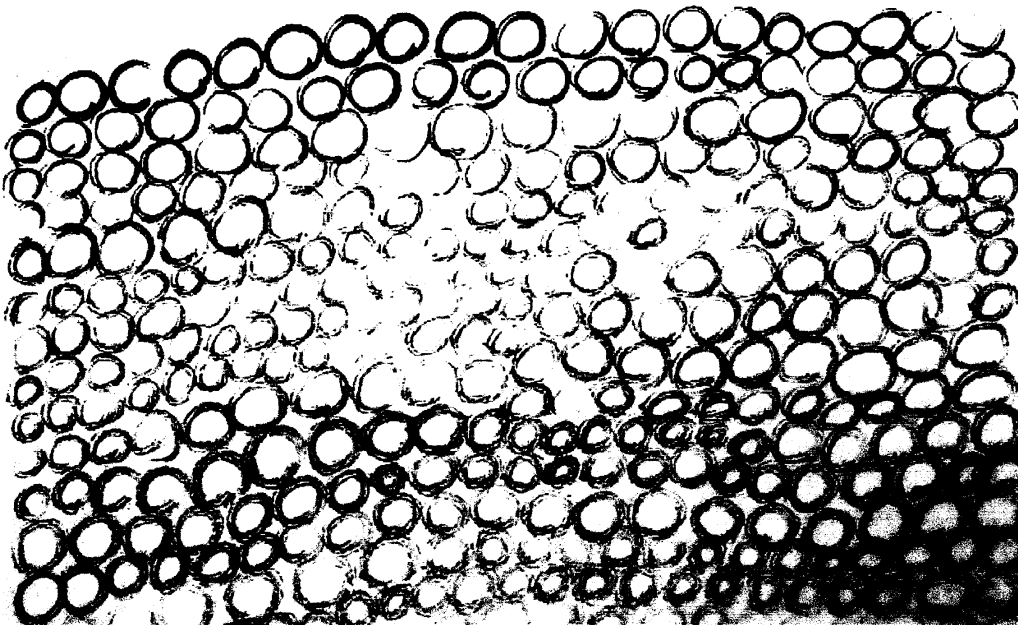


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1983 Mind Moon Circle Enso, Charles Saxton

This issue explores the dialogue between Indigenous sacred law and the Dharma.

Next issue: Editors Kim McShane, Sue Bidwell and Yvonne Hales welcome contributions on the rituals of Zen: the bells, clappers and incense... bowing, walking, meal sutras and chanting, sitting on a zafu facing a blank wall... How do the objects and rituals of our practice "encourage the experience of falling away" as Robert Aitken Roshi puts it? What do the artefacts and acts of our practice mean to you?

Deadline: February 23, 2007 Email: k.mcshane@itl.usyd.edu.au

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BLUE CLIFF RECORD: CASE 27 Yun-men's Golden Wind
Robert Aitken Roshi

The Story A monk said to Yun-men, 'When the tree withers and the leaves fall, what is that?'
 Yun-men said, 'Body exposed in the golden wind.'

Persona

Yun-men Wen-yen (Unmon Bunen, 864-949) was a Dharma heir of Hsueh-feng I-ts'un in the Ch'ing-yuan line, and is venerated as the founder of the Yun-men school, one of the five main streams of T'ang period Ch'an. He appears in the Blue Cliff Record a total of seven cases, more than any other master.

Comment I defer to Nelson Foster and his comment at the outset of his selection of Yun-men's writing in *The Roaring Stream*:

Many consider Yun-men Wen-yen the last great genius of Ch'an. Keen-witted and sharp-tongued, he taught with a passion that can still be felt in his words. When read, they scorch your eyeballs; heard, they just make your ears drop off. At a time when the Ch'an School was slipping into a retrospective, inclined to collect, codify, and preserve accomplishments of the past, Yun-men pressed enthusiastically ahead, discovering new means to teach the Ancient Way. He, too, prized the stories of the old masters, but when he took them up, he always gave them a new twist. (1)

As an example of the new twist, Yun-men took up the familiar saying, 'Don't you know what enters the front gate is not the treasure of the house?' (You will recall that this proverb was quoted by Yen-t'ou, shouting at Hsueh-feng and bringing the world around to Hsueh-feng (2)

Yun-men asked his monks, 'What about that gate?'
When no-one responded, he himself replied, 'Even if I could formulate something, it would be of no use.' (3)

The twist is that most readers would simply take the gate as the point where the outside comes in. 'But what about that gate itself?' I'm not surprised that no one could respond, but the old man is not disparaging his monks with his response to his own question. He is not saying, in effect, 'Maybe I could tell you, but you wouldn't get it.' Be careful not to skid by that point.

Sometimes, however, he did formulate the crux, with humorous power. He quotes Seng-chao (374-414), distinguished heir of Kumarajiva, "Within heaven and earth, through space and time, there is a jewel, hidden in the body," and then comments:

"Holding a lantern, it goes toward the Buddha Hall. It takes the great triple gate, and puts it on the lantern." (BCR-62)

The great triple gate is the entrance to the monastery. It is as tall as the monastery itself. The central structure is a huge gate with solid hinged doors that are usually closed, except for special times of celebration or festival. Above this structure is a second floor with a vast shrine room containing images of the 18 arhats. On each side of the central gate are two smaller structures with gates, one that is always open for the coming and going of monks and visitors, and the other always closed, saved for the exclusive use of the emperor in case he should ever visit. This precious animated jewel takes this huge structure and sets it on the lantern, Yun-men says. Seng-chao would have been surprised, but I'm sure that on reflection he would have bowed his head and smiled. Here's a final twist:

Yun-men entered the Dharma Hall to offer instruction and said, 'The Buddha Shakyamuni attained the Way when the morning star appeared.'
A monk asked, 'What's it like when the morning star appears?'
Yun-men said, 'Come here, come here.'
The monk came closer. Yun-men gave him a blow with his staff and drove him from the Dharma Hall. (4)

Don't suppose that Yun-men was simply expressing disapproval of the monk. In fact, he was answering the question directly. Like many other masters in our lineage, Yun-men began his study in the vinaya. Grounded in honour and virtue, he encountered Mu-chou, the master we met in Case 10, who lived beside a highway, fabricating straw sandals and abusing his callers. He then came to live near Mu-chou's hut, and visited him frequently over a period of several years. Finally Mu-chou referred him to Hsueh-feng I-ts'un, where he joined a community of dazzlingly enlightened masters and masters-to-be, including Ch'ang-ch'ing, P'ao-fu, Hsuan-sha, Ching-ch'ing and Ts'ui-yen, whose stories make up a major segment of the Blue Cliff Record. For many years he sharpened his understanding and deepened his wisdom with nightly encounters with Hsueh-feng and daily exchanges with his brilliant colleagues. After receiving Dharma transmission, he began a pilgrimage that included a seven-year stint with Ju-min Ch'an-shih (Nyobin Zenji), a master who is not well remembered but must have been clear-eyed and unrelenting to sustain such a student as Yun-men for so long. At Ju-min's death, he succeeded him as head priest of his temple, and a bit later, the political leaders of his district invited him to set up at Mt. Yun-men, where he settled into a career of almost 40 years of training monks and vitalising the Dharma for the rest of his life.

Entering the Dharma Hall, the Master said, 'Even if a single word puts the thousand differences into a single groove and includes the minutest particles the very moment it is uttered, it still is just an expression of salvational teaching. What then is the patch-robed monk to say? If he takes up what the ancestors and the Buddhas meant, the unique path of the Sixth Ancestor will be levelled. Is there anyone who can put it right? If there is, come forward.'
A monk spoke up and asked, 'How about saying something that transcends the Buddhas and the ancestral teachers?'
Yun-men said, 'Sesame rice cake.'
The monk asked, 'What's the connection?'
Yun-men said, 'Exactly! What's the connection?'
The Master went on to say, 'Without understanding a thing, you ask for a statement that transcends the Buddhas and ancestral teachers...What do you mean by 'Buddhas', what do you mean by 'ancestral teachers' when you ask about transcending them?' (5)

If you don't understand your own question, the response will be beyond you. Today's case begins with the question, 'When the tree withers and the leaves fall, what is that?' It seems that the monk who asked this question was deep in his practice and was presenting his condition in zazen. Certainly all of us who have walked this path for a while have encountered a kind of dead space, where things have lost their richness and appeal.

Ch'ing-shui said to Ts'ao-shan, "I am Ch'ing-sui, solitary and destitute. Please give me alms."
Tsao-shan said, 'Venerable Shui!'
Ch'ing-shui said, 'Yes, sir!'
Ts'ao-shan said, 'You have already drunk three cups of the finest wine in China, and still you say that you have not moistened your lips!' (MK-10)

Ch'ing-shui and the monk in today's case were standing on the same ground, making the same plea. Ch'ing-shui is saying, 'I have reached the end of my tether. I am in a desert-like place where there is not a drop of water, not a blade of grass, not a bit of sustenance. What shall I do?'

A very promising condition. The nameless monk who presents the tree withering and the leaves falling declares that his vital sap has dried up and all his virtues are falling away. You can get a sense of this arid, leafless condition from your own practice.

Their masters, Ts'ao-shan and Yun-men, are both replying from a place of confident realisation, making slightly different points as they offer assurance and support. Both stories are koans, of course, and it is important to keep in mind what a koan is. If it is not intimate, it is no good. I gave a talk at a centre once where students practised shikantaza for the most part, and in the question period suddenly it became clear to me that people were thinking of koan study as something historical. This is a misunderstanding of the koan, and it is also a misunderstanding to assume in this case or in other cases that the person asking the question, the person giving the answer, are speaking in any way philosophically.

'Body exposed.' This is surely Ch'ing-shui's 'solitary and destitute'. Completely naked and vulnerable. Then when Yun-men continues, 'In the golden wind', he is simply emphasising his acknowledgement. 'Golden wind' is a Chinese metaphor, one of the few in our practice needs an explanation. It is autumn, which must be followed by winter before spring can come. There you are, withered, with your leaves falling and your sap drying up. That's it! You have already drunk three cups of the finest wine in China, and yet you say you have not yet moistened your lips.

The golden wind in various wording comes up again and again, because it is a phase of religious practice, not only in Zen. It must appear if there is to be any true realisation and reconciliation. Inevitably. Before his first deep experience, Hakuin Zenji speaks of feeling as though he were frozen in a sheet of ice that extended 10,000 miles; all voices seemed to him to be coming from a remote distance. He felt totally isolated and alone. (6)

Sometimes when I work with a student on Yun-men's 'Golden Wind', or Yang-shan's 'Three Cups', I hear the suggestion that the monk is already mature, and is checking his teacher out. He is playing a little game of Dharma combat to see how the master will respond. I think it is possible to discern when this is happening.

When Chao-chou was on pilgrimage, he came to Tou-tzu and said, 'What if one who dies the Great Death comes back to life?'
Tou-tzu said, 'Don't go by night; come out in the daylight!' (BCR-49)

Chao-chou was hardly a nameless monk, going through his first encounter with true poverty. Already renowned, he was 60 when he set out on his pilgrimage, seasoned in realisation after 40 years of rigorous training with Nan-ch'uan. On encountering Tou-tzu, he was probably reflecting, 'Let's see what this ragged old fellow will do.' As Yuan-wu says in his comment on Chao-chou's question, 'This is called a question to test the host. It is also called an intentional question.' Thus there is a huge difference between the dialogues of master and disciple on the one hand, and master and master on the other. Pay particular attention when a teacher comes forward in Dharma Assembly. The sparks will fly, but they will die away unless you have your tinder ready.

Now back to today's case. 'The tree withers and the leaves fall' expresses a condition that we all pass through. In Western mysticism this condition is called *accidie*, and when you look up *accidie* in the dictionary you find that it means 'spiritual sloth'. That's a kind of unfair definition. 'Slothful' implies some intention, but there is no intention here. These folks are not purposefully stale, flat, discouraged, though they may seem to be lazy and unmotivated. Sometimes a student will find some accommodation with *accidie*. Maybe this empty feeling is true emptiness. Maybe this profound despair is profundity itself. Maybe this is the Great Death. Maybe I've really got it. Well, this empty feeling is in fact true emptiness, but don't hang there on the cusp. There is nothing deeper than this profound despair, and you are indeed dying the Great Death, but will you have to wait around for some kind of Yun-men to point it out?

Lingering at the gate can be fatal, and there is a startling case in the Book of Serenity that brings this danger into acute focus:

Chiu-feng served as attendant for Shih-feng. After Shih-feng died, the assembly wanted to make the head monk the chief priest. Chiu-feng could not acknowledge him. He said, 'Wait, let me examine him. If he can accept our late master's meaning, then I will attend upon him as I did our late master.' So then he asked the head monk, 'Our late master said, 'You should extinguish all delusive thoughts. You should let consciousness expire. You should let your one awareness continue ten thousand years. You should let your awareness become like winter ashes and a withered tree. You should let your consciousness become like one strip of white silk.' Tell me, what sort of matter did he intend to clarify with this?'

The head monk said, 'He intended to clarify the matter of absolute emptiness.'
Chiu-feng said, 'If so, then you do not yet realise our late teacher's meaning.'
The head monk said, 'Don't you acknowledge me? Pass me a stick of incense.' He lit the incense and said, 'If I do not realise of our late master's meaning, I might not be able to pass away while the smoke of the incense rises.' No sooner had he said this than he expired while sitting in zazen. Chiu-feng at once caressed his shoulder and said, 'Though you can die sitting or standing, you do not yet dream of our late master's meaning.' (BS-96)

What was it that Shih-feng meant by those words, 'You should extinguish all delusive thoughts. You should let consciousness expire. You should become like winter ashes and a withered tree?' Yes. That is the Great Death, certainly. You must die to your self. How is that any sort of realisation? Body exposed in the golden wind. There you have it. You get there in the daylight.

A monk said to Hu-kuo, 'How about when a crane perches on a withered pine tree?'
Hu-kuo said, 'It is a shame when seen from the ground.'
The monk said, 'What about when every drop of water is frozen?'
Hu-kuo said, 'It is a shame after the sun has risen.' (BS-28)

That crane perching on a withered pine tree is emblematic of autumn, like Basho's crow on a withered branch – an autumn evening. 'When every drop of water is frozen', was like Hakuin's condition, when he felt that he was frozen in a vast field of ice.

At the same time, it is most important to acknowledge that condition. I remember my own accidie, and as I began to teach, I encountered it amongst other students. On an early trip to Japan, studying with Yamada Roshi, Anne and I met Father Thomas Hand, a Jesuit priest who at that time was the spiritual adviser to a large segment of Catholic religious in the Tokyo and Kamakura area. I asked him, 'How do you treat accidie?' He said it was a very important condition and the person going through that condition must do two things. One is to maintain the practice, and the other is to keep in touch with the teacher or spiritual adviser. Indeed.

Golden wind is manifesting itself. Yes. It is a truly wonderful condition. In that context, walk right on with your practice, right through winter itself. You may trust the practice, but don't let that condition manage you for a moment.

Notes

1. Nelson Foster and Jack Shoemaker, Eds. *The Roaring Stream: A New Zen Reader* (Hopewell, N.J.: The Ecco Press, 1996), p.138
2. See the story told by Yuan-wu in Case 22 of the *Pi-yen lu*. Thomas and J.C. Cleary, *The Blue Cliff Record* (Boston: Shambhala, 1992), p.146
3. Cf. Urs App, *Master Yunmen: From the Record of the Ch'an Teacher, 'Gate of the Clouds'* (New York: Kodansha, 1994) p.207
4. Cf. *Ibid.* p.137
5. Cf. *Ibid.* p.114-115
6. Phillip B. Yampolsky, *The Zen Master Hakuin: Selected Writings* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1971) p.118.

The Ancient Ground of Aboriginality and Buddhism.¹

Allan Marett

In 2003, as part of the temple opening ceremony for Kodoji, I sang the Aboriginal song “Yendili” and adapted it in a number of ways to suit that occasion. As I wrote in the preface of my book, *Songs, Dreamings and Ghosts*, this was a moment that I will always treasure: ‘To have sung this song before my elders, my old teacher Robert Aitken Rôshi and my present teacher Subhana Bazaghi Rôshi, at a site that lies on one of the old Aboriginal pathways heading to the sacred mountain, Mount Yungu, surrounded by family and friends—this was a moment of true belonging.’ (Marett 2005: xvii)

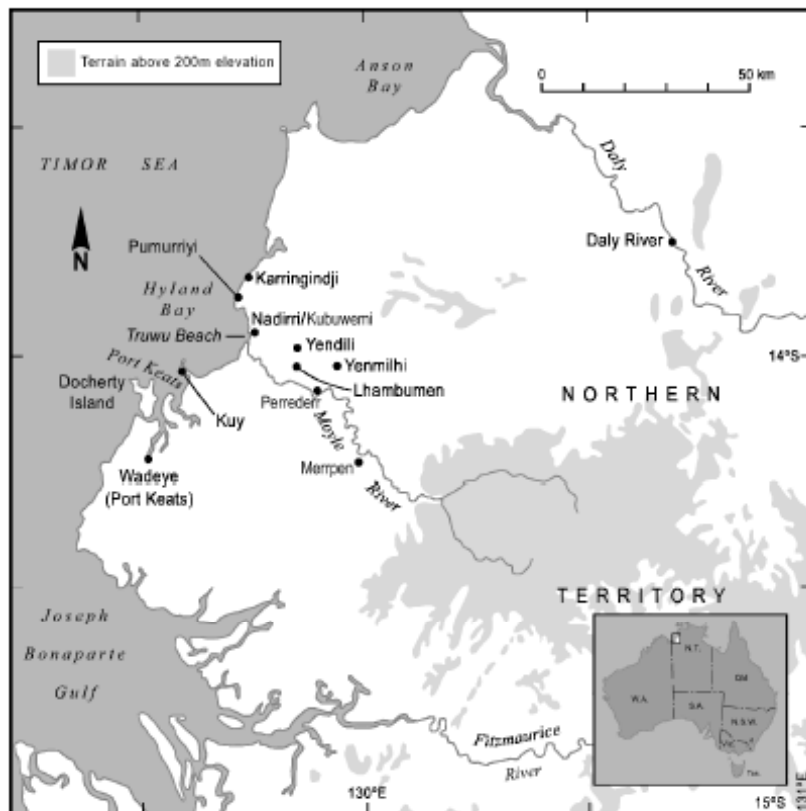
Subhana then invited me to teach the song at the Hazy Moon sesshin in May this year, and more recently, Gilly took it up in Spring Sesshin. It seems that the song is beginning to get bedded down in our sangha’s practice. Janet Selby’s reflection on the song elsewhere in this issue, for example, is an indication of how “Yendili” has struck resonances in the practice of a sangha member. In this article I’d like to reflect on why “Yendili” resonates so with our practice as a sangha. But first let me give you some information about the song in its original context.²

“Yendili” belongs to a genre of didjeridu-accompanied songs known as *wangga*, which come from the Daly region of northern Australia (see Map 1). The woman who first composed it, or to be more accurate, first received the song from the spirit of a deceased ancestor in dream, is called Maudie Attaying Dumoo. Most of the time Maudie Dumoo lives at the small outstation of Nadirri, making trips from time to time to the much larger, and now (at least within Australia) much better known community of Wadeye.³ Maudie Dumoo, a Marri-ngarr woman, gave the song to her Marri-tjevin husband, Wagon Dumoo, who was an established songman, and he sang it many times in ceremony.

¹ This is based on two dharma talks that I have given at Annandale, one at a zazenkaï in 2005, and the other at our Symposium on Zen Approaches to Aboriginal Traditions in September 2006. I also gave a version of this talk to the Darwin zen group in July 2006.

² What follows is an edited version of what appears in pages 65—66 of my book. For those who are interested in such things, a more detailed analysis of a performance of “Yendili” (referred there as “Yendili No.2”) is given on pages 95—108, and a recording of “Yendili,” sung by Wagon Dumoo and others, may be found at Track 4 of the CD that accompanies the book.

³ Wadeye has become well known for a number of reasons. The first is because it was selected to be a showcase for the present government of Australia, who wanted to prove to the world that it was not neglecting its responsibilities to Aboriginal people. In fact the showcase has revealed the opposite. A recent report by a senior bureaucrat that documents how none of the targets have been met, and how things have gone from bad to worse, has been hushed up. What a cruel trick to play on the people of Wadeye! The National Indigenous Times has an excellent story on this at <http://www.nit.com.au/story.aspx?id=8333>. In addition, in 2005 and 2006 Wadeye was the site of a number of riots that made it onto the front page of the national press, who are always hungry for bad news stories about Indigenous communities, but who ignore the bad news stories about the policy failures of their political masters.



Map 1: the Daly region of North West Australia.

Wagon, now deceased, was the brother of Frank Dumoo, whom I call Dad. Frank is the person who has authorised our using “Yendili” within the context of our sangha’s ceremonies. “Yendili” refers to the obligations that the living have to the dead, in this case in terms of looking after country. The text of “Yendili,” is in the language of Maudie Dumoo, Marri-ngarr, rather than the language of her husband and the other singers, all of whom speak Marri-tjevin.

karra	yendili yendili	arr-girrit-ni
karra	<i>Yendili! Yendili!</i>	<i>Look after it!</i>
karra	yendili yendili	arr-girrit-ni
karra	<i>Yendili! Yendili!</i>	<i>Look after it!</i>
aa		ye-ngina
aa		<i>My descendants!</i>

It refers to Yendili Hill, one of the most prominent landmarks in Marri-tjevin country and the location of some of the major Marri-tjevin Dreaming sites. As such, it is emblematic of all Marri-tjevin country, and indeed Marri-tjevin existence itself. It is one of the places at which people are born out of the country, and it is one of the places to which they return at the end of a cycle of existence (which they conceive of not as a cycle but as the ebb and flow of the tide). All Marri-tjevin lineages sing songs about this site, but apart from this one, they are all in Marri-tjevin language. Language, like people, clouds, and shovel spears, arise from country.

The most common interpretation given for this song is that it was sung by the song’s composer, Maudie Dumoo, to her children when she and her husband were leaving Nadirri to go back to Wadeye for supplies. At a deeper level, however, the song is a call from the ancestral dead to the

living for them to fulfil their obligation to look after the country from which they, both the living and the dead, were born, and to which they will all return.

All *wangga* songs emanate from the dead, and are fundamentally utterances of the dead. These utterances are first made when the dead enter the dreams of living songmen and sing to them, and they are repeated whenever the song is subsequently sung by the living songman. The Marri-ngarr word translated as "look after" is *arr-girrit-ni*. *Girrit* means "hold," *arr* indicates the use of hands, and *ni* marks the verb as expressing intentionality. "Looking after the country" means hunting and foraging on it, conducting ceremony for it, protecting it from strangers and looking after the environment—the annual burning of the long spear grass towards the end of the dry season is often cited as one form of this environmental work. This sort of work keeps alive people's relationship with a sentient land—country that also hears the songs and calls of its human children, that feels the beat of their feet against its skin in dance, that recognises them by the smell of their sweat.

The text of "Yendili" thus refers simultaneously to mutual obligations between the living and the dead, and between different language-groups among the living. At Wadeye, ceremonial life is based on a system of reciprocal obligations whereby certain language groups perform ceremony for one another. If a Marri-ngarr person dies, for example, the Marri-tjevin group might perform ceremony on behalf of the deceased family. Self-Other, Living-Dead. Ancient distinctions, which are dissolved again and again in the white heat of ceremony.

When I sang "Yendili" at the opening of Kodoji, I made some conscious alterations. I've told Frank Dumoo about these and he has no objections to what I have done. First of all I sang the song in its original language Marri-ngarr. I then sang it in English, using the text above, except that I changed the word "descendants" to "children." "Ye" in Marri-ngarr means both "descendant" and "child" (the plural is not marked but is understood from context). I then sang it again in English, this time replacing the word "Yendili" with "Ancient Ground." This is not such a stretch because the hill Yendili is in fact the ancestral country—the ancient ground—of the Marri-tjevin people. I then re-sang the song in its original form. This was necessary in order to return the song to the country that it belonged, having borrowed it for our purposes.

Yendili yendili arr-girrit-ni
Yendili yendili arr-girrit-ni
Aa ye-ngina

Yendili Yendili. You will look after it
Yendili Yendili. You will look after it
Aa. My children.

Ancient Ground, Ancient Ground. You will look after it.
Ancient Ground, Ancient Ground. You will look after it.
Aa. My children.

Yendili yendili arr-girrit-ni
Yendili yendili arr-girrit-ni
Aa ye-ngina

Let me now reflect a little on why I think that the Yendili/Ancient Ground has taken root in our sangha. The reasons clearly lie within certain resonances between Aboriginal and Buddhist ways of being, and I'll address this shortly. But I think it also has to do with the struggles that non-Aboriginal Australians have with the terrible history of black-white relations in the country. As the former Prime Minister, Paul Keating said in his famous Redfern speech: how can we ever feel at home in this country while these wrongs remain unaddressed?

One of the reasons that I began working on Aboriginal song was because a former student of mine, Ray Keogh, told me, years before Paul Keating said it, that he believed that if present-day Australians of non-Aboriginal descent were ever to feel at home in this country, they would have to be prepared not only to acknowledge past wrongs but also to be prepared to learn from the Indigenous people how to live on this continent. Ray worked on Nyigina songs from around the Broome area, and, although he died tragically in his early 30s, his work has inspired not only me, but others as well. It's certainly not easy to learn these lessons, living as we do in a society that not only neglects and ignores Aboriginal people, but also continues to this day, at least in some sections of society, to pursue their cultural and physical destruction. It's hard to stomach, but we live in a country that continues to practice ongoing genocide against its original inhabitants.

But when we meet Aboriginal people, which most of us do all too rarely, we can be touched by the remarkable generosity of spirit that, after all that has happened and is happening, motivates Aboriginal people to still share their intimacy with country with non-Aboriginal people. Of course, the way that we experience that intimacy may not be the same as that of Aboriginal people—we do not share their beliefs about conception and death, we do not share their cosmology—but, as Buddhists, we do share some very basic ways of being that provide a ground for shared affinity.

In what sense, from an Aboriginal perspective, is country the ground of being? Johannes Falkenburg, who worked in Wadeye (then known as Port Keats) in the 1950s, explained conception beliefs as follows⁴: A *kigatiya* [Dreaming site] is the permanent life-centre for all the *ngirrwat* [Eternal Dreamings] which are associated with that *kigatiya* ... a single specimen of a *ngirrwat* is a single *merimen.gu* [Conception Dreaming] which has been temporarily torn loose from the *kigatiya* and assumes substance as an animal, plant, or spear. The animal, plant, or spear is the vessel of a specific *merimen.gu* which will return to its *kigatiya* when the vessel disintegrates. (After Falkenberg 1962, 85.)

In human terms, this means that people are born from a particular place in country, often but not always, a waterhole. According to Marri-tjevin beliefs, after death a person goes to live in the society of the dead, who are known as Walakandha, and grow young again, eventually becoming once again a baby spirit and returning to its original source in country. I have already mentioned that country is experienced as living and sentient, hearing, feeling, smelling. In a song by the leading living Marri-tjevin songman, Phillip Mullumbuk, the trees and grasses on top of Yendili stand up [like hairs on the back of a dog] in response to death. The final line refers to the inevitability of death and rebirth.

A certain Walakandha [one of the dead] is always singing to me beside the beach hibiscus.
He says, "Berrida and Munggumurri [two others of the Walakandha dead] are both standing looking at the top of their hill Yendili.
They are standing, looking behind them over their shoulders."
He says, "The trees and grasses on the top (head) of Yendili hill are standing upright, brother.
The tide is always coming in, [brother] and there is nothing I can do about it."

In another song, about the death of Frank Dumoo's mother, Honoraria Ngenawurda, a Walakandha sings of the closing down of one of the life-giving springs at Yendili.

Yendili, Yendili, Yendili, Yendili!
Hill, Yendili Hill!
I am unavoidably picking up bad news about the family.
I've closed down the spring at Yendili on you now.

⁴ In this quotation I have replaced the original Murriny Patha terms used by Falkenberg with their equivalent Marri-tjevin terms.

Now let me ask, from a Buddhist perspective, how we see the ancient ground that gives its name to our temple—Kodoji means Ancient Ground Temple. When we talk of this Ancient Ground in the context of the temple I think we reference a number of things: this historically ancient land—Australia—and the fact that the ground on which our temple sits has for millennia been looked after by Aboriginal people and lies in a religiously significant position, with an important collection of cave painting nearby that bears witness to the religious life that was practiced there. But more fundamentally, “Ancient Ground” refers to the ancient ground of our own being—the ground of essential nature. That coming forth of the universe as ourselves and ourselves as the universe—fresh, fresh, fresh, at every moment, from a source that is both ancient and unknowable. Ellen Davison has reminded me that the Tibetans refer to essential nature as “the luminous ground of being.” And where is that ancient ground? If you think that it only exists at Gorricks Run, you miss it by a thousand miles. As Hakuin Zenji reminds us, “Nirvana is right here before our eyes. This very place is the lotus land.” That ancient lotus land! In his comments on Case 1 of the *Wumen-kuan*. Wumen says, ‘at the very cliff edge of life-and-death you find the Great Freedom’. (Aitken 1990: 9) It was because I intuit deep resonance between our place of great freedom and the sacred spaces created in Aboriginal ceremony, that I also taught a song, the *ageuta* from my Noh play *Eliza*, at the Hazy Moon sesshin. I wrote this in the late 1980s, not long after I had attended my first major Aboriginal cult ceremony. It was one of my first attempts to fuse some of my experience as a student of Zen with my experience attending Aboriginal ceremony, and twenty years on, I have made a few small changes to the original text. Here is what I taught:

Cry of Evening Crow
 Wing edge of Eaglehawk, the Universe unites.
 From the beginning: the bedrock of our being.
 At the edge of fire’s circle, where the dream begins
 Upon the wing edge of the moment, spirits dance
 As men, and men as spirits. Forth from the mirror-lake
 Our dreaming dance, uniting mind and country.
 Where life meets death, we are ourselves the dancing ground.
 Where life meets death, we are, the dancing ground.

As Dōgen says in the *Shōbōgenzō*, “all sentient beings are all existence-Buddha nature” (Kim 1985: 64). Or as we chant in our sutras, “Buddha Nature pervades the whole universe, existing right here now.” What comes forth as this moment utterly consumes space and time. This is our ancient ground. *Wangga* songs frequently refer to ceremonial action as a form of ancient ground. For example, we may translate Maurice Ngulkurr song, “Wulumen kimigimi kavulh-a gu” as “What we are doing right now is what the Ancestors have done from the beginning.” The sense that the ceremonial action being performed at this moment—the singing of these words, the dancing, the playing of the didjeridu—are “from the beginning” is articulated in Marri-ammu by the verb “ka-vulh” which means literally, “it lies.” But in contexts such as this, the semantic domain of “ka-vulh” expands to mean, “it has always been thus.” Moreover, the serial construction of the verb intimately enmeshes the idea of “what we are doing now” with the idea of “it has always been thus.” What we are doing now is indeed the ancient ground from which all present ceremonial action and being spring.

In this paper, I have tried to keep my focus on the notion of the ancient ground as a touchstone for exploring resonances between Aboriginality and Buddhism. But there are many other ways that Aboriginal songs resonate with our traditions and I spoke of some of these in our Symposium on Zen Approaches to Aboriginal Traditions in September. I hope to publish a version of the September talk in a later issue of *Mind Moon Circle* and to take up those matters there.

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What 'Ancient Ground' means to me Janet Selby

At the recent Spring sesshin held at Kodoji, Gilly re-introduced *Ancient Ground*, the song brought to us from Arnhem Land by Allan Marett, explaining that Allan had been given permission by the elders holding that song, to sing it in our country, Kodoji. After singing together in the dojo, next morning we went into the country, and sang together there, standing firm on the Mother Earth, being one with her, voicing our connection. That song really affected many people that week, and I have since been using it in my Zen practice - breathing *Ancient Ground*.

Breathing in 'Ancient', this timeless Dreamtime. Dreaming constitutes the sacredness of a place, its potency and connection with all beings. When did dreamtime begin and end? No time. No length of time. Just the deep antiquity of right now, no difference, no separation. Breathing out 'Ground'. This place, this Mother Earth, this Gorrick's Run, this hall, this mat, this cushion, this body. All 'Ground'. No difference, no separation. Breathe in 'Ancient'... breathe out 'Ground'.

The next line is "You will look after it". The responsibility of taking care of the earth can be overwhelming. But it means more than this. More than 'pick up that litter, stop polluting, use solar energy'. This line means more than an admonition to respect. Its deeper meaning is being one with "it", taking care of all beings, saving all beings, because we *are* all beings. So I look after all beings and all beings look after me, too. There is comfort in the fact that "it" will look after me, because I *am* it.

*When we see the butterfly, the tortoise, the wombat's burrow we are looking at ourselves
The butterfly sees itself, sees itself in us as it sees itself in the sunlight,
the rock and the blossom (which are in us)
The lizard sees itself in the tree and the tree sees itself in the stars,
the stars see themselves in us
All the worlds answer us as they answer each other*

John Anderson, *The forest set out like the night*, Black Pepper Press, 1995, p.51

***Ancient Ground, Ancient Ground, you will look after it.
Eh..... my children ... en ... en en ... en ...***

My children - all beings. You will look after them as if they were your own children. Such wonder at the whole world, all my children! Such compassion! All beings are my children! Offer this out-breath to them for as long as you can, from deep in your body, until it is extinguished. Then let in the next breath, potent with all it holds.

Ancient – Now, no form, emptiness *Ground* – Here, form, all things embodied
You will look after it – Action *My children* - Compassion

It's all you need to know. Even if you can't focus on the words, there is always the tune. This evokes the energy of the song, like a *nembutsu*. This simple song is so powerful, there is no need to analyse it, or compare it. Just hum it. It really works.

Is Engaged Buddhism a Tautology?

This was the subject of a forum held during the Diamond Sangha Teachers' Circle in early July, during which Nelson Foster, co-founder of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, Danan Henry from Zen Center of Denver, and Sydney BPF co-ordinator, Mari Rhydwen, offered these reflections.

Nelson Foster

I thought I would begin by addressing the question posed in the flyer advertising this panel—"Is engaged Buddhism a tautology?" That is to say, are those essentially two words for the same thing? Is political engagement a given for Buddhists? Is the Buddha Way inherently 'engaged'? Right off, it seems clear that how one answers the question today will depend on a lot of factors, including one's understanding of "Buddhism" and definition of "engaged" as well as other personal factors, notably one's political beliefs.

Before going into that, I want to wind back the clock and remind you what it was like when we started the Buddhist Peace Fellowship in 1978. If "engaged Buddhism" is a tautology today, it was not a tautology then. At that time, we in the U.S. had come through the Civil Rights movement and the Vietnam War, and we were heading in many respects into the darkest days of the Cold War. With all that going on—Richard Nixon, Watergate, and so forth—the American Buddhist community was almost completely silent.

It was clear to us, although we were sitting out in the middle of the Pacific, on Maui, that the principle reason for that silence was a stopper in the bottle: the teaching being done at that time precluded outright political activism on the part of American Buddhists; it was held that Buddhism and politics simply didn't mix, or shouldn't be mixed. Our practice was our politics, and that was about it.

That Dharma didn't hold at the Maui Zendo, where I was spending those years. Aitken Roshi -- my teacher and the grand old man of the Diamond Sangha -- was very much an activist at heart. He was spending all day, every day at the Maui Zendo teaching the Way and trying to keep us youngsters in line, but his political passions were not far beneath the surface much of the time, and there was a fair amount of politics in the message all of the time. As for me, I had come through college in the late '60s and early '70s, going out on strike and marching on Washington among tens of thousands of others, including some of my fellow sangha members.

So a small group of us decided to raise the flag of Buddhist activism in the form of founding the Buddhist Peace Fellowship. Exactly how necessary this was really came home to me a few years later, when I had reason to go to Los Angeles and had made contact with Andy Cooper, who was then the editor of the journal of the Zen Centre of Los Angeles, a very lovely publication called the *Ten Directions*. I thought I sensed a kindred spirit in Andy, judging by some of the stories he had printed and questions he had raised in interviews, so I looked him up. As we sat in his office and I warmed to my topic, Andy suddenly beckoned me to follow him outside, and we spent the next half hour circling the block because, as he explained, it was simply too sensitive a topic to take up in the building, within earshot of his ZCLA colleagues.

When I reminded him of this years later, Andy was chagrined and then amused that it had been so -- but it really was that bad, not only at ZCLA. At another prominent Zen centre, when the prohibition on politics was lifted, it was lifted on a very limited basis: 'OK, we're going to make a small exception for nuclear disarmament, but all the rest of politics is still a no-no.' So there was a pretty dramatic need to do put politics back into the Dharma realm, and I'm happy and proud to have been a part of that.

But that we now ask the question "Is engaged Buddhism a tautology?" means we've come quite a long way, to quite the other end of the continuum. The stopper is well and truly out of the bottle, such that now I suppose it seems almost a ridiculous to ask whether Buddhists should be

politically involved. Well, why not? I think the former situation was bizarre and somewhat ahistorical. In Japan, China, and other Buddhist countries, Buddhists -- especially lay people -- had to one degree or another, in one way or another, always been involved in politics. In the broadest sense, there's no escaping politics. Even if you say "I'm apolitical," that's a political position, and of course, from a more fundamental perspective, we're completely engaged with one another all the time.

At this point, as I see it, the question is this: having cast that needless obstacle from the path, having clarified that political and non-political is a false dichotomy (like all dichotomies), the question we really need to address tonight is: what shall we do? I don't know if you're feeling, as I am, that the world is really in a hell of a fix -- that natural and cultural systems are collapsing or in danger of collapsing all across the board, from the air above to the earth below, with many kinds of social problems in between. I could name them, but I suspect you know them quite well enough, and it would have to be a very long litany.

When we panelists met to consider how to approach our topic tonight, Mari shrewdly discerned that there might be some differences in Danan's perspective and mine on how we ought to respond to the present situation, and she asked if we would state it simply for her benefit, so that she'd know what sort of dogfight she was getting into. I said, "Danan's position isn't radical enough for me," whereupon Danan promptly responded, "And Nelson's position isn't radical enough for me!" We all laughed, but I'm afraid this exchange left Mari no better informed. I need to expand a little on what I meant.

I understand *radical* in the old Greek and Chinese sense, meaning *root*. That's very much the sense we find in one of our favourite texts in the Diamond Sangha, the Shodoka, which urges, "Going straight to the root is the hallmark of the Buddha; / gathering leaves and collecting branches is no use at all" and, a little later on, "Just get to the root -- never mind the branches!" That's the kind of radical activism I have in mind, and as I reflect on my life as an activist to date, I find it woefully inadequate to the needs of the day, both as to what little it accomplished and the approaches we employed, which have run the gamut from symbolic statements to street protests to education campaigns. It seems to me that these and other strategies -- electoral campaigns, litigation, etc. -- are at best temporising moves, inadequate not only in terms of what we really need to accomplish but also in Dharma terms.

In Dharma terms, the standard that I hold up for myself comes from the *Record of Tung-shan*, one of the classic accounts of the Chinese masters. In this case Tung-shan or Tozan at this point in the tale, was a relatively young monk and had gone to study with the master Nan-yüan. When he was getting ready to depart, his teacher said to him, "Closely study the Buddha Dharma. Widely confer its benefits." Tozan responded, "'Closely study the Buddha Dharma' -- no question about that. What is 'Widely confer its benefits?'" And Nan-yüan said, "Not a single thing dismissed." A tall order! Not a single thing dismissed -- not a single political opinion, not a single being, not a single country. If you think of all the wars being fought in the continent of Africa alone right now, not a single thing dismissed is a very high standard. How do we as Dharma activists respond to that challenge? This is what it means to me: getting radical means digging toward the root of all this in ourselves and in our society.

What is at this root? Delusion, certainly. Delusion shows itself not just in wars, of course, but also in division and exploitation of all sorts -- in racism, in injustices too many to name. Increasingly it seems to me that to do anything but get at the root -- to conduct this or that campaign -- if it's not also part of this most urgent program to get at the root, then it's essentially rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic. And the Titanic seems to be going down rather fast. What does it mean to deal with the root in that sense? Well, first that it's an endless process. We're never going to root out the three poisons altogether, never going to completely destroy delusion. There'll always be a corrupt politician, another arms system coming along. But that doesn't mean that we ought not do anything else, that everyone needs to devote themselves fulltime to formal Buddhist practice for the rest of their lives and turn their backs on other matters.

Yes, let's get to the root through formal practice for the rest of our lives, and let's also get to the root in everything else we do -- how we eat, how we raise children, how we work, how we communicate, how we move around. We're all in a position to get at the root from our own vantage points, whether it be in community service or in the trades or at university, as artists or indeed as politicians. There's no question that we all have a position from which to act because that position is everywhere. I just hope that present conditions will galvanise us to take up the practice of getting to the root all the more urgently and relentlessly.

Danan Henry

Thank you all for coming to investigate the Dharma together this evening, against the background of the social, political, economic and environmental problems facing the world to day. Is Engaged Buddhism a tautology? At first glance it would seem to be a no-brainer. Of course it's a tautology! A monk asked Yun-men, "What is the teaching which the Buddha preached throughout his life?" Yun-men answered, "One preaching in response." To respond fully, unselfconsciously and appropriately to every situation we encounter is one way to describe Buddhism or functioning realisation. Appropriate action, coming forth from a position of non-separation - the other being no other than my own self.

The Tenth Ox-Herding picture depicts a barefooted and bare-chested, ragged little man with a beaming smile walking along a dusty road with village houses in the background. Over his shoulder is a sack with a few belongings and one hand holds a gourd, the ancient Chinese equivalent of a wine bottle. This picture, often entitled, "Entering the Market Place with Helping Hands", based upon the nine pictures and commentaries that proceed it, depicts the culmination of practice and realisation as Engaged Buddhism. Actually the words, "Helping Hands" is not quite right. This man is not a do-gooder or a social worker in the usual sense. Nelson tracked down the original Chinese to read, "with open hands". This reaches it. The mind abides nowhere, bring forth that mind - a complete openness to every situation. The situation, itself, replaces "me" as something separate from the situation.

So of course "Engaged Buddhism" is a tautology. "Engagement" and "Buddhism" - how can they not be repetitious here? But not quite so fast! If we look at the situation carefully, perhaps that's really not quite the case. Do we in fact bring a spiritual perspective (our insights arising from practice and realisation) to bear directly upon the social, political, economic and environmental problems facing the world today? There is no question that we bring our practice and insight to bear on our personal condition in addressing our own suffering and the suffering of our family and friends. What I see in myself and my sangha is that although we work hard to transcend our own pain and anguish, the vicissitudes of life, all the suffering that flesh is heir to - disappointments, sickness, old age and death, we're pretty indifferent to the suffering that is a little further down the line. I believe we're not able to get beyond the concerns for our selves, family and friends because we haven't got to the "root " as Nelson was saying. We have not thoroughly addressed the great delusion of humanity, the notion of a self apart. Not yet, not enough, not yet enough.

We have not gotten to the point where it is impossible to exclude any one or anything from our hearts. We have not realised deeply enough that the whole world is none other than our selves. With this deeper realisation the circle of our concern widens and there comes a natural empathy with all that breathes and does not breathe. And with this empathy follows appropriate action naturally. But we get to a certain point and we refuse to go further and the circle of our concern remains fixed. I'm a little less self-centred, I'm not completely selfish. Maybe I think about some one or something else besides myself in the course of the day - but you know, I've got too much on my plate, I've got too many responsibilities, life is too difficult - I really can't be concerned with all the social and political and economic and environmental problems - they're really beyond me. Something stops me. It is the reassertion of myself and my preoccupation with my self and the circle will not open. And I come up with a lot of reasons for turning away. I'm too busy, politics and religion don't mix --all the different ways we find to justify our

indifference. So Engaged Buddhism is not a tautology. We work with our practice to deal with our own confusion, fear and anguish but separate our practice from the cries of the world.

So how do we get to the root that demonstrates profoundly that we are all one? And how do we act? Do I wait until I have attained full enlightenment (whatever that is) before entering the market place with open hands? Do I rush out and do all kinds of engaged activism and neglect that work of going beyond the narrow confines of self-centredness? Can I practice in a way that enables me to move beyond delusion in the very act of doing wherever I can to alleviate suffering and live a life of non-harming? To resolve these kinds of questions is perhaps to realise that Engaged Buddhism is indeed a tautology.

Mari Rhydwen

To anyone who has any experience of Buddhist practice this seems like a daft question: of course it is! After all, what could unengaged Buddhism possibly look like? Yet there is sometimes resistance to social engagement among Buddhist practitioners and the possibility of deliberately mixing Buddhism with social activism, through the Buddhist Peace Fellowship, with the implication of a separation. This also raises the issue about the difference between social action and social activism – you know people often don't mind if Buddhists go and run soup kitchens but they don't like you asking why there's a need to run soup kitchens in the richest countries in the world. So there's a distinction there – an argument that rises again and again in this area about what social engagement really implies—but even if we think it is a tautology, that Buddhism *is* always socially engaged, the reality is that the Buddhist Peace Fellowship meets separately, is separated from our Buddhist practice, so at some level there is clearly a sense of separation. But at that point I want to leave that and I'll come back to it later.

The question I'd like to move to now is that of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship (BPF) itself. I was living in Newcastle and teaching there, and just about the same time I was made an apprentice teacher, I was offered a job that, in a sense, I'd been working towards all my life – because I was working as an academic in the past writing research and policy documents about cultural maintenance and essentially saying 'You *should* have Aboriginal language programs in school' and suddenly it was happening and they needed someone working in the department (NSW Department of Education) to make that happen – and I got that job. But I felt a bit torn because I knew it meant I was going to be unable to take on the same kind of responsibilities with Dharma practice that I had hoped to, if I entered the work place, the market place. But, when I moved to Sydney and Gilly asked who'd be interested in taking on the co-ordination of BPF, this seemed something I could fit in with work, and so that's what happened.

The BPF is interesting, difficult, to work with, but in the time that the BPF has been going, things have changed quite a lot – since the late 70s, people seemed to have a little less time, and in the intervening years the things that have happened in Australia, despite widespread opposition, include the war in Iraq; the refugee crisis; the issue of uranium; the erosion of our democratic rights through changes in the Senate; and industrial relations – and I think industrial relations is a big one because I think a lot of us are finding we have to work longer hours and it's not so easy to be flexible. And so as a consequence of the sort of things that are happening, there is a sense of despair – and here I have Noam Chomsky's *Failed States*; if you want to feel the full power of delusion read this book! It's one of the most frightening and despairing books I've read, but I do recommend it. It really points to the increasing rise of what's been called 'soft core fascism'...

So what to do? It's very tempting to simply return to the cushion –not surprising that we should see the cushion as a sort of escape. It's nothing new – in a quote I'm sure you know well:

*Ah, the degenerate materialistic world!
People are unhappy; they find self-control difficult.
In the centuries since Shakyamuni, false views are deep,
Demons are strong, the Dharma is weak, disturbances are many.*

The Shodoka⁵ was written well over a millennium ago yet it still seems appropriate. That little rustic cottage where the fei-ni grass grows looks very tempting!

Speaking with meditators and activists since co-ordinating BPF, I've heard a few things again and again: one is that people are too busy – which is why I emphasise the industrial relations laws; or just don't know what to do against what seem insurmountable obstacles. The reality is that while there are a large number of people on the BPF list – people who *want* to do something - not many people come to the meetings, because they're already busy with lots of things around the week, the living of a life. The other thing I regularly hear, even among the people who **do** come to meetings, is confusion - 'Where do we go from here?'

I've always liked grass. When in was a child I remember there was a house down the road made of ugly concrete and it was all falling apart – but everywhere there was grass. And I thought no matter how ugly it was, or how immovable it seemed, the grass would grow and gradually the cracks would become larger and the grass would take over again. And so I think you can look at the problems of the world like concrete edifices – ugly and immovable – but we can't afford to bulldoze them, and we certainly don't want to use bombs – and grass is soft, tactile, life affirming and it grows in the cracks. It grows in the cracks.

We too can grow in the cracks. I think we're very lucky in Zen practice that we have a saying that a day without work is a day without food, and work has always been a part of Zen monasteries. I'm pretty sure that it wasn't intended that we go to work and then be disengaged during the work, but then go off and do our practice separately at other times. Work was also practice, this is where we do our practice. We can't claim we're too busy because we can be busy practising while we work.

I'm doing a program called 'Lifework' for BPF, partly based on the BPF's BASE program that's already established in the United States. Its core is combining Buddhist practice with social action and activism at work. In the BASE program, people are all engaged in work that involves social action or service – the core of it is some work that 'engages with suffering'—but I don't know what kind of work *doesn't* engage with suffering. Essentially, whatever work we are doing, we can be exploring the action and activism opportunities it contains. We too can grow in the cracks.

So coming back to the tautology question – having seen what happens when we try to separate the social action arm, the BPF, from practice, I started to look at it from the opposite view and realise we can't have Buddhist social engagement without the practice, the two are inseparable. So what I'm interested in is exploring the ways we can integrate our Buddhist practice into our everyday lives of work. Doing this is in itself a low-key, life-affirming form of social action. It doesn't matter what we call it, if we are serious about our practice then we have to do it somehow, it is our lifework.

(Another Lifework study group is planned for 2007 –Ed)

⁵ Shodoka, the Japanese title for the Song of Enlightenment attributed to Yongjia Xuanjue 655-713. The quotation is from the translation is by Robert Aitken and Eido Shimano.

Kodoji Moments

A row of trees
darkens suddenly

as if the painter
had changed his mind

Am I the painter
did my mind change

It was the shadow
of a drifting cloud

slinking slow like a stalking cat
a long-tailed goanna
emerges from the ancient past

a sudden rain
falls from blue sky
lightning lines of silver steel

morning
afternoon
evening

bird song
chain saw
bird song

fat black wombat
avidly munching grass
innocent, in soft floodlight

the open gaze
of a pearl moon

two trees
waving in the breeze
waving in time

as I breathe

merging
then parting
merging and parting
a soft wild tango

merging again
integrating
to a single form
a crystal of faceted greens

on the in-breath
an unfolding
exploding
origami

in the tangle of ancient scrub
a black silicon square
generating electricity

after the fires, against the painted green
a single iron bark -
charcoal drawn

in a blink
a glimpse of a stone buddha

one day
I will see that buddha breathe

a tree with half its branches gone
left handed
like me

Doug Mason, October 2006

Drawing Lesson Janet Selby

I have the class for one hour. We are all ceramics students, taking turns to give each other a drawing lesson. I begin with an overview to my approach to my studio ceramics work. My theme is the Australian bush, its qualities, influences and spirit - spirit of place.

My objective is to make sculptures on a small scale to reflect intimacy of trees and their interconnectedness with other elements of the landscape.



Ceci n'est pas une pipe.

This lesson focuses on one influence – Rene Magritte, a 20th century Belgian Surrealist painter, and how the incongruities of his images, when put together, highlight their intrinsic nature.

I show a painting from a book of his art *This is Not a Pipe* (left). This image has always stayed in my mind since I first saw it in high school. The apparent silliness of the statement occurring directly below an image of a pipe struck me as funny. Of course it's not a pipe – it's a picture, a

book, a painting. The incongruity exaggerates the notion of 'pipe', its nature is its smell, taste, etc.

Another series of paintings depicts floating rocks. This odd placement shocks our intelligent mind. It can't be true. Rocks are heavy. *Exactly the point!* He makes you think about the nature of rocks, how heavy they are and how absurd to think they can float.

For our classroom exercise, I asked the students to take an object from the table – a selection of leaves, twigs, pods, bark, and feathers. I asked them to take a few minutes to study the chosen object and ask, "What is its essential nature? What are its characteristics, its tendencies? Why is it like it is?" I ask them to draw the object, perhaps exaggerating these qualities. I chose a leaf, a small green camphor laurel leaf - supple, pointy, fresh, small and green with orange veins. I drew the veins. They became more dominant, and began to look like branches on a tree.

In the second part of our exercise we examined objects in more detail, with more examples from Magritte. °A stone bird flies gracefully °Three trees on a table with clouds suspended in their branches. °A bunch of leaves whose tips have become doves. Koan students will perhaps have affinity with these images.

Now I ask the students to take the essential quality they have discovered through this detailed examination of their object, and devise its *opposite*.

A feather is essentially light. A stone is essentially heavy. *Opposites*.

A leaf is small in comparison to the entire tree. *Opposites*.

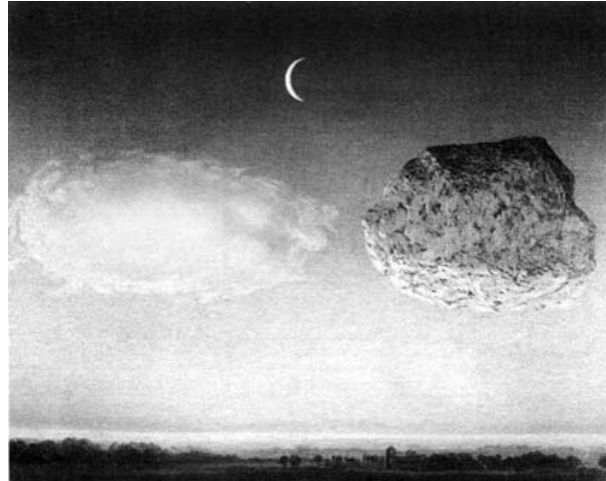
A curling piece of bark with perhaps an insect hiding inside. Its opposite could be the opening of an exhibition. In- and Ex-, *Opposites*.

My leaf has turned into a tree. Inter-connectedness - the leaf and tree are essentially the same.

Just as ice by nature is water, can a feather by nature be rock?



left: *Cloud Tree*, 2006 ceramic by Janet Selby
below: *The Battle of Argonne*, 1959 by Magritte.



Buddhas and Ancestral Teachers realise the empty sky and the great earth.
When they manifest the noble body, there is neither inside nor outside in emptiness.
When they manifest the Dharma body, there is not even a bit of earth on the ground
Dogen Zenji's commentary on the fifth precept

*I find my spirit in the woodlands
I am trying to make you see what I mean
I am trying to make myself visible
I am trying to make the woodlands visible
The undiscovered forest
I believe that if you would see me you would see me in the woodlands
That you would see the woodlands and yourselves in the woodlands
When we see the butterfly, the tortoise, the wombat's burrow we are looking at ourselves
The butterfly sees itself, sees itself in us
As it sees itself in the sunlight, the rock and the blossom (which are in us)
The lizard sees itself in the tree and the tree sees itself in the stars, the stars see themselves in us
All the worlds answer us as they answer each other
One place in the world sees itself in another
I first see myself in the furthest scatterings of Australasia. Where I see the furthest order again
become visible, through outlines again and again repeated, in a distance of mauve, pale copper, of
purple, in the furthest scatterings of the light*

From: *the forest set out like the night* by John Anderson (1948–1997), Black Pepper Press

THE LOCATION OF LIGHT

For H.V.

The sun and all the stars gather simple dust
And forge without end an endless stream
Of change and becoming and undoing
But there is no light there, none, blank.

When you face the morning sky,
It is not the rising sun
But you who fills the earth with light,
Illuminating vast plains and forests, the
endless sea,
The ever new face of your lover, the children
in the yard.
All this becomes because you are.

You are light and all that is.
The universe is dark
And unknowing and unknown without being
known,
And this is true of love and mercy and joy
And peace and home as well.

(I saw you standing in the soft evening light
On that field of ancient ground;
You had just finished with the moon;
The paintbrush in your hand
Dripping a lighter shade of pale.
You turned and looked into my eyes
Oh you are more beautiful and wonderful
Than beauty and wonder can be!
Kisses everywhere and more
I ache with joy in your arms)

Don't be fooled by what you think; open your
eyes
Forget what you think, it's all been lies.
We are always home and heaven is now
The location of light shows us how.

So shout yes and more yes and again yes
To each and every
Blade of grass and stranger
So all can become, endlessly
Enfolding in our thick dream of just now.

Larry Agriesti

WARATAH SESSHIN *Sally Hopkins*

Wombat diggings. Wombat dung;
small blue moths
in the shivery grasses;
tiny flowers,
blue, white, gold, and
scuttling skinks, and wasps and flies
splendid bower-bird, golden whistler,
black winged raven, little wren;
floating clouds that thin
and scatter, drift about, re-form, float on,
while all the great gums up the cliff face
sway and sing their gumtree song.
And who is this –
the one on the verandah?

The gums rock and roll
down the hillside;
the grass bows down;
small bracken ferns wave frantically
from the paddock.
Wind. Wind. Great Wind.

‘You can never step into same river twice’,
said ancient Heraclitus.
But who then is this one,
the one who steps?
The one solid thing?
There are rivers everywhere.
Rivers of stars – the whole world flowing –
rocks, trees, you before my eyes,
the tiniest moth,
this light, this moment, never again.
This breath.
And contemplating Heraclitus
the Noisy Friar birds cackle in vain:

the warm spiced apple is eaten un-noticed,
leaving us where? An idea in the head?
When all along we are river,
everything river,
nothing except river.

When everything is fleeting
not only can't you step into the same river
again
but you never see the same person again,
nor the same tree, child, rock or star.
If we look very carefully
nothing comes twice –
so what do we mourn?

Kookaburras are having a laughing contest
as Noisy Friar birds racket away.
Flash! And it's a King Parrot in the wattle as
Golden Whistler bursts into song.
Goanna, striped, very long and ungainly,
walks up the hillside, up the dry hillside,
lifting his head, peering about,
flickering his tongue.
And us? all birds and goanna, songs and
flickering tongue.

The frogs are still clacking
though the water's disappeared.
In the darkness they call to each other
as the stars move move the black cliff face.
An owl calls from the dark rocks.

4 am and magpie tries a song in the dark;
the stars still bright,
us still in our sleeping bags.

‘Mopoke. Mopoke’ floats
from the dark scrub
as air sings its own little tunes
passing over the paddock,.
and gum flower fragrance
honeys the universe.
The Noisy Friar birds
acting the goat as usual.
Crows passing over the paddock
with the mournful Caaaaaw.

Everywhere there's flying, perching,
twittering
swooping, singing
so we are birdsong, walking the verandah.
They are Kanzeon.

What a racket. What a joke.
On and on they chortle;
on our cushions
we are laughing and chortling,
laughing and chortling,
nothing but Kookaburra Clan.

The black mountains.
The quiet moonlit paddock.
The air humming little tunes
to accompany the frogs.
And there is wombat –
being wombat.

As darkness gives way to light
the birds burst from the night,
with squawks, twits, croaks,
bellnotes, elaborate songs ...
We walk as song
around the verandah
on this first and last morning.

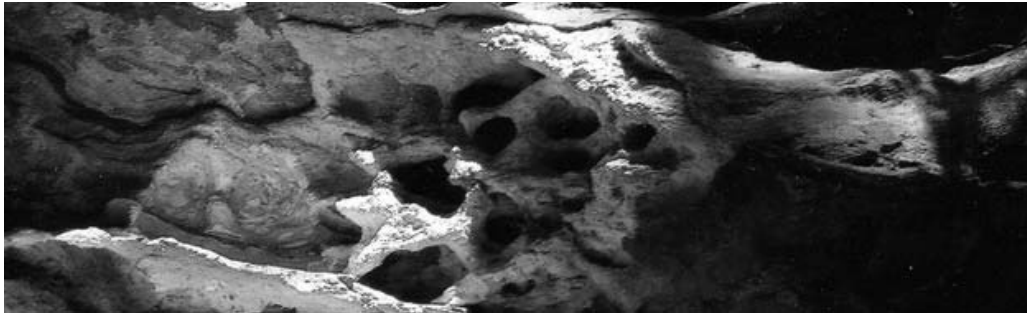
The young chestnuts
are older, broader, taller, strong
and here their bright Spring leaves!
the old chestnut
is smaller, greyer, leaf-less –
offering itself
as perch, as food, as ancient soil
Birds are calling cackling singing
as for millions of years.
The hill-side gums are tall and straight.
The air is perfumed with gum blossom,
buzzing with bees.

A small mauve daisy;
a hardenbergia without flowers;
ants scurrying, and flies, and geebung,
as we walk up the hill side
in each other's footsteps,
over dry rocks, dry earth, sparse grass;
slither on dry leaves, dry bark –
honouring the country
by walking, by looking, by singing,
being country.
Though we've known breakfast
would be warm and waiting for us
after a cold night of stars
and we're dressed in warm jumpers and
trousers,
and our feet are sturdily shod,
yet we walk up this mountain,
as mountain,
we and the old iron bark as one,
and we offer a song to the country;
we sing a song for the country with the
country,
we sing a song offered by the ancestors,
and offered by the ancestors' ancestors.
'My children. Eh. Eh!
You will look after it –
This precious Ground.'

Shown, we do not see.
FULL MOON BRILLIANCE
is what we are after.
in the dark we miss it.
is what we are after.
in the dark we miss it.

***Wild Honey among the Stringybarks:
Silence and Knowing -- in Yolngu Australian Aboriginal culture,
and Zen Dharma***

Caroline Josephs



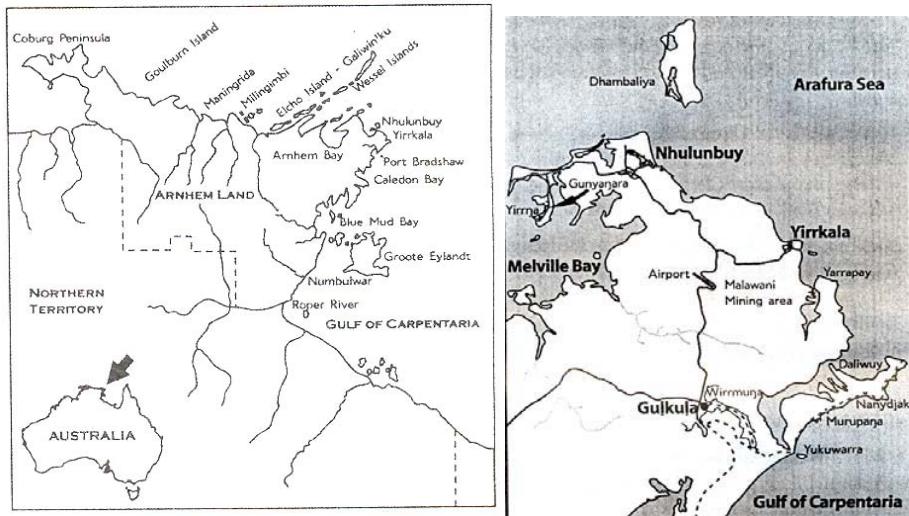
Ah! The taste of wild honey! You who do not taste, cannot know. Oozing a sun song, lightness of wattle fluff bloom, a dancing of myriad tinctures of wind, rain, earth, fire, dulcet pleasures to rouse taste buds from stony sleepfulness...-- an ecstasy of aromatic delicacy -- Ahhhh...Sweet Mystery of Life -- an old old song.

Wild honey opens the story of the Wagilag Sisters – a story that was to take me to Arnhemland three times during the course of my doctoral research on sacred oral storytelling.

The story commences with the Honey Ancestor Wuyal at Gurka'wuy, following two sisters on their journey inland. Wolpa, a *Yolngu* woman talks of the 'story' of her painting (of a segment of *The Wagilag Sisters Story*)¹:

Like Wuyal, [the Honey Ancestor] the two Wagilag Sisters travelled from place to place hunting and chopping down trees in search of honey and, like Wuyal, naming places and species for the Marrakulu clan.

The Wagilag Sisters Story (or *Rainbow Serpent Story*) is a *Yolngu* story that I can not tell (as a non-*Yolngu* researcher and storyteller). I am to remain silent on it. The story in any of its many manifestations remains in the silence, a kind of unuttered background. I mention the story, but don't tell it. Just fragments. Such stories are never told in any 'complete' form by *Yolngu*. [Protocols surrounding telling and not telling are beyond the scope of the current essay.] The story took me into places that I could never have envisaged when I set out on the journey. Inhabiting the story and the twists and turns I was presented with – gave rise to a way of explaining it to myself. The story unfolded slowly over time, presenting itself to me in unexpected ways. It took the writing of the journey, many experiences, many conversations, many pauses and silences, and much contemplation, to find its narrative form. [Perhaps this is similar to our Zen practice?] The story emerges from country in north-east Arnhemland, the land of the *Yolngu*.



Maps: locations of Gulkula, North-east Arnhemland, Australia. [Garma Booklet 2002]

Among the stringybarks in the bush some distance from Gulkula, in a remote part of the Arnhemland escarpment, I am with a bunch of Yolngu women gathering wild honey. A number of them have felled a dead tree and before long they are exposing the honeycomb, saturated with the resinous treasure of wild honey. Using tomahawks, they are cutting into the trunk, as though from long experience they know that it is just that tree which will exude a sweet treacle poem.

Some few years later, in September 2006, I am at *sesshin* at *Kodoji* in the valley over two hours out of Sydney, surrounded by cradling mountains on all sides. We have walked up the mountain behind the dojo. Forming a circle around a large tall eucalypt, we are singing a song that we have been given permission to sing²:

*Yendili Yendili. You will look after it
Yendili Yendili. You will look after it
Aa. My children.*

*Ancient Ground, Ancient Ground. You will look after it.
Ancient Ground, Ancient Ground. You will look after it.
Aa. My children.*

The singing connects us to time before -- to the *Wangarr*, (in *Yolngu* language), the 'Dreamtime', to the time of the Ancestors, in the same way that our chanting of 'The Heart Sutra', or 'Great Vows' connects us to our Dharma Ancestors and re-creates ancient time here, now, as we re-enact their Being in this time, chant with their voice.

I am in pain. My back has been in spasm, but somehow after the singing, the next day it eases -- and joyful with the release, I take the same path up the mountain in the early morning break – alone this time. At the tree, I diverge and go higher and higher through the leaf littered drought-hardened earth. Unexpectedly, suddenly, I am in the entrance to a cave I have never, in all my wanderings on this mountain, found before. I stop. The opening is flooded with sunlight, its centuries-old forms emerging out of ancient winds and waters, earth and fire. It is a honeycomb of rock, light and shadow. Mesmerised, I am re-membered

to another time, another place. I remember the honeycomb from within the trunk of a tree near Gulkula a few years before.

The two Sisters prepare to leave Wagilag country, somewhere inland toward the Roper River. As well as the usual food-collecting baskets and digging-sticks, they carry baskets of stone spearheads wrapped in paperbark, stone axes for chopping out wild honey. ³

With the women in the stringybark bush of Arnhemland I have been asked to go bush to collect wild honey. They pick up tomahawks and tin cans to take. The whole camp appears to be moving to go, and this, after telling Wityana my story -- of meeting his uncle, Wandjuk Marika, in 1979, in Darwin, at a National Conference, and of Wandjuk's giving my children Aboriginal names and telling me three of his stories. One of those stories -- of the two Wagilag sisters -- was to lead me deeper into the silences permeating Aboriginal storytelling. Rarriwuy asks me to look after her little boy, on the way. [Was this the sisters setting out on a journey?]

Two sisters the older of whom has a child, the younger is pregnant, are fleeing their home in the south east. ⁴

The bees hover. I learn these ones do not sting. They are rather like large flying ants, black. A thud resounds through the bush as the trunk of a dead stringybark hits the ground. The concerted effort of a half a dozen or so women has pushed it over. As it lies on the ground, the women take turns to chop at the trunk, eventually revealing the honeycomb saturated with honey. Inside the hollow log, honeycomb, pollen.

Catherine Berndt tells us of the relationship between the wind, the monsoon, the Sugarbag Man, *Wudal*, the moieties, the Sisters:

The wind that accompanies the dark clouds, and dua rain from the southern inland, is called in the Wudal cycle the 'honey wind', the wind from the mareiin (sacred) bees that live in the mareiin stringybark tree by the mareiin pool... when honey is flowing plentifully people must eat fast to avoid wasting any. This wind, therefore, 'belongs to the honey and the bees'. ⁵

The wind blows through Anhemland. It blows at Kodoji.

Without my Zen practice I would have had no way of entering Indigenous ways. I was to treat my Indigenous teachers with great respect, always ask, and never assume what could be openly reported. The silence surrounding *dokusan* and a student's private exchanges with the Zen master are similarly shrouded in mystery, in silence. Gregory Bateson talks of the necessity for silence in relation to the sacred. He says that 'secrecy can be used as a marker to tell us that we are approaching holy ground'. Bateson says that the non-utterance of certain things, or secrecy, was *essential* to an epistemological process, (or, in other words, a theorising of the way of knowing) in relation to the sacred. To communicate some things would in fact alter the nature of the inherent ideas⁶.

We are keenly away of this in our Zen practice. Just observe how a roshi may offer a *teisho* without telling us a resolution. There is a pointing to, but no explanation, an embodying. Similarly, in the mystical tradition of the *Yolngu*.

'Communication of certain things alters the nature of the ideas'. Silence, or 'non-communication' is *required* for the 'sacred', Bateson maintains.

Howard Morphy tells us, specifically of silence as a way of knowing in relation to *Yolngu* knowledge. He maintains that layering of knowledge (and this could be so for both Dharma and Indigenous ways of knowing) can be thought of as a pedagogical technique (a way used for teaching and learning), to respond to variable understandings that different individuals have and receive. Morphy points to the layering being as important as the secrecy⁷

According to Morphy, it is not only the nature of the ideas, but the nature of the *process* for learning which renders silence significant. Both layering and silence have pedagogical intent, *are part of the learning process*. 'Inside' and 'outside' knowledge are seen to be different in *Yolngu* terms. Outside knowledge is freely available. (There are 'inside' and 'outside' versions of stories). 'Inside' knowledge is only available to certain people at certain stages, in certain circumstances. Great silence may surround it. It may be revealed in phases, with pauses, with silence between, as Morphy has indicated -- a necessary part of a sacred epistemology or way of knowing. Just as we sit in silence after *dokusan*, or after a *teisho*, to let it sink in. A pause for being with it, for being, for being It, for becoming, for Being.

Morphy, in writing of the nature of *Yolngu* knowledge, talks of the revelatory nature of *Yolngu* knowledge and its relationship with secrecy. He uses the word 'transmission' in this context. Transmission of knowledge assumes a direct experiencing, a taking in, a knowing through embodying or 'immediate presencing' of that knowing. In the Dharma, the use of the word 'transmission' has similar intent.

Morphy points out that the phasing and structuring of knowledge through secrecy and through revelatory knowing -- establishes a rhythm, that allows slow digestion or absorption, to occur (in the way that snakes digest their food). There are thresholds at each turning, structured by secrecy. Secrecy can 'mark division between inside and outside knowledge'.

Morphy indicates that the concepts of 'inside' and 'outside' are more than the English concept of 'secret'. 'Inside' for *Yolngu* is used, he says, in two complementary senses.

The first is 'inside' in the sense of **truth or generative power**.

The other is 'inside' in the sense of **exclusive or secret**.

Both of these imply different kinds of silences.

In the first, women and men are equally included. In the second, women are excluded from certain contexts and certain knowledge.⁸ *The Wagilag Sisters Story* holds both kinds of knowledge and is consequently associated with both men's and women's business.

What Morphy has not articulated is that *Yolngu* women also hold certain knowledge secret from the men -- certain women's business knowledge⁹.

Rita Gross (1977) makes a strong case that men's and women's rituals, symbols and knowledges are always equal and complementary, without gendered hierarchy, 'co-equal and co-necessary'¹⁰. She refutes any sacred/profane dichotomy of male/female in Aboriginal religion (as had been argued by others previously) and argues instead that the 'correct interpretation is to see women as embodiments and manifestations of a *different* kind of

sacrality than that associated with males'. [This also suggests a way of thinking about the practice of the Dharma by men and by women perhaps?]

I would suggest that a split also occurred in the history of the Dharma where women's voices were silent, and silenced, until the Sung period in China when it was acknowledged that women may be able to share Buddha nature with men. *Ding-hwa Hsieh* points out that the idea that women had limited spiritual capacity was deeply entrenched in both the Buddhist and the Confucian traditions in ancient China. Traditional Buddhism held that a woman's body was a major hindrance to her spiritual perfection. In a number of early Buddhist texts women were portrayed as evil temptresses who seduced monks to commit sexual acts.¹¹ [Does this sound a familiar refrain from Western Christian history?]

Rita Gross notes, in relation to the *Yolngu* however, that 'women's experience is inaccessible to males in the absence of articulate females'. Women's experience has not been fully articulated from within Aboriginal cultures¹². I would argue that this is part of an 'unspoken story', a story *silenced or silent*, another story that has not been told, another aspect of 'silence'. This is the unknowable *by one gender, of the other*. [*Kahawai – Journal of Women and Zen* is an example of an attempt some 30 or so years ago by the Zen women in Hawaii to redress the imbalance in a male-oriented Zen.]

Rita Gross goes further. She looks deeply into the *Wagilag Sisters Story* to conclude that 'women's unique experiences are potent metaphors in men's religious lives'.

I am back at Kodoji, standing transfixed in the early morning sunlight, the first light over the opposite ridge – entranced by a honeycomb rock cave on the mountain behind the dojo. The cave is full of cellular hollows and dark recesses, curving and disappearing from its timeless encounters with wind and water. Its edges and stony labyrinths are brimming into me with a shimmer of warmth. Honey in the rock rock, rock rock, rock rock, ah sweet honey in the rock.

In *Yolngu* storytelling, while 'outside', or public, or children's versions may be simpler in form, they reflect, or are analogous with, 'inside' knowledge, though this may not be immediately evident.

Philosopher, Helen Verran, writes¹³ of how *Yolngu* knowledge is the 'intrusion of the Dreaming into the secular'. In a similar way, do we dance the Dharma between sacred extraordinary, and mundane ordinary? The Dreaming in *Yolngu* terms, Verran says, is brought into the here and now by the doing of particular things at particular times by particular people. *Knowledge can only ever be a performance of the Dreaming, a bringing to life in the here and now of the elements of the other*. We present understanding. We don't speak of it. Words words words words – always pointing to. Stone is silent. It can speak. The Dharma brings the Ancestral world into the here and now. Roshi hits the floor with the *kotsu*.

Knowing in *Yolngu* is not about words, or descriptions, or abstract concepts. It relates to being and actioning. As in the Dharma.

Revelation and epiphany are silent ways of knowing in *Yolngu* culture¹⁴. As they are in Zen. What is revelation? It is a known -- being connected to the Unknowable -- in such a way as to open up to *all possibility*.

In *Yolngu* culture, *Bir'yun* is a shimmering effect seen for example, in finely cross-hatched paintings, which may occur through an experience which may be termed -- 'epiphany' or 'revelation'. *Bir'yun* projects a brightness that emanates from the *Wangarr*, Ancestral past, which manifests in the present through storytelling, singing, art-making, dancing -- or from the Ancestral Beings themselves. The brightness of *bir'yun* endows the painting with 'Ancestral power'.

Consider this in our own Zen experience. Is it so?

This process probably has to be present in a *Yolngu* painter in order to evoke it in the viewers, This may echo the state that has to be present in a storyteller for the effect to transmit to the audience during a storytelling. Or in the Roshi in order to transmit this to a student? Or in a student to receive? The process is similarly evoked in other forms of expression and sacred art in *Yolngu* (dancing, singing), where there is a progressing from dark to dull, to light and brilliant, analogous to the transformation that arises in the process. It is present in the music which builds to a final shout, for example, as well as in the dances which sometimes build to a frenzy of dramatic and solo performances (especially as I noted, with the male dancers).

Raymattja Marika-Mununggirity, *Yolngu* linguist from Yirrkala, has written of the relationship between the 'mythic' ancestors and the life that is currently lived by *Yolngu*.

*Yolngu Knowledge is living, and it comes from a real world, it has real life, real events and real happenings. That's what happens with the old ancestral stories, we still relive that past history, we still sing it, dance and still bring it and fit it into the present. That's what makes the present world a meaningful world to live in.*¹⁵

This is no different from our embodying of the Dharma, is it? We relive the old stories of the Venerables. We do the dance of ceremony and ritual. In silence. And bring its actions into our living breathing world.

In *Yolngu* storytelling, past and present exist together, ensuring a future conserving the Ancestral states of Being, and are given meaning and significance through re-enactment.

Revelation transforms, transmits, opens up being into Being, opens into all possibility. Where dead creatures can jump out of a fire, and run and jump into a waterhole, as in the *Wagilag Sisters Story*, transformation can occur. Ancestral Beings can transform in such a way -- where an experience is charged -- as well as in a myriad other ways -- *Yolngu* re-enacting Ancestral Beings re-embody that transformation. In *re-storing* the behaviours of the Ancestral Beings, *Yolngu* re-story their own being, creating Being, maintaining connection with Ancestors. In re-storing the rituals and practices of the Ancients, we too in the Dharma re-story our own being-Being. Don't we? In the silence of 'no storying' we are re-storing an ancient song, a new taste to the palate, a new texture to a life, a new way of seeing. Each time we chant we connect with aeons.

Merleau-Ponty speaks of the action that breaks silence and gives weight to significance:

Our view of man [woman] will remain superficial so long as we fail to go back to that origin, so long as we fail to find beneath the chatter of words, the primordial

*silence, and as long as we do not describe the action which breaks this silence.
The spoken word is a gesture, and it means, a world.*¹⁶

[my emphasis]

In *Yolngu* society, I cannot assume a *right* to know. I must wait, listen, silent, until invited into various aspects of the assembling of understanding through action, relationship in the environment in concert with others, with creatures and other beings, through listening, through ritual, ceremony, through the body, through dance, through the remarks people casually offer, and in all the details of everyday life.

In the stringybark forest near Gulkula in Arnhemland, the bees hover. I learn these ones do not sting. They are rather like large flying ants, black. Inside the hollow log, honeycomb, pollen. We taste honey liquid amber. Pieces of bark are cut and the ends pummelled with the tomahawk to make the bark fray like a paintbrush. All are offered the bark pieces to sample the nectar. It is the sweetest elixir, holding in its resinous textures a multitude of subtleties. The women use tomahawks to chop further and further down the log, finding more honey, more honeycomb. It is scooped into their tins to take back to camp for the family.

Catherine Berndt tells us of the relationship between the wind, the monsoon, the Sugarbag Man, *Wudal*, the moieties, the Sisters:

The wind that accompanies the dark clouds, and dua rain from the southern inland, is called in the Wudal cycle the 'honey wind', the wind from the mareiin [sacred] bees that live in the mareiin stringybark tree by the mareiin pool... when honey is flowing plentifully people must eat fast to avoid wasting any. This wind, therefore, 'belongs to the honey and the bees'.¹⁷

On a visit to the Australian National University, I ask Professor Howard Morphy, who has worked with *Yolngu* over many years: "Do you think there was an intentional conjunction between my telling of my story of meeting Wandjuk and his telling me the Rainbow Serpent story -- and the going out to collect honey?"

"It could be", he says. "You can never be sure."

The honeycomb cave at Ancient Ground Kodoji on the mountain embraces me as I stand in the early morning rays of sunlight. Its rocky shapes are yellow golden and brown, full of cellular hollows and dark recesses. Crusty honeycomb. Its edges and stony labyrinths brim into me, with a shimmer of warmth. Honey in the rock rock, rock rock, rock rock, ah sweet honey in the rock. The sun warms me, through my body and on to the honeycomb rock, connecting me re-membering me to the wild honey women in Arnhemland, to the Honey Ancestor and the Honey Wind, to the inexpressible sweetness of the taste of wild honey on my tongue from a dipped dripping piece of bark...I am with this land here at Kodoji Ancient Ground, with the people of this place, the Dharkinung, now speaking out of their ancient silence, with the other women here now, and for all times, with all who have sung the place into Being over many years, Indigenous people, those since, with all beings – men women children trees, and rocks, plants, currawong melodies, cicada raspings and frogs 'brrrr-up', mosquito whirring and tortoises swimming in the creek, with wombat and koala in this valley, with dingo yowl and casuarina needles singing, with stringybark, stick insect, and mimosa blossom, with Boobook owl 'who whoo' and bull ant bite. All, in the silence...

Sunlit into Being.



Endnotes

- ¹ To Catherine Berndt, anthropologist, 'Monsoon and Honey Wind', *Echanges et Communications*, Mouton, 1970, The Hague, Paris, p. 1312.
- ² See Allan Marett's (professor of ethnomusicology and member of SZC) article this issue of MMC for a more detailed discussion of the adaptation and custodianship of this song.
- ³ *The Wagilag Sisters Story*, version from Berndt, Catherine H., 'Monsoon and Honey Wind', *Echanges et Communications*, Mouton, The Hague, Paris, 1970, p. 1307. Catherine Berndt details the women who told her their versions..
- ⁴ *The Wagilag Sisters Story* from Caruana, Wally, and Nigel Lendon, (Editors), *The Painters of the Wagilag Sisters Story 1937-1997*, National Gallery of Australia, 1997, p. 9.
- ⁵ Berndt, 1970, op. cit., p. 1312.
- ⁶ Bateson, Gregory, and Catherine Mary Bateson, *Angels Fear: Towards an Epistemology of the Sacred*, Macmillan, New York, 1987, p. 97. This work comprises a series of dialogues between father, Gregory, and daughter, Catherine, as well as chapters written by each. The words are attributable to Gregory Bateson.
- ⁷ Morphy, Howard, *Ancestral Connections: Art and an Aboriginal System of Knowledge*, University of Chicago Press, Chicago & London, 1991, p. 77.
- ⁸ Morphy, 1991, *ibid*, p. 96.
- ⁹ Gulumbu Yunipingu, personal communication, August 2004.
- ¹⁰ Gross, Rita, 'Menstruation and Childbirth as Ritual and Religious Experience in the Religion of the Australian Aborigines', *Supplement Journal of the American Academy of Religion*; December '77, Vol XLV No. 4, pages 1147, 1150.
- ¹¹ Hsieh, Ding-hwa E, 'Images of Women in Ch'an Buddhist Literature', in Gregory, Peter N., and Getz, Daniel A. (eds) *Buddhism in the Sung*, Jr. Kuroda Institute Studies in East Asian Buddhism, University of Hawai'i Press, Honolulu, 1999, pp. 148-149.
- ¹² There are exceptions e.g. Deborah Bird Rose and Dianne Bell's work in Central Australia, Fiona Magowan and Franca Tamisari in Arnhemland, Catherine Berndt.
- ¹³ Verran, Helen, 'Discussion of the Philosophical Issues for Sciences and Scientists Engaging with Indigenous Knowledge', unpublished paper from a talk at *Garma* 2002.
- ¹⁴ Morphy, Howard, 'From Dull to Brilliant: the Aesthetics of Spiritual Power among the Yolngu', *Man*, (N.S.), 24, 1989, p.28.
- ¹⁵ Marika-Mununggiritj, Raymattja, 'How can *Balanda* Learn about the Aboriginal World?' *Batchelor Journal of Aboriginal Education*, July 1991, p. 24.
- ¹⁶ Quoted in Zarrilli, P., 'What does it Mean to Become the Character?' in R. Schechner and W. Appel, (eds.), *By Means of Performance*, Cambridge University Press, UK., 1993, p 146.
- ¹⁷ Berndt, 1970, op. cit., p. 1312.

Just a hint of thunder clouds
in the evening sky.
On summer mountains,
the faint disk of moon –
night just beginning.

Sogi!

Summer

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