

Buddhist Anarchism

by

GARY SNYDER

Buddhist* holds that the universe and all creatures in it are intrinsically in a state of complete wisdom, love and mutual interdependence. The point of being a "Buddhist" - or a poet, or anything else for that matter - is to follow some way of life that will bring about personal realization of this from-the-beginning state, which cannot be had alone and for one "self" - because it cannot be fully realized unless one has given it up, and away, to all others.

In the Buddhist view, what obstructs the effortless manifestation of this natural state is ignorance, fed by fear and craving. Historically, Buddhist philosophers have failed to analyze-out the degree to which human ignorance and suffering is caused or encouraged by social factors, and have generally held that fear and craving are given facts of the human condition. Consequently the major concern of Buddhist philosophy is epistemology and "psychology" with no attention paid to historical or sociological problems. Although Mahayana Buddhism has a grand vision of universal salvation and boundless compassion, the actual achievement of Buddhism has been the development of practical systems of meditation toward the end of liberating individuals from their psychological hangups and cultural conditionings. Institutional Buddhism has been conspicuously ready to accept or support the inequalities and tyrannies of whatever it found itself under. This is death to Buddhism, because it is death to compassion. Wisdom without compassion feels no pain.

No one today can afford to be innocent, or indulge himself in ignorance about the nature of contemporary governments, politics, social orders. The national politics of the modern world exist by nothing but deliberately fostered craving and fear - the roots (both socially and psychologically, if you trace back far enough) of human suffering. Modern America has become economically dependent on a system of simulation of greed which cannot be fulfilled, sexual desire which cannot be satiated, and hatred which has no outlet except against oneself or the persons one is supposed to love. The conditions of the cold war have turned all modern societies, Soviet included, into hopeless brain-stealers, creating populations of "preta" - hungry ghosts - with giant appetites and throats no bigger than needles. The soil, and forests, and all animal life are being wrecked to feed these cancerous mechanisms.

A culture need not be mindless and destructive; full of contradictions, frustration, and violence. One can prove it for himself through Buddhist practice. Have

this much faith - or insight - and you are led to a deep concern with the need for radical social change and personal commitment to some form of essentially non-violent revolutionary action.

The disaffiliation and acceptance of poverty by practising Buddhists becomes a positive force. The traditional harmlessness and refusal to take life in any form has nation-shaking implications. The practise of meditation, for which one needs "only the ground beneath one's feet" wipes out mountains of junk being pumped into the mind by "communications" and super-market universities. The belief in a serene and generous fulfillment of natural desires (not the repression of them, a Hindu ascetic position which the Buddha rejected) destroys arbitrary frustration-creating customs and points the way to a kind of community that would amaze moralists and eliminate armies of men who are fighters because they cannot be lovers.

Avatamsaka (Kegon) Buddhist philosophy - which some believe to be the intellectual statement of Zen - sees the universe as a vast, inter-related network in which all objects and creatures are necessary and holy. From one standpoint, governments, wars, or all that we consider "evil" are uncompromisingly contained in this illuminated realm. The hawk, the swoop, and the hare are one. From the "human" standpoint, we cannot live in those terms unless all beings see with the same enlightened eye. The Bodhisattva lives by the sufferer's standard, and he must be effective in helping those who suffer.

The mercy of the west has been rebellion; the mercy of the east has been insight into the basic self. We need both. They are both contained, as I see it, in the traditional three aspects of Buddhist practise: wisdom (prajna), meditation (dhyana), and morality (sila). Wisdom is knowledge of the mind of love and clarity that lies beneath one's ego-driven anxieties and aggressions. Meditation is going into the psyche to see this for yourself - over and over again, until it becomes the mind you live in. Morality is bringing it out in the way you live, through personal example and responsible action, ultimately toward the true community (sangha) of "all beings."

This last aspect means, for me, supporting any cultural or economic revolution that moves clearly toward a free, international, classless society; "the sexual revolution" "true communism." The traditional cultures are in any case doomed, and rather than cling to their good aspects hopelessly it should be realized that whatever is or ever was worthwhile in any culture can be reconstructed through meditation, out of the unconscious. It means resisting the lies and violence of the governments and their irresponsible employees. Fighting back with civil disobedience, pacifism, poetry, poverty - and violence, if it comes to a matter of clobbering some rampaging redneck or shoving a scab off the pier. Defend the right to smoke pot, eat peyote, be polygamous, polyandrous, or queer - and learning from the hip fellaheen peoples of Asia and Africa attitudes

and techniques banned by the Judaeo-Christian West. Respecting intelligence and learning, but not as greed or means to personal power. Working on one's own responsibility, no dualism of ends or means - never the agent of an ideology - but willing to join in group action. "Forming the new society within the shell of the old." Old stuff. So is Buddhism. I see it as a kind of committed disaffiliation: "Buddhist Anarchism."

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THE Buddhist
THIRD CLASS
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On the roof of the Jokang, the cathedral that is the holiest place in all Tibet, a monk poses with prayer wheel and rosary

How to Roll a Cigarette

- I. In fingers of left hand hold cigarette paper curved to receive tobacco. Pour right quantity of "Bull Durham" out of sack with right hand strewing evenly in paper.
- II. Then place your two thumbs together in middle of paper thus.
- III. Roll cigarette on lower fingers so index fingers move up and thumbs move down. With thumbs gently but firmly force edge of paper over tobacco and
- IV. Shape cigarette by rolling with thumbs, as you draw them apart
- V. Hold the cigarette in your right hand, and
- VI. Moisten the projecting edge of paper
- VII. With fingers close ends of cigarette by twisting paper and you have a cigarette properly made, properly shaped and ready to smoke.

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***** GROUND ZERO CLEVELAND *****

...if we think we've had some rough goings up to this point, & that stratospheric interference is due to clear to allow for a decent type of communication, then we're only kiddin ourselves...THE PERSECUTIONS HAVE NOT STARTED YET, and we are already afraid standing in the calm before the storm...(this information should be recorded in our memory banks under Verified Generalizations, for future reference). at the present time we have no block forms on the upcoming reaction of those Processes Which Define to our planned mass RNA transfers, but the previous freak telepathic occurrences resulted in reactions just short of frantically unfavorable, and nearly anything can still be expected of the future... these Processes Which Define, though psychically blinded for the most part, still hold a firm check on most sections of the collective retina, and optical surgery has been considered by some MEYENDS...unfortunately those here who have the capabilities (this reference would include Cleveland's Underground Thought Patrol, Evolution Incorporated, the rubber-spined poetry mag editors, as well as the spirits behind this paper) still remain conservative and question any totally chaotic actions...thus the largest majority of this planet's inhabitants are stilled doomed to thinking according to the dictates of the Processes Which Define, to the extent of limit & control (data reference: what ever programmed us to believe that emotional feelings and reactions actually exist, or that we should be determined to continue our individual or group physical existence, or that consciousness is limited by factors of space & time?)/ they've still got our MEYENDS limited by their forms of functioning, THERE HAVE BEEN NO CHANGES. the token revolts of the militant left-wing, or of the ghetto bombthrowers, or of the nihilists in the hippie communes suggest but another form of support to their policy; their policy being that our functioning remain within the molds of the Processes Which Define, regardless of action

efforts are being made in some quarters to make available to those demonstrating a degree of psychic-mystic stability or responsibility that information which could be used to short-circuit the PWD in the event the persecutions come sooner than expected...this would cause confusion to reign over the target areas and allow for amounts of chaos to survive through the organized stagnancy which often follows such persecutions...schroebbel's lessons in advanced perception seems to be the most positive step taken with this in mind.../ but even here we are sneaking in the back way (maybe it's the only way to get there??)

-- Captain Zero

Peace

They woke me this morning
To tell me my brother had been killed in battle.
Yet in the garden, uncurling moist petals,
A new rose blooms on the bush.
And I am alive, can still breathe the fragrance of roses and dung.
Eat, pray and sleep.
But when can I break my long silence?
When can I speak the unuttered words that are choking me?

by NHAT HANH

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COAT PULLER

JOHN SINCLAIR

The news this time seems to be that many people are getting busted for grass in a lot of funny ways and don't know what to do about it when it happens. I have gone through three marijuana arrests and two "trial" scenes so far (including probation since December 1964 and 6 months in the Detroit House of Correction in 1966) and have come to learn some things about (1) police methods, aims and goals; (2) court procedures, including attitudes of judge, prosecutor and jury; (3) lawyers and how they operate; (4) the bail bond system; and (5) what you can do to get through all these dangerous traps relatively unharmed. It is to the last point that I want to speak here, in hopes that it might help some young people who are "in trouble with the law" over their marijuana smoking.

The following is a deposition of sorts, which will cover the five points outlined above in a very specific fashion and illustrate how these "responsible" people operate.

I was first arrested in October 1964 on a freak undercover job almost by accident; I won't go into it, for it isn't much relevant here, but I got a slick lawyer, paid him a small fee, was allowed by him and the prosecutor and the late Judge Paul E. Krause to plead "guilty" to the crime of possession of marijuana (I had been charged with "sale" of marijuana), and was sentenced to 2 years probation and a \$250 fine in the form of court costs.

In August of 1965 I was arrested again after another undercover investigation and charged with the sale of marijuana. A narcotics patrolman, Vahan Kapegian, came onto our scene and bugged me for three weeks to procure him some marijuana since I wasn't dealing anymore. I finally succumbed to his high-pressure tactics and scored a light ounce of really bad grass for him from a dealing friend of mine. My feeling was that he would get the powerless marijuana and not bother me any more, but he turned out to be a nark and I was arrested. I retained a "good lawyer" for \$1500 and was prepared to fight the case in court on the grounds that I had been "entrapped" by the officer into doing something I would not otherwise have done. The lawyer, Myron P. Leven, seemed to agree and I left the case in his hands for six months, thinking that he was preparing a brief with which to fight the case.

In February 1966 he called and told me that our court date was in two weeks and that we would have to plead guilty to a reduced plea of possession of marijuana. I didn't want to do it, but I knew nothing about the law and accepted his advice. He promised me that I might possibly have to spend 30 days in jail, but that's all -- you'll probably just get some more probation. On that promise I agreed to take the plea of "guilty" and gave up my right to a jury trial, appeal, and all other legal recourse. In short, I put myself at the mercy of Recorder's Court Judge Gerald W. Groat, who sentenced me on February 24, 1966, to six months in the House of Correction and another three years probation. The next week Judge Krause sentenced me to another three years probation (to December 30, 1969) and another \$200 fine.

Judges Groat and Krause had been the recipients of letters from 15 prominent Detroit persons, including State Senator Coleman Young, Representative Thomas White, a number of professors at Wayne State University, my employer, Dr. Paul Lowinger of Lafayette Clinic, which attested to my personal value to the community, my worth as a serious contemporary poet and community organizer, and my performance as a student at WSU in the graduate English department. All these letters begged for leniency, and Dr. Lowinger's three page letter especially explained why I should not be given any jail term. Judge Groat ignored all these and gave me the jail term, which I completed on August 5, 1966.

I was trapped into the jail sentence, an attorney's fee of \$2500 (he wanted \$3000 but we refused to pay the other \$500), and blatant mistreatment at the hands of the legal system and the police machinery because nobody ever told me anything about it. I had been led to believe that the police were my friends and that the American judicial and legal system was above reproach. I learned the hard way that the courts are full of scoundrels and crooks, that the police department is full of fascists and cheaters and liars, that the legal profession was also comprised mostly of liars and cowards, and that political gain on a petty scale was what the whole legal setup was all about.

Lawyers didn't want to take a case to trial because they might offend people in the police department and the judiciary setup who would then hold them back from receiving choice jobs like Judge, Assistant Prosecutor, etc. I see young people all around my community who are as naive about the legal scene as I was, I see lawyers doing the same things to

them as they did to me, I see the police and judges treating them in the same cavalier fashion as they treated me, and it makes me sick. It has to stop, people.

On January 24th, 1967, I was arrested with 55 other people and charged with 12 others with violating the state narcotics statutes. After two months of undercover work under a very different disguise, patrolman Vahan Kapegian had conned me into giving him two marijuana cigarettes, or so he says. I was charged with "dispensing" marijuana, a crime which is punishable by a prison term of not less than 20 years and not more than life imprisonment. This time I have been blessed with adequate and excellent legal help (from Attorneys Dennis James and Chuck Ravitz, among others, including Fifth Estate columnist Sol Plafkin) and with the strength to fight the case in the courts, both on the grounds of entrapment and unconstitutional invasion of privacy, and on the grounds that the Michigan narcotics statutes are unconstitutional in that they wrongly classify marijuana as a narcotic, and that the penalty provided by law constitutes a cruel and unusual punishment. I have recently been informed that my present case may come to trial this month (October), and that my attorneys will contend that the marijuana laws are unconstitutional and insane. They will be working closely with attorney Joseph Oteri in Boston, who has recently begun his defense of a marijuana case with the same argument.


My attorneys are donating their time and energy and considerable legal talent because (I suppose) they believe in me and in the illegality of the marijuana laws. They want to see the law changed because they too are tired of seeing innocent young people go to jail for smoking marijuana. We will, however, need to bring in "expert witnesses" to testify in behalf of marijuana, and this will cost a considerable sum of money since people will have to be flown in from New York, San Francisco, and points in between. We need somehow to raise money for this.

My hope is that you who read this column, who read the Fifth Estate, who have some interest and concern in the whole problem of the repressive marijuana laws, can see your way to sending us some money. If every person who reads this column were to send a dollar right now to the John Sinclair Defense Fund, c/o The Fifth Estate, 1107 West Warren, Detroit 48201, the money could easily be raised for this case and hopefully for other cases which might come up before this is settled.

We also need lawyers who will really defend young people involved in marijuana cases, and who can do so for a minimum fee, since most young people who get arrested for marijuana have no money. If there are lawyers interested in helping, please call me at Lemar, 833-3166, and let me know what you can do. Also, people who might be busted would do well to carry our number with you at all times, and if you are arrested and don't know what to do just call 833-3166, any hour, and we will try to find an attorney to represent you and get you out on bond at least by the next morning.

The only way we can do anything about this whole sick scene is by sticking together and working together to help change the laws and keep the fascists off our backs.

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"THERE'S A RUMOR GOING 'ROUND THAT WE WON..."



R. COBB

Cleveland Causes Cancer

ESTABLISHED SOUNDS

In the Cleveland undergrounds changing colorless mind. This report is directed toward those few sub-urban heads who go through brain changes by listening to the sounds of night & the last reports of dawn, just before the morning traffic rush jams & jumbles the psychic-magnetic fields - change frequencies - The West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band (Reprise) (I won't hurt you) just beautiful: IN-GENSE & PEPPERMINTS by the Strawberry Alarm Clock (UNI) has nice imagery & interesting extraterrestrial sounds, but together its a rough trip too many fast unexplained changes: FOR WHAT ITS WORTH -Buffalo Springfield-(ATCO) ahhhhhhhhhh if you really listen to the words: ALICE'S RESTAURANT MASSACREE(Reprise) by Arlo Guthrie, a masterpiece of new folk humor. I have to hold on to THE SURREALISTIC PILLOW by the Jefferson Airplanes as first place in soundsound sound sound sound (i belong to the cult): RAGA ROCK By The Folkswingers(World Pacific) still holds some erotic memories. John Fahey-Blind Joe Death (Takoma(C1002) fits in there someplace & also masters of beautiful high-school fumbings, Anything by THE FUGS - they are the mythical masters of the word,GROSS. Other very reliable sources have been blasting PINK FLOYD(Tower) & Chad & Jeremy in my ears but nightmares over the legal hassle and the difficulty of securing money for this paper has stopped me from slowing down & listening with love - perhaps next mnth

WITHOUT A DOUBT THE WORST RECORD OF THE YEAR is An Open Letter To My Teenage Son by V.E.Lundberg(Liberty Label).I went and burned my birth certificate after hearing it.It is a record of a father telling his son that it is allright to dissent as long as the dassent doesnt interfere with matters of national policy, at which point, the son is disowned. This reminds me of a case that happened a few months ago - a mother was arrested for hiding her son from the police! WAKE UP PEOPLE this isnt supposed to happen here, its supposed to happen in them conmy states isnt it? i guess its that damned jew genetic memory popping up again, but from my viewpoint, ones children should always be protected from the establishment until they can handle it themselves. Does The Family That Sticks Together, Go To Jail Together? What Country Is This? DONT Let the Establishment punish your children - * * * * *

The only reason more than 1/4 of this paper contains drug oriented articles is, i was promised non-drug articles by 6 or 7 persons & they did not arrive. So i used the space to offset the paranoid lies spread about marijuana by the people who have ad justed to socially acceptable drugs. i used the articles i had at hand - i would have much preferred to print articles on The Cleveland Scene. If there is anyone capable of writing! i can't edit,hustle funds,set up ads & do all the writing myself without flipping and for the present i have to remain in touch with my mind. Money is desperately needed, that is, if you want this paper to continue. We still cant afford to get a second class mailing permit.

Advertising in this paper costs, \$20 per 1/2 page(5"by 7"). If you wish to advertise, send a check and yr ad to d.a.levy i/c/o The Asphodel Book Shop - 306 w superior av. Cleveland 44113. THIS IS A MAILING ADDRESS ONLY:I CAN NOT BE REACHED AT THE ASPHODEL BOOK SHOP BY PHONE OR PERSONAL VISIT. Jim Lowell, the proprietor, has been kind enough to let me use his address for receiving mail until i can get enough money to secure a Pobox. Thank you for your continued lack of vision, co-operation etc etc etc.d.a.levy

The purpose of this paper, is not just to inform you of whats happening, but to let you know vaguely where things are happening so you can participate. A human being is really composed of more than just the ability to see - it takes

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PRAYER FOR RIGHT-KNOWLEDGE

[1]

O now, when the Birthplace *Bardo* upon me is dawning!
Abandoning idleness--there being no idleness in [a devotee's] life--
Entering into the Reality undistractedly, listening, reflecting, and meditating,
Carrying on to the Path [knowledge of the true nature of] appearances and of mind, may the *Tri-Kaya* be realized:
Once that the human form hath been attained,
May there be no time [or opportunity] in which to idle it [or human life] away.

[2]

O now, when the Dream *Bardo* upon me is dawning!
Abandoning the inordinate corpse-like sleeping of the sleep of stupidity,
May the consciousness undistractedly be kept in its natural state;
Grasping the [true nature of] dreams, [may I] train [myself] in the Clear Light of Miraculous Transformation:
Acting not like the brutes in slothfulness,
May the blending of the practising of the sleep [state] and actual [or waking] experience be highly valued [by me].

[3]

O now, when the *Dhyana Bardo* upon me is dawning!
Abandoning the whole mass of distractions and illusions, May [the mind] be kept in the mood of endless undistracted *Samadhi*,
May firmness both in the visualizing and in the perfected [stages] be obtained:
At this time, when meditating one-pointedly, with [all other] actions put aside,
May I not fall under the power of misleading, stupefying passions.

[4]

O now, when the *Bardo* of the Moment of Death upon me is dawning!
Abandoning attraction and craving, and weakness for all [worldly things],
May I be undistracted in the space of the bright [enlightening] teachings;
May I [be able to] transmute myself into the heavenly space of the Unborn:
The hour hath come to part with this body composed of flesh and blood;
May I know the body to be impermanent and illusory.

[5]

O now, when the *Bardo* of the Reality upon me is dawning, Abandoning all awe, fear, and terror of all [phenomena], May I recognize whatever appeareth as being mine own thought-forms,
May I know them to be apparitions in the Intermediate State;
[It hath been said], 'There arriveth a time when the chief turning-point is reached;
Fear not the bands of the Peaceful and Wrathful, Who are thine own thought-forms.'

[6]

O now, when the *Bardo* of [taking] Rebirth upon me is dawning!
One-pointedly holding fast to a single wish, [May I be able to] continue the course of good deeds through repeated efforts;
May the womb-door be closed and the revulsion recollected:
The hour hath come when energy and pure love are needed;
[May I] cast off jealousy and meditate upon the *Guru*, the Father-Mother.

[7]

['O] procrastinating one, who thinketh not of the coming of death,
Devoting thyself to the useless doings of this life, Improvident art thou in dissipating thy great opportunity; Mistaken, indeed, wilt thy purpose be now if thou returnest empty-handed [from this life]:
Since the Holy Dharma is known to be thy true need, Wilt thou not devote [thyself] to the Holy Dharma even now?

[EPILOGUE]

Thus say the Great Adepts² in devotion.
If the chosen teaching of the *guru* be not borne in mind, Wilt thou not ['O *shishya*] be acting even as a traitor to thyself?

BARDO- an intermediate state, between death & rebirth. **Samadhi**-one of the highest mental states achieved thru meditation.
Shishya - a student or disciple

ORIGINAL CERAMICS

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THE BOOK MARK

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The Way Out is a coffeehouse in Canton. Sponsored by a group of individuals, The Way Out is open on Saturday & Sunday nights. (Admission is 25¢). It is also the scene of discussions held on Sunday at 12:30 PM. Dress,casual, it is not a Sunday School. Physically, The Way Out is luxurious in size. Its stage is modest compared to a full scale stage, but several drama productions have been performed here successfully. (Malone College students usually have been involved in these.) Films,singers,singing groups,pottery readings,jazz combos, and string quartets have also contributed to the entertainment schedule.

A large second room provides additional space for those who wish to practice their musical instruments, sing, make conversation,graffitize,play chess,cards, or other games, or those who simply do not wish to take in the entertainment of the moment. (The Way Out provides a way out. This also provides the entertainment with an audience which is more likely to be interested in them or in their 'thing' to be more exact. All things considered this is often a groovy scene. Quite a few local guitar pickers & singers have made The Way Out their headquarters to the benefit of all. Of course, visitors are welcome and appreciated. The address is 311 Dewalt Ave. N.W. in Canton(Ohio not China); and it is two doors down from the downtown Y.M.C.A. c.t.speidel

The Paper Snake

by Ray Johnson

Ray Johnson is not only the finest of American collagists, well represented in the Museum of Modern Art (New York), the De Cordova Museum (Lincoln, Mass.), etc. He is also the author of innumerable whimsical fantasies and reminiscences, often pointed, which masquerade as playlets, poems, letters. These are mailed to friends, to friends of friends, to anybody to whom it seems appropriate to mail something, and have been described as The New York Correspondence School of Art. A cross section of his work, received by Dick Higgins over the years, has been assembled into this, one of our most beautiful books. 50 pp. illus.

Ray Johnson among his collages

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Ever see a mimosa, a sensitive plant? Brush against it and it folds its leaflets and shrugs out of the way. Then it hangs its branches, morosely wizened, for a half hour or so, slowly working up courage to spread out again. Well, that's what a pot plant is like. Personality-wise: shy, sensitive, spindly. But you didn't know that. The botanists see it as a coarse, fibrous nettle soaring as much as fifteen feet in one summer, a vigorous, vulgar weed wheeling around a woody stalk that can fatten out to two inches diameter of gristle at the base, and spear down into the subsoil with a mean tap root. Well, that's one way of looking at it, but it's an autopsy's viewpoint. Pot growers know better.

Now, it doesn't actually wither up like the mimosa. But let it be dry for a week and those leaflets will hang like dry blanched rags, and the top, usually an optimistic confabulation of cadet leaves, will curve over and down, panting. And even without drought you'll lose bottom leaves as soon as leaves above them cast shade. They'll turn yellow and fall off. If you're short on smokables, those will do, but they aren't the best. Dried and crumbled, they'll look like gold dust and maybe you can barter them to some young hippy as Acapulco gold. If you've got plenty left over from last year, let them fall.

Spindly and weak, despite the woody stalk, you can lose a plant to a brisk wind. I've never had a harvest in which I didn't find broken stalks that had healed themselves over as best they could and gone on. And deer love pot. I came out one day to find a whole row topped by one grazing deer who left only the woody and resin-poor bottom two feet to recover.

Sex life. The males mature first, maybe eighty days after planting. Their blossoms are tiny, shy little green buds which open into a shape something like those tin bells that parents sometimes attach to children's shoelaces. But these are very small, never more than an eighth of an inch in diameter. And they drop a cascade of pale gold dust. The males are unnecessary. Destroy them and the females will produce fertile seeds anyway, seeds less numerous, but much more likely to produce the resin-rich female next year. So in commercial areas the male is destroyed before he has a chance. Around Wisconsin he will be dried and smoked at maturity. He's nearly as good as the female here. If the male is shy, the female is retiring. She puts out tiny spear-like white blossoms best seen under a magnifying glass, and it will be a couple of weeks before she will develop seeds, so she's best harvested at 100 days.

My recipe for curing is: strip leaves and tops. Burn stalks. Dry in sun or in 200 degree oven. Crumble; smoke. Sure, it will keep. The biggest decline in strength takes place in the first two weeks of storage. After that it stays about the same, if kept dry and in the dark.

The local wild stuff is useless, a bad strain. Still, we're glad to have it around. Nice cover. I used to have a half acre growing behind my barn. I'd plant Mexican seedlings here and there. A real connoisseur can tell the local strain from Mexican by the smell. The Wisconsin stuff is coarse and grassy in its smell, Mexican subtler and more narcotic.

One year I got some Indian seed which produced eleven leaves per cluster rather than the usual five. One year I grew plants in the house and was nearly wiped out by an infestation of microscopic spiders before I realized what was happening. A lifesaving triumph of house and garden spray. One year I transplanted four foot-high house plants outdoors in the early spring, towering stalks amid the early shoots of spring and a veritable A & P for the insect population. So I dusted them with rose dust. Conspicuous white towers in the middle of my lawn. And harvested them reeking with strychnine by a paranoid moon. Then I decided to retrieve the furtive sack from the haymow and smoke it, and spent a more confident noon washing off the dried leaves with a sponge on my front porch. Once I gave a pound of Wisconsin wild to an anx-

ious chemist who proposed to refine out the usually negligible residue of resin. From the pound he produced a navy bean sized lump of hashish, and before the alcohol had even completely dried popped the whole wad into his pipe for a test. He touched a match to it and it exploded.

In the final analysis, I'm forced to admit that weighing the risks, and the somewhat inferior quality of what I grow, I would be better off shelling out ten bucks for an ounce now and then. I won't argue that I grow my own to prevent the Mafia from getting my cash. I know that what I buy is smuggled in from Mexico by hippies and the the Mafia doesn't get close to it. And I won't argue that I want to buy American, to keep my cash away from the Mexicans. I grow grass because I like to grow things with my own hands. I like to watch a handful of seeds someone would otherwise throw away transform itself silently and shyly into two or three pounds of marijuana, into ten years of sensitized, happy evenings of music listening, candle watching or lovemaking.

Men can become used car salesmen and live in suburbia, lying about their product, cheating on their payment plans. They can ensnare themselves into a mutual trap of credit and lifetime payments.

Some of us would rather sit on a rocking chair glued and wired together by a reformed drunk at the Mission Salvage Store on the Victorian backporch of some decrepit farmhouse and watch our pot plants lift their shy heads above the hollhocks, then distribute our crop to our friends, free love offerings from sun and soil.

But of course it's a felony.

-William Lea

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THREE HAIKU

(1)

Beyond the dark woods
I spoke aloud but the voice
Leaf falling on leaf.

(2)

Falling from the sky
the rain runs down the gutter,
No place else to go!

(3)

Why do you wander?
all night in the East! morning,
Are you, too, lonely?

from ABOVE AND BEYOND by
Beverly J. Hickie



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Japanese Zen was established by Chinese teachers who migrated to Japan in the Kamakura Period, and by Japanese monks who studied for a time in China. Today we are in the throes of establishing American and European Zen. What is our situation, and how it may be compared with the earlier process of migration and establishment?

(1) Kamakura Zen was patronized by national leaders. Western Zen is a fringe movement.

(2) Kamakura Zen had a heritage of 600 years of native Japanese Buddhism, including a tradition of zazen and similar disciplines in the Heian Schools. Western Zen has a heritage of 75 years of expatriate Japanese Buddhism which has had no perceptible effect upon the mainstream of Christian, Jewish and Humanist traditions. There has been practically nothing in Western culture that can truly be related to zazen.

(3) Kamakura Zen developed after more than a thousand years of profound influence by Chinese culture upon Japan, affecting language and attitudes, comparable to the influence of Rome upon Gaul. Western Zen is developing in a culture that is widely divergent from far Eastern traditions, where the Japanese and Chinese languages are still exotic and completely foreign.

Thus, we in the West do not have solid foundation for Zen study which the Kamakura monks enjoyed. In the face of such large areas of inadequacies, it is apparent that efforts to establish Western Zen are not even well started.

Western Zen cannot develop if Japanese teachers in significant numbers do not migrate and settle in the West and stay in one place, after the manner of Nyogen Senzaki and Sokei-an Sasaki.

It cannot develop unless at least one monastery is established in Japan for the training of foreigners, after the manner of monasteries for Westerners in Thailand and Burma. It cannot develop without a vast translation program, like that of the Pali Text Society. It cannot develop unless there is widespread acceptance of Buddhism as a world religion, rather than as something peculiarly Japanese.

Above all, it cannot develop without a positive willingness by Japanese leaders to follow up the keen interest generated by D.T. Suzuki, Watts, Blyth, Senzaki, Sokei-an Sasaki, and others. The Zen Boom is past, but the field is still fertile. In the San Francisco Zen Center, students with keen organizational ability have sacrificed their worldly careers to work for the Dharma. The Rōshi Shunryu Suzuki is a dedicated, dynamic leader, and the result is a strong, growing Sangha. Laymen ready to work hard for the Dharma may be found in any city, and in particular they may be found in cities where groups have been struggling along by themselves, or with occasional visitations.



The Diamond Sangha appeals to Japanese Zen Buddhist authorities to heed the needs of Western Zen students. We need seasoned Zen masters to migrate and settle with us. We need a monastery in Japan where some of us may go to train. From these two things, all else will follow, and Western Zen will truly blossom. -- Robert Aitken --

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by Ray Bremser

Introduction by

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

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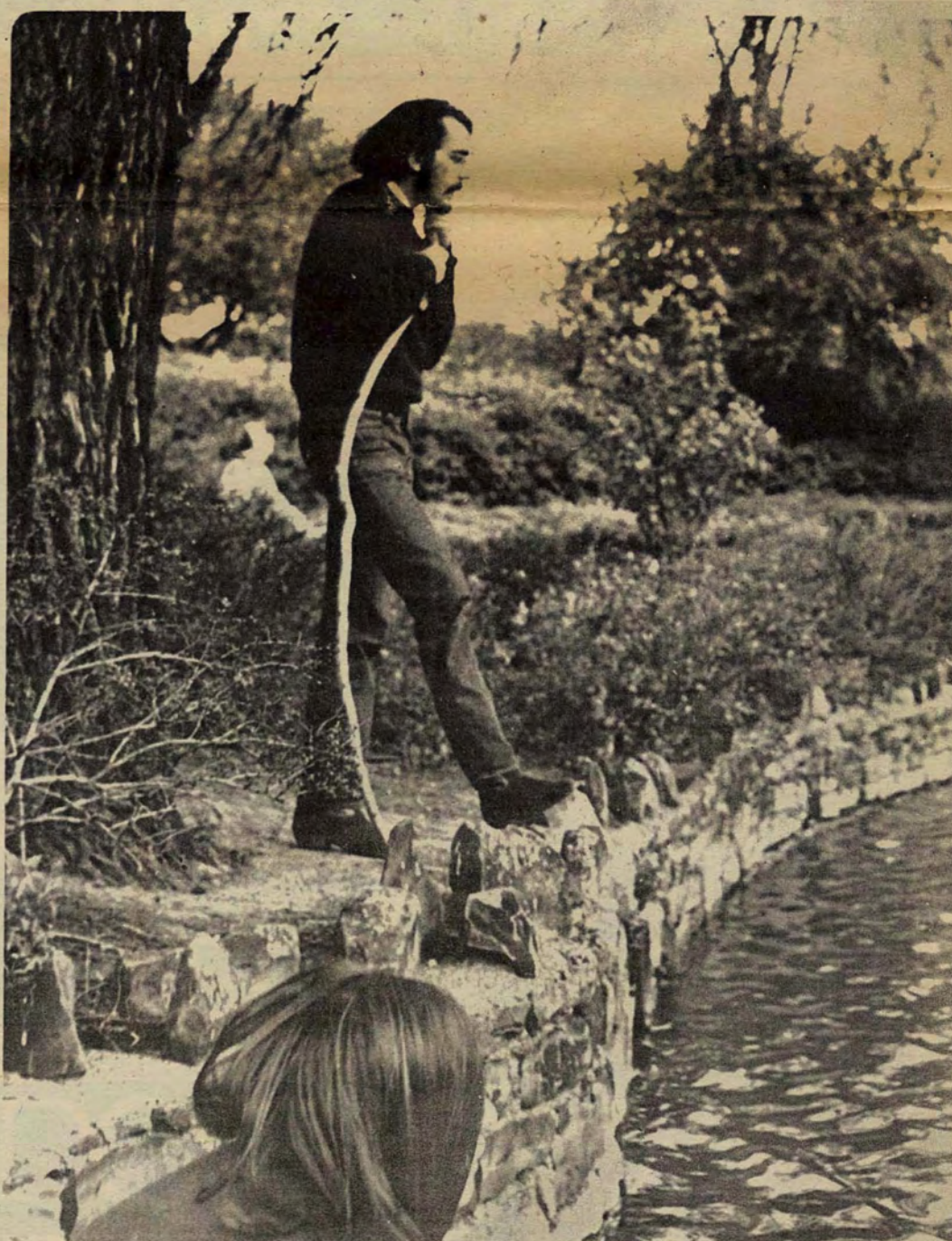


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