begun to cut me off from myself.

As the farm grew, my father set me to gathering eggs from the nests and hauling them to the egg barn, where I cleaned, sorted, and stored them ready for the incubators. It was work a boy could do better than an adult because the nest houses were cramped and one had to crawl into them on hands and knees. Inside, the hens were settled into hollows they'd scratched in the deep bed of rice hulls that cushioned their eggs. The bodies of the hens were hot. I smelled their acrid breath, where they panted in the tight enclosure. I pushed my body in among them, dragging a wire basket along to hold the eggs. Some of the hens scrambled out the entries but others slapped at me with their stubby, nest-worn wing feathers and hissed and stabbed at me with their bills. I crawled the length of the nest, forcing the hens aside to get at their eggs, raking my hands through the rice hulls to bring up any that were buried. The sheer intimacy of this violence sometimes left me disheartened, kneeling among my antagonists, clutching hot eggs in my hands.

Back at the egg barn, I set the baskets of eggs on a table to be cleaned and sorted. Through the open door of the barn, I could see the wash where the willows stood out green against the fields of bleached weeds.

I took each egg in hand, one at a time, and if even the faintest manure stain was found on it or a smear of blood from a hen's egg tract, I sanded it clear with sandpaper. Father had warned me that the slightest impurity that found its way into the incubator could sicken a whole hatch of young chicks. When I was sure the eggs were clean, I put them into the incubators,

where, after a few weeks, I took them out again to be "candled," a process of putting a light to the egg in a darkened room so that the inside of the egg is illuminated and one can see the embryos developing. In the living eggs, I could make out the form of a tiny chick taking shape around its own beating heart. But in others, I saw only the shadow of a lifeless yolk that was rotting in the warmth of the incubator. In the egg barn with the window shades drawn and the incubators humming in darkness against the wall, I put the candling light to each egg, discarding the failures in a garbage pail that waited beside my stool.

I worked alone those days and, while I had no yearning for company, the solitude wore away at me. I stood by the table in the egg barn and sanded eggs until my hands and forearms, and even my hair and my face and the table top itself were coated with a chalky dust. I breathed egg shell and manure and traces of turkey blood. I felt increasingly vague, as indeterminate as the accumulating days and weeks I spent working there. Hour after hour, I moved among the crates of eggs like a prisoner in solitary confinement who, when sentenced to the presence of his own person, found himself locked up with a stranger. Under the unrelieved scrutiny of my own attention, I turned myself round and round in my mind like some unformed embryo that had failed to incubate and had so irretrievably lost the source of its own becoming that it was grown utterly unfamiliar to itself. Outside, the wind blew across the fields of dust and feathers and withered weeds. Sand scraped against the barn's corrugated metal sides.

Once in a while, Al or Hector or one of the other farm hands father had hired through the years would come down to the egg barn to put in a spare hour helping me with the eggs, and they, too, were becoming like strangers to me. They might pull their hats off where the sweatband had left a hot crease across their foreheads. They might wipe the grit and sweat from themselves with a handkerchief or a rag. They might complain about the heat or about the farm truck whose battery was failing. They might tease me about the Stillford girl who lived on a neighboring farm and whom they liked to imagine I had a crush on, but none of this penetrated the odd detachment that grew on me during the long hours I spent alone. I could find nothing of myself clarified in their company. I bore no necessary relationship to them, nor to anyone else for that matter, not even to my father whose visits to the egg barn were rare and always formalized by him into employer and employee encounters, a stiffness of his that only magnified the absence I felt in his presence there.

I turned myself round and round in my mind like some unformed embryo that had failed to incubate.

*And there, where the willows had found
water, I breathed into the earth.*

And then, one hot summer afternoon, in my fourteenth year, six years after my father had first set me to work, he came to the egg barn to count the eggs we had in stock. And, as he left, he did something unusual. He put his hand on my shoulder and gave a little squeeze, and said, "How's the young working man doing?" He stood there as if he were actually waiting for an answer, and he didn't take his hand away. I put my own hand over his and held it fast to my shoulder. And then I saw, in just the merest flicker of his eyes, that my father could not tell me who I was because he did not know who I was. I was as much a stranger to him as he was to me. We were both made momentarily awkward by the unspoken disclosure of this in one another's faces. Father turned away first and went out the door of the barn, saying something about egg production being slightly improved over the previous month.

I heard him start the engine of his car, and then I heard the sound of it receding in the distance. I went outside the barn in time to see him disappear over the rise that separated the egg barn from the rest of the farm.

In the egg barn, I took up my work again. Down in the wash, the willows shimmered in waves of heat. Then I was going toward the wash, down through the brittle stalks of weeds, the foxtails pricking me where they stuck to my socks. Under the willows, the sand was smooth and cool. I lay myself there, face down. It was not enough. I took my shirt off. Still, it was not enough. I pulled off my shoes and socks, and stripped away the last of my clothing, and pressed the whole of my naked body onto the ground. I dug a little concave space in the moist sand, and I pressed my eyes and mouth into this space. And there, where the willows had found water, I breathed into the earth.

My name was Lin. I was fourteen years old. I was lying right there, on the ground, under the willows, in the wash, beyond the egg barn, on my father's farm. When I knew these things for certain, I dressed and went back to work.

In the silence of the egg barn, the sound of my work seemed amplified. The drag of an egg crate on the work table, the thin scratch of sandpaper, the sound of a footstep or of my breathing was each clarified and insistent. And every sound served to call me back to myself, until the whole barn resounded with my own name. Was it father who called from where he sat at the farm office desk, his eyes blinking behind his glasses, his fingers pressing a sharpened pencil onto the columns of an egg ledger? Was it my brother, Rowland, calling, where he scooped grain into the turkey feeders, his back bending again and again to the task, his face wet with sweat?

Did my mother call from the car where she turned onto the county road toward Schneider's grocery? Were Al and Hector calling from the fields? Had they set aside their tools and turned their faces toward the hill that hid me from their view and called my name? There, in the egg barn, I looked out on the wash, where the sand still held the impression of my body. Weren't we all of us pressed to earth, here, in this field, of one voice, calling our only name? ❖

Lin Jensen lives in Chico, California. He is a Zen Buddhist of the Soto tradition who writes primarily of the human relationship to the natural world, and has recently published in Turning Wheel, World magazine, The Quest, Birding, and Bird Watcher's Digest. His book, Bowing to Receive the Mountain, written with co-author Elliot Roberts, is soon to be published by Sunflower Ink.

Child Labor (continued from page 21)

produced under conditions that make them proud to wear what they buy. And I don't think anybody can be proud of wearing something knowingly that has been produced at the cost of the life of a small child."

Reebok's plan to restructure its soccer ball operation in Pakistan is a prime example of how a company's desire to protect its image can lead to profound changes in how it does business. Reebok, which is proud of its reputation as a humane and responsible company, was recently made aware that child labor is used in making the soccer balls it imports to sell under its label. As a result, the company is restructuring its operation to rule out the use of child labor. According to a letter by Peter Moore, a senior vice president of the company, Reebok will stop sending soccer ball panels out to be stitched in villages, a practice that makes it difficult to control who, in fact, is doing the sewing. Instead, it will build a plant where all the sewing will be done and which will employ no workers under the age of 15, the legal age for working in Pakistan. The letter also recognizes the important link between education and the end of child labor. It states that "Reebok will support educational and/or vocational training for children in the soccer ball manufacturing region of Pakistan." So far so good.

Adults—and children, too—need to ask questions about the products they find in their local stores and write letters to companies. Teachers need to encourage their students to investigate who makes the soccer balls they play with and the clothes they wear. All of us need to let everyone involved in making and selling the products we buy know that we want to put an end to child labor—and we need to keep the pressure on. ❖

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ON BEING A BUDDHIST LAWYER

by Kent Bunting

As a Buddhist lay-person, I often think about right livelihood with regard to my own profession, the law. As a former prosecutor and a current teacher of the law, I wonder how consistent legal practice is with Buddhist practice. The question is more than academic, I believe, because Buddhist practice attracts such a large number of lawyers. Perhaps we are attracted to the serenity of Buddhist practice because of the frantic nature of law practice.

Buddhist practice does not seem to hinder legal practice. Sitting may even improve one's performance in the courtroom or the law office. The question is whether legal practice interferes with, or is incompatible with, Buddhist practice. Is this type of work a form of right livelihood?

Lawyers' work, of course, involves a large variety of activities. Lawyers negotiate contracts, mediate disputes, draft documents, write briefs, appear in court, and so on. They also spend a lot of time talking to people: clients, witnesses, experts, even other attorneys and judges. But there are two activities that only lawyers do. One is to represent someone else in court. The second is to use the law to support a position, and this skill is the primary thing students learn in law school. We call this "learning to think like a lawyer."

Both of these activities seem to be inconsistent with Buddhist practice in the same way. In both, the lawyer has to take only one side in a dispute—her client's side. This partiality is most obvious in the courtroom, where the attorney must be a "zealous advocate" for one limited view of reality. But exactly the same thing is required of the attorney who is reading a judicial opinion or statute. Unless that lawyer is just reading the case or statute for pleasure (which is rare) then she is reading from a limited perspective. The attorney only wants to know how this case can help her argument.

Practicing this way of looking at things is antithetical to the way of looking at things one practices in zazen. There, one looks at reality not to see how it can be used, but just to see it as it is. For a Buddhist to "zealously advocate" one view of reality over another seems to be a kind of temporary insanity. So it would seem that the lawyer, as a lawyer, must put aside certain Buddhist principles.

It is easy to see that the attorneys representing the tobacco companies or Exxon have a moral dilemma.

But what I am saying is much broader. In any case, there are always competing values at stake. Take, for example, the public interest lawyer working to keep AIDS victims from losing their housing. This cause seems noble enough that one would not assume the attorney faces any moral dilemma.

But by representing only one side, he must ignore the values on the other side. For example, he must devalue the rights of landowners to do as they please with their own property. Furthermore, winning the case may cost the landowner a lot of money, in essence forcing a disproportionate financial burden on one person. This increased burden, in turn, may make others less likely to provide new housing in the area, or may even force a housing provider out of business. There are at least two sides to every case.

To the extent that the attorney takes the client's position and advocates it to the exclusion of all other positions, he is limiting the scope of his reality. He is taking a bucket of water and calling it the river. The same is true of the attorney fighting environmental disaster, the death penalty, or zoning regulations that would close a dharma center.

One may say that the difference with these attorneys is that

their cause is just, while the cause of the tobacco company attorney is not. One could propose a sort of "just litigation" theory to match the theory of a "just war." But the first precept does not say, "Don't kill unless it is necessary." It just says, "Don't kill." Similarly, the fourth precept does not say, "Don't lie unless it is for a good cause." It simply says, "Don't lie." If we limit our view of the truth to our own version, then we are telling something less than the whole truth.

Ultimately, to the extent that attorneys take an adversarial role in or out of court, they lose sight of their Buddhist practice. But while the adversarial model of dispute resolution still prevails in the Anglo-American legal system, mediation and other forms of alternate dispute resolution offer hope for a truly Buddhist form of legal practice. When all sides come together to find a common truth, then perhaps a centered Buddhist student with a clear mind would be the best person to lead the process. When the early students of the Buddha had a question about a transgression of a rule, they went to the Buddha with their question.

In the model provided by the Buddha in the *Vinaya* [rules for monks], we see a non-adversarial process for the

(Continued on page 25)

In the courtroom the attorney must be a "zealous advocate" for one limited view of reality.

CLEARNESS AND CHANGES IN WORK

by Tova Green

Ten years ago I returned from a month in Australia, where I had been leading "Despair and Empowerment" workshops dealing with our concerns about nuclear war and the environment, to Boston, where I had been working as a psychotherapist and teacher for many years. My work began to seem dry, without inspiration. I fantasized about going back to Australia, or moving to San Francisco, or getting a job working in the peace movement. I was ready for a change, but I didn't know what it could be.

In a quandary, I asked two friends to spend an afternoon with me to help me clarify my direction. They asked me to describe each alternative that beckoned me, asked me questions, and reflected back where they heard the most excitement in my voice, the most enthusiasm. At the end of our session I had a plan to take a sabbatical for a year and go to Australia, even though I didn't know at that time what I would do there. I didn't have the vocabulary for it then, but I had just benefited from a clearness session.

Clearness sessions are a way of gathering support from friends and colleagues at times of change. They are particularly helpful in dealing with changes in our work, although they can also be useful in grappling with questions about whether to move to another city, whether to have a child, even whether to deepen commitment in a relationship. Matters that we often consider personal and private can be illuminated by the careful listening and reflection of a group of people we trust.

The use of "clearness committees" has a long history within the Society of Friends (Quakers). Jan Hoffman, a Philadelphia Quaker, writes:

"A clearness committee meets with a person who is unclear on how to proceed in a keenly felt concern or dilemma, hoping that it can help this person to reach clarity. It assumes that each of us has an Inner Teacher who can guide us, and therefore, that the answers sought are within the person seeking clearness. It also assumes that a group of caring friends can serve as channels of divine guidance in drawing out that Inner Teacher."

A period of meditation at the beginning of a clearness session can deepen the listening and the responses to the person who is seeking guidance.

In the last year several friends have asked me to facilitate clearness sessions for them concerning changes in their work. I met with each friend before the clearness

session and together we worked out an agenda for the meeting, discussed whom to invite, and what questions each person was struggling with. For the format of the meeting we drew from Peter Woodrow's work on clearness (in *Insight and Action: How to Discover a Life of Integrity and Commitment to Change*, by Tova Green and Peter Woodrow, New Society Publishers, 1994).

One friend, Mimi, convened her clearness session on her birthday. Her main concern was how to bring together in her work her Buddhist practice and her practice of psychotherapy. She invited eight women to her clearness session (the optimum size of a clearness group is from four to eight people), including a friend whom she had known since high school, several members of her Buddhist sangha, and psychotherapist friends. She sent each participant a statement about her concerns before we met, elaborating on her key questions for the

session: "I have practiced and studied Buddhism for 11 years. I have practiced and studied psychotherapy for 13 years. I have felt their kinship...I want to bring the two together in my work...But I do not think clearly when theoretical ideas are required. I have blocks that lead me to be unsure and incoherent..."

We met one evening in her living room. I had written the agenda on a large sheet of paper. We began with 15 minutes of meditation, followed by brief introductions, because some participants didn't know one another. I went over the agenda, restated the purpose of our gathering (to focus on Mimi and her questions), described my role as facilitator and the role of the group. I asked for a volunteer to take notes that Mimi could refer to later. We also mentioned any biases we might be bringing with us about Mimi and her situation, so that, by stating them, we could all be more aware of them. Mimi then elaborated on the dilemma she had described in her statement. She talked about how she had begun to teach Buddhism and had learned to be articulate in that context, but she had never been able to express her understanding of psychotherapy. She felt this was eroding her confidence and making it difficult for her to expand her work as a psychotherapist. We asked questions to help Mimi explore these issues. We used a mindfulness bell, so that every 20 minutes when the bell was rung, we all paused for a few breaths before continuing.

About halfway through the evening we took a break for birthday cake and tea. When we reconvened, we brainstormed a list of Mimi's strengths and skills, writing them on a large sheet of paper for her to refer to

Peter loved every part of his life, but he felt his cup was too full.

later, when she might need to remember them in times of self-doubt. In the last half hour we made concrete suggestions: one of her sangha members who taught at a local college suggested they co-lead a workshop there on the interface between Buddhism and psychotherapy. We ended with a brief evaluation of the clearness session itself. Mimi appreciated how well her friends had listened to her. She found particularly helpful the feeling of being understood in this quandary, and she was grateful for the fact that some friends talked about the wisdom of accepting “not knowing.” The clearness session helped Mimi to see that she had the capacity to speak from her experience as a psychotherapist, and offered her a way to begin. The obstacles no longer seemed enormous.

Another friend, Sarah, asked for a clearness meeting when she felt she was in a crisis about her work. In her statement she wrote: “I am ready for a big change and a change in direction. My work load has increased immensely. My health has been at risk (carpal tunnel/tendonitis) due to intensive and extensive computer use. I am ready to dedicate more time and attention to my artwork.” She was planning to leave a secure job with a computer company, and although she was eager to have more time for her art, she was anxious about not having a steady income. Sarah’s clearness session helped her feel more confident about her decision to leave her job and gave her some practical steps she could take to develop her artwork and generate income. She decided to pursue her interest in teaching art in a local public school, and with groups of older women. She asked the group to meet with her a month after the first session so that she could report on her progress and feel more supported during her transition.

Several months after her clearness sessions Sarah wrote me a letter. She said “My days are filled with my heart’s desire. I took a five-day trip to Mono Lake and Bodie to photograph. Felt like a squirrel storing up morsels of light to develop and print during the coming cold season...The threads of my life are leading me to interesting places; that helps me trust the decision to not look for another job but to develop multiple income streams through my art making. Sold three photos and completed my mixed media commission. Now planning an open studio holiday sale here later this year.”

Peter decided to hold a clearness session when he was overwhelmed by the demands of a full time job, parenting two young children, commitments to his Buddhist sangha, and occasional performances with a theater group which required rehearsals. He loved every part of his life, but he felt his cup was too full. Peter began to feel more support from the time he decided to have a clearness meeting and realized that his friends cared about him deeply. They had all noticed that he was stressed and were grateful for the opportunity to assist him. It was important to him to

include his wife, his Buddhist teacher, a member of his theater group, and two work colleagues in his clearness session. In this case, the quality of listening and concern meant as much to Peter as the suggestions the group made for ways he could reduce stress while balancing the many rich parts of his life.

A thread running through all these stories is the value of support, of calling on our community, our sangha, when dealing with changes in our work. Valuable as our Inner Teacher is, it is sometimes possible to hear that inner voice more clearly in a circle of support. ❖

Tova Green, who has experienced many transitions in her work, is president of the board of BPF. She is living in Cambridge, Massachusetts for a year.

Buddhist Lawyer (continued from page 23)

application of rules. Suppose a monk did something questionable—had sex with a monkey, for example. The rules only specifically prohibited sex with a human woman. The monks then went to the Buddha to see if this was a violation. There were no advocates for the violator, and the violator simply confessed to the offense. All that the Buddha had to do was to decide if the act was a violation.

It is also interesting that in many Asian countries it was traditionally the Buddhist monks who settled disputes. When they did so, it was not by having one side argue against the other. It was simply by listening to all sides and suggesting solutions. This process worked, primarily because the laity held the monastics in such high regard.

Obviously, we can’t expect all defendants, civil and criminal, simply to admit their acts and accept their punishment. And we can’t expect the public to suddenly have a deep respect for lawyers and to allow them to mediate disputes outside of the legal system. As long as the litigants themselves demand representation of their position, there will be attorneys there to provide the representation.

So before we begin to accuse the lawyers too harshly, let’s look at our own behavior. Are we ready to seek out mediated resolution before we go to court? Until the population in general changes its attitude toward dispute resolution, attorneys will be required to be zealous advocates.

In the meantime, Buddhist lawyers can become the leaders in developing a new vision of justice. We need a vision of justice as something *all* parties work towards, not as something only one party has on their side. When Buddhist lawyers become real peacemakers, rather than fighters of “just” litigation wars, then maybe law and Buddhist practice will go together more easily. And maybe there won’t be as many lawyer jokes. ❖

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

WALL-LESS WALL

by Patrick McMahon

Putting one rock on top of another was the beginning of the trouble. The ending, so familiar to a species fascinated with monuments, was inevitable. Entering the canyon I came upon a scattering of stones; exiting, I left a wall. In between was either the work of a compulsive landscaper, the play of a child, or the movement of the spirit of the place—I can't say which. The fact remains that a wall stands where there wasn't one before, and with it a moral dilemma inherent in humans' working upon the material world, the benefits of which are so often at the expense of the environment.

I'd been backpacking with friends in the Great Basin of Nevada, having just finished a commercial terracing project. For weeks my hands had been intimate with stone, my arms and back and legs heavy with their weight. I'd hand-picked some 30 tons from a local quarry and had them trucked to the work site. I'd come away weary from the labor, not so much from the physical demands as from the naggings of conscience. As a builder I get a charge out of working with gorgeous materials. It often troubles me, though, when the job is over, to reflect that the pleasure of my livelihood involves ripping beauty out of one locale for use in another. Like it or not, I'm a pirate, in company with loggers and poachers.

In the Basin I found myself amidst a material I love, no transport needed or monuments required, other than what remained from wind and water and ice. I could barely restrain myself, and in fact didn't, employing my hands in the construction of fire pits, trail markers, chairs and benches. Having in these small ways satisfied the work habit, the rest of the time I could step back and appreciate what was already there: boulders nestling a pine, a curved stone in the bend of a stream, rocky spires left after eons of erosion. Letting what was, be, was, after all, my intention on this hike. For the most part I would rest my hands in the straps of my backpack and allow my feet to carry me past treasure after treasure....At least until entering this high desert canyon.

It was the midpoint of the week-long trek, the lay-over day on which we were free to strike out on our own. I'd followed a dry creek into the hills, the course deepening as the walls narrowed. At one point I paused at a bend. Deposited there by the water that would have rushed through here in winters past was a collection of kidney-shaped red stones, mica-glittering blacks, fine-grained granite, blue-green serpentine, in all

shapes, as stones tend to be, but none too large to handle. And so I did, lifting, shifting, rolling them. Without design, and certainly with no purpose, I began to put one on top of another. I couldn't help myself. Why should I, when the stones themselves seemed to relish this game of fit and balance as much as I, playing with gravity, rubbing up against one another? They seemed to love being touched as I loved touching them. What possible harm?

As the afternoon shadows lengthened I began to feel the pull of social obligations. We'd agreed to be back in camp by 6 PM for supper. My work not having been by the clock I'd ignored time. Still I kept on, waiting for completion of the task, release from the game. The stones would indicate when they were through with me.

Finally they did so. I stepped back from a free-standing wall curving five paces long, chest-high, not a stone lacking or extra. True, I could still chink up the gaps.

But the wall didn't ask for that. It had no desire to stand for the future, no fear of vacancies. Neither did I. I walked away, looking back from time to time as I climbed the sides of the canyon. The further away I got the more it blended, until it was lost in shadow. I was satisfied, as after strenuous

lovmaking. Something dramatic, even tumultuous, had transpired, with no one hurt. Far from it.

Second thoughts came later, back in camp. I was indeed late for supper and an explanation was in order. But how explain such an intimate, unpredictable encounter? The excuse that I'd been busy wouldn't hold up. My free play had been anything but busy. If I claimed that the stones had called for me to build them into a wall, I'd be ducking responsibility. There'd been call and response, and one could puzzle about which was which until the walls of Jericho came tumbling down, but still there'd be *this* wall to deal with.

So I simply told the story, and as I did so began to hear in it not so much a justification of tardiness as the outlines of a dilemma. The ethic to which I and my friends had subscribed as we entered the wilderness was to leave it undisturbed. "Pack it in, pack it out." More, disassemble the fire pit, cover the ashes. Even toilet paper was eschewed: we defecated under upturned stones, using those very stones as wipes, fitting them back over our waste precisely as we'd found them.

Moreover, as Buddhists we'd vowed to leave no trace, to resist the all-too-human tendency to make one's personal mark. Between spiritual and environ-

*Entering the canyon I came
upon a scattering of stones;
exiting, I left a wall.*

mental ethics, then, my wall stood condemned. Should I take it down, I asked my comrades? We looked at it from various angles. Some argued that the wall was as much in place as a cliff painting. Others bridled at the prospect of coming upon such a mark of human endeavor in the otherwise unmarked wilderness.

But how unmarked was it, really, others wondered? All day the sky was abuzz with military aircraft. On the breeze we could hear the generators of distant mining shacks. We'd sighted a herd of wild horses, descendants of those introduced by white settlers. The wall was just another artifact in the ancient and ongoing relationship of our species and the environment.

In the end the group handed me back the decision. I slept on it, and in the morning decided to leave the wall well enough alone. To undo what had been done seemed like just so much more tampering. It *would* be undone anyway, by flood or snow or earthquake, or human passersby. It might be added to. Like any fruit of labor, consequence of play, or act of love it was now out of my hands.

For the time being, anyway. Someday I'll return to the canyon, bearing in mind the various ethical positions my comrades have taken around our human dilemma: our enormous drive for self-expression in uneasy balance with our vast capacity to allow things to express themselves. I'll bear these positions in mind but try not to be entangled in them, for I'm convinced that ethics—be they of wilderness advocates or Buddhists or industrialists—will never reach the heart of the matter. A more intimate, less conceptual, hands-on approach will be called for, roughened by rock, soiled by earth.

Revisiting the site, then, I'll consult my wall directly, taking it apart, adding to it, or leaving it alone, whatever's fitting. Ultimately the outcome isn't of much consequence. In the Basin, there can't be a great barrier between wall and no-wall. ♦

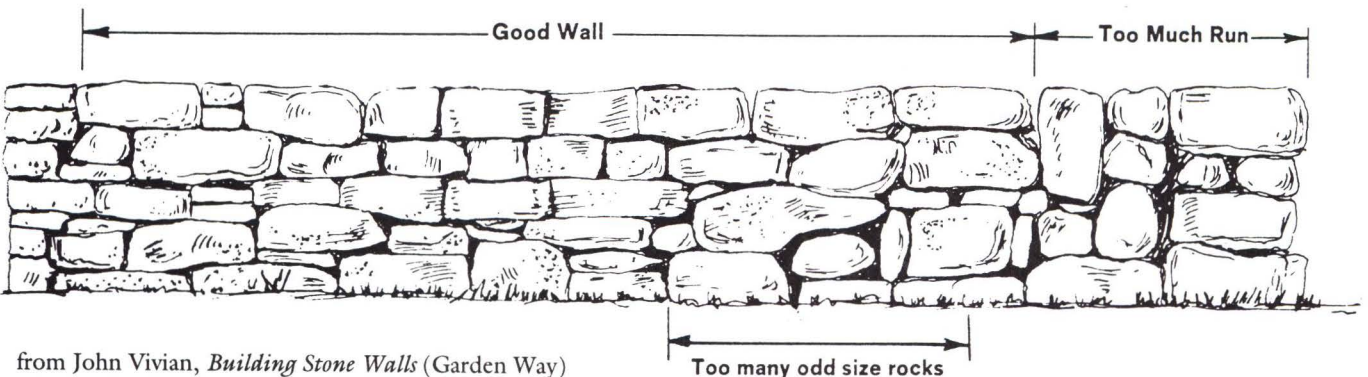
Patrick McMahon lives in the woods on San Juan Ridge, California, and practices at the Ring of Bone Zen Center there.

THE STONE WALL for my father

You built the wall
stone by stone,
with no mortar,
as if this were Ireland;
gathered stones
from dandelioned fields
outside the village,
wrestled wheelbarrow loads
across clodded dirt, showing muscle
(oh how you loved to show muscle),
and placed them,
one by one,
flat or spheral,
feeling the fit,
cozying odd-shaped rock,
into a free-standing whole.

Seeing that you could do this,
I longed even more
for your hair-backed hands,
now toughened,
scratched white with rock dust,
to lift,
consider,
and after a luxurious pause,
place me,
with exactness,
where I belonged.

—Mary Barrett



from John Vivian, *Building Stone Walls* (Garden Way)

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR TO TECHNOLOGY

by Kate Chatfield

"For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual wickedness in the heavenly places." —Ephesians, 6:12.

[The following piece is reprinted by permission from Catholic Agitator, June 1996.]

I am becoming a conscientious objector to technology. I readily admit that this objection is born of fear—I am a technophobe, though I am "computer literate" (a contradiction in terms, for the more people use computers, the more illiterate they become). So, I am not afraid because I don't understand this technology; rather, I am afraid because I think I *do* have an understanding of this technology. I am afraid of it as I am afraid of other worldly principalities and powers—I see it as a dehumanizing force which has people serving it rather than serving people. Technological progress marches on, and leaves in its wake jobs, human interaction, and critical thinking. Imagine if the forecasters of this new age are right and soon we shall all be able to live our lives—work, shop, bank, entertain ourselves, and interact with people—all through our personal computers. Will this add any dignity to our lives and labor, connect us to the rest of the human family, or fill us with passion and purpose? Human dignity comes through labor and personal contacts that positively affect the lives of others. One does not achieve this by sitting in front of a machine and having the machine mediate one's work and contact with others.

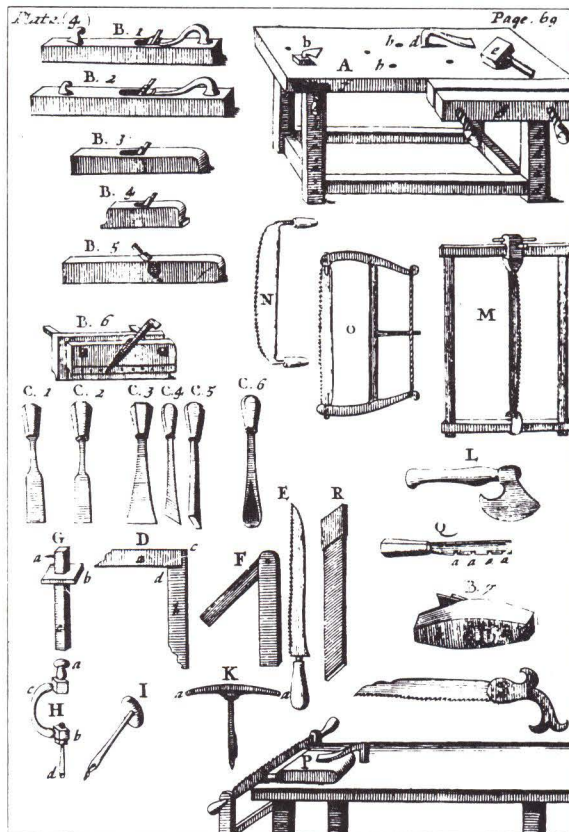
Increasing automation leads to increasing un- and under-employment. People who talk about retraining workers whose jobs are lost to automation are decidedly unclear on the concept of automation. Employers would not automate if it did not lower their largest operating cost—the cost of human labor. Millions of people have

lost and will lose their jobs to automation, and though everyone knows this, increased use of automation, most especially computer technology, continues. The computer industry is a very powerful principality—one that is both institution and ideology. The institution has people working as "video drones" in front of their terminals, and the ideology is an ideology of efficiency, "saving labor" (what an irony to use that expression), progress, cost-effectiveness, and increasing information, none of which should be values of those who hope to live in a more human world.

I find very little that is ennobling about sitting in front of a computer terminal, entering information anonymously, the purpose of which is simply to increase the information out there. Information is another word for junk. It is useless without critique, and the more of it there is, the less critical people become. The information superhighway is just another American landfill. One mustn't be too lengthy or too articulate in one's writing on the Internet or on an "interactive" CD-ROM, because people's attention spans are too short.

They'll simply click on to something else. So one just types out bits of information—hold the analysis please.

The marketers of CD-ROM texts talk about the "freedom" the reader has in reading this bland information. No longer will we be confined to reading in a linear fashion, from paragraph to paragraph, page to page. Instead, the reader can move from topic to topic, read half a sentence, then move to another topic, clicking onto a word in that sentence. But this new freedom is, of course, false, because the choices have already been made—one is just moving in a structured maze. It's reminiscent of those children's adventure books: "If you decide to jump off the cliff, turn to p. 96; if you decide to turn around and face the dinosaur, turn to p. 76." But the outcome has been pre-determined, whatever you



Joiner's Tools
from *Mechanical Exercises*, by Joseph Moxon, 1703

choose. It's like believing that choosing between Bill Clinton and Bob Dole equals freedom, and buying Pepsi instead of Coke liberates you.

When Peter, my husband, and I were first talking about putting out a newspaper for our new Catholic Worker house of hospitality, we started questioning each other about just how much we wanted to rely on computers. We are living just north of Silicon Valley and we began to question the appropriateness of combining a Catholic Worker with sophisticated computer technology. We couldn't justify it for numerous reasons. We try to live as simply as we can, and I can't see how having thousands of dollars in equipment, whether or not it is donated, is justifiable, let alone paying for something as God-forsaken and full of babble (Babel) as the Internet. And people have given us very expensive computers, as they ever upgrade. But just because a Mercedes might be donated to us doesn't mean that we could justify driving it. We thought about the loss of jobs and the loss of dignity of labor that increasing technology means for so many people, and we didn't want to buy into that. Also, it's not accidental or coincidental that the largest defense contractor in the world, Lockheed-Martin, is in the middle of Silicon Valley, and the whole area is incredibly militarized. Technology makes possible the increased efficiency and quantity of weapons of mass destruction.

Recently we received a newsletter from a "wired" Catholic Worker. The defense of computer technology was the typical defense of any power or principality: "If it were just in the hands of people who wanted to do good..." (I'm sure that people who work for a large principality *do* intend good. Who intends evil, outside of comic-book villains?) If computer technology were under the control of all these "good" people, what then? Would jobs not be lost through its use? Would the dignity of labor return? I can already hear the replies: "Oh, people would be much better *informed*, they would know more about the dangers of nuclear waste, the proliferation of guns, they would know where their nearest Catholic Worker house is...blah blah blah..." We as a people are already so over-informed and over-stimulated that we can't even talk to the person sitting next to us on the bus. And I fail to see how sitting in front of a computer screen will ever, ever translate into action on behalf of the world or others.

The power of principality is more than the sum of the people it holds in its spell. It has a power and spirit of its own and it forces people to serve it. To think that human beings can control a principality as militant, aggressive, and pervasive as the institution of computer technology is engaging in the sin of pride. So, what can one do in the face of this aggressive principality? Stay far away from it. ❖

Kate Chatfield is a member of the San Bruno Catholic Worker.

MARCH THE SECOND

Production continues into the alienated night.
The first movement of a message

bodiless as light.
I mean, produce, distribute, then recoup
your losses.

Are you worth your place in space
is all the day-boss wants to know:

Emotional time is what is irrecoverable.

—Fanny Howe

(reprinted by permission from *O'Clock*,
by Fanny Howe, Reality Street, 1995)

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EMT-NESS

Notes of a Buddhist Medic

by Curtis Olson, EMT

What does Buddhism have to say to somebody working as an Emergency Medical Technician? Pulling an injured person out of a wrecked automobile on a busy highway is as far from the peace of a zendo as you can imagine. Yet the teachings of the Buddha have served me well in my first year as a volunteer EMT in the suburbs of Washington, D.C. The more I ride, the more my inner life on the zafu supports and strengthens my outer work in the back of an ambulance.

Consider breathing. Watching the breath is the anchor of meditation. Breath is also key for the EMT. Without proper airway management and breathing support, your patient is in a lot of trouble. It is the first thing to be assessed in every patient, and it must be constantly reassessed all the way to the hospital.

Suffering has a central role in Buddhism, and also for the EMT. The back of an ambulance gives you a front-row seat at the most profound crises of human suffering.

It is one of my first nights riding an ambulance as a probationary member of the squad. We are dispatched for a sick person down near Friendship Heights. We bring up the cot, aid kit, and O₂. It's all pretty routine, at least to everyone else. I am still amazed by the way we just walk right into people's houses. The door is open for us, or ajar, and we just walk right into somebody's emergency.

With a beginner's eyes, I closely watch the simplest elements of the call. My co-worker gets the woman's medical history, finds out about her present illness (vomiting, diarrhea, weakness, pain in the abdomen), and we get her ready for transport. In a few minutes she is on the cot, and we are clipping the safety belts to keep her on.

She looks around the apartment, and then at us.

"I'm so scared!" she says to nobody in particular.

While my patients suffer on the cot, I am back there in the compartment with them, and sometimes I suffer too. Because I haven't gotten any sleep tonight...because I need to get transport reports for my evaluation and all I'm getting are service refusals...because I am simply afraid of making a mistake...

I watch my mind, and amid all the chaos I try to keep my mind in the place of calm and focus that I find on my zafu in the morning.

*Every ambulance crew
should have a designated
empathizer.*

Injury-Accident on the Beltway. The man is dazed but seemingly unhurt. He says he feels funny. Side impact, belted. No airbag deployment. Patient denies head injury. Dave walks him to the unit, sits him in the chair, belts him in.

He is...confused.

"Where were you going today, sir?"

"To, uh, to...to the thing, the, uh, party."

"Do you know what day it is?"

"Uh, it is, uh, weekend, uh, what day it is...it is..." he trails off.

"Blood pressure is 110," says Molly.

"Let's get this guy on a backboard," says Dave.

"This may be a little more serious than I thought."

While I put a C-spine collar on him, Dave rechecks the man's head for injuries and double-checks his pupils.

"Do you know who the president is, sir?"

The man ponders this question. "That guy...the hair, the gray hair....that man, the president."

"Yeah. Get the O₂ ready"

"Right," I say.

We carefully maneuver the man from the seat down onto the backboard and slide the backboard to the cot. I put the oxygen on him. "Get me another blood pressure, Molly."

"Sir? Sir? Are you still with us?"

"130," says Molly.

"Clinton!" says the man triumphantly.

Dave chuckles. "Nice to have a little blood back in your head, eh, sir?"

Of course, you don't need to sit in the back of an ambulance to see suffering. It is everywhere. The street person asking for change in front of the Dunkin' Donuts, the Salvadoran refugee rushing to his dish-washing job at the French restaurant, the commuter leaning on his horn behind the lost tourist, the well-dressed executive with a double scotch on his breath.

You cannot help but be filled with compassion for your fellow beings if you keep mindful of the fact that every person around you is suffering, has suffered, or will sometime in the future be in the midst of suffering. And every, *every* person you see will some day die.

A co-worker at the bookstore that is my day job says she would not do well as an EMT. "I empathize too much," she says. "If I saw somebody hurt on the

street, I would just sit down and start crying along with them. I don't think that would be very helpful."

Why not? Perhaps every ambulance crew should have a designated empathizer. After running five or six sick people to the hospital in as many hours in the middle of the night, it's easy for an EMT to become jaded and just plain irritated with the sick and injured of Montgomery County and the District of Columbia.

The call comes in as an MO (mental observation) at a hotel. On scene, I quickly assess the woman as conscious and apparently oriented. While we take her vitals, Mrs. Saltzman explains that she is staying at the hotel while her apartment is being renovated. She tells us about her daughter's recent suicide, her disastrous first marriage (for which she gave up a dancing career), her bouts with Parkinson's disease, and her brother's upcoming bypass operation. She gives me a long list of meds, half of them psychiatric drugs.

Her chief complaints, I am tempted to write on the report, are anxiety and loneliness following a difficult life. Time of onset is not long after she was born. I tell her to fire her psychiatrist and find a good counselor. She needs somebody to talk to, I tell her, not a doctor to medicate her. We get her to sign the refusal, and we leave, telling her to take it easy.

All she needed was somebody to talk to, and at 0130 Hrs, who else can you call?

Why? Why do I devote one or two or sometimes three nights a week helping the ill and accident-prone, and increasing my dependence on coffee? I am not, let me tell you now, a bodhisattva—an angel sent here to Earth to help all beings. I am not that generous.

I have skills and gifts I was born with, and that I have worked to acquire. I am using them to help others. Though there is pleasure in helping my fellow humans, there are other, more selfish reasons that I enjoy my work on the squad. I am getting free, on-the-job training for a possible career change. I am proud to be part of an excellent team that does neat stuff with really cool toys. And the squad supplies an inexhaustible stream of entertaining stories.

And...maybe there are other, deeper reasons that draw me to the work.

It was late at night. A friend and I were talking about the deaths of our parents—she of her mother's long fight with cancer, and I of my father's similar, fatal illness.

"I didn't support him as much as I should have. This was almost ten years ago—back when I was still drinking, I was younger, I was an idiot. I...I don't think I had the capacity to give the support he needed. I could have done a lot more, knowing what I know now."

"It's in the past. And you learned from it."

"Yeah," I said, "That *is* important."

I considered the possibility that my work on the squad is a subconscious effort to save the lives of an endless parade of substitutes for my dying father. I found it too absurd to even speak aloud.

"Sometimes I got tired of taking care of Mom," she said. "Her suffering...it was too much. Sometimes when she talked about the pain, I would just turn off."

"That's a natural reaction," I said. "It's why working on the squad appeals to me. I work with all of these whiny people in pain. But long before I get sick and tired of a patient whining about how sick they are, we are at the hospital, and they're beginning the process of whining to a nurse. They're now somebody else's problem."

We enter the bedroom. A woman is curled up on the bed with her back to us. Cushing walks over and shakes her. "Ma'am? Ma'am?" Her whole body rocks back and forth with each shake of her shoulder. Her body is very rigid. He turns to Farmer and me with a disappointed expression, and shakes his head again. "Gone," he says.

Suddenly Sgt. Greene is behind us.

"DOA," says Cushing.

"Are you sure?" asks Greene.

"She's stiff as a board," says Cushing. "She's been gone for a while."

"I want you new folks to have a look at this," Sgt. Greene says to Farmer and me. "I want you to be able to recognize a DOA. You have the rigor mortis. The body is stiff. You know about that, right?" We nod.

Greene lifts the woman's nightgown, to show us her back.

When a person dies, blood is no longer being pushed smoothly through the veins and arteries by the pumping action of the heart. The upper extremity becomes pale. In the lower extremity, the pressure in the blood vessels increases as the blood, pulled by gravity, pools there.

For this woman, the blood had drained down to her right side, so that the lower three or four inches of her torso were a bright purple-pink. Above this so-called "line of lividity," her back was pale white.

Greene pointed to the lividity with a pen. "You see that?"

We nodded.

He looked at us.

In my three months on the squad, I'd seen dozens of sick people, an auto accident, minor bleeding. Outside of a funeral home or a med-school dissection, I had never seen a dead body. I looked at the woman, or rather, what *had been* the woman, with feigned casualness.

You run a patient to the hospital. Another signs a refusal. Another is dead before you arrive.

"So long a line of humanity," says the guide in Dante's *Inferno*, watching the procession of souls entering hell, "I had not known death had undone so many..."

It is our last scheduled class at the academy. Peter, our instructor, looks through his notes.

"Okay, let's talk about MCIs—mass casualty incidents. We're talking about the Big One here: the bus crash, the train wreck, the terrorist bombing. Are they scary? Yes. Will they mess up your head? Certainly. You are going to see some horrible things out there, and you will have to talk it out with somebody.

"Remember that mid-air collision, two private planes in Olney a few years back? When a plane hits the ground nose first, you're talking a helluva lot of force applied to the bodies inside. The leftover parts aren't too big.

"That incident, I was the first paramedic on scene. The biggest part left over was a head. I almost tripped over it. Just the head.

"Okay, so if you are first on scene at an MCI, you may start doing triage—sorting the patients for treatment priority. Priority One is...what?"

"Airway problems," says Spender.

"Uncontrolled bleeding," says Fordham. "Shock."

"Treatable, life-threatening conditions," I say.

"Okay, you come across a full arrest—no breathing, no pulse, trauma code. What priority is that patient?"

A couple of us in class say 'Priority One.'

"No. Priority Four. Do not treat. In an MCI, you can't spare people to do CPR. You got too many patients you *can* save easily. You can't spare two, three people doing pump-and-blow on the arrest. Dead is dead.

"Tough decisions...you will be making them out there. Believe it."

Does the constant exposure to suffering give the EMT worker a more negative outlook? Perhaps, but Buddhism's focus on suffering is usually perceived as pessimistic. Yet with its increased awareness of suffering, the Buddhist outlook can more easily distinguish life's sources of joy.

To get a seizing patient safely to the ER.

To share a laugh with an embarrassed homeowner who slipped from a ladder and hurt his knee.

To transport a patient, not all better, but better, from the hospital back to their home.

Peace. Enlightenment. Joy. They arrive in the most unexpected places and moments.

The back of an ambulance is fertile ground for spiritual teaching, where I come into nightly contact with people in the midst of suffering.

I ride. I watch. I comfort. I learn. I grow.

This is the moment.

The world suffers.

How wonderful! ♦

Curtis Olson practices Zen and lives in Washington D.C. This article is excerpted from his newsletter, EMT-ness. For subscription info, write Curtis at 4938 Hampden Lane, PO Box 314, Bethesda, MD 20814.

The Act of Sweeping

A woman is sweeping her porch
as if life depended on it,

dowsing for counsel
through the press

of an old broom, through
some small sure act

she can be certain
does no harm.

Wind rouses, loosening
leaves from even

the stiffest branches,
and sets the tiny

green boat on the bay
rocking

like our wavering
scales of justice.

She could be paddling
herself across.

Wind sweeps the porch.
A crow who walked the plank

bobs on one quivering
wrist of pine—

springs off, as if to dive,
but rises.

—L R Berger

(previously published in
The Granite Review)

ONWARD BUDDHIST SOLDIER?

A talk with Captain Lawrence Rockwood

Interview by Alan Senauke and Rick Fields

In September 1994, U.S. Army Captain Lawrence Rockwood obeyed the dictates of his conscience, walking into a Haitian jail in Port-au-Prince to witness the conditions of the political prisoners held there. For that action of honor, he was court-martialed and removed from active duty. Lawrence Rockwood, a practicing Buddhist, is presently appealing his court-martial and speaking around the country about his case, the U.S. presence in Haiti, and the forgotten lesson of My Lai and Vietnam.

Captain Lawrence Rockwood was raised on military bases in France, Germany, Turkey, and the U.S. He calls himself "4th generation military": both his parents were officers who met in Germany after World War II.

Rockwood has studied Zen with the late Kennett Roshi at Mount Shasta, and most recently, has been involved with Tibetan Buddhism.

This interview took place on June 18, 1996, at the Berkeley Zen Center.

Alan Senauke: Your family background explains why you became an officer; the military was deeply embedded in your consciousness.

Lawrence Rockwood: Very much so.

Rick Fields: Like a samurai family.

Lawrence: My family certainly wasn't an aristocratic one, as the samurais were. My father started as an enlisted man during WWII, and my great grandfather was a captain in the Civil War. So, my background is more a "citizen soldier" legacy, rather than a professional, West Point aristocracy.

Rick: When I was tracing the evolution of the warrior for the *Code of the Warrior*, I found a big difference between the soldier and the warrior. Soldiers follow orders; they're part of a machine. But the warrior follows an individual vision. For instance, in some pre-industrial societies, if a warrior had a dream that a battle wasn't going to go well for him, he wouldn't even take part in it.

Lawrence: In ancient Japan, India, and Europe, men were born into a warrior class. And a warrior was devoted to service and self-sacrifice. But in the professional military today, we focus on the exclusivity of the warrior caste, instead of the idea that you might have to sacrifice yourself.

The dharma has sometimes had an appeal to those in the warrior class—like the samurai in Japan. They understood the idea of selflessness. Their action and discipline was in the service of others. The dilemma of the soldier in the modern era is, what is our allegiance to? Who do we serve?

Another modern question is: Who's a combatant and who isn't? We've placed armies under civilians, and the leadership seems to have a less stringent concern with protecting non-combatants than used to be the case with elite, non-citizen-based armies. During WWII, the civilian leaderships made the decision to target what had up to that time been considered non-military targets. Hundreds of thousands of civilians died.

Rick: So a real line was crossed. One of the very strict rules of the knights was not harming women, children, and non-combatants. There are paintings from those days of battles going on, and someone is plowing a field in the background. But now, the scale and technology of war is such that those rules are lost. Like when we tried to end a war by dropping atomic bombs on Japanese cities.

Alan: But the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki only set a precedent in terms of the type of weapon used. Xenophobia and racism have been there throughout Western military history.

Lawrence: The legacy of WWII is the cult belief in "effective killing." We're still embracing that idea today, even though effective killing doesn't translate into a successful war. Look at the level of firepower used in Iraq, and yet that government is still in power. During WWII, the average soldier didn't fire against the enemy. Marshall, a famous army historian, discovered that. It was less than 50% in WWII, but in Vietnam around 98% fired against the enemy. The training changed; there was systematic dehumanization of the enemy. But in Vietnam we didn't win! Dehumanization had the opposite effect.

Alan: What was the U.S. doing in Haiti in September 1994? Maintaining a corporate atmosphere? In Haiti, garment workers make 11 cents an hour, producing Walt Disney Pocahontas pajamas. They cost Disney 7 cents to make, and they retail for \$11.99 in the States.

Lawrence: It was a conflict of allegiance between our human rights interests and our economic interests. I

Of course you're going to have friendly fire incidents when you're the only side firing!

was in a military command traditionally associated with one set of interests in Haiti—American business. When that policy changed, and we were supposed to support another area of interest, the military couldn't make the transition in a loyal way.

Alan: It seems to me that the policy changed because the public became aware that the human rights abuses were getting out of hand. So the situation was going to deteriorate anyway for corporate interests.

Lawrence: I'm not so convinced, as some people claim, that the military often misrepresents our democratic base, the people. You mentioned Disney. Disney has retail outlets all over the country, selling these Pocahontas outfits. Even though the public knows about exploitation of Haitian workers, you don't see much protest in the U.S. In fact, the military learns a lot of negative things from the society it's supposed to represent. After the Gulf War, we learned that the most important thing is not to have U.S. casualties. In Iraq, we bulldozed enemy soldiers. Thousands of them were buried alive, even though they weren't resisting. A pretty controversial tactic in terms of military ethics.

But all the U.S. press reported was that there were too many American victims of "friendly fire"! Of course you're going to have friendly fire incidents when you're the only side firing! So what did the military learn from that? No one's going to hold me responsible for my human rights record. They're only going to hold me responsible for maximum effective killing, and bringing back all *my* soldiers alive. That's a value the military picked up, and it's a very unwarriorlike value.

The military is very attached to the privileges of the nation state, such as access to oil. But we have also bound our soldiers under international humanitarian law. So, right now there's a dichotomy between loyalty to the nation state, and loyalty to international law. What's very important is that the military recognize that the nation state *itself* has placed its military under

obligation to that international law, which goes beyond the interests of the nation state. So our only responsibility isn't to go out there and get cheap oil.

Rick: What about your own Bodhisattva vow? Can you serve in a military that is by its nature restricted to one nation state?

Lawrence: I try to avoid seeing things dualistically. My role as a Buddhist in the military is that I'm responsible for my actions and my karma as a soldier. And in the wider sense, I'm responsible as a citizen.

Sometimes the most constructive way to be engaged has to be an inclusive way. When I first joined the military, I was in air defense, involved with what could trigger WWII, the beginning of a nuclear war. It's terrible that a democratic society based its military policy on nuclear weapons. That policy was never voted on by the people, but in fact we accepted it. But it would be more horrendous if we decided, as a society, that the people controlling these weapons should be eager to use them! These nuclear system can be managed skillfully or poorly. It's better to have someone like me involved in that system than someone who has no ethical qualms.

As engaged Buddhists, we need to look at the fact that we still have responsibility for things our society does, even when we don't agree with it. You can't just say "it has nothing to do with me." That's a denial.

Rick: There is a pacifist position that says, I'm not going to take part in the war machine in any way because I see the insanity of this. It's a purist position, maybe.

Lawrence: To not engage in the war machine, you have to go much further than that. For instance, Henry David Thoreau went to jail over \$54 in taxes. Now, the average citizen in this country spends \$2500 on the defense complex. Not just income tax, but gas taxes, tariffs, and other fees. If you want to totally disengage from the military, you can't be active in the economy or government at all.

Rick: So you represent the bodhisattva who is working *in* the world of suffering, right in the center. The military is a tremendous source of suffering, and that's where compassionate action is needed. In the wheel of existence, there's a Buddha in each realm, including the hell realm. I remember Trungpa Rinpoche said once, when there was protest going on at Rocky Flats (which was making nuclear triggers), "If you really want to affect it, you should get a job there."

Lawrence: Thich Nhat Hanh says that a general can be more or less violent in his acts. There are people with

We have an army that kills people, but isn't willing to take casualties itself. We're enshrining cowardice.



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love and compassion everywhere, even in the Pentagon. If we are going to have these established armies, we need to be involved with them. Most people accept that we have an army. If we took a vote tomorrow, the Pentagon would not be voted out of existence. With that acceptance comes a responsibility. That includes manning and overseeing the military. This is true if you're a pacifist, or if you accept the concept of a "just war"—a war that's a lesser evil than what would otherwise come about.

Alan: With a slight turn of pronunciation, "pacifist" becomes "passivist," which is what many people identify with pacifism. But *active* nonviolence involves a warrior code. People who believe strongly enough to interpose themselves in the place of war—like the Plowshares people—accept the consequences of destroying weapons. That's a choice *not* to accept one's privileges.

Lawrence: Right. If you're just passive, you're not acknowledging how we benefit from wars and aggression. I'd call it passive aggression. We let our nation state do our dirty work for us, and then we put all the responsibility on the nation, and we benefit from it. A true pacifist is closer to the warrior ideal of selflessness.

Gandhi is probably the best example of someone who was consistently a pacifist, even during WWII. But even *he* had a high regard for soldiers, because he admired the ideal of selflessness in them. I think he would have been very disappointed if he'd seen my army in Haiti, where that ideal wasn't there.

Many highly decorated war veterans have supported my actions in Haiti. I've also had support from Plowshares, the Catholic Workers, and the Berrigan brothers—people who have been completely pacifist.

Alan: But, with no disrespect, given the values of the nation state, how can you honorably serve in the military now?

Lawrence: If I left the military, my daily practice as a Buddhist would probably improve. But what would be the end result? Would the military change for the better? Would it be more responsive to international law? If all the people who are committed to compassionate action left the service, what would happen? In the Tibetan view, there is the concept of enlightenment in *all* realms.

Rick: Do you know the story of the Zen master who was attacked by a soldier? The monk was just sitting, meditating, and the soldier said, "Do you know who I am? I could cut you in two without blinking an eye." The Zen master said, "Do you know who I am? I could *let* you cut me in two without blinking an eye." And the soldier put down the sword.

Lawrence: That's a wonderful story, because the Zen master is speaking to the attacker in his own language. A Buddha in a hell realm is speaking in a way that is understandable in *that* realm.

If all the people who are committed to compassionate action left the military, what would happen?

Alan: Like Avalokitesvara, who speaks to everyone in the appropriate voice. Meets everyone just as they are.

Lawrence: The military and the peace movement are both speaking about the same thing—war—but they don't speak the same language. There's a wall between them. We need to tear down that wall. That's why I think I'm more constructive on the side of the wall I'm on. Just because someone's a soldier doesn't mean they're not dedicated to peace. I haven't met many soldiers in my lifetime who wanted to start WWII. Or who thought war in general is a great thing.

Alan: Right, but as you pointed out earlier, the education they receive is a teaching in dehumanization. And that's a problem. *That's* not learning to speak the language of the other side.

Rick: You can't kill without a certain amount of dehumanization training. It's not easy for people to kill. So we teach soldiers to dehumanize the enemy, but then we get very confused when we send soldiers somewhere for "humanitarian" reasons—as recently in Africa and the former Yugoslavia—and then realize there isn't that much we can do.

Alan: There *isn't* much we can do and keep our people from getting hurt, that's for sure. We send those soldiers in a very half-assed way.

Lawrence: At least in WWII, there was no illusion that one side wasn't going to sustain casualties. War means you're willing to sacrifice. I've been involved in the "war against drugs" as a soldier. It's very duplicitous. We allow blood on the streets of Bogota every day, but we're not willing to interfere with people on their boats in the Bahamas on the receiving end.

During the Vietnam war, people in the military used to say that the anti-war movement people were just afraid of dying in Vietnam, that they were cowards, which is really the worst thing you can say about anybody. What I'm seeing in the military now is akin to cowardice. We have an army that's willing to kill people, but isn't willing to take casualties itself. We're enshrining cowardice. We're losing the warrior ideal.

Rick: But isn't there also a lack of vision as to what the military *could* be doing? There's been talk about the "greening of the army," that it could be used as an ecological force, or to feed people.

Lawrence: The modern military was created to fight the Axis. I think it served a good purpose—fighting the

Holocaust. It was far preferable to passivity. Now, if our democracy is to survive and for there to be a more compassionate world system, there needs to be a revolution. And it has to happen from within the military.

Alan: But the habit of the military is to serve the nation state, and the nation state's habit is to serve itself.

Lawrence: The military does habitually protect its own interests. But the average citizen also does that.

Alan: Self-clinging.

Lawrence: In a representative democracy, we can't expect to have an enlightened state, since the average person is not enlightened.

Rick: As a number of Tibetan teachers have pointed out, democracy has problems. Democratic capitalism, which is based on the magnification of desire to create more desire, more markets, has even bigger problems. The vision that drives America is making places safe for our sweatshops and cheap labor. Creating consumers. It's important to realize that this is samsara.

Lawrence: Samsara is a chain. We're in samsara in the military, and we're in it when we're at the gas station pumping our tank full of petroleum.

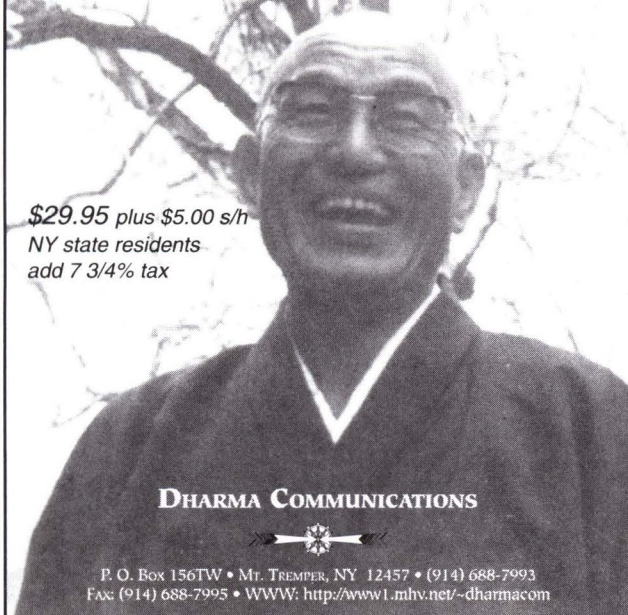
Alan: How did you come to Buddhism?

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Lawrence: I've always been a very spiritual person. When I was young, I studied to be a Franciscan priest. I was raised a Catholic, but I had problems with certain theological beliefs—such as a permanent soul, an absolute external God, or eternal damnation. I spent ten years studying the whole spectrum: Sufism, Hinduism, Buddhism... Like a lot of people in the West, my initial take on Buddhism was that it was a pessimistic philosophy. Sometimes I like to say I spent ten years trying to prove to myself that I wasn't a Buddhist. It took me a long time to relax into being a Buddhist.

Rick: Did you have contacts with other Buddhists?

Lawrence: No, I was pretty much on my own. I'm the only officer I know who's a Buddhist for reasons other than ethnic heritage. But I've seen more raised eyebrows from Buddhists when they hear I'm in the military than the other way around. People have the idea that the military is incompatible with Buddhism. If you look at it from a relative point of view, that's absurd—there are many Buddhist countries with armies, and some are downright oppressive. And the U.S. military is now doing things that people from a liberal background are supporting, like stopping the genocide in Bosnia.

My current teachers have no problem with me being in the military. That was the first thing I brought to their attention. They laughed, and said, it all depends on what your intention is. Of course, it doesn't mean all good intentions turn out OK.

Rick: "The road to hell is paved with good intentions."

Lawrence: Intention is something you *start* with. That's where your service starts.

Alan: You have several levels of court appeals you have to go through. You may not be reinstated. What do you see yourself doing for the next couple of years?

Lawrence: I'm in a unique position to be involved in the discussion about war, and in breaking down barriers between the human rights community and the military. When you get an opportunity in life, it usually comes with a lot of responsibility. I intend to continue with this discussion. My first goal is reinstatement, even though it may be unlikely. I have no illusions that I'll be on the fast track to being a general one day. But my wearing the uniform again would be very constructive.

Being a Buddhist in the military is operating in duality, even if there are good intentions. I may be part of the problem instead of part of the solution, and that's definitely a question I have to face constantly. But everyone, not just soldiers, has to face that. ❖

Alan Senauke is National Coordinator of BPF. Rick Fields is the editor of Yoga Journal. His books include How the Swans Came to the Lake, The Code of the Warrior, and most recently Instructions to the Cook (with Bernard Glassman).

What Omar Said

I been in here nine years,

Kirby been in for six.

We tight.

Me and Kirby, we got this thing we call big lungs. It's like this:

Kirby from Alaska. His tenth birthday

he seen his pops get shot.

They in the living room, like noon,

a car pull up the long drive, a big blue Chevy.

Kirby's pops get a gun out the kitchen cabinet,

tells him hide behind the sofa with his sisters,

stay back there, don't say nothing.

*Two guys come in the door, blast his pops ten shots
and leave. Kirby seen it all go down.*

It was weird, he say, like the shots then no sound,

his pops fall down, blood all over, over

everything, the floor, the rug, the walls,

all over the sofa he's hiding back of.

He don't go nowhere, just hold his sisters' heads down,

stare at his pops, the blood.

Three hours he sit there before the cops come. His tenth birthday.

Kirby say in them three hours he ready to die,

sitting there, he at the bottom of it all, but something,

something lift him.

He look at the painting across the room,

painting someone did of a moose, ain't no blood on it. He look at the moose,

moose look back at him, and he feel something lift him.

It ain't God lifting him, it ain't the moose, but something lift him up

so he know he'll be okay. He know he'll be okay even with his pops

dead on the floor. It's in himself, Kirby say.

Me and Kirby, sometimes we down so deep it's like we gonna die,

we gonna drown,

but here's these big-ass lungs bringing us up to the surface.

Me and Kirby, we got the biggest lungs.

We got moose lungs.

They get us up at six here. Me and Kirby,

we shovel the walks. I done nine years, I got twenty-nine to go—

this morning it's too long, this morning I'm at the bottom.

But then there's one flake of snow landing on my finger,

a perfect design like a little perfect world,

and I feel that warmth spread from my chest, I'm lifted, I'm okay today.

These lungs, they lift me.

—David Rothbart

***Buddhist Women On The Edge:
Contemporary Perspectives from the
Western Frontier***

edited by Marianne Dresser

North Atlantic Books, 1996, \$16.95

Reviewed by Tova Green

I am an avid reader of books about women and Buddhism, always looking for voices of women who share some of my questions, experiences, and points of view, and from whom I can learn. This anthology is remarkable for the diversity of voices represented. It includes well-known teachers and women who have begun practicing recently; practitioners in Zen, Vipassana, and Tibetan traditions; published authors and new writers; several lesbians and women of color.

It was Dresser's intention to open up the discussion of Buddhism in the United States to those whose voices have for the most part been marginalized or unheard. These newer voices blend with those of some well-known scholars and teachers whose books and teachings have been illuminating the issues for women in Buddhism for the last decade.

Some essays directly address sexism or sexist practices and a few deal with racism. Jan Willis describes what African Americans could contribute to Buddhism if there were more opportunities for them to participate, and Lori Pierce makes the connections between institutionalized racism in the U.S. and in Buddhist communities. But most of the essays talk about aspects of practice the individual writers feel passionate about. There is something for every reader in this book.

As I read I remembered a gathering of women vipassana students at the end of one New Year's retreat at the Insight Meditation Society over ten years ago. Anna Douglas, one of the teachers of the course, had given a dharma talk which spoke to the experiences of many women there and we crowded into the tiny yoga room to talk about the need many of us felt to form local women's sitting groups. Now there are more women teachers, as well as sitting groups for women, lesbians and gay men, and people of color in many areas of the country. Still, the need to share our experience is great.

Kate Wheeler asks in her essay, "What am I doing in a religion whose formal expression is a highly defended, medieval, male, sexist hierarchy?" I am sure many women have asked this question. She finds little genuine change in Buddhist institutions with regard to women since the time of the Buddha, when he refused to give women equal status. Yet Wheeler continues to do her prostrations. She, and many other writers in the book, are trying to change Buddhism from within, rather than dismissing Buddhism because of its patriarchal history and current practices.

Marilyn Senf discusses her need to speak out, to share with other women our experiences in our practice communities. "I struggle to find an honest place for myself within this tradition...But then always, underneath the trappings, there is that bare-bones phenomenology of the Dharma that I love so much, that beckoning to inquire, with its powerful feminist potential, and this makes leaving or sitting on the sidelines unacceptable alternatives." (pp. 77-78)

One development I have seen in the last 20 years is the increase in the number of women teachers. In addition to the essays by several well known teachers there are two beautifully written portraits of beloved teachers: Sandy Boucher describes an encounter with Ruth Dennison, and Shosan Victoria Austin portrays the grace and skill of Suzuki Sensei, her tea teacher. In our search for role models it is useful to have living beings before us, as well as the "great mother" of Tantric Buddhism as described by Allione, or Pajapati, Shakyamuni Buddha's aunt, "who led hundreds of women over many miles to ask the Buddha for teachings and for the right to become nuns." (Melody Ermachild Chavis, p. 117)

The book takes up the controversial role of emotions in practice. Thubten Chodron says being aware of our emotions enables us to know our mental processes, but that we may focus on emotions in an unproductive way that increases our self-centeredness. "We forget to apply the practices the Buddha taught to transform them." (p. 232) She describes prejudice against women in Buddhist communities and notes, "I try to do whatever is practical and possible to alleviate it. Dharma practice has lessened my anger until it is largely absent." (p. 231) In contrast, Anita Barrows talks about "the light of outrage," the way in which outrage at injustice can lead to action. "Rather than using our practice to boil down our anger, why can't we use it to explore it, to honor it, to give it amplitude, to restore its vitality, its usefulness, its freedom from destructiveness?" And bell hooks writes, "The point is not to give up rage, rather that we use it to deepen the contemplation to illuminate compassion and struggle. What might people have thought if rather than people exploding in violent rage about the Rodney King incident, there had been a week of silence?" (p. 292) I would like to see Barrows, hooks and Chodron in face-to-face discussion about this issue.

I particularly appreciate the voices of engaged Buddhism in this book. Barbara Gates, describing an incident with an alcoholic neighbor, urges us to be open to the pain around us, not to use meditation as a tool to create inner peace in such a way that we wall ourselves off from the reality around us. And Maylie Scott describes how the Concord Naval Weapons Station became a place of practice for her. She writes,

(Continued on following page)

The Green Buddha

by Christopher Titmuss

Insight Books, Totnes, England, \$18. Available through Wisdom Publications, 361 Newbury St., Boston, MA 02115; 617/536-3358; or c/o Gaia House, Denbury near Newton Abbot, Devon TQ12 6DY, England.

Reviewed by Gary Pace

Possibly the most pressing question of our age is how to bring about the monumental shifts in human consciousness and societal structures that must occur for life on this planet to continue. In *The Green Buddha*, Christopher Titmuss takes Buddhist fundamentals and applies them at both the personal and societal levels in the service of driving human evolution past the catastrophic forces of greed, hatred, and delusion. He covers a lot of territory in the book, including an application of the Four Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path to contemporary society, a discussion of the social teachings of the Buddha, a look at the Buddha's approach to women in the sangha, and comparisons of the Buddha's teachings with several historical figures, including Marx, Jesus, Wittgenstein, even Prince Charles! While his writing can be maddeningly inconsistent and would benefit from major editing, his insights make an important contribution by bringing a deep analysis of ego into the social arena.

Being a long-time activist and on the advisory board of the BPF, Christopher not surprisingly advocates for a more radical engaged Buddhism. Noting that the Four Noble Truths were never meant to be understood in purely personal terms, he says, "This preoccupation with the individual, despite the countless insights of the Buddha into the emptiness of a 'self' existence, has undermined the social, political and environmental concerns of his teachings." He sounds a clarion call for Buddhists to engage. "For more than 2,000 years Buddhists have been taking the vow 'to save all sentient beings.' With more species under threat, with countless numbers already extinct, this vow has come to have a fresh significance for the Earth, as an active reminder to value sentient life."

His experiences as a member of the Green Party in Britain and as a long-time Buddhist teacher intertwine in the attempt to form a new synergy. Observing that "...there is no evidence to show that the average environmentalist consumes any less than anybody else," he unflinchingly delves into the consumption patterns in developed countries, and uses Buddhist guidelines to look at the desires behind our consumption. He cross-pollinates an environmentalist's awareness of the destructive effects of human behavior with 2,500 years of Buddhist teachings about the roots of human desire, and from this a real potential for change emerges.

Like the "Deep Ecologists," he guides us beyond

information gathering and towards experiential contact. "It is not knowledge that we are short of but the inspiration to transform our life, to break out of the mold of mechanical existence, and live on the edge of simplicity with others in a communal respect for the ordinary."

Christopher leads us to an exciting edge: Could it be that "enlightenment" is not so much a transcendent mental state for individuals to experience as it is an essential step for us to survive as a species? Buddhist practice and principles, when looked at in the larger social context, could be one important avenue towards our evolution as ecological beings. ❖

Gary Pace lives with his wife Margaret Howe and his daughter Maia in North Carolina, where he practices medicine.

Women on the Edge (continued)

"We are here because we know the facts of inter-being do not leave us alone." Although there is no single message in this book, Maylie's words sum up for me the book's spirit. We are here, and we are writing, because we care about one another, because we are all on the edge together. ❖

Tova Green is spending a year in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she is attending a class on world religions, taught by Diana Eck at Harvard. An essay by Rita Gross, "Buddhism after Patriarchy?" is on the reading list, and one theme of the course is the impact of feminism on all the major world religions.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Barbara Hirshkowitz

Never was a topic—in this case “work”—more pertinent or timely, as I am in the midst of exploring new work options. These four books present a dazzling array of potential ways to think about work. For people who are unemployed, under-employed, unhappily employed, or just a little skeptical about trading hours for wages, these books offer provocative questions and options.

Mindfulness and Meaningful Work: Explorations in Right Livelihood

edited by Claude Whitmyer

Parallax Press, 1994, \$16 (paper)

True to its title, this volume does not have answers but is filled with questions and possibilities. In essays too numerous to count, teachers and students, Buddhist and Christian, jobless and employed give their thoughts, experiences, and feelings about right livelihood. Most texts are explicitly from a Buddhist perspective and use familiar terminology, but a few add other perspectives, i.e., “Amish Economics” and “Islamic Banking.”

The book is thoughtfully organized in sections with a glossary, bibliography, and resource list. It's definitely the kind of book I want to keep on my shelf. The biggest difficulty it presents is: Where to begin? Should one work from page one onward (reading as “work”), or start with a luminary such as Gary Snyder or Aitken Roshi, or with the most appealing titles, such as, “Free Time” or “Love of Work”? Wherever you open *Mindfulness and Meaningful Work*, you will find something to ponder.

Making a Living While Making a Difference: A Guide to Creating Careers with a Conscience

by Melissa Everett

Bantam Books, 1995, \$10.95 (paper)

This is a no-nonsense book that deconstructs working and encourages the individual to reconstruct work as right livelihood. Although no Buddhist terminology is used, Melissa Everett clearly considers spiritual matters and ethics as essential aspects of choosing a career. If you feel stuck in your work, this book will give you ideas for how to change your situation, both from within and without.

After an introductory section laying the foundations, we proceed down the “Ten-Step Program for Principled Career Development.” The resource list is extensive. The book is a bit cramped and overly designed but

not confusing. There are many epigraphs, and my favorite is from Fran Peavey, author and activist, who sums up a really important and often overlooked principle: “Build community. It will help you out a whole lot more than money when things start to fall apart.”

It's impossible to get through this book and still think that social responsibility and one's career are incompatible.

The End of Work:

The Decline of the Global Labor Force and the Dawn of the Post-Market Era

by Jeremy Rifkin

Tarcher/Putnam, 1995, \$15.95 (paper)

This meticulously researched book waltzes us through the developments in technology and government that have resulted in one of the United States' most difficult dilemmas—fewer and fewer people able to earn a living wage. It is full of startling statistics and dismal facts, but the writing is solid and draws you along.

Rifkin indicates a way beyond the current mess. We need to redefine work, giving priority to the civic sector, that part of our lives that has to do with living day-to-day, the part that has always been devalued by government and business. There is more than enough service work to keep us all constructively engaged rebuilding our communities and environment.

Mindful Mediation:

A Handbook for Buddhist Peacemakers

by John A. McConnell

Spirit in Education Movement, Thailand, 1995 (paper)
\$20 from the BPF office

This obscurely published book is surely worth going out of the way for, especially as BPF is making it available through its office in Berkeley. The book is an important reminder that there is a strong tradition of conflict resolution in Buddhism itself. Here's what Ana Matt, a religion teacher in Berkeley, has to say: “It is an excellent introduction to Buddhism because one sees Buddhist teachings put into practice resolving our daily conflicts. This makes the book come alive and draws the reader in. This is an excellent guide for living, for anyone, Buddhist or not; from the person who is just beginning to learn about Buddhism to the most advanced, learned Buddhist.”

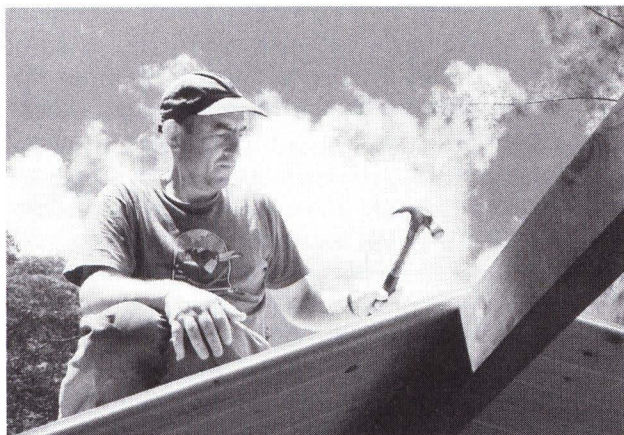
We certainly have our work cut out for us! ❖

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

COORDINATOR'S REPORT

Early mornings at the Palolo Zendo, Robert Aitken Roshi's center in Honolulu, the mountain clouds burst forth with torrents of rain and fierce winds ripped down the valley. Sitting zazen in the growing light I could hear all this weather settle itself. An hour or so later, working on the rooftop, I watched the rainwater steam away in the sunlight.

It's nearly three months now since I returned from a sabbatical in Hawaii, where I was a member of the work/training period at Palolo, the last one led by Aitken Roshi before his formal retirement this month. The call of the ocean, the sunlight, and sky are still in my mind. The challenge of meeting that old man face to face four times a week, each time calling forth the dharma as best I could...before he rang the bell to call the next student. That's also in my mind.



Alan Senauke wields a hammer at Palolo Zen Center

For six short weeks fifteen of us from scattered places in North America and Australia formed a precious community, shaped by zazen, dokusan, study, play, and hard work. Physical work—seven hours a day, five days a week—was the real crucible of practice. Carpentry, painting, stuccoing, hauling was more than most of us were accustomed to in our lives back home. Our skills were rusty or nonexistent, our muscles lacked tone, our minds resisted, and we watched ourselves with (usually) quiet attention and cumulative fatigue. In all this we were guided by boatbuilder and long-time zen student Don Stoddard, who served as work leader for this training period, as he has done for nearly 40 other training periods over the years. He gently and patiently pushed us beyond our limited skills and energy. Under his laconic spell we built a bridge and a dokusan room, finished the residence hall with stucco, and painted much of the center. In the end, we could see our work and we were proud of it.

I'd particularly like to acknowledge Lewis Woods and Elsie Tep of the BPF staff for keeping the office running smoothly while I was away. They handled membership, finances, and program work with extraordinary thoroughness—just as I had expected. And they were kind enough to allow me to serve my time at Palolo with no worries or desperate messages. I am very grateful for their efforts and intelligence.

Returning to the BPF office in September, I plunged into an ocean of gratifying but challenging work. There was the usual pile of mail and e-mail, heaped up from my long absence. Two new BASE groups, led by Donald Rothberg and Ken Otter, began here in the Bay Area. Maylie Scott and I led our first “engaged Buddhist retreat” at Jikoji Zen Center, south of San Francisco. We are trying to develop a form of retreat where people can move from sitting, to work, to discussion of their lives and concerns, keeping a common root of mindful attention to what arises in each activity, so that we can apply that mind to our daily lives *and* social action. This is not a revolutionary approach, and yet it is still experimental for activists.

Late in the month we had two wonderful public events with members of BPF's Advisory Board. Tibetan Buddhist teacher Pema Chodron gave a dharma talk at the Berkeley Shambhala Center, as a benefit for BASE. Aitken Roshi offered a benefit reading from his fine book of essays, *Original Dwelling Place*, at Jerry Brown's We The People center in downtown Oakland. On December 9, poet and BPF elder Gary Snyder will give a benefit reading of *Mountains and Rivers Without End*, his long poem 40 years in the making. And in late January, Vipassana teacher Joseph Goldstein is doing a benefit for BASE, a dharma talk here in Berkeley (see back cover for details). We are grateful to these teachers, advisors, and friends for their special support. It's not easy to keep the books balanced and to meet what we feel to be our responsibilities in the world. Their generosity helps in both respects and gives us the sense that we are on the right path.

Finally, along with all our ongoing work—*Turning Wheel*, BASE, chapters, networking, international support, etc.—the board and staff have begun a deep process of self-examination, evaluating our present work and outlining our future. BPF has grown steadily in size and mission over the last several years. The simple tasks of maintenance are demanding. The office is crowded and busy. Cash is tight. These are common conditions for non-profits in the nineties. But how can our dharma practice transform these conditions? What is our essential mission, and how can we find appropriate support to follow through? We invite your thoughts as this process unfolds. What is it you need? What do you want to see BPF doing? What can you offer? ♦ —Alan Senauke

FINDING INSPIRATION IN CHICAGO

by Diana Winston

Should I attend a paper on "Liberation Theologies East and West"? Or maybe a panel on "Uniting Buddhist Peace Movements with Global Civil Society"? Or wait, isn't H.H. the Dalai Lama speaking tonight? I flip exasperatedly through the conference manual. Everything looks interesting. How am I ever going to be able to decide?

The July 1996 Conference on Socially Engaged Buddhism and Christianity in Chicago was a seven-day awakening to the many, many people interested in the topic of faith in action. It was a constant flow of information, a networker's paradise, and a place where important thinking happened. There I became further inspired about what it means to be a socially engaged Buddhist, and what role BASE (Buddhist Alliance for Social Engagement) can play in creating change.

One afternoon I grabbed BPF board member Petra McWilliams: "Let's go have coffee." We headed to the nearest cafe. I was disappointed they didn't have soy milk lattes, but then again, it wasn't California, we reminded each other. The lack of dairy alternatives was only one of a few conference-related disappointments. I had been frustrated by a "top down" style of presentation: the experts had the knowledge and the power—mostly older male academicians imparted knowledge to us uninformed folks. I found myself rebelling. Petra and I agreed there was little gender-balance and too much hierarchy. The organizers of the conference weren't valuing the fact that there was plenty to learn from everyone.

However, we gave them the thumbs up for racial diversity, as many Asian Buddhists from a wide variety of traditions presented papers and roamed the halls of DePaul University in multicolored robes. This was manifest one day when Petra and I walked to lunch at a nearby Thai restaurant with Dr. Ariyaratne of Sri Lanka. We were joined by a retinue of two Tibetan-ordained U.S.-born nuns, a Burmese monk, one Burmese lay devotee, and a Sri Lankan monk. As we wove through the streets of the gentrified Chicago neighborhood in a rush of saffron, yellow and maroon, we were greeted by a big truck honking and a voice shouting, "Hey Brothers!"

The most interesting dialogue took place in between sessions when I met *unfamous* people working tirelessly for change. There was one woman who had organized members of her Chicago-based Japanese Buddhist temple into regular work parties at soup kitchens, and Jim who had been working for years in AIDS ministry in Thailand. Frank in Korea was organizing to end temple burning, and George ran a night ministry for gang kids on the streets of Chicago. His official ministerial garb

was a black shirt with a white collar and a pair of blue jeans. I discovered many people who have been toiling anonymously for years doing what needs to be done.

"Petra," I mused, as we sat in a small, hip, nouveau Italian restaurant, splurging on sun-dried tomato angel hair pasta (shades of California), "do you notice an overwhelming need for connection? There's so much important work represented at the conference, but the separate groups and people seem so isolated from each other." She acknowledged that perhaps that's what BASE offers—a model for Buddhist-based social action communities that addresses separation.

She's right, of course. In my lectures on BASE, I talked about the need for a community of support as an antidote to burnout and frustration, a site for contact and warmth, and a place to come home to. Nothing like BASE has existed before within North American Buddhism. And because BASE is adaptable to a variety of situations, Buddhists from many different countries, lineages, and practice centers came up to me to learn about how to start a BASE program in their own communities.

Presenting BASE as a community seemed to open people's eyes and hearts. I was gratified that only three years after its inception, the infant BASE was so well-received among Buddhists and Christians alike. In fact, much of the inspiration for BASE had come from Christian social change and base communities.

I was invited to participate in a Buddhist-Christian interreligious dialogue. Most of the discussion centered around what issues we could combine forces on, but during the meeting it became clear to me that while certainly it is important to work with other faiths, we Buddhists ourselves barely know each other! Different Buddhist groups are isolated from each other, primarily because Buddhism is new in the U.S., and I think the first twenty years or so have been devoted to forging and solidifying the different groups' separate identities. This was a necessary part of our histories, but now, with the massive level of suffering on the planet, it's time to use our common vision for peace to make change happen. We don't have to be the same kind of Buddhists to work together.

Later in the week, Petra and I attended a paper given by Rita Gross on a Buddhist ecological perspective. Rita focused on the second noble truth—that the origin of suffering is addictive desire—from a political perspective. As we headed to lunch, Petra and I excitedly conferred: perhaps what could politically unite the separate Buddhist traditions is our opposition to consumerism (the logical extension of *tanha*—or compulsive desire, addiction), both individually as we work to simplify our lifestyles, and on a global scale.

For myself, I had a sense of clicking into my own work at the conference. I felt that I was doing exactly what I should be doing. I had found a clear way to contribute to the work of socially engaged Buddhism. I had never had this feeling before in my life. I could work for hours, and even when I got tired, my passion for what I was doing gave me new energy. I was networking, making connections with and between people, I was thinking about and speaking about what I loved, and I was able to inspire and be inspired by people's stories.

The last evening I flopped down onto the bed in Petra's dorm room. She crawled over to the couch. We were utterly exhausted. "There's the museum tour in an hour," she reminded me. "Right," I replied, "but at the moment I can barely speak English." "Well, we could go looking for soy milk lattes," she grinned. ❖

Diana Winston is the Coordinator of BASE. After six weeks of meditating at Insight Meditation Society this Fall, she has finally recovered from the Chicago conference.

CHAPTER NEWS

On the international front, **BPF Bangladesh** members participated in a three-day nonviolence training. Brother Jarlath D'Souza and Parimal Mutsudi were two of the trainers for this remarkable event held in Dhaka and organized by the Bangladesh Inter-Religious Council for Peace and Justice. A diverse (religion, age, gender-wise) group of more than 50 people took part in the event. The first day was organized around the theme of violence, and included role plays, a discussion of violence in Bangladesh, and a video of Gandhi. On the second day, lecturers analyzed "nonviolence," its qualities, visible signs, and methods. The third day included training methods, again with many role plays. We are delighted to hear of this work, especially since Brother Jarlath reported, "The spirit was one of family."

At the end of the Chicago conference on Engaged Buddhism and Christianity, BPF, in conjunction with **Chicago's Lakeside Buddha Sangha** and **Wat Dhammaram**, a Thai temple, held a day of mindfulness. Along with sitting and walking meditation there were several panel discussions. Dr. Ariyaratne, Sulak Sivaraksa, Dr. Phangcham (the abbot of the monastery where the event was held) and Diana Winston were on the panel. They exchanged reflections with the audience about differences between socially engaged Buddhism in Asia and the U.S., the lack of communication between ethnic Asian Buddhists and "convert Buddhists" in the U.S., specific reports of what was happening in various countries, the need for community, and what constitutes spiritual friendship. It was a rich day of exchange and information that brought together practice with theory.



Participants at Chicago Day of Mindfulness (l to r): Dr. Phangcham, Frank Tedesco, Dr. Ariyaratne, Diana Winston, Sulak Sivaraksa, George Bond, Ven. Boonsoo

On November 11, the **Los Angeles Chapter** remembered and honored the lives of the more than 400 people who were killed in violent confrontations in Los Angeles in 1995. In a ceremony held at the Korean Peace Bell in San Pedro, BPF members read the Ceremony for the Deceased from the Plum Village Chanting Book and recited the names of many who died. "We ask the community to listen with a quiet mind: to remember our parents and grandparents...The community should feel calm, clear, and at peace in order to make possible the calm, clarity, and peace of those who have left this life." A powerful experience for all involved.

The **Seattle Chapter** has created a new format for meetings, based on their work with Tova Green, which they have found to be very successful and wanted to share:

A typical two-hour meeting begins as people choose the roles of Facilitator, Time-keeper, Vibes-watcher, and Recorder. The agenda is as follows:

1. Check-in (10 minutes)
2. Announcements, media alerts (10 minutes)
3. Next meeting time and date (5 minutes)
4. Precepts (10 minutes)
5. Meditation (20 minutes)
6. Topical discussion (30 minutes)
7. Decisions (15 minutes)
8. Next meeting agenda (5 minutes)
9. Appreciation/evaluation (10 minutes)
10. Closing Meditation, dedication of merit (5 minutes)

—Ros Weiner

Chapter Briefs:

Welcome to two new contacts: **Beverly Petiet** in Albany, New York and **Gary Kuhlmann** in Iowa City, Iowa.

Dear Readers: In our next issue, we would like to include some individual activist news on this page along with chapter news. Let's share our successes and learn from and inspire each other. Please send word of your activities to Diana Winston at the BPF office. ❖

WHAT YOU CAN DO

The resources listed below address a broad spectrum of work-related issues: technological change, stress, right livelihood, job-hunting, workplace organizing, etc.

1. Study and Inquiry:

- *Full Catastrophe Living*, by Jon Kabat-Zinn (Dell). A manual for mindfulness training, based on an eight-week stress-reduction program at the University of Massachusetts Medical Center.
- *Do What You Love, The Money Will Follow*, by Marsha Sinetar (Dell). A guide to finding right livelihood.
- *Working*, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon). Profiles of people doing an amazing array of jobs.
- *Your Money or Your Life: Transforming Your Relationship with Money and Achieving Financial Independence*, by Joe Dominguez and Vicki Robin (Viking). Highly recommended to all who want to simplify their financial and spiritual lives.
- *Working Mother Magazine*, October 1996, includes an article identifying "100 Best Companies for Working Mothers" in America.
- Nolo Press in Berkeley, Calif., offers many excellent resources on employment and business law. Call 800/728-3555 to order a catalogue.

See "Books in Brief" on page 40 for more resources.

2. Personal Practice:

Take a meditation break. Turn off all the computers, phones, fax machines and other equipment and sit quietly, alone or with co-workers, for 10 minutes a day. Start meetings with a few moments of quiet sitting. Set your computer screen-saver to remind you to stop and stretch every hour, or to breathe.

Work with precepts at your workplace. The precept of "not killing," for example, obviously means not to strangle your annoying coworker. On a more subtle level, it could also mean not putting co-workers into mental categories (nice, obnoxious, competent, clueless, etc.) and relating to them as if they were fixed in those categories. The workplace provides endless opportunities to explore issues of right speech, sexual misconduct, theft, intoxication, possessiveness, and so forth. Green Gulch Farm, a Zen community in Marin, Calif., hosts seminars in which businesspeople address these very issues. The series is called "Company Time"; for more info call 415/383-3134.

Look for ways to get out of the cycle of work and consumerism. Investigate barter arrangements. Trade gardening, painting, foot rubs with friends.

3. Community-based Action:

If you're employed, be a mentor to someone, give informational interviews, hire interns, or volunteer in a job-training program.

If you're unemployed, form a support group with other people in similar states of transition, or ask your friends to join you in a Clearness Session (see page 24). Help one another find local job-training and employment resources. Join a sangha work party, or call a local volunteer agency to offer services.

4. National and International Work:

A number of organizations are working nationally and internationally to improve conditions for workers. The two listed below are good places to start.

New Ways to Work (785 Market Street, Suite 950, San Francisco, CA 94103-2016; tel: 415/995-9860; fax: 415/995-9867.) NWW, founded in 1972, is a nonprofit that promotes alternative work-time arrangements such as job-sharing, telecommuting, flextime, compressed workweeks, phased retirement and various types of leaves. It provides technical assistance, publications, training programs, and an international network of similar organizations.

The Working Group (P.O. Box 10326, Oakland, CA 94610; tel: 510/547-8484; fax: 510/547-8844.) The Working Group is an independent video-production company that makes documentaries about the American workplace. Its series "We Do the Work" is aired on Public Broadcasting System (PBS) stations around the country. Call or write to receive more information, suggest story topics, or offer help.

Watch your purchasing and investment behavior. *Boycott Quarterly* can help you keep track of current boycotts, nationally and internationally. For U.S. residents (individuals), subscription rates are \$20/year for 4 issues; a sample issue is \$5. Send U.S. funds only with name, address, phone, and e-mail address to: *Boycott Quarterly*, PO Box 30727, Seattle, WA 98103-0727. Encourage your legislators to exert government pressure to stop harmful business practices.

Support worker collectives that are helping workers to stay out of sweatshop environments. **Asociacion Maya de Desarrollo**, a self-managing weavers' cooperative of Guatemalan women, makes beautiful meditation shawls. Order through Institute for Economic Justice & Indigenous Technology, P.O. Box 1344, Eugene, OR 97440; tel/fax: 541/334-0299; iejit@efn.org.

At **Global Exchange** (in Berkeley, Mill Valley, and San Francisco) your purchase supports the cultural survival of craft cooperatives in developing countries. 2480 College Ave, Berkeley, CA 94705; tel: 510/548-0370.

Upavin, a co-op of women in the squatters' community in Guatemala City, markets its crafts through Priscilla Hart, 1551 Eliot's Oak Rd., Columbia, MD 21044; tel: 410/730-6285; fax: 410/964-0869.

For crafts from **El Pueblo Adelante**, a co-op of war widows in El Salvador, contact Sylvia Gregory, 33 E. 30th Ave. #5, Eugene, OR 97405; tel/fax: 541/485-3406. ❖ —Shannon Hickey

ANNOUNCEMENTS & CLASSIFIEDS

SUPPORT INMATES with literary materials. Please send to: Prison Library Project, 976 W. Foothills Blvd. #128, Claremont, CA 91711.

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

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

PEN PALS WANTED. Male Buddhist inmates in various prisons around the U.S. are in search of Buddhist pen pals. If you have a P.O. box and are interested, contact Lewis at the BPF office.

BISEXUAL BUDDHIST ASSOC. affirming unity, positive self-image, and bisexual identity for those committed to meditation and mindfulness practice. P.O. Box 858, Amherst, MA 01004-0858.

IMMIGRATION SERVICES for international sangha. Individuals, organizations. Theodore C. Olsen, Immigration Law Offices. 970/468-0219. Email 73344.1167@compuserve.com.

TEACH ENGLISH IN THAILAND. BPF is looking for several women to spend 6 months to a year teaching English to Thai Buddhist nuns. Basic room and board in exchange. Contact Alan at the BPF office.

BPF'S AFFILIATE, THE GAY BUDDHIST FELLOWSHIP, has sitings, speakers, and discussions every Thursday evening and every other Sunday morning in San Francisco. In addition to classes, workshops, and weekend retreats, they hold monthly potluck dinners. They also participate in

Buddhist AIDS projects. The newsletter, with information and articles on topics of concern to gay Buddhists, is available for \$15/8 issues. (See inside back cover for address.)

KARMA HAPPENS bumper stickers. It's both noble and true! SASE and \$2 payable to: R. Lovitt, 5226 Puget Rd. NE, Olympia, WA 98516.

THE PRISON DHARMA NETWORK is alive and well and in need of funds so that it can distribute the materials it has received. Please send your tax-deductible donations to: PDN, P.O. Box 912, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123.

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

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

CONTRIBUTIONS NEEDED to feed Sunday dinner to homeless women. Please send to Padmasambhava Buddhist Center, 151 Lexington Ave., Apt. 8A, New York, NY 10016. For further info contact Marie Friquegnon at 212/473-0365.

MEDICAL CHI GONG is an ancient Taoist system of simple movement, breathwork, visualization, and meditation. It is gentle and easy to learn. Daily practice encourages self-healing by mobilizing the body's natural healing capacities. Chi Gong is profound inner medicine that quiets the mind, increases energy and vitality, enhances immunity and encourages longevity and spiritual development. For information and schedule of San Francisco Bay Area classes, call Ellen Raskin at 415/431-3707.

ZEN VIEWS, *Generic Zen With a Beat*. Commentary, translations, reviews, recipes. Subscriptions: \$10. P.O. Box 273, Powell River, British Columbia, V8A 4Z6, Canada.

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

INDIANA STATE PRISON Zen group seeks donations: materials for tea ceremony (especially green tea), study materials, incense, robes, beads, etc. Please send them to: Indiana State Prison Chapel, Zen Buddhist Group, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46361.

THE M.S.C. BUDDHIST GROUP is in need of zafus and/or zabutons and any other dharma-related materials to help their 30-member strong, multi-tradition sangha. Donations may be sent to: M.S.C. Buddhist Group, c/o Chaplain William Peck, Washington State Penitentiary, P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362. Donations need to be sent from organizations or centers only, and marked to indicate that they are from a Buddhist organization. Donors should also request an acknowledgment of receipt.

SENIOR MINISTER SOUGHT by liberal, non-denominational church in Berkeley, California, starting September 1997. Christians and non-Christians are encouraged to apply. Primary responsibility for spiritual welfare of congregation and its overall direction, including religious ministerial services, religious education, pastoral care, leadership and administrative oversight. Minimum 3-5 years experience in pastoral ministry required. Compensation to \$40,000. Contact Search Committee, Northbrae Community Church, 941 The Alameda, Berkeley, CA 94707; 510/526-3805. Closing date: 2/1/97.

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

INMATE SEEKS BHIKKHU or Theravadin teacher with whom to correspond or visit. Please contact Paul Veach, 540583, Estelle Unit, Huntsville, TX 77340.

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

SUPPORT HOMELESS PEOPLE: The Berkeley Ecumenical Chaplaincy to the Homeless is seeking supporters for its new "Community of Compassion," a group of 100 people underwriting monthly rent (\$300/person) for the Haste St. Transitional House, which seeks to empower homeless adults in their move from the streets to permanent housing. This progressive, interfaith program involves homeless people in counseling, volunteer work, job development and community living. For information, write: 2345 Channing Way, Berkeley, CA 94704, or call 510/548-0551.

DALAI LAMA PORTRAITS The Benevolent Organization of Development, Health & Insight (BODHI) offers a color poster (20" x 23" or 50 x 58 cm) of His Holiness, photographed at dawn in New York's Central Park in 1991. Art photographer John Bigelow (*Wisdom and Compassion—The Sacred Art of Tibet*) donated the image, and Kuan Chang donated the design. This poster is offered exclusively by BODHI, \$20 to \$30 sliding scale. For orders of 10 or more, \$15 or make an offer. Write to: BODHI, 4 Queen St., Campbell Town, Tas 7210, Australia, or phone (003) 81-1133.

BUDDHIST BOOKS FROM BPF *Modern Thai Monarchy and Cultural Politics*, a book about the acquittal of Sulak Sivaraksa on the charge of *lese majeste* in Siam in 1995, and its consequences, is available from the BPF office for \$15. Also *Mindful Meditation*, for \$20 (see review on p. 40).

HELPING TURN THE WHEEL

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BPF NATIONAL OFFICE
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Tel. 510/525-8596
Fax: 510/525-7973

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1807 Elmwood Ave.
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CONTACTS

ALBANY, NY
Beverly Petiet
33 Fairview Ave.
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602/726-9168

AFFILIATES

**BPF AUSTRALIA
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Australia

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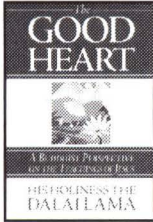
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