

Issue 9, May 1984

Dear Hobbes:

Elson B. Snow
B.C.A.
1710 Octavia St.
San Francisco, CA
94109

在能容
 在下難
 容之
 用顏便笑
 在間可笑之人
 寺在寺院見此語覺下語有可笑之
 後及此句有可笑之
 笑和尙圖



"How complicated simple things can be sometimes and how completely simple, complicated things."

-- Notes From Japan:
King Lear, the Space of Tragedy, by Grigori Kozintzei

笑和尙圖

淨心

(Joshin/Pure Mind)

"The multitude of jewels mutually reflecting their images in Indra's net is like all phenomenon reflecting in the human body."

--- Sokushin Jobutsu Gi

having seen one buddha
he will see another
and then another,

he climbs mt. bruno
for its wild-flowers
and broken wine-bottles

there are no trees
to barricade the senses
or clean skies to interfere with

jet-engines parted to the west
with the name of buddha
on the lips of reality

the wires overhead do not crackle
they hum in the wind
a drumbeat in the ears

here, there is no entertainment
of mantras, dhāraṇīs, sūtras,
or sitting in the sun, quietly.

釋信敬

Elson B. Snow
山佛院能 198.
SAN BURNO!

Irv Thomas
3056 Hillegass St,
Berkeley, CA 94705

Dear Friends:

For every issue received, I intended to respond, but the time went by too swiftly, and there was the next! I finally (in the face of the generous note on Black Bart) can tolerate my own wretchedness no longer.

Yes, I am an outlaw, a rebel, and more than a hobo - a bum. Have been a black sheep all my life, altho before a dozen years ago I tried as hard as anyone to cloak myself in wolves' clothing. (The wolves that James Kavanaugh had in mind when he wrote "There are men too gentle to live among wolves..."). I finally stopped playing all the games - being 'responsible', earning a 'decent' living, getting a 'head', and without even intending to, I slowly undertook my own spiritual search. I kind of backed into it - somebody gave me a tarot reading, someone else showed me the I Ching, I found an early affinity with Taoism. But I guess I always resisted this 'master' stuff. The principle made sense to me, but I was too quick at spotting their clay feet.

I love Watts' insights, as expressed in his writings, but I recall the blurb of praise he had written for someone else's book, (loosely quoted): I liked this book so well I couldn't put it down, and it cost me a full day's work! And I thought, Ye Gods! This guy bookkeeps the 'cost' of a day's work? And then one day I phoned him to get his clearance on an article, picked up from some other publication, that I wanted to reprint in Black Bart. Reached him, finally, after three calls to his houseboat, only to have him start chewing over the question of whether this was the 'right' version of the article, or whether he'd said it better in some other version that was floating around... and I mean, he was serious!

Reminds me of the long-ago time I was in the actual presence of the great Paramhansa Yogananda, before anyone this side of Bombay really knew who he was. He was giving a talk at San Francisco's old Scottish Rite Temple on Van Ness Ave. (this was in the mid-'40s), and I was a 17-yr old kid handling the public address system. What I saw was a rather dour-looking old man with long black hair in some kind of robe, looking for all the world like a grouchy grandmother. My sound-monitoring table was right out on the floor below the stage, and before I realized it I was literally trapped between the Paramhansa and his small audience of not more than a few dozen people. Up on the stage, he called for everyone to rise and begin with some deep breathing exercises, the audience stood, and I didn't know quite what to do, being not quite in the audience but not very much apart from it, either. Finally, to look as inconspicuous as possible (ha!), I stood and raised my arms with the rest. At that moment, the Paramhansa gave me such a withering glare (for trying to upstage him, I presume) that I don't think I'll have an eskimo's chance in hell of ever making it to any nirvana he has any say about.

Well, yes, they have clay feet, or they can't stay clear of the corruption of power - as we know all too well from Jim Jones, and the recent demise of Muktananda and Roshi Baker, and tales of many others. But I wonder if this isn't telling us something else than what we usually conclude. Maybe several things. Does 'giving ourselves over' to them necessarily mean that they must be worthy? Isn't the question really one of release rather than worship? A teacher is a teacher quite regardless of his level of perfection - so why do we put them thusly on the spot?

continued

Sure, it's a proper concern, the use they make of our faith, our fortunes, in some cases our bodies - but is it our concern or theirs? I mean, if we are attempting to free ourselves of the attachments, the material concerns, the links of ego and image, isn't this very challenge a part of the trip?. Consider, for example, that the two-dozen Rolls-Royces that Rajneesh has burdened himself with (yes!) represent the very successful release from those attachments that went into them, by many, many of his followers. And feel a bit of concern for the risks with karma and power that Rajneesh has chosen to bear. (I suggest, even further, that if you cannot see this perspective, had you not better look to your own feeling of attachment to a Rolls Royce?).


There is something else that may be coming to light in this master/chela business. However much we may imitate the forms, we in the west do not have the eastern state of mind. Furthermore (allowing that there have been legitimate western schools of discipleship), the really deep age of illusion and maya may be now behind us, or moving ever more swiftly in that direction. We may have reached the point of evolvment where we are able to progress spiritually on our own - or with the aid of non-specific teachers, which is much the same thing.

I have had teachers, every bit as potent, I am sure, as the various 'embodied masters'. When one truly, and awarely, lives by the I Ching for many years, it comes to provide that sort of influence. When one understands the chosen vehicle of path, be it relationship, or job, or cause, or way of being in the world (as, for instance, poverty or chastity), then one follows a teacher. Poverty has been mine, as also hitch-hiking and the publication called Black Bart (and, of course, the I Ching). And one more: the time-cycle, which I have yet to write about. Each of these has been pursued with a devotion that has given them total rein over my ego-self, my thinking mind, when it's been appropriate.

What they all lead to - each one - is that Life is seen to be the teacher. As friend Sherman Chickering puts it, everything that happens becomes 'a throw' (an I Ching 'throw' of coins). We live in the constant flowing water of release. That is, as long as we are willing to let it happen. We all have our limits, of course. But my point is that the teacher no longer needs to be the Master. Some may still find the Master to be the most direct route, but he holds no longer any secret that is not available in the wide world to the willing spirit.

More than ten years ago, when I began this late-life spiritual search (in fact, before I had consciously embarked upon it), I sat late one night in a Palo Alto pizza parlor, in the cups of misery over some disappointing romantic interlude, and wrote some verse of which I shall quote as much as this closing space will allow. I seem to have known intuitively that the more of spirit we 'see' the less we have need to speak of it. We don't need to keep persuading ourselves, and certainly not others.

On a big trip	I'm seein' things I never saw before
Don't even KNOWWW	And it's happening so fast
Where I'm goin'!	and slow
	and crazy
All I know is the climate's fine	That I can't put it all together yet
the weather's great	
the color	But it's a TRIP
is beautiful!	Man
	It's a trip!
On a big trip	
There's a world out there	And if I get thru it alive
I've never seen!	You'll never hear of me again!

 - Irv Thomas

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Dear Ananda:

The Tao of the Mouse

Thank you for the current CHFL. Gung-Hai-Fat-Choy to you and all. And congratulations to all friends who were born in the year of the "T'ai Chi" mouse--a very auspicious year indeed! I would like to offer a couple Chinese tidbits, a visual calligraphy of the mouse; and an invitation to apply to our China Study Tour in October.

恭
喜
發
財

Mouse(or rodent), being the first animal to appear before Buddha on New Year's Day, generally shows a person of great incentive and productivity, also the first to listen and respond to wisdom;and one who knows to chew and digest "big ideas" in practical small dosages.

Gung Hai Fat Choy are 4 Chinese words(Cantonese pronunciation) of respect(wish you)-happiness-sprout(flower)-prosperity.

Our first China Study Tour(Oct.9-Nov.8,1984) is specially designed for those who have a genuine interest in the real China. I would like to offer the opportunity to Cloud-Hidden friends before we receive general inquiries. For details, write or call us at Living Tao Foundation, Box 846, Urbana, Illinois 61801. 217-337-6113 or China Worldwide Travel at 12 E. 41st.(suite#1305), New York City 10017.212-684-4884

Cheers!

Ching Sh Huang

SOME NOTES FROM YELLOW MOUSE

When looking up the word "breath" and "breathe" = BRE + DHE, I found:

BHEUDH: to be or to make aware (from Indo-European roots, 8000 BC)
 BHEU: to be, exist, grow + DHE: set or put, etc
 THUS to set or put into existence or into growth or make grow
 THUS as it grows it becomes AWARE = awareness
 BEO-DAN (OldEng): proclaim = BID
 BUDON (Teut) = BODA (OldEng): messenger
 HENCE BODIAN: to announce: BODE
 BUD-il-az = -il:(?); -az: he or one who
 HENCE BYDEL (OldEng): herald and
 BEADLE (late Eng): messenger
 BUDAN (Teut) HENCE BODH (OldNorse): command, omsBUDeman

A messenger exists to make "others" AWARE of his message by proclaiming, announcing, communicating the commandment.

A messenger is also one who is AWARE that he has a message and the purpose of delivering it, commanded (set into motion = created for this purpose) by the sender of the message: an announcement for those to whom he carries it.

Using the Feudal-King metaphor, the commoner is non-existent until ratified, accepted, acknowledged by said King, Lord. A role comes into existence when and only when the King-commander makes, creates the role and fills it with individuation. But that person only exists in order to fulfill the King's purpose, desire, wish, command, will.

THUS it is our immediate need to become AWARE that each of us are individuated ONLY to make "others" AWARE of some message sent by the Cosmic Force (etc) which created us.

AND (why I wrote this):

BOD-HATI (Sanskrit): he awakes

THUS he comes into awareness, he becomes aware;

THUS he is enlightened = BOD-hisattva = BUDDha = BHEU-DHE (not "Boodah")

CONCLUSION: (you draw it !)

AND NOW: for my next and final act: THE KILLER !!!

"ANGEL" is a Greek translation from the Hebrew "MAL'AKH": "messenger". "ANGELOS" or "ANGAROS": (Greek) (700bc) meant not only "messenger" but more: "mounted courier". The early Christian thinkers (300AD) consciously used this word in translation to carry this specific meaning.

An "ANGEL" then is a mounted courier. And what is he mounted on (or in)? A space-suit: an organism adapted to the environment into which he is sent. An "ANGEL", existing in his space-suit, "comes" to earth, as a messenger or courier. Two questions become imperative: (1) what message does he bring and (2) to whom does he bring it? Taking the second first: Since there is only one Reality in existence: the Cosmic Reality, God speaks only to God: there is no other alternative. But an "ANGEL" IS individuated: thus the "messenger" speaks to other individuated energies in their space suits. But never forget that the messenger does NOT speak to

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space-suits; he speaks to "MAN", the individuated God WITHIN the space-suit.

SO, WHAT IS THE MESSAGE, then ? But, sir, you're still looking for absolutes. You are still interpreting "message" to mean some abstraction, some generalization, some clear single statement which exists "out there" as a truth that you might apprehend - grasp. Not true! The "message" is a flow of that pure undefined, undiluted Cosmic Energy - the LOGOS: the Word of God - into the world through the will of an "angel". In order to be made relevant and thus of value, the Logos requires modulation to the particular place and events. This is the purpose of individuating Cosmic energy into individual units: "Angels". We are messengers bringing into every moment of our stay here on earth, the omnipotent power of God and modulating it to the specific needs of the situation before us. Yes, it sounds like "situation ethics" and the concept is very parallel. But that term applies to the will of the identity, "homo": the conditioned and determined animal, and not to the Will of "MAN" that individuated spark of Cosmic Energy: the messenger "ANGEL" of God.

Tom Thompson @:

"- meet(ing) so many friends on this pathless path." is impossible unless the paths intersect - BUT an intersection is defined as where two actual paths cross.

BOBART CREOLE FINCHLEY, the 14th:

1 - "History seems to me to be a one-sided (prejudiced) account of the facts." But then too, so is any statement made by man, including yours (and mine).

2 - "- all action - is violence -" If so, then rain, even gentle nourishing rain is violence. And the growth of a spring Crocus is a violent act. Methinks this is a thought actuated by the mouth of man.

3 - Shiva is the symbol of the eternal creative/destructive reality. Suffering is what we, in our mind, do with the facts, the reality, the action. But there can be "evil" in God's creation and "good" in destructiveness.

4 - Lovely poem: "What dream does the world hold - to lure me from (here)". For "dream" I substitute "Folly", "Vanity", "Illusion", "Hallucination", "Fantasy".

5 - "- yellow, is the color of our sun - " and the rising sun is the symbol for enlightenment - why else would the mouse face east ?

6 - Yellow Mouse's Violence: I tend to load these words with guilt, bad, evil, sin, ought, should, must, compulsion (all violent). I am extremely sensitive to the loading in the language of others. I can detect, in a communication, the slightest contamination, unconscious innuendo in the tone of voice, posture, attitude, gesture or words of another. One might guess that I have a great need to be thus. Which brings up hostility. The counter is: there is NO issue in life that ever can be more important than the love of other men. WHAT ? You mean that >>>>>>>>> TRUTH <<<<<<<<<<< is not to be defended against the onslaughts of hidden meaning in the subconscious minds of men ?????????????? THERE CAN BE NO ISSUE MORE IMPORTANT THAN LOVE !!!!!!!!!!!!! Thanks again, KHAROD-BEREGT.

NOTES on Issue # 6 (just two; no HO): (1) Richard B up there in Mass: you wondered about wandering and so herein is more than you ever wended about:

WANDER = WANDREN (Mide) = WANDRIEN (Oide) = WANDRON (Teut) from -
 WENDH: to turn, wind, weave = both wYnd & wEInd
 = WANDIL-AZ = VANDALAZ = VANDALS: the wanderers
 = WAND = WANDE (Mide) = WONDE (Oide) = VONDE (Teut)
 = VONDR (OldNorse): a supple twig
 = WEND = WENDEN (Mide): to make one's way or follow a path
 = WENDAN (Oide): to turn around or away
 = WANDJAN (OldNorse): to turn to
 all from WE: to blow = WE=NTO = VENTUS (Lat): VENTilate
 = WE-DHRO = WEDDER = WEATHER
 = WENTNO = VANNO = VANE; (V)FAN
 = A-WE-TMO = ATMOS: breath
 = WE-TO = VATI (Sanskrit): he blows

Thus WANDER is just as illusive as we feel it: "blowin' in the wind"

WONDER = WONDREN (Mide) = WUNDOR (Oide) = WUNDAR (Teut) from -
 WEN: to desire or strive for
 = WINNAN: to seek to gain thus to WIN
 = WUNEN: to become accustomed to = WONT
 = WUNSK = WYSCAN = WISH
 = WENES = VENES (Lat) = VENUS: love
 VENETI: one's own beloved people = VENICE
 = VENA = VENARI (lat): to hunt
 = WOND = VANA: Forest (Sanskrit)
 = VANIDA: seeker (Sanskrit for merchant)

Thus WONDER is more aggressive than we use it. To wonder is to be out in the jungle actively hunting for what one desires, wishes, loves.

NOTE: WANT has a different root (ewa-h = waa: empty, lack, without)

But all men have always loved poetry and alliteration: both of these roots are similar. The correct vowel sound is more precisely the neutral sound. (Does WEN come out of WE?). 8000 years before Christ the sound WE (a whispered blown "whe") was the wind imitated. If "desire: what we strive for" is WE with a nasal ending (whe-nnnn like in Ommm), did WUN mean that such desires and their achievement were ablowin' in the wind, too; ergo illusory? Sounds like Maya to me.

AND (2) Ananda, you turned me on with the word "Namō" from NAMATI: to bow. It was so much like NAME, that I just HAD TO go to work. Herein:

NAME = NAMA (Oide) = NAMON (Teut)
 = NOMEN (Lat): name and repute
 = ONOMA (Grk) also suffixes - onym or -onymy: name

from GNOSIS = GNOMON = GNO: to know + MON: man or individual
 THUS the known one: he who is named: the named
 ALSO an indicator such as the stylus on a sundial
 AND one who knows (what time it is), judge, interpreter
 = GIGNOSKEIN (Grk): intuitive, intellectual or esoteric
 knowledge; apprehension of spiritual truth

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from GNO: know, to make known, to declare
 = KEN: well known, usual, familiar = COUTH = KINfolk
 = ACCOGNOSCERE = ACOGNITARE = AQUEYNTEN = ACQUAINT
 = AD + COM + GNOSCERE: to know completely
 = AGNOSTIC = A from AD: not + GNOSTIC: not to know
 = RECOGNIZE = RE: again + COGNOSC-: to know again
 aware that something has been perceived before
 = COGNIZANT: fully informed, conscious knowledge
 CO: intensive + GNOSC-: to become acquainted with
 = IN: not + GNORA: know = not know = IGNORE, IGNORANT
 = GNOSCERE = NOSCERE = NOTUS = NOTE, NOTICE, NOTION
 = CONNOISSEUR: COM + GNOSCERE: he knows completely
 THUS KNOW: to become so familiar with something, by careful,
 attentive and frequent observation that one may impart it
 clearly to others.

PLUS MON from ME: good, timely, seasonal
 = MA-TURO = mature, ripe
 = MA-NI = MANE, MANUS: God
 = MAN, MON: a man, the individual, one = AT-MAN
 THUS MON is the good, mature individual (man)

THUS GNOMEN: the good mature one who tells about something familiar

ALSO from NEM: to assign, allot, take
 = NIMAN (Dide): to take, seize
 = NAEMEL " : quick to seize = NIMBLE
 = NUMOL " : quick at learning "
 = NEMEIN (Grk): to allot
 = NOMOS " : portion, usage, custom, law
 = NOME " : allotted, pasturage, grazing lot
 = NOMAS " : wandering in search of pasturage = NOMAD
 = NOM-ESO = NUMES = NUMEROUS (Lat): number, division
 NUMBER = an allotted name

GNO-MON [(g)no-mon] ("n" = nasality on the vowel) = No-Mo,
 No-Ma, Na-Ma, Na-mo. "'Namo' meaning (as a verb) 'to give homage
 to, venerate or salute; an exclamation of adoration'" = NAME. NAME
 is a word by which an entity (one: MON) is distinguished, valued,
 represented, renowned (re-known-ed).

We have corrupted the meanings. NEM is the root of NAME so
 long as all that is involved is a labeling (assignment) for equal
 allotment purposes (a number would do). But NAME's root was not
 NEM but GNO: to know, understand and value; its original meaning
 included the repute, esteem and value of the person to which the
 label pointed.

Thus NAMO is about giving esteem, homage, veneration and
 salute to the value, repute, knowledge, maturity of the honored
 one, by which he is known: the true meaning of NAME. In action, a
 bow.

YELLOW MOUSE
 409 Atkins
 Lancaster, Pa
 17603

Dear Friends:

I am in earnest expectation, about the spiritual growth of all who may hear, and know, and see. I am with all who are gaining, and losing....

A.C. and Elsa G.- If you remember, "Imagine there's no God, imagine all the people, living life as one", -John Lennon. In change, there is creation and destruction. The transformations at the Zen Center are necessary, and though old traditions suffer mutation in our minds, I think a goal of loosing the Japanese culture in American Zen, is a good one. But let us give a little prayer, and respect for them both.

T.T. ZGN; A beautified meditation room. A possible devotee, whom holds something dear.

Marian and Henri. Thank you for opening our eyes to the East. Each of us seems wound up, or running down in our lives, doing our karma. What a refreshing taste of cool springwater you are. Renee PIII. Sometimes its easier. Poems are easier if we let them. We spend our first 20 years being culturally programed, another 10 years trying to loose our programming, 10 years going nowhere, and 20 years getting there. Take it easy. Go with the flow.

Y.M. After first reading you, I thought you were offended by my words. But, I see no distinction between I and Thou, us and them, I plead innocence. I have the right to be critical, or praising of you/me, us/them, or be silent. I want a lawyer.

E.B. Snow: Covered in stardust
the sun's rays struck
the Earth chord.

And Life sounded in the Silence.

JoeL. I am still laughing. What a joke! The secret is that there is no secret... I love it. That really made my day.week? month?....



P.S. , Sometime later:

My thoughts have been as many places as I have been, since last I wrote, but my heart greets you all with joy....

From Louisiana to Los Angeles, I am still in transit here in So. CA. And so my thoughts have transitioned from glorious overtones of inflated religiousphantasms, to where will my next meal come from?....Breaking the bonds of yesterday, and living free for today. Though no meal is free.

ICUROK. I C U R OK 2.

I think that because of the ability to "repent" that the exercise of repentance brings on the creative/destructive dualism of art. I think such, because for the first time in 2 years, I have picked up brush and palatte knife, and impressionistically layed down some paint on the canvas. Although I don't think that this will last long, the whole experience has been inspiring.

I don't want to take much more of your time. So you take your own time, and do something with it...

914 N. NAOMI ST.
BURBANK, CA. 91505

TAT TVAM ASI,

Robert C. Finch

240.
Ananda Dalenberg
753 44th Avenue
S.F., CA 94121

Dear Fellow Ho Boes:

I still look nostalgically back to the old days of the beatnik era. I think Kerouac's the "Dharma Bums" does somehow convey the spirit of those days. There is also an interesting account of a meeting between Kerouac, Ginsberg, Orlovsky and D.T. Suzuki in New York, told by Kerouac:

I rang Mr. Suzuki's door and he did not answer.

—suddenly I decided to ring it three times, firmly and slowly, and then he came—he was a small man coming slowly through an old house with panelled wood walls and many books—he had long eyelashes, as everyone knows, which put me in the mind of the saying in the Sutras that the Dharma, like a bush, is slow to take root but once it has taken root it grows huge and firm and can't be hauled up from the ground except by a golden giant whose name is not Tathagata—anyway, Doctor Suzuki made us some green tea, very thick and soupy—he had precisely what idea of what place I should sit, and where my two other friends should sit, the chairs already arranged—he himself sat behind a table and looked at us silently, nodding—I said in a loud voice (because he had told us he was a little deaf) "Why did Bodhidharma come from the West?"—He made no reply—He said, "You three young men sit here quietly & write haikus while I go make some green tea"—He brought us the green tea in cracked old soupbowls of some sort—He told us not to forget about the tea—when we left, he pushed us out the door but once we were out on the sidewalk he began giggling at us and pointing his finger and saying "Don't forget the tea!"—I said "I would like to spend the rest of my life with you"—He held up his finger and said

"Sometime."

A NOTE FROM BRECKENRIDGE

Bridge Breckenridge is on a cross-country "Walk for the Earth" along with 35 others. They have often camped on Indian reservations. Bridge reports this interesting item to us Ho Boes: "Did you know that 'Ho' is the expression of agreement, support, respect used in American Indian ceremonies"?

Ho !

By the way Bridge has his begging bowl out, hoping to receive a bit of rice now and then so that he will be able to complete the walk. The group belongs to no particular political persuasion. They would rather express their concern for the Earth by this walk.

His address while on this journey is 1315 Spring Street, Calistoga, CA Calif. 94515 . Note also his letter in this issue.

A.D., Editor

A DIFFERENT SENSIBILITY, A DIFFERENT PLACE

An Excerpt from a Book in progress,

"Mysticism from the Inside Out"

As we entered the town from a westerly angle, it appeared to be completely at one with distant mountains. So rounded and flowing were the buildings that they hardly appeared to be different from nature. The town seemed to deliberately blend itself with the terrain, the purpling polkad hills and forceful backdrop mesa.

The usual idlers sat dozing on the plaza. Even a sleepy village may have problems, but from the looks of things it was going to be like bathing at an ancient, still potent, spring. We crossed the plaza and continued easterly, where we found a pocket of town which was an almost exact duplicate of the village on the plaza's west side: curving roads, sloping hills, beautiful brown or white or blue adobe houses. Because of their flowing hand-shaped feminine forms, all the houses resembled cathedrals or temples, which is precisely the reverse of the situation in most Anglo towns. A few buildings in the vicinity of the plaza had two or three stories, and even most of them resembled palaces or monuments instead of official buildings.

As we inched forward in the car, we saw lights changing and knew that sunset was near. Finally we parked the car and started off on foot up one of the nearby hills. Walking was much more comfortable. The roads were now dirt anyway. We walked along, not in the least knowing where we were going, and not caring. After awhile we stopped and sat down in a large open area, hoping to get a treasured view of town from the hill. It was the last hour of light.

But from this spot we could hardly tell a town was below us, so closely had the town blended with earth, hills, brush and the few scattered trees. At first this irritated us simply because we

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weron't accustomed to it. But as we realized the subtlety of such beauty as this, we got to like it, and the longer we stayed in that part of the country, the more we liked it.

At length we thought we would look for our friend's house. We met an old Chicano man coming up the hill in the slowest kind of deliberate dance. He told us that the street where our friends lived was on top of the mesa, and told us how to get there. We were surprised that the town went up the mesa too, and on the way up, discovered that there were two more complete villagos on the top of the sides of the mesa, and one of them resembled very little the rest of town. It had the usual square-shaped houses, each very like the other, no breathing space for houses or yards, with large apartment-tv house projects bluntly put up here and there. This was certainly a different sensibility at work--of cold, hard, squared-off modern temper. Here all the forms had edges, circles became squares, the river stopped short.

We reached our friends' attractive bungalow a little after sunset. Later we learned that the new part of town was where the Anglos and Anglicized Chicanos lived. We couldn't help smiling.

Trouble is, I can't recall what town this was. Could it be Tucumcari, or was it Santa Rosa, Santa Fe or Santa Domingo? Or was it a town I dreamed? Perhaps someone can tell me.

Norman Moser

Letters Received

On the Cross-country
WALK FOR THE EARTHBridge Breckenridge
1315 Spring Street
Calistoga, CA 94515

Dear Friends:

It is a week now since our send off ceremonies and short first day's walk on April 1st - April Fools day. We have walked 120 miles and having a day off. We are 31 full timers and one or two more, in and out, now and then.

Alice, the oldest, is 64. Ralph is 55. I'm 53, Michael is 10. The others are mostly in their twenties or thirties about 50/50 male/female. Blonds & brunettes, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, New Agers, no Blacks, Orientals or Browns. One Red, George, a Sun Dance Warrior.

George has conducted sweats, pipe ceremonies, a 100 mile ceremony and has given lots of advice. He returned to Bolinas yesterday and will meet us again at Four Corners and probably again in the Black Hills of South Dakota. We carry a sacred staff at the front of the walk and a sacred pipe in which tobacco and only tobacco may be smoked only on ceremonies. George offers these "Hexes" - white and grey magic which most accept with philosophic interpretation based on American Indian nature mysticism and East Indian Karma theory.

We have meetings, meetings, meetings. General meetings, committee (Transportation, Publicity, Overnight Health & Safety) meetings, Food Group meetings. In Pt. Reyes we agreed to make decisions on a consensus basis. Doug the originator/coordinator of the walk does not want to be "Dictator". No one else volunteered to take the role. No dictator, no boss, no final authority and no only-member-of-the-crowd-party-democracy, either. Each has his/her say, each one can oppose the group, each one is empowered, each one must agree for decision to be reached. It will often be slow, chaotic awkward, frustrating but the quiet and withdrawn will be encouraged to speak out, the loud will often have to listen and really hear all are empowered and many will speak from the heart.

We are creating an intentional community. (I feel joy as I write this.) I had always thought communities

were tied to a place but we are nomads. Our place is the earth. Our house is inside ourselves rather than outside.

A week ago Saturday we visited some Navajo Elders and received an unexpected invitation from George to attend a "sweat" the next day. This is what I wrote shortly after:

Off to Bolinas

To a house above the beach

Facing the ocean

In a clearing on the bluff

A fire pit and a small Willow branch dome

A depression in the ground at its center.

Building a fire

Heating a pile of rocks

Covering the dome with blankets

Preparing the sweat

George Martin, Alaskan Indian

Warrior of the Sun Dance

Dark skinned, big bellied, nearsighted.

Long hair, straight, black, tied in a pony tail

The sweat master.

Four groups of us

Seven or eight people at a time

Bend down or on hand and knee

Enter the low door with humility

Squat down on sage covered ground

Hunched over, squeezed together

Hot rocks brought in - red hot

Door flap closed

Sage smoke around the circle
Prayers spoken around the circle
Prayers to the Great Spirit
To God, to the Grandmother, the Grandfather
Or whatever names are chosen
Sacred pipe around the circle
More prayers.
Words of respect, spoken appreciations
Finish your prayers saying:
"All my relations."

Pour water on the rocks
Steam - lots of steam
Hot steam - very hot steam
Very very hot steam!
Sweat pores out
Bodies become small rivers
Water streaming down

More water more steam
Getting hotter, gasp!
Too hot to breathe
Door flap is open
Cool air rushes in
Breathe!

Repeat it all three times
More rocks, more prayers, more water, more steam
More sweat
Fear of asphyxiation sweat
More air
Release

Outside around the fire
 Bright and crackling in the sunset dust
 Cleansed, enspirited, respected + respecting
 Filled with gratitude for our master/guide
 Bodies cold outside warm inside
 Sounds of the Pacific reaching the Western shore
 Gazing toward far hills in the East
 We walk that direction tomorrow
 The spirit of this day traveling with us.

For me it's a seven month new age, holistic
 healing, human potential, mystical religion
 workshop, physically, psychologically, spiritually.
 Seven or eight hours of daily exercise stretching
 a little, walking a lot. My choice to eat only grains,
 fruits, vegetables and a little fish. No tobacco, no
 sugar, no cholesterol, little fat, little salt. Small and
 large groups, consensus process, American Indian
 ritual, shamanism, sorcery. Power games - individual
 growth. Blisters, poison oak, sore feet, tired joints,
 massage, herbal cures, band aids, moleskin, molefoam
 sunscreen lotion, chapstick, awareness training.
 Discover how to incorporate Zen breathing practice
 into walking and use the Course In Miracles to
 step away from anger & upset and forgive others.
 Concentrate out of the monkey mind ego chatter
 and listen to the inner guide. A \$10,000 workshop
 at Esalen or Harbin or someplace like that.

With feelings of great gratitude to All my sponsors,
 All my relations, I am in short:

"Having a wonderful time
 Wish you were here"

Love, Peace, Joy

Bruce

(P.S. we're getting lots of good press coverage, media, etc.)



Ink Drawing by J. Lawrence Lembo

BUDDHA-NATURE