



The Friends of the Western Buddhist Order,
1a, Balmore St., Archway, London N.19.

Telephone 01 263-2339.

President: the Venerable Mahā Sthavira Sangharakshita.

Secretary: Upāsaka Buddhadasa.

Treasurer: Upāsaka Dhruva.

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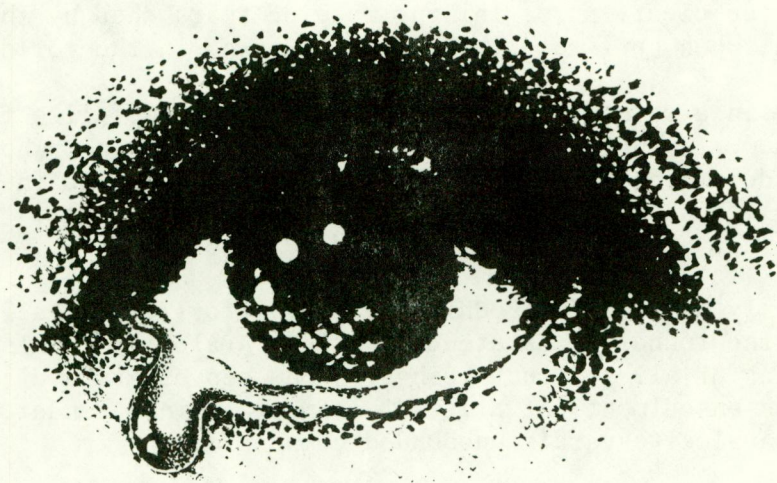
Editor: Upāsaka Padmaraja.

Design: Upāsaka Devaraja.

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«E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.»



om tāre tuttāre ture svāhā

Editorial

*"She turned her eyes towards the rising stars,
'I know all their names,' said she ..."*

- Gide

The magical power of mirror images, dream pictures, shadows, symbols, myths and fairy stories, lies in the experience they produce, the effect they have of being something more, suggesting something other than, their obvious, immediate, conceptual meaning. They have a wider, deeper 'unconscious' aspect, that can only be inferred, intuited, glimpsed at, through a receptivity to the ever changing shifting nature of the irrational, the magical, the numinous.

Standing within the petals of a lotus-flower, Tārā spontaneously arises from the depths of the clear, pure, shining lake of tears shed by the Bodhisattva Avalokiteśvara, when he first beheld the suffering in the world.

Encircled in a double rainbow, her diaphanous jewel-like form glitters like sunlight on snow. A halo of pure-white rays surrounds her whole personage. A silver nimbus describes an arc around her head. Garlanded in blue lotus-flowers, she wears a coiled sapphire headdress, made of willow leaves. She discourses and bestows gifts in a silent language of hand gestures.

Miraculously born of the Bodhisattvas' vow to liberate all beings from the sufferings of the rounds of existence, Tārā is Avalokiteśvara's heartfelt response to the suffering of all sentient beings. She represents a distillation, a heightening, an ensoulment, of all that is most loving, tender, receptive and responsive in Avalokiteśvara's unbounded compassion.

With a third eye in her forehead, eyes in the palms of her outstretched hands and soles of her feet, the Tārā of the seven eyes, embodies an active awareness to that which lies beyond the power of reason.

Relating and evaluating through the experiential, the intuitive, the feeling, Tārā represents a receptivity to the emotional and instinctual, to the highly ambivalent blind irrational forces of the 'unconscious'; to the myriad worlds of archetypal and spiritual experience.

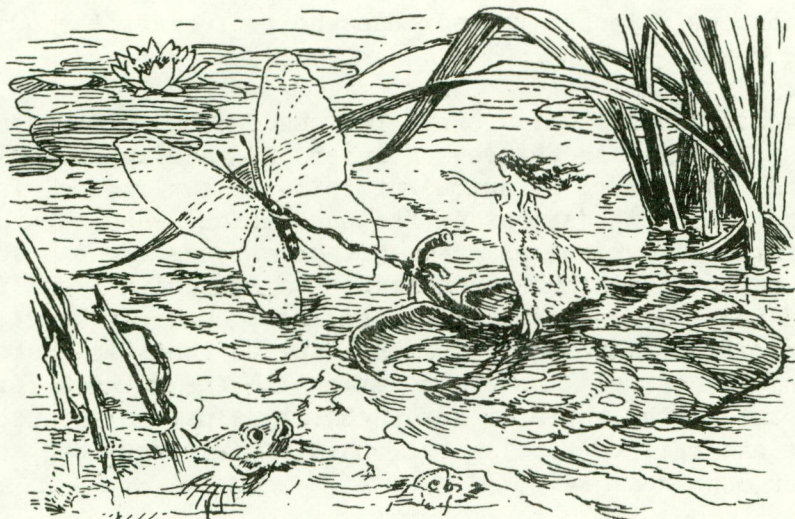
*"He looked at his own Soul
with a Telescope. What seemed
all irregular, he saw and
shewed to be beautiful
Constellations: and he added
to the Consciousness hidden
worlds within worlds"*

- Coleridge Notebooks.

The female element in the male psyche (anima), when observed through symbols in dream life, or more generally in myths, legends and fairy stories, is often personified as a magical creature whose beauty is an enchantment, a fairy princess, a witch, a priestess - 'women' who have links with the 'forces of darkness', 'the spirit world', (i.e. the 'unconscious'). "The medicine men and prophets (shamans) amongst the eskimos and other arctic tribes even wear womens' clothes or have breasts depicted on their garments in order to manifest their inner 'feminine' side - the side that enables them to connect with the 'ghost land', what we call the 'unconscious'." The female Bodhisattva Tara can be taken as a personification of the 'unconscious'.

in general. She can stand as the function of relationship to the 'unconscious', that is, as a way of relating to the 'unconscious', as a bridge to the 'unconscious'.

Tārā, meaning both 'saviouress' and 'star', is a transforming symbol, a guide, a mediator with the forces of darkness, superstition and ignorance. She is a protectress, an initiator into the more profound inner depths of the psyche, and 'beyond'. Because of this she is sometimes known as Tārayishyāmi, 'she who ferries across' the great flood of our manifold fears - the remover of fear and dread.



"The woman went home and planted the seed; immediately there grew out of it a large and beautiful flower, which looked like a tulip, but the petals were tightly closed as if it were still only a bud.

'What a beautiful flower!' exclaimed the woman, and she kissed the red and yellow petals; but as she kissed them the flower burst open. It was a real tulip such as one can see any day; but in the middle of the blossom, on the green velvety petals, sat a little girl, quite tiny, trim and pretty. She was scarcely half a thumb in height; so they called her Thumbelina. An elegant polished walnut-shell served Thumbelina as a cradle, the blue petals of a violet were her mattress, and a rose-leaf her coverlid."

- From "The Yellow Fairy Book", edited by Andrew Lang.

A magical creation born of a sacred vow, Tārā represents the ineffable force (dam-tshig) generated by that vow, a force which is "the very essence of loving devotion which is the foundation of all religious practice, from the simplest act of veneration (pūjā) to the most developed training of meditation." Tārā arises from the crystal lake of Avalokiteśvara's tears, carrying a spray of three blue night-lotuses. Each flower appears at a different stage of 'unfoldment'; a bud, a half opened flower, and a fully blown lotus-blossom. Tārā represents that force which causes the lotus-bud to unfold its petals, and by analogy the Bodhi-heart to awaken.

Padmaraja

Anima ~ Animus

The second stage of the individuation process is characterised by the encounter with the "soul image", which in the man Jung calls the ANIMA and in the woman the ANIMUS. The archetypal figure of the soul-image always stands for the complementary, contrasexual part of the psyche, reflecting both our personal relation to it and the individual human experience of the contrasexual. It represents the image of the other sex that we carry in us as individuals and also as members of the species. Every man has his own Eve within him, says a German proverb. As we have said, the latent, undifferentiated, still unconscious contents of the psyche are always projected, and this applies to the man's Eve as well as the woman's Adam. Just as we experience our own shadow through someone else, so also do we experience our basic contrasexual components through another. We choose, we become attached to, someone who represents the qualities of our own psyche.

Here again, as in dealing with the shadow, and all unconscious contents, we must distinguish between an inner and an outward manifestation. We encounter the inner form of animus or anima in our dreams, fantasies, visions, and other expressions of the unconscious when they disclose contrasexual traits of our own psyche; although there is no absolute, scientific definition of what constitutes a 'masculine' or 'feminine' trait, we do possess generally accepted ideas on the subject, based on our cultural tradition, which perhaps goes back to the simple biological qualities of the sex cells. We are dealing with the outward form when we project a part or the whole of our unconscious psyche upon someone in our environment and fail to realise that this other person who confronts us is in a way our own inner self.

The soul-image is a more or less solidly constituted functional complex, and inability to differentiate oneself from it leads to such phenomena as the moody man, dominated by feminine drives, buffeted by emotions or the animus-possessed woman, opinionated and argumentative, the female know-it-all, who reacts in a masculine way and not instinctively. Sometimes an alien will make itself felt within us, which does the opposite of what we want and what we approve of. What this other will does is not necessarily evil; it can also desire the good, and then we feel it to be a higher source of guidance or inspiration, a tutelary spirit similar to the Socratic daemonion. In such cases we have the impression that another, strange person has 'taken possession' of an individual, that 'an alien spirit' has got into him.' We see the man who blindly succumbs to a certain type of woman - how frequently a highly cultivated intellectual, for example, will become hopelessly entangled with the worst sort of strumpet because his feminine, emotional side is utterly undifferentiated; and equally familiar is the woman who for no apparent reason ties herself to a swindler or adventurer. The character of our soul-image, the anima or animus of our dreams, is a natural index to our internal psychological situation. The seeker after self-knowledge will do well to accord it the utmost attention.

The variety of forms in which the soul-image may appear is well-nigh inexhaustible. It is seldom unequivocal, almost always complex and ambiguous; the traits belonging to it must be typical of one or the other sex, but otherwise may embody all sorts of contradictions. The anima can equally well take the form of a sweet young maiden, a goddess, a witch, an angel, a demon, a beggar woman, a whore, a devoted companion, an amazon, etc. Highly characteristic anima figures, for example, are Kundry in the

Parcival legend, or Andromeda in the myth of Perseus; typical anima figures in literature are Helen of Troy in the Homeric legend, Beatrice in the Divine Comedy, Don Quixote's Dulcinea, etc. The animus can also assume a variety of forms. Typical animus figures might be Dionysus, the Pied Piper, the Flying Dutchman, and on a lower, more primitive plane a famous film-star or boxing champion, or in particularly troubled times like ours, an outstanding political or military leader. But the animus and anima can also be symbolised by animals and even by objects of a specifically masculine or feminine character, particularly when the animus or anima has not yet reached the level of the human figure and appears in purely instinctual form. Thus the anima may take the form of a cow, a cat, a tiger, a ship, a cave, etc., and the animus may appear as an eagle, a bull, a lion, a lance, a tower, or as some kind of phallic shape.

'The first bearer of the soul-image', says Jung, 'is always the mother; later it is borne by those women who arouse the man's feelings, whether in a positive or a negative sense'. The detachment from the mother is one of the most important and most delicate problems in the development of the personality, particularly for the male. To help in this process, primitive peoples possess a wide range of ceremonies, initiations to manhood, rites of rebirth etc, in which the initiate receives instruction intended to wean him from his mother's tutelage. Only after such a course of instruction can he be recognised as an adult in his tribe. The European, however, must make the 'acquaintance' of his contrasexual component by raising this part of his own psyche to consciousness. If the figure of the soul-image, the contrasexual element in our own psyche, has sunk so deep into the unconscious, if accordingly it plays so crucial and often disastrous a role in Western man, our patriarchally oriented culture is largely to blame. For 'a man counts it a virtue to repress his feminine traits as much as possible, just as a woman, at least until recently, considered it unbecoming to be 'mannish'. The repression of feminine traits and inclinations naturally causes these contrasexual demands to accumulate in the unconscious. No less naturally, the imago of woman (the soul-image) becomes a receptacle for these demands, which is why a man, in his love choice, is strongly tempted to win the woman who best corresponds to his own unconscious femininity - a woman, in short, who can unhesitatingly receive the projection of his soul. Although such a choice is often regarded and felt as altogether ideal, it may turn out that the man has manifestly married his own worst weakness.' And the same may be said of the woman.

For in consequence of the patriarchally oriented development of our Western culture, the woman too tends to think that the masculine as such is more valuable than the feminine, and this attitude does much to increase the power of the animus. Birth control, the reduction of household duties through modern techniques and appliances, and an unquestionable increase in the intellectual aptitudes of the modern woman, are other contributory factors. But just as the male by his very nature is uncertain in the realm of Eros, so the woman will always be insecure in the realm of Logos. What woman has to overcome in respect to the animus is not pride but inertia and lack of self-confidence.

The soul-image stands in a direct relation to the persona. 'If the persona is intellectual, the soul-image is quite certainly sentimental.' For the persona corresponds to a man's habitual outward attitude, while the animus or anima reflects the habitual inner attitude. We may term the persona the mediating function between the ego and the outside world and the soul-image the corresponding mediating function between the ego and the inner world.

Persona and soul-image stand in a compensatory relation to one another; the more rigidly the mask, the persona, cuts off the individual from his natural, instinctive life, the more archaic, undifferentiated, and powerful becomes the soul image. It is extremely difficult to free oneself from either of them. Yet such liberation becomes an urgent necessity when the individual is unable to distinguish himself from persona and soul-image.

As long as the different aspects and traits of the unconscious psyche are not yet differentiated from one another and integrated with consciousness (e.g., as long as an individual does not know his shadow), a man's whole unconscious will be predominantly feminine, and the converse is true for a woman; everything in it seems to be coloured by contrasexual qualities. Accordingly, when Jung wishes to stress this characteristic, he refers to this area of the unconscious simply as the animus or anima. When the persona becomes too rigid, that is to say, when only one main function is differentiated while the other three remain more or less undifferentiated, the anima will of course represent a mixture of the three. But when the two accessory functions have developed, in the course of an analysis for example, the anima will stand out more and more as an 'embodiment' of the darkest, the fourth, the inferior function. If the shadow is also still undifferentiated, i.e., if it remains in the unconscious depths, it is often contaminated by the features of the anima. In such cases one can initially meet with a triad of shadow figures in the dreams. These figures belong, as it were, to the still unconscious functions. Equally we may meet with a triad of anima or animus figures. The contamination may be recognised in the dreams as a sort of 'pair' situation, a kind of marriage between a shadow figure and an anima or animus figure. For the more one is dominated by the persona, the more the anima remains in the 'darkness'. It 'is at once projected, so that our hero comes under the heel of his wife's slipper'. For 'the absence of resistance outwardly against the lure of the persona means a similar weakness inwardly against the influence of the unconscious'. A man obsessed by the anima is in danger of losing his 'well-fitting' persona and succumbing to effeminacy, just as the usual feminine persona of the animus-possessed woman may be unable to withstand the 'arguments' of her animus. One of the most typical products of both figures is what has long since been known as 'animosity'.

The animus seldom appears as a single figure. As we know, the contents of the unconscious compensate our conscious attitude; since the male tends to be rather polygamous in his outward life, his anima usually appears singly, combining the most diverse and contradictory feminine types into one image. This accounts for the 'glamorous' or 'elfin' character of the true anima figure. However, this is essentially true only for the very 'male' type of man. The more pronounced a man's feminine side is, - that is, the more strongly his mother complex is developed (and this is rather frequently the case today) - the more numerous will be the feminine figures that represent his anima characteristics in dreams and visions. Often there will be a whole series of feminine figures of the same type (e.g. from a group of ballet dancers, or of uniformed nurses, etc.) and only with the progressive development of the personality do these coalesce into a single image embodying all the different characteristics of the anima. The woman, on the other hand, tends towards monogamy in her real life and thus reveals a polygamous trait in her soul-image; her masculine complement will be personified in a series of the most diversified figures. This is why the animus appears so often in the plural. It 'is rather like an assembly of fathers or dignitaries of some kind who lay down incontestable, "rational", ex-cathedra judgements'. These often take the form of uncritically accepted

opinions, prejudices, principles, which make women argue and bicker. This happens most often to those whose main function is that of feeling and whose thinking function is undifferentiated. They seem to make up a fairly high percentage of their sex, though there may have been some change since the turn of the century, perhaps as a result of the emancipation of woman.

Since the soul-image coincides with the function that has been least elucidated, and still rests in the unconscious, it is antithetical to the main function, and this contrast will be manifested in the figure symbolising it. Therefore in principle an abstract scientist's anima will be primitive, emotional, and romantic, while that of the intuitive, sensitive artist will be a down-to-earth, sensual type. And it is no accident that effeminate emotional men usually bear in their hearts the image of an Amazon, disguised in our time as a feminist or bluestocking. Similarly, a woman's animus, according to the nature of her main function, will take the form of a dangerous Don Juan, a bearded professor, a brawny hero, whether embodied in a soldier, a horseman, a football player, a chauffeur, a pilot, or a film star, to mention only a few of the possibilities.

But just as the anima is not only an expression of the 'serpent', of the instinctual temptations lurking in wait in the darkness of the unconscious, but also of the man's wise, luminous guide - that is, of the other aspect of the unconscious - which leads him not down but onward, so too the animus is not only the 'opinionated devil' hostile to all logic, but also a productive, creative being, though not in the form of masculine endeavour but as fructifying word, *logos spermatikos*. And just as the well-rounded man gives birth to his work through his inner 'femininity', his anima becoming his inspiring Muse, 'so the inner masculine side of a woman brings forth creative seeds which have the power to fertilize the feminine side of a man.' Thus there is a natural complementarity between the sexes, not only on the physical level where it gives birth to the 'bodily child', but also in the mysterious stream of images which flows through the depths of their souls and joins them together to engender the 'spiritual child'. Once a woman has become aware of this, once she knows how to handle her unconscious and let herself be guided by her inner voice, then it will be up to her whether in her dealings with the man she becomes a *femme inspiratrice* or a self-righteous *harridan*, a *Beatrice* or a *Xanthippe*.

When in their ripe years men become effeminate and women belligerent, this is always an indication that a part of the psyche which should be turned inward is directed toward the outside world, that these persons have failed to accord their inner life its due recognition. For we are at the mercy of a contrasexual partner, unprepared for the surprises he has in store only so long as we have not recognised his true nature. But we can only perceive this true nature in ourselves, for as a rule we choose a partner who stands for the unconscious part of our psyche. If this part of our personality is made conscious, we cease to impute our own faults to our partner; in other words, the projection is withdrawn. We recover the psychic energy that was bound up in the projection and are able to put it to work for the benefit of our own ego. This withdrawal of the projection must not be confused with narcissism. In both cases the individual 'comes to himself', but there is a big difference between self-knowledge and self-complacency.

Once we have perceived the contrasexual element in ourselves and raised it to consciousness, we have ourselves, our emotions, and affects reasonably well in hand. Above all we have achieved a real independence and with it, to be sure, a certain isolation. In a sense we are alone, for our inward freedom

means that a love relation can no longer fetter us; the other sex has lost its magic power over us, for we have come to know its essential traits in the depths of our own psyche. We shall not easily 'fall in love', for we can no longer lose ourselves in someone else, but we shall be capable of a deeper love, a conscious devotion to the other. For our aloneness does not alienate us from the world, but only places us at a proper distance from it. By anchoring us more firmly in our own nature, it even enables us to give ourselves more unreservedly to another human being, because our individuality is no longer endangered. To be sure, it usually takes half a lifetime to arrive at this stage. Probably no one can do so without a struggle. It also takes a full measure of experience, not to mention disappointment.

Accordingly, confrontation with the soul-image is not a task of youth but of mature years. And usually there is no need to tackle the problem until later life. In the first half of life contact with the opposite sex aims above all at physical union with a view to the 'bodily child' as fruit and continuation; in the second half the essential becomes the psychic coniunctio, a union with the contrasexual both in the area of one's own inner world and through the carrier of its image in the outer world. Thus the encounter with the soul-image always means that the first half of life with its necessary adaptation to the outside world and the resulting extraverted orientation of consciousness is ended, and that we must begin to take the most important step of our adaptation to the inner world, namely to confront our own contrasexual aspect. 'The activation of the archetype of the soul-image is therefore an event of fateful importance, for it is the most unmistakable sign that the second half of life has begun.'

As the conscious realisation of the shadow makes possible the knowledge of our other, dark side, in so far as it pertains to our own sex, so realisation of the soul-image enables us to know the contrasexual aspect of our own psyche. Once the image is recognised and revealed, it ceases to operate from out of the unconscious. At last we can differentiate this contrasexual part of the psyche and integrate it with our conscious attitude. The result is an extraordinary enrichment of the contents of the consciousness and a great broadening of our personality.

Extracts from 'The Psychology of C.G. Jung'
by Jolande Jacobi



All-Male Retreat - 'Masculinity' and 'Femininity'

On the weekend of 22/24 September, as an experiment, the Ven. Sangharakshita directed an all-male retreat at 'Quartermaine' in Haslemere, Surrey.

The programme consisted of intensive meditation, tape lectures, discussions, communication exercises and pūjā. There were just two meals a day; a combined breakfast and lunch at 10 a.m., and supper in the evening. This followed the pattern established at the Summer Retreat.

The tape lectures were "'Masculinity' and 'Femininity' in the spiritual life", from the series "Aspects of the Bodhisattva Ideal"; "Psychospiritual symbols of the Tibetan Book of the Dead"; and "Zen and the psychotherapeutic process".

The lecture on 'masculinity' and 'femininity' in the spiritual life, seemed particularly relevant to the prevailing mood of the retreat, provoking a lively enquiry into what is meant by the 'masculine' and 'feminine'. One was left wondering whether the qualities normally associated with these terms, that is, the 'masculine' and 'feminine' virtues, were the prerogative of either sex.

In his lecture, Bhante suggested that in the context of the spiritual life, the terms 'masculine' and 'feminine' should be understood metaphorically rather than literally, as 'equivalents' to the spiritual principles of kshānti and vīrya, meaning patience and vigour, which represent the passive and active poles of the Bodhisattva Ideal. Bhante described the word kshānti as being one of the most beautiful words in the Buddhist vocabulary. It expresses patience, forbearance, gentleness and humility, that is humility as unawareness of self and abnegation of spirit. Kshānti suggests undertones, or overtones, of love, acceptance, tolerance, compassion and receptivity. It represents a spiritual attitude which is a form of love. Kshānti is the antidote for anger, and as such implies absence of anger or desire for retaliation or revenge.

The word vīrya expresses vigour, 'masculine' potency, driving force, energy in pursuit of the good, that is for the benefit of all beings. Bhante went on to say that the central problem of the spiritual life is the conservation and unification of our energies. Most of the time our energies are just not available for the spiritual life, they are blocked, repressed or draining away. Emotional energies become blocked through conditioning, through fear of expressing emotion, through a fear of being hurt through the emotions. Bhante referred to the orthodox Christian teaching on sex as being responsible for the emotional stultification of millions of people. Energies become blocked in the absence of any real communication or exchange with other people. Dull, mechanical, repetitious work induces a negative attitude of not wanting to give ourselves, not wanting to give our energies.

Emotional energies are dissipated, dispersed, drained away through indulging in the negative emotions of fear, hatred, ill-will, jealousy, self-pity, guilt, remorse, worry, anxiety and their verbal expressions such as grumbling, carping criticism, fault-finding, gossip, nagging, and 'dismal-jimmyism', a term coined by Bhante.

Bhante said that emotional blockages can be resolved through awareness, introspection, and engaging in some creative work. Sometimes blockages spontaneously resolve through the practice of meditation. Much of our wasted energies can be conserved through the deliberate cultivation of opposing positive attitudes, such as love instead of hate, confidence instead of fear; as for the verbal expression of negative emotions, the only way to stop this is to silence oneself, stop indulging oneself; maybe for short periods stop verbal expression altogether, experiment with silence.

Through devotional practices, such as pūjā, and the cultivation of an interest in the fine arts, one can then refine one's coarse emotional energies for the practice of all the pāramitās, all the perfections, which the Bodhisattva needs to practice to attain buddhahood.

Vigour is the active, assertive, creative pāramitā, and as such is said to be 'masculine'. Patience is passive, receptive, quiescent, and as such is said to be 'feminine'. This distinction represents an important polarity in the spiritual life, embodying two different attitudes and approaches towards the spiritual life. The 'masculine' represents an attitude of self-help, self exertion, 'do-it-yourself'; the 'feminine' on the other hand is based upon a dependence, a reliance upon a power outside oneself, upon divine grace, this is the path of devotion and self surrender. As a synthesis of the 'masculine' and 'feminine', the Bodhisattva combines both approaches, he practices both patience and vigour. In the initial stages of practice, especially, the self-help approach is necessary to prepare the way for the opening of the heart to the gracewaves of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas.

Bhante went on to say that although he had used the terms 'masculine' and 'feminine' metaphorically, they were not to be taken entirely as metaphors. There is a real correspondence between biological and psychological, 'masculinity' and 'femininity' on the one hand, and spiritual 'masculinity' and 'femininity' on the other. Bhante once again reminded us, that the Bodhisattva combines both attitudes. The Bodhisattva, and the spiritual person in general, is psychologically and spiritually bisexual, and this means that he integrates the 'masculine' and 'feminine' elements at each and every level of his own psychological and spiritual experience. This is reflected in buddhist iconography, in the beautiful androgynous forms of the Bodhisattvas, in the Buddhas and their female counterparts represented as being in sexual union (yab-yum), representations embodying the ideal of enlightenment, wisdom ('feminine') and compassion ('masculine'), reason and emotion, united under the Form of sexual symbolism. This has nothing to do with sexuality in the ordinary sense, it is a representation of the highest consummation of the 'masculine' and the 'feminine', wisdom and compassion in the spiritual life.

In the intensive and introspective atmosphere of the all-male retreat, it seemed possible for some to experience as their own intrinsic 'femininity' some of those qualities that had previously been projected outside onto the female; for others it was possible to become even more aware of how their own 'femininity' (not to say 'masculinity') could be projected onto other males. Bhante's lecture makes it quite clear that in order to fully realise one's own 'feminine' side, in a sense, one has to first acknowledge and develop one's own 'masculine' side.

There was both a creative and hardworking atmosphere, and it was found to be unnecessary to superimpose a rule of silence upon the retreat, as a voluntary silence prevailed.



Red Tārā - Kurukullā

During the period 1957 to 1964, while he was in Kalimpong, Venerable Sthavira Sangharakshita received from various eminent Tibetan lamas a number of different initiations centering upon the Goddess-cum-Female Bodhisattva/Buddha Tārā, and devoted to the associated practises a considerable amount of time. It was in this connection that he produced, in collaboration with Mr. John Driver, for his own personal use, an English rendering of the Tibetan version of the profound and inspiring 'Flower-Garland Hymn to the Goddess Tārā', by the celebrated Indian master Chandragomin. Some years later he presented a typescript copy of this rendering to his friend Mr. C. M. Chen, the well known Buddhist hermit of Kalimpong, who rearranged the order of verses and brought it out in booklet form. In the present edition, the first to appear in the West, the verses have been restored to their original order.

Chandragomin's Flower-Garland Hymn to the Goddess Tārā

To Avalokiteshvara, Protector (natha) endowed with Great Compassion,
I make obeisance.

Bowing at the lotus-feet
Of that One Who with the Eye of Compassion looks upon beings,
In order to perfect my two stocks (of puṇya and of jñāna)
I shall extol my Presiding Deity.

- 1 Obeisance, Tārā! gods of gods, Thou,
Art the source of all siddhis without exception;
E'en as the precious Wish-Fulfilling Gem,
Donatrix of the fruit desired.
- 2 Obeisance: in a Body where all
Wondrous and pre-eminent virtues are perfected,
Emitter in the ten directions of Compassion's light-rays -
Extended self-luminance of the five jñānas.
- 3 Obeisance: well dwelling beyond the four floods,
Released from deeds, affects and becoming (karmakleṣa-bhāva-vimukta),
She Who the remainderless end has reached, of the bhūmis and paths
Of Buddha-virtues irreversible.
- 4 Obeisance: conquering the net of existence
Thou who fillst the sky with the light of Works, Thy operations -
Pacifying, Expanding, Empowering and Enchanting -
From the Ten Letters, quintessence of (Thy) Heart (cittagarbha/hṛdaya).

- 5 Obeisance, best refuge of beings Tārā,
Taming beings with a woman's form:
Daughter of glorious Lokeśvara,
From the Holy One's tear(s) born.
- 6 Obeisance, (Thou) the lotus-feet of Whose
Unrivalled most excellent Body - seated
On a full-moon mat in outflowless bliss (anāśravasukha) -
Gods and anti-gods (āśura) touch with their crowns.
- 7 Obeisance, most great amongst the great,
Conquering the throng of vile ghouls (bhuta) and revenants (vetala),
Great in fierce skills, by others unmatchable,
Mighty, suppressor of the Other Side.
- 8 Obeisance, Tārā releaser from the Round,
Bhagavatī, - at Thy Feet
He who (seeks) refuge gains Nirvāṇa -
(Thou) Who accomplishest the highest great purposes.
- 9 Obeisance, Tārā, of the Acacia (khadira) - grove,
Who, with the ship of Great Compassion
Of Thy Kind Heart that takes the six (classes of) beings as children,
Releasest from the sea of the three worlds' (tribhuvana-saṃsāra).
- 10 Obeisance, defender from all misfortune (vipanna)
Who, when one tormented by living, lips and throat dried up, and
Starving, made prayer to Thee
Let'st fall of goods (bhoga) an inexhaustible shower
- 11 Obeisance! Heroine (vīrā), Vajratārā,
Of the colour of gold from the Jambu river:
Accomplisher of beings' purposes through the Operations
Of Thy eight characteristic Implements, the vajra and so on.
- 12 Obeisance! Governing all beings,
Treader with the soles of Thy Feet
On the crowns of those drunk with Pride
Of being in the three worlds (triloka) possessed of power.
- 13 Obeisance! Released from the bonds of existence,
(Thou who hast) gained possession of the highest Means and Wisdom (prajñā),
Unimpeded ṛddhi, in (Thy) jñāna-Body:
(Thou) Who purifiest the defilements of pain and the Round.

- 14 Obeisance! (Thou) Who, when the Quintessence of (Thee) the
Mistress of (magical) power
With its ten letters, is fastened to the top of one's head, and
He has gone amongst the four-armed host,
Repulses the warfare of the hostile army.
- 15 Obeisance! Embodiment of Wisdom and Kindness
Into the svastika (śrivatsa), treasury adorned
With many dhyānas, samādhis, vimokṣas,
Ever inserting the centre and circumference of wisdom (prajñā).
- 16 Obeisance! (Thou) with a lake of sun's lustre
Thou Who by great prajñās' blazing light-rays
Clearest away the gloom of unknowing's egg
In the minds of animate beings on the three planes (tridhatu).
- 17 Obeisance! Embodiment of the five jñānas: (Thou Who),
On Thy glorious and immaculate Body,
With the thirty-two excellent signs adorned,
Dost exhibit the eighty good characteristics.
- 18 Obeisance! Subjugator of the three planes:
Thou at whose Feet profoundly bow
The diademed heads of the great gods,
Brahma, Viṣṇu, Mahādeva.
- 19 Obeisance! Defendress from all dangers:
Of fire and water and the King's punishments,
Tigers, lions, snakes and ogres (rakṣasas),
Elephants - their terrors eliminating.
- 20 Obeisance! Thou of marvellous blessing (adhithana):
Remover of woes when Thou art prayed to, -
Every king of life-robbing illness
Engendered by disorder humours and malign planets.
- 21 Obeisance! Queen in bejewelled dress:
Light of the 'treasure-hairs' from between (Thy) brows blazing,
The smiling expression of thy long eyes like lotus-leaves,
Thou looker upon beings with compassion and love.
- 22 Obeisance! (Thou Who) from the mire of the Round
With the hook of Compassion and Void drawest beings:
Thou taking us with compassion when (we) meet wrong ways,
Into the path of escape (muktimārga) doest guide us.

- 23 Obeisance! Conquerer of the four Māras:
All Buddhas in person, bhaṭṭārakī, Thou
Rid of the five skandhas, (art) possessor of the five (kāyas.).
Perfector of the five jñānas and ridder of the (five) kleśas.
- 24 Obeisance! Great in righteousness and splendour:
Increaser of understanding and prajñā's glory
In the mind of living beings by the light
Of Thy excellent youthful (lit: sixteen-year old) face like the full moon.
- 25 Obeisance! Illusion of woman, Thou Whom
Māmakī, Locanā, Pāṇḍaravāsini,
Praise, and the greatest of the great amongst
Gods and serpent-deities (nāgas and yakṣas)
- 26 Obeisance! Having the acquirement of HŪM:
Since that at Thy three centres is placed,
Thou hast from Thy potent rddhis spread
To (all) extremes (i.e., everywhere), the power of the Four Operations.
- 27 Obeisance! Thou Who increasest merit (kuśala):
Who makest whoever has meditated Thee
Rid himself of veilings - as the sun's disk
Purges darkness the moment it rises.
- 28 Obeisance! Mistress of many workings:
Thy Bodies various, in essence like a glass (i.e. reflecting many forms) -
Not definite in one colour and set of implements,
(But) arising differently (in accordance with) whom Thou art near.
- 29 Obeisance! (Though) from the Absolute (paramārtha), Jina's realm,
Not moving, having the form of a Relative (samvṛtti) goddess:
Of greenish blue colour, with the dances' nine graces
Posturing in non-ratiocinating bliss-illumination.
- 30 Obeisance! Repulser of the Round's warfare
Slayers of the warriors (vira, śūra) of "object-subject" error.
Having stabbed with the sword of prapañca-free jñāna
The heart of egoism that longs for "substantiae".
- 31 Obeisance!' Thy hair (symbolic) of the two stocks (jñāna and puṇya)
perfected:
Thou, the light-rays of Whose Compassion emerge
In ten directions from Amitābha, the Perfect-Buddha,
Amidst the coiled sapphire "willow-leaves" (of Thy headdress seated).

Ritual in the Painting of Green Tārā

To fully appreciate the precise iconography of Vajrayāna deities it is necessary to understand the significance of symbols and symbolic ritual in our lives. Not only are our inner experiences and feelings constantly expressed in an outward display of hand gesture, body posture, facial expression, speech and sound, but it is possible for the reverse to occur, that is for hand gesture, body posture, facial expression, speech and sound to evoke certain feelings and experiences within us. With a full understanding and awareness of this we can create a 'feedback' situation and intensify and deepen our spiritual experience.

"She came over to the kitchen table and looked at me. My hand lifted itself and gently stroked her unpregnant stomach, which responded by pushing itself out. Quietly, within me, arose a subtle feeling associated with pregnancy; a delicate, rare feeling of magnitude, of momentousness; of new life in the universal womb; of seed; of creation; of slowly opening life; of light, a pinprick growing in the middle of darkness. Through one gesture an archetypal situation had occurred and we had become of the same line as, in fact the same as, the High Priest and the High Priestess, the Sun and the Moon!"

In its highest form the painting of a deity is a sublime ritual act. The proportions of the deity are made in accordance with the ancient Indian navātala (nine-span) system. One span is the distance between the thumb and the tip of the index finger on an outstretched hand, which corresponds to the distance from the hair-line to the chin; a span is then sub-divided into twelve thumbs (anguli). An 18th century Chinese Lamaist text, the Tsao Hsiang Liang-tu Ching, on the representation of deities according to this system, ascribes itself originally to Sariputra, one of the Buddha's disciples. Now, the navātala system corresponds to a nine-fold division of the world, so the ideal world corresponds to the ideal man - the Buddha - whose body is divided into nine spans. And so, like the African rain-maker who creates, in sympathetic ritual, a microcosm out of sticks, straw, stones and bones, by which to influence the order of the macrocosm, the painter creates a microcosm of the perfect self, which is ultimately universal, and therefore of the perfect universe itself in his vision (which is a collective vision, as we shall see later) of the deity. His action not only spiritually benefits himself but benefits the whole order.

The iconography of the Vajrayana is not an arbitrary system, but a precise science by which we may examine ourselves and develop higher states of mind, through experiencing the carefully chosen symbols, and the rituals associated with them, and opening ourselves to the non-conceptual messages they contain. Tārā, the female Bodhisattva, is just such a symbol. Through a practice devoted to her it is possible to reach a point where on just seeing her picture, or even thinking of her, an upsurge of the qualities associated with her, that is 'feminine' compassion and receptivity towards all beings, is experienced.

So that we may all share this transforming symbol in common, it is necessary to define Tārā's form - to ritualize it. Because of the complexity of the feelings associated with the 'female' within us, whether stemming from external females or from our own intrinsic 'feminine' nature at its most spiritual, it is further necessary to 'disintegrate' Tārā into some twenty-one forms so that we may discover the many different facets of that side of our being. We may then experience the whole in the re-integrated form of White Tārā - the Tārā of the Seven Eyes.

Of the twenty-one forms, Green Tārā is the most popular. Green is associated with peace and because of her colour she belongs to the spiritual family of Amogasiddhi, the Green Dhyāni-Buddha, who overcomes obstructions and bestows fearlessness. She is also referred to as the Green Saviouress.

"Haritām Amoghasiddhimakuṭīm varadotpaladhāridakṣiṇavāmakarām Aśokakāntā-Mārīcy-Ekajaṭāvyagradakṣiṇavāmadigbhāgām divyaku-mārīm...dhyātvā"

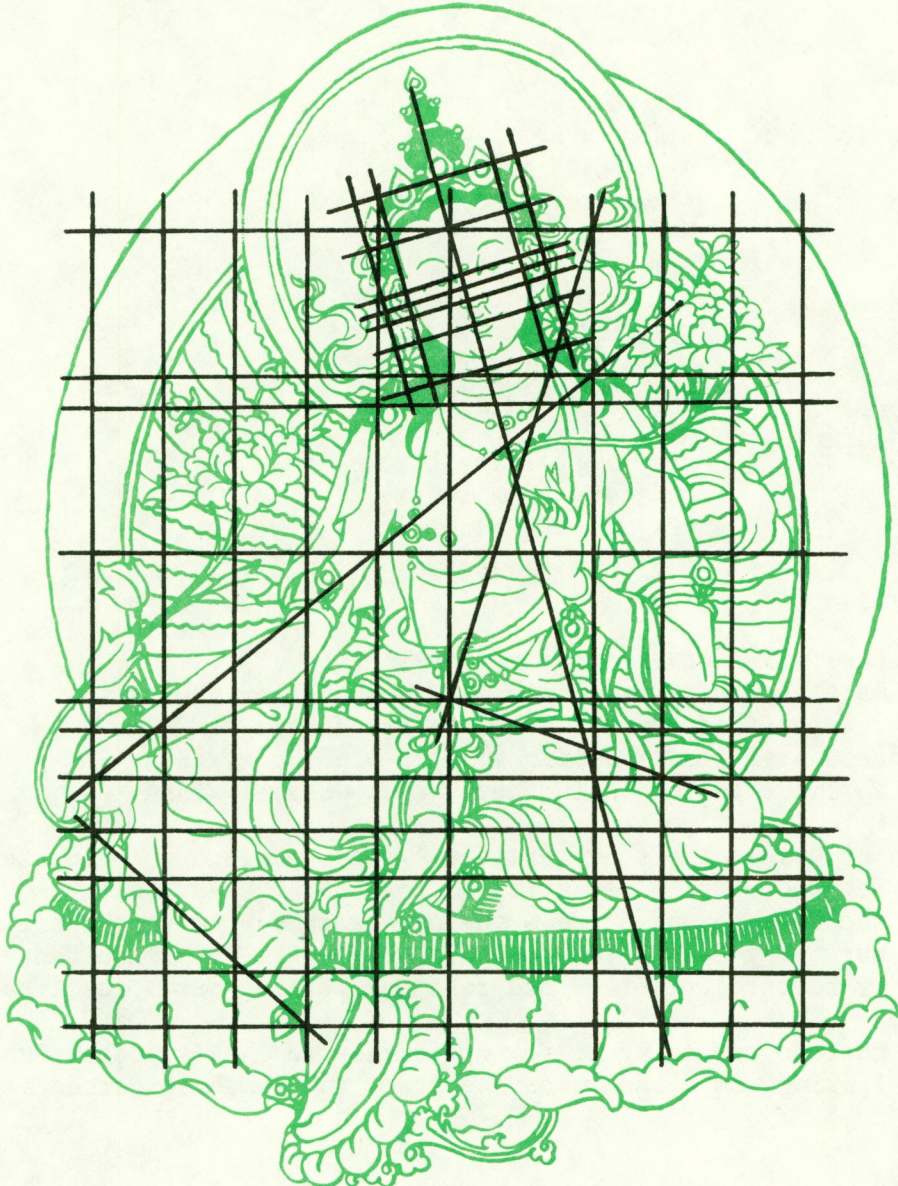
"The worshipper should conceive himself as Khadiravaṇī-Tārā of green colour, who bears the image of Amoghasiddhi on her crown, and shows the Varada mudra and Utpala in the right and left hands respectively. To the right and left of her appear Aśokakāntā Mārīcī and Ekajaṭā, and she appears as a celestial virgin... Thus meditating."

"Khadiravaṇī-Tārā-Sādhanaṁ"

Sādhanaṁālā, (the rosary of practices) p.176.

As with paintings of all deities, above her to the right is shown the Sun and to the left the Moon.

Devaraja



Khadiravaṇī Tārā

'Blind Roses' - a symbolic progression

During a recent period of about six weeks, I experienced an intense inner conflict. This brought to light two opposing symbols which clearly represented to me the two sides of my nature which were not in harmony.

I began in a state of stagnation ...

Waiting for the waters to flow
waiting for new life to warm dull veins
for slack muscles to pull
and for limp hands to grasp
warm earth

Cold cold fog
mist to the eye sockets
wanderers stumbling
between sleep and sleep

A dead land
a dead dead land
full of misty sorrow
waiting for new life

Empty eyes evade
empty eyes
terrified to see vacancy
where hope was hoped for

A mud slime land
a cloying clogged land
a dead land a dead land
withered branches poke
into the silent air
waiting
for the nesting birds
only the crow stays
mocking the silence
with his croaking

Eyes fixed on the distant outline
waiting for the sun to break through grey fog
and shafting down pick out a form dancing
head high feet skipping along a winding track
to the clearing in the dark woods where I stand

She brings the sunlight to me with a garland of primroses
set upon her golden hair, a crown for the May Queen
she sees me and stops a way off sparkling in the breeze
her clear eyes a laughing blue she calls me to the dance
my feet reluctantly hold fast and calling out I question her

What do you bring me for my journey to the forgotten land?
I bring you blind roses she cried and laughing danced away

The message evaded me - I was fascinated by her beauty and carefree happiness, but unable to grasp what it was she brought me. With this still unresolved in my mind and some difficult changes in personal relationships, I entered a period of strong emotions, intensified further by the Summer Retreat. I had very little understanding of what was happening, and most of the time I was at the mercy of what I was feeling. I began to realise the significance of 'blind roses' - feeling, life, growth, beauty but blind, unconscious.

I needed a counterweight and soon a figure appeared:-

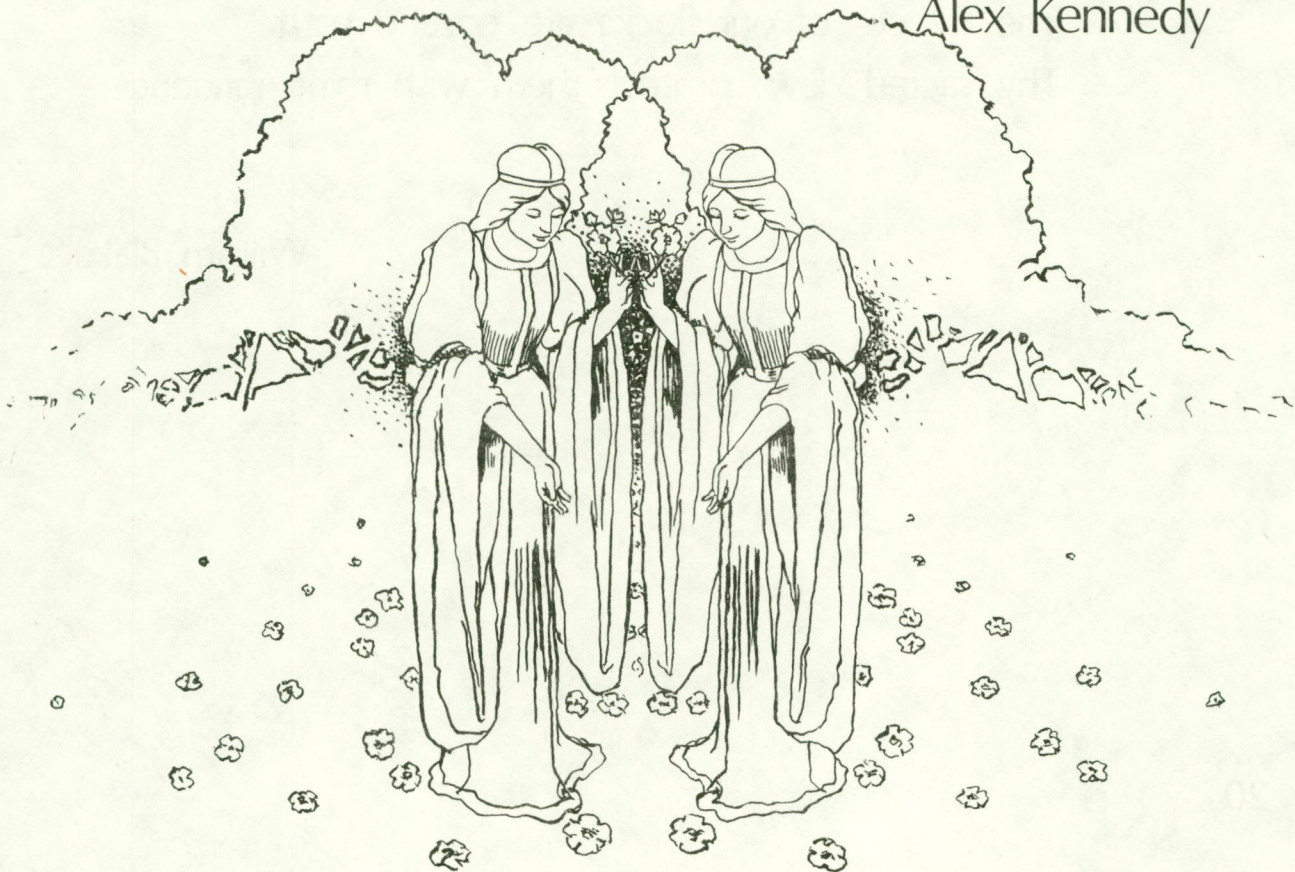
A wooden idol, a stern faced god seated with his knees drawn to his chest and glaring all-seeing eyes - his voice boomed out ...

I am Ja
King of the Dead
I see all things
and care not
all must pass my gate one day
where I sit wooden
glaring out with perfect sight
unmarred by pity, love or life.

I now fluctuated between these two poles, either blown along by feeling, or calm but dead. I realised that somehow I had to merge the eye of Ja and the Princess' Life - the male and female principles.

I drew a series of pictures which culminated in concentric circles in the centre of which appeared out of darkness a golden man, radiating light and warmth, wearing a jewel necklace. His words were "I am the Lord of Light, the spirit of the centre, I bring you peace."

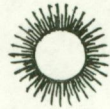
Alex Kennedy



To The EVENING STAR.

THOU fair-hair'd angel of the evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares thro' the dun forest:
The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.

William Blake.



White Tārā - Āryajāṅguli

Summer Retreat

Under the loving guidance and inspiration of Bhante, the Easter and Summer Retreats at "Keffolds", a large country house set amidst the hills and woodlands of Haslemere, have evolved and developed over the years, each retreat being remembered almost wistfully, sometimes aching, for its own particular atmosphere and mood.

Having evolved so far, what kind of future is there now for the large country retreat? Will the importance that Bhante now attaches to working intensively with smaller more intimate groups, affect the idea of the more open public function?

The following short accounts of the Summer Retreat August 1972, possibly the last of its kind, are only three accounts out of a possible eighty, of what has come to be regarded by many of the people who participated in it, as the most intensive retreat so far.

I lie awake in my tent, that first night at Keffolds, joyful at the prospect of the two week retreat ahead, yet maybe fearful too. Forty people asleep in their beds, tents hidden among the trees. The retreat had started.

And I awake early to the sun shining, and Gotami ringing the bell. 7 '0 clock and chanting fills the morning air. Three hours later we stretch aching knees, bow silently, and wander out into the sunshine.

It is not easy to sit and see ourselves as we really are. It is not easy, but it is the only way. During those two weeks at Keffolds there was no escape. Meditation, yoga, karate, lectures, pujas, days spent in silence, and Bhante quietly talking about mindfulness. Wherever you went, whatever you did, there was no escaping a continual confrontation with your selfish, unaware, ego-centred self. As if Bhante was holding up a mirror which reflected only your ego. And it was painful. Moods became erratic, one minute joyful, ecstatic, the next deflated, helpless. Unbearable pain in your knees, Bhante's words ripping through your head, and no way of being able to pour it all out onto somebody else, for in silence there is only you.

At times it was like climbing a step ladder, where you have no real proof that the next rung is going to be there, but you have already let go of the last one.

And there is only you who can climb. Only you who can break through the blocks, only you who can reach up for the next rung, nobody can do it for you.

And at times it was simply fear of the unknown. Fear in letting go of the nice, familiar, safe person whom you knew so well, but whose time was over. Fear in not knowing what would come next.

But through it all there were glimpses of something more. Glimpses that slowly grew. Until it was as if you had never really looked at anything before, never really listened, never tasted anything. A deeper clarity awoke within. And a deeper strength and faith. The old person may have died, but in its place for the time being at any rate, there was the whole world. But also came the knowledge that this was only the very beginning. That there was still so much more in ourselves to see, to admit, to accept.

And on the last night of the retreat I sat in my tent, and saw how the retreat had possibly been only a catalyst, a preparation for what was to come. It had given me a new strength, faith and determination. And the hardest part was to carry that through to the mundane world outside.

"To have some deep feeling about Buddhism is not the point; we just do what we should do, like eating supper and going to bed. This is Buddhism."

Summer Retreat 1972, Debbie Lobstein.

Outside the sun was shining strong and bright. Some people were lying beneath the trees enjoying it, others were leaning against the parapet looking down over the garden, lost in thought. Somewhere, I feel sure, Padmaraja was doing kinhin, re-enacting the Continental drift. Indoors I was contemplating hanging out the white flag of surrender, and bursting into a verse or two of "I've got plenty of nothing", or something to that effect (perhaps I should have). Instead I walked meekly out into the open and spent some time spinning from lawn to lawn, posture to posture, wondering what on earth was going on. To be honest, the first week of the retreat was not something which I remember with much pleasure. It was confusing, physically painful, and quite frightening...I was beginning to wonder whether I was going to go home in a worse state than that in which I had come.

Ideas, thoughts and impressions, erupting out of meditations, lectures, discussions and communication exercises rebounded and re-echoed through me, like images trapped in a kaleidoscope, and my mind was racing to catch up. I was learning that I use speech to discharge, distract, share responsibility for what was going on inside me. Unable to speak, I found that things were becoming blurred, that while that state of mind lasted, everything was charged with the same, dream-like aura of sameness, whether it was something I heard, something I felt, or something I saw. I felt lost, the more I turned to my confused mind for clues as to a way out, the more I felt myself blurring.

Obsessed by the thought 'this is not how things ought to be', and spending most of my available energy in trying to find useful catch-phrases which would suddenly pull me, magically into a state of clarity and bliss, it was a fairly long time before I actually realised that I was not feeling happy. It didn't seem right not to be happy. Eventually I found myself in the middle of a wood, so very diffidently I said, almost aloud; "I'm having a bloody lousy time"...at which point I found myself alone in the wood, feeling a bit silly. But some of the blur had gone. From that point on, the retreat was about acknowledging feelings, especially the 'negative' ones like fear and hate, and accepting vulnerability in the absence of my normal defence mechanisms.

I think I managed to become quite 'raw' by the end of the retreat. I certainly feel that I gained a new understanding of the Metta bhavana, and the Puja. Most especially, I feel that I found the beginnings of a new experience of my identity, based on feeling, rather than concepts about myself. In contrast to the blurredness of the first week, I think I saw a bit what Blake meant when he insisted "There are no soft edges in my universe".

For me, this was the Summer Retreat. It is no objective account, but then I don't feel that such an account would have any more value than a description of a bed to somebody who wanted to analyse the dreams of those who had slept in it.....

Summer Retreat 1972, Terry Pilchick

Moist earth and warm sun. Moths, myths moon and mandalas. Bhante arrives, and the rain falls gently.

I pitched the tent under the trees, below the kitchen, and when I breathed just....so..., the leaves would stop dripping.

On the first day of the retreat, harbouring phantasies innumerable, eager for what I did not know, encouraged by friends, I asked Bhante for ordination. I felt myself to be at a turning point.

My illusions crumbled during the remainder of the retreat, but only after ordination did I realise I had cherished the hope of a new myth.

Preparing food in the kitchen during the first week, images flowed incessantly, sometimes disturbingly; mandalas formed, dispersed and reformed.

The first few days of the retreat were restless and noisy, and a heavy sensuality seemed to pervade the air. Images of Hindu deities came to mind; Shiva and Parvati competing with Buddha-dharma.

The atmosphere quietened down, the silence deepened, and the sun began to shine brightly. People sun-bathed after morning meditation, and karate lessons were held on the lawn. Solitary figures dotted about the grounds moved slowly and purposefully on unknown missions, or sat in relaxed postures, concentrated or asleep?

A film crew of Friends made various appearances, with camera lens, microphone and lights adding to the strangeness of events and exerting their subtle influence on the flow of activity. The Buddha Measureless Light seemed to be working bizarre tricks here.

And what could I make of all this, what had this to do with my ordination, how should I prepare myself? No answer came, and time flowed on. In moments of stress or boredom I would silently intone a mantra, and the mood would pass.

Bhante's series of tape-recorded lectures on the White Lotus Sutra were a special joy to listen to during the second week; where logic had reached the limit of its usefulness, the language of images took over, and raised the mind to ever higher visions.

By now that special quality of light that seems to be the mark of concentration was commonplace in the shrine room, and one almost tired of its brilliance. Personal crises began to abound, and a certain restlessness pervaded the air. Perhaps thoughts of the outside world were creeping in before the retreat was over.

As if to compensate for this, Bhante with a patriarchal air and a few firm words restored flagging spirits, and with order prevailing awareness heightened once again.

At last the time for the private ordination arrived. I felt unprepared and over-anxious, but a welcome reminder came that it was not an ordeal!

Now was the time, I felt, for the shattering of illusions and the confirmation of aspirations. and what was the truth I was faced with, the knowledge that I sought?

Like Mahākāśyapa's Golden Flower, it signified nothing, yet conferred potency undreamed of.

The public ordination took place on the last Friday of the retreat, and its simple but beautiful ritual, followed by the chanting of the Padmasambhava mantra was a satisfying and deeply moving ceremony.

Now we could all attune ourselves to the idea of returning to the 'real world', refreshed and strengthened in the cause of Enlightenment for all sentient beings. Gathered under a canopy of stars, seated around a camp fire on the last Sunday night, we sang curious primitive tunes, ate burnt potatoes and drank tea. Another retreat over, new life, just beginning.

Summer Retreat 1972, Upāsaka Aśvajit.

Aśvajit's Ordination

Building up to the culmination of the Summer Retreat, the Ven. Sangharakshita gave Upāsaka ordination to Michael Wharton, in a public ceremony. The previous evening Michael had received the private ordination and initiation.

Beneath the image of Avalokiteśvara (the Lord who looks down on the world), from within a half-circle of order members, Michael made offerings of light, incense and flowers and performed a three-fold purification of body, speech and mind. Blessings were recited by all present.

Michael was given the Buddhist name of Aśvajit (Horse Conquerer/Tamer). Asvajit was one of the first five disciples of the Buddha, attaining enlightenment in the Deer Park at Sarnath.

Ordination Groups

Two ordination groups are now meeting, on alternative Mondays, at the Archway Centre. One is the original group started in the Spring, now enlarged by the inclusion of three new members, who collectively replace the member 'lost' through Ordination; the other is an entirely new group, consisting mainly of Friends who have been connected with the movement for anything from a year to three years. Both groups are under the personal guidance of the Ven. Sangharakshita, who attaches very great importance to this aspect of his work. Indeed, a time may well come when he finds it necessary to devote more of his time and energy to working with small groups of this kind, and less to conducting the larger, more open, public classes. The procedure is roughly the same in both ordination groups. Chanting is followed by a session of visualisation-type concentration and meditation practice, after which Ven. Sangharakshita speaks for a few minutes on one or another of the aspects, or implications, of the Upasaka ordination. This is followed by discussion, which sometimes becomes very far-ranging indeed.

Dharmachakra Day - 26th July

On the full moon of June/July, Dharmachakra Day was celebrated at the Centre in North London. Dharmachakra Day is the anniversary of the first teaching of the Buddha, which was given to his five disciples in the Deer Park at Sarnath near Benares.

The talk given by Bhante was entitled 'The Word of the Buddha'. Bhante spoke not only of the historical importance of this great event, but took us into its significance as a universal, spiritual experience - that experience of the great compassion arising within the enlightened mind, the Buddha Mind, and the only desire within that mind being to communicate itself.

Bhante then dwelt on the various levels of the communication of the Buddha Mind to the unenlightened mind. Firstly, on the level beyond levels, which is almost impossible for us to comprehend; on a level where there is 'no subject and no object', 'pure undifferentiated awareness', 'the void', 'one mass of spiritual luminosity', 'where everything is known as there is nothing to be known'. On this level the urge to communicate originates as a spontaneous vibration, analogous to an extremely subtle sound - a primeval, primordial mantric sound. Sometimes one can 'hear' it during meditation coming off everything in the universe. It is occurring all the time and 'listening to it one hears and understands all'.

On the second level the communication of the Buddha Mind occurs through archetypal images, the Sun, the Moon, the Heavens, the Earth, Thunder, Lightning, Rain, Wind, Buddhas, Bodhisattvas and Demons. These brilliantly coloured images arise out of the universe itself. They are beyond the conceptual, beyond even the collective unconscious; they are, perhaps, coeval with the Buddha Mind itself.

The Buddha Mind also communicates itself on a third level, on a level of 'thought'. And finally on the level of words; Bhante differentiated between these last two levels as some thoughts cannot be put into words. He also emphasised that Buddhist thought is not philosophical speculation, but is a series of attempts to communicate to the unenlightened mind, truths that have been personally realised by the Buddha and the great teachers who came after him.

Bhante then described the three modes of transmission in the Tantric tradition; mind to mind, sign transmission, and word transmission.

For nearly five hundred years the Dharma was transmitted orally and was then written down, but even to this day some things are still transmitted outside of the sacred scriptures.

We were finally left with an image to dwell upon, that of the Buddha of the White Lotus Sutra, seated on Vulture's Peak, at the summit of mundane existence. He is eternally proclaiming the truth in terms of pure mantric sound. Whenever we are completely still we can pick it up - we can start vibrating in accordance with the Buddha Mind - we too can hear the Word of the Buddha.



Sangha Day - 20th November

The three jewels of Buddhism, the Buddha, the Dharma and the Sangha, are celebrated as three separate festivals during the year (respectively, Wesak, Dharmachakra Day and Sangha Day).

The Buddha: Wesak, the full moon of April to May, celebrates the anniversary of the Buddha's enlightenment.

The Dharma: Dharmachakra Day, the full moon of June to July, celebrates the anniversary of the Buddha's first discourse, the turning of the wheel of the law, in the Deer Park at Sarnath.

The Sangha: Sangha Day, the full moon of November to December. Sangha Day was originally the time at which the Buddha finished his retreat with his first five disciples at Sarnath. Significantly coinciding with the end of the monsoon, it signifies activity in the world after an intense period of introspection. It is, in Buddhist countries, a time when the monks also ask forgiveness of each other for any offences committed during the period they have spent together and receive new robes from the laity.

Sangha Day was celebrated by the Friends of the Western Buddhist Order at the Archway Centre on November 20th. Starting at 7.00 p.m., the programme consisted of readings from the scriptures, meditation, pūjā and refreshments. Sangha Day was further celebrated, when in a public ceremony Bhante gave Upāsikā and Upāsaka ordinations to Vera Jackson and Michael Thompson. The previous evening Vera and Michael received their private ordinations and initiations at Bhante's home in Muswell Hill.

Vera, a psychiatric social worker at a child guidance clinic, was given the Buddhist name Māmakī. Māmakī is a female Buddha, the shakti, yum or spiritual consort of the Dhyani Buddha Ratnasambhava - the Jewel Born or Jewel producing. The name literally means 'making mine', not in the sense of clinging or attachment, but rather in the sense of everything, from the standpoint of the enlightened mind, is already and eternally one's own. The name is especially appropriate in the light of its extra meaning of 'bringing up jewels from the depths of the sea' - a poetic allusion to the depth psychology groups over which Vera presides.

Michael, an analytical chemist working in a geochemical research group at Imperial College was given the name Suvrata. Suvrata is one of the few figures in the echelons of Buddhism who is not historically 'famous'. It means one who observes his vows well, who gets quietly on with his practice without fuss, and, as Bhante remarked, it accords well with Michael's modest nature.

Amidst well wishing friends and brethren Vera and Michael made the traditional offerings of light, incense and flowers, and performed the three-fold purification of body, speech and mind. Blessings were recited by all present.

*May all blessings be yours: may all gods protect you
By the power of all the Buddhas may all happiness be yours.*

*May all blessings be yours: may all gods protect you
By the power of all Dharmas may all happiness be yours.*

*May all blessings be yours: may all gods protect you
By the power of all the Sangha may all happiness be yours.*

Tibet Lectures

At the Tuesday Meditation Class at the Archway Centre, during the four weeks preceding and the four weeks following the Summer Retreat, we listened to a series of lectures on tape, given by the Ven. Sangharakshita, about Buddhism in Tibet.

The lectures covered such subjects as the four foundation yogas; the Dalai Lama and his incarnations; the structure of the Tibetan monastic hierarchy; Tibetan art; initiations or 'wong-kur' and Tibetan Buddhist meditation, which included a description of a meditation practice on the Green Tārā.

These lectures were particularly helpful in establishing a background for the current live series of lectures by Bhante on "Creative Symbols of the Tantric Path to Enlightenment".

Creative Symbols of the Tantric Path to Enlightenment

Commencing on Friday 20th October, the Ven. Sthavira Sangharakshita started giving, every Friday, a series of eight weekly talks under this general heading. Special interest attaches to this series for a number of reasons. Firstly, this is the first series of 'live' lectures that Bhante has given for nearly two years. Secondly, it is the first time that he has ever dealt in detail, and at such length, with the Tantric Path to Enlightenment. The lectures, we feel, appeal more to the imagination than to the intellect, and are of equal interest to the beginner and the more advanced student.

The lectures will be available on tape at the end of the year. Current individual lectures are available now, price £1.50 per tape, and may be ordered from - Upāsaka Aśvajit, FWBO (Tapes Dept), Flat 1, 3 The Park, Highgate, London N6. Please add 10p postage for each tape ordered. Those ordering the complete series will receive a 10% discount, making the cost of the eight tapes £10.80 plus postage.

- CS1 Symbolism of the Tibetan Wheel of Life
- CS2 Tantric Symbolism of the Stupa
- CS3 Symbolism of the Sacred Thunderbolt/Diamond Sceptre
- CS4 Symbolism of the Cosmic Refuge Tree and the Archetypal Guru
- CS5 Symbolism of the Cremation Ground and the Celestial Maidens
- CS6 Symbolism of Offerings and Self-Sacrifice
- CS7 Symbolism of Colours and Mantric Sound
- CS8 Symbolism of the Five Buddhas, 'Male' and 'Female'

The Way of Truth

A new translation of the Dhammapada by the Ven. Sthavira Sangharakshita.

The Pali Dhammapada is a collection of 423 verse aphorisms arranged according to subject in twenty-six sections. Most of these verses are found elsewhere in the Pali Tipitaka; some are original to the Dhammapada. However, all represent, according to tradition, the Buddha's teaching to his disciples on various occasions. The present version is an attempt to reproduce, in modern English, something of the terseness and directness of the original, avoiding the stilted diction and obsolete expressions that have sometimes characterized previous translations.

XI. The Section of Decay

- 146 What mirth can there be, what pleasure, when all the time (everything) is blazing (with the threefold fire of suffering, impermanence and insubstantiality)? Covered (as you are) in blind darkness, will you not seek for a light?
- 147 Look at this painted doll (i.e. the body), this pretentious mass of sores, wretched and full of cravings, nothing of which is stable or lasting!
- 148 Wasted away is this body, a nest of disease, and perishable. The putrid mass breaks up: death is the end of life.
- 149 When like gourds in Autumn these dove-grey bones lie here discarded, what pleasure (can one take) in looking at them?
- 150 (The body) is a city built of bones and plastered with flesh and blood, (a city) wherein lie concealed decay and death, pride and hypocrisy.
- 151 Even the richly decorated royal chariots (in time) wear out; likewise the body too perishes. (But) the Truth (dhamma) of the saints (sata) does not perish: (so) the righteous proclaim to the peaceful
- 152 The man of little learning lives like a stalled ox: his flesh increase but his wisdom does not.
- 153 Many a birth have I undergone in this (process of) faring on (in the round of conditioned existence), seeking the builder of the house and not finding him. Painful is (such) repeated birth!
- 154 O house-builder, (now) you are seen! Never again shall you build (me) a house. Your rafters are all broken, your ridgepole shattered. The (conditioned) mind too has gone to destruction: one has attained to the cessation of craving.
- 155 Those who have not led the spiritual life, or obtained the wealth (of merit) in their youth, (such as these) brood over the past like aged herons in a pond without fish.
- 156 Those who have not led the spiritual life, or obtained the wealth (of merit) in their youth, (such as these) lie like worn out arrows, lamenting the things of old.

(Words in brackets represent explanatory additions by the translator)

Order Biographies

Name: Desmond Cecil Crowe - Upāsaka Devaraja

Born: 25th August 1945

Place of birth: Ealing, London, England.

At a very early age, before my first birthday, my parents took me to Kenya, where I spent most of my early life up to the age of sixteen. This was interspersed, periodically, with 'grand tours' of Europe. Two very vivid memories from those times are: a visit to Vienna shortly after the Russians had left and my mother reliving 'the Third Man' with my eldest brother playing the 'Harry Lime' theme, incessantly on his harmonica; also drinking sweet, cold sherberts with my parents in a very plush, decadent hotel in Egypt, sitting in a carved, ivory-inlaid chair, whose cushion sank below the edge of the circular frame which cut into my little, sun-burnt legs - I seem to remember an obsequious maitre d'hotel, wearing an expensive suit and a fez. There was a carpet on the tiled floor.

I also remember in Uganda, my mother pointing out the rock pool where Deborah Kerr had bathed in the film 'Where No Vultures Fly', at that stage my brother did not have a harmonica.

At school I was a plump, hopeless failure at sport and games, but a moderate success in the Officer Training Corps, brilliant on the school stage and extremely capable in the classroom.

By 1966 I had 'dropped out' of art college and spent a few months shifting scenery in various West End theatres - Michael Denison, hand in blazer pocket and leaning against a fireplace mantelpiece, holding a glass of 'prop' brandy and carrying on a dialogue with Dulcie Gray, had, until that time considerable magic for me - even now, it still does. From there I graduated to Television and then to Films.

In 1967 I made an abortive attempt to get to India. I smoked 'haschish' on the way in the company of various 'degenerates'. Afghanistan was particularly fine, and in Kandahar I remember sitting on cushions in a small cloth merchant's shop, facing onto a sunlit courtyard, and drinking green tea while bargaining over the price of 'haschish' - that evening I watched a male prostitute in a silken turban and embroidered wrap, parading up and down outside a small restaurant. Not long after both my legs were broken in a car crash in Pakistan.

In 1968 I met Padmaraja, we both worked for the same film company.

In 1969 I came into contact with Bhante when attending the lecture series:- 'The Higher Evolution of Man'.

In 1971 departing on Dharmachakra night, I went east a second time. My purpose for going to India was that of pilgrimage, and with Ruth, my friend, I visited Sarnath; Bodh Gāya; Rājgir and Vulture's Peak, where I sat and read the parable of the rain cloud from the White Lotus Sutra; Nālanda; Vaiśālī; Lumbinī for Christmas Day where a Sakya Lama and I exchanged Christmas cards; Kushinagār for New Year's Eve and Śrāvastī. I also visited Sikkim and then lived in Dharamsala, the home of the Dalai Lama. In Delhi I had tea and went to an Italian Western with Tomo Geshe Rimpoche. In Kalimpong I met Mr. Chen and saw Bhante's old vihara.

In 1972 I returned to England in time for Wesak and a few weeks later I was ordained by Bhante as Upāsaka Devaraja. I now live at Sarum House and paint pictures of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas.

I have a strong romantic streak and am a victim of my senses.

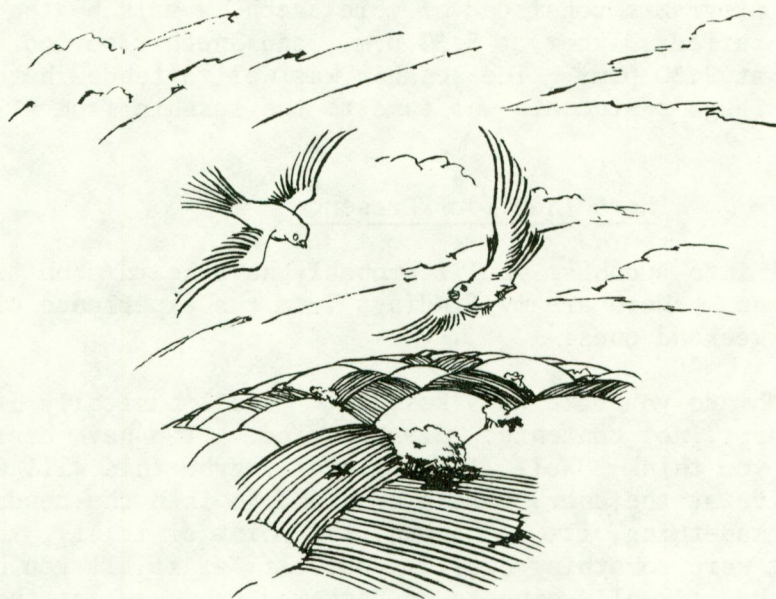
Name: Stephen Parr - Upāsaka Ananda

Born: Blackburn, Lancs, 6th September, 1944.

Brought up by atheist father and would-be Christian mother in the smokes and mists of a north-Lancs cotton town. Rejoiced in the hills and woods. First word spoken was 'fish!' Learned to distrust people at age 2 when was (accidentally) dropped on head onto the pavement from what seemed to be an enormous height, (which may explain everything or nothing).

Fell in love first at age 3 and climbed out of it at 5 on having seen the innate shortcomings of conditioned existence, but the paradox has left me somewhat baffled and bewildered ever since.

Was educated in a very parochial junior school with 10 foot high barbed wire walls all round, then in a Victorian grammar school with 12 foot high walls and teachers all in caps and black robes like a cross between a priest and an undertaker. Spent seven years there learning how not to live, then came to London and spent seven more unlearning that. Joined the BBC as a sound recordist in 1963, left as an unsound recordist in 1970, to live a life of poetry, romance and unemployment benefit. Have written one and a half novels, about a hundred poems and a few essays and short stories. Met Ven. Sangharakshita in 1967, took Upasaka ordination in 1968, since when I have been painfully and with much trepidation recovering my sanity.



Āryatārā Community - Sarum House

Weekend Retreats

The Āryatārā Community, Sarum House, has recently instituted a programme of weekend retreats, to occur mid-way between the retreats held at 'Quartermaine' in Haslemere and modelled on the same pattern. This enables us all to go on retreat every fortnight.

So far two retreats have been held, both of which have been successful. The practices have included, Mindfulness of Breathing, Six Element, Just Sitting and Development of Universal Loving Kindness meditations, interspersed with lectures on tape, discussion and communication exercises.

The next retreat will be held on the weekend of the 16th and 17th December, Anyone who is interested should ring or write to Sarum House, 3 Plough Lane, Purley, Surrey, 01-660-2542, to make a booking, the fee will be £3 and sleeping bags and sitting cushions should be brought.

Wednesday Classes

Meditation classes for beginners are being held at Sarum House every Wednesday evening at 7.30 p.m. The programme starts with Mindfulness of Breathing or Development of Universal Loving Kindness meditations, this is followed by refreshments a discussion period and a tape lecture (currently from Bhante's series on 'The Buddha's Noble Eightfold Path'). The evening ends with the Sevenfold Pūjā, readings from the scriptures and chanting of mantras.

We also hold morning and evening meditations and pūjā, which are open to everyone.

Autumn Sesshin

Under the direction of the Venerable Zengo Miroku, an Autumn Sesshin (searching the heart) was held at the Aryatara community, Sarum House, from the 22nd to the 29th October. The programme consisted of rising at 4.30 a.m. and two hours zazen before breakfast, which was taken in silence, ceremonially, in the shrine room. Cleaning, working, preparing food, dokusan (individual instruction) and more sitting constituted the first half of the day. The rest of the daily programme consisted of more zazen, a talk by the Venerable Zengo, a question period, dinner at 5.30 p.m., and another period of zazen before lights out at 9.30 p.m. The sesshin was well attended both by 'Friends' and the Venerable Zengo's students who came to the sesshin from all over England.

More Than Your Presence

If you're at all into Buddhism you'll probably have heard about sesshins, and maybe even attended one. Here are my findings from the experience of two seven day sesshins and two weekend ones.

First of all, "Why do you come to a sesshin?" Well basically I suppose it's because you're not happy, not contented, dissatisfied. You have heard that sesshins are good for you and you think, "Well I'll try that, maybe this will work, do the trick". So you arrive at the door, take a cushion, go into the zendo and sit. You keep waiting for something, it, to happen; the point of it all, the thing you're looking for; as if it were something outside yourself; as if all you have to do is be there, sit there and it's all going to be bestowed upon you; as though just being

there, however reluctantly, was enough. You're looking for the situation where it'll be given to you, done for you, as if you expect or hope for something or somebody outside yourself to change you, make you happy, without any effort from yourself. You're still naive enough to hope that by just submitting to a discipline you can improve yourself. This is the attraction of disciplines...the false idea that once programmed in, you can sit back and it'll all happen automatically. So you come along full of fears and apprehension (you've heard about the strict discipline) but still hoping that there's some magic outside yourself which is going to do the trick. Maybe it's the teacher, maybe it's the sitting; it never occurs to you that it might be yourself, because you're always looking for a situation to do it for you. As if you are continually moved from the outside and haven't yet seen that it's you that has to change you and not the situation; that you've got to start making some effort to move yourself and not expect it to come from outside. In other words, more than your presence is required; your active attention and effort is necessary. It isn't enough just to follow the programme blindly, you have to be aware of how you're doing it.

My initial idea about a sesshin was that it was a period of suffering which you agree to undergo, believing that it will do you good, like nasty medicine; that it was a hard, dour, struggle where you sit and work and where talking or being friendly just wasn't on. In fact any idea or action which might lighten the atmosphere was felt to be 'wrong'. I found myself assuming a serious, that is a solemn demeanour, thinking it was the way you're supposed to be; as if serious and solemn were the same thing; as if being mindful meant being solemn and unfriendly. So you go around not daring to enjoy yourself in case you feel you're not doing it properly, that you're cheating. Somehow, even though you may feel better for having talked to someone, you feel that it isn't quite right, that you're not really supposed to feel good.

I began to realize that these were only my ideas, and that sesshins can be 'enjoyable', that you're not necessarily supposed to suffer. Of course suffering may be involved, like when your knees ache after hours of sitting, but to make suffering a pre-requisite, an end in itself, is a different matter. Somehow we've got this idea that serious means being solemn. So we overlay all our actions with an air of solemnity and believe we are being serious, doing ourselves good. Here the idea of doing oneself good is totally separated from whether or not one feels good. You live out an idea which may be totally different from what you feel. In fact the idea of good comes to replace the feeling of good.

A sesshin doesn't create these things, it brings them to light. This is one of its values, in that it's like a blank screen, a clean sheet of paper on which you project your ideas, expectations and prejudices and see how these are merely your own creation and not reality, what is. And usually you don't see what is because you continually overlay it with/superimpose upon it, these ideas and expectations. So what you experience are your own ideas of what a sesshin should be, rather than what actually is. This idea of what a sesshin should be is constantly being modified as your expectations are shown to be 'mistaken'. So your ideas change, but they still remain ideas. They are still not just what is. And just what is, is something that may come to you sometime when you can sit quietly and just let all your thoughts and ideas about what should or shouldn't be, settle down and disappear into the thin air they came out of.

Eric Wright.

The ANGEL

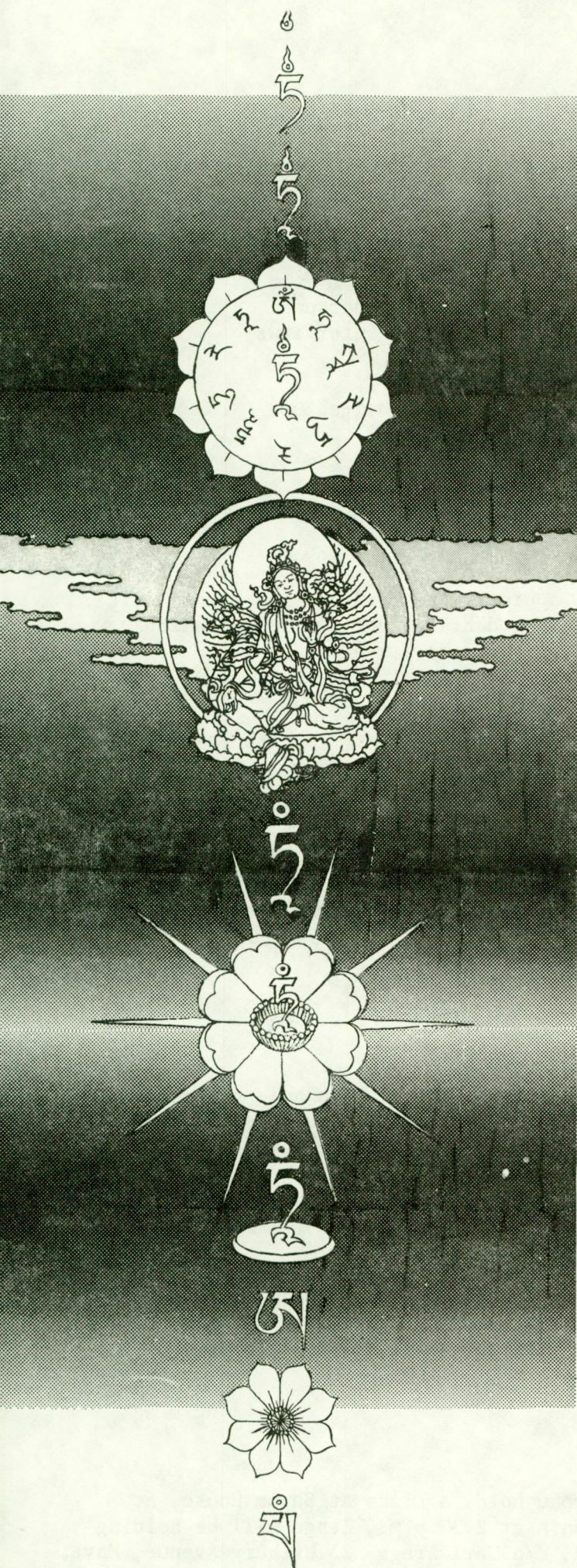
I DREAMT a Dream! what can it mean?
And that I was a maiden Queen
Guarded by an Angel mild:
Witless woe was ne'er beguil'd!

And I wept both night and day,
And he wip'd my tears away,
And I wept both day and night,
And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled;
Then the morn blush'd rosy red;
I dried my tears & arm'd my fears
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again:
I was arm'd, he came in vain,
For the time of youth was fled
And grey hairs were on my head.

William Blake



- 11 Little by little.
- 10 The bija itself is drawn back,
Little by little.
- 9 All the radiance of Tārā is drawn back
into her body, her body into her heart,
her heart into the lotus, the lotus
into the moon disc, the moon disc into
the mantra and the mantra into the
bija - TĀM
- 8 In the heart of Tārā is a lotus, on
the lotus is a moon disc and in its
centre is the green TĀM around which
circles to the left her mantra - OM
TĀRE TUTTĀRE TURE SVĀHĀ
- 7 The word TĀM suddenly becomes the
'female' Bodhisattva Tārā. She is
arrayed in jewels and silks. She
carries two blue night lotuses. Her
hands make the gestures of discourse
and bestowal.
- 6 After the offerings are made,
everything is re-absorbed into the
green syllable - TĀM.
- 5 It dissolves into a blue night lotus
and nestling in the calyx is the
shining green TĀM. Among the rays of
light, radiating in the ten directions
of space, are offerings to the Buddhas
and to Tārā.
- 4 This in turn becomes a pure white
moon disc on which appears the green
seed syllable TĀM - the bija of Tārā.
- 3 From which arises the white syllable
- AH.
- 2 It changes into a white lotus.
- 1 Out of the void appears the white
seed syllable - PĀM.

visualization diagram for Śyāmatārā – the Green Saviouress

FWBO MEDITATION CENTRE, 1A BALMORE STREET, ARCHWAY, N.19.

- TUESDAYS Double Meditation, Pūjā and Chanting.
Tea served before meditation at 6.30 p.m.
- WEDNESDAYS Beginners' Meditation Class.
Ven. Sangharakshita will be present to give personal
instruction in the exercise, and personal interviews
where required.
- FRIDAYS Hatha Yoga Class, led by Norman Needes. Charge 30p.
All above events begin at 7.00 p.m.

Winter Festival of Poetry and Music

On Friday 15th December at 6.30 p.m., a Winter Festival of Poetry and Music will take place at the Friends of the Western Buddhist Order Centre, at which new poets will read their own work. Refreshments will be served.

"Crossing the Stream", by the Ven. Sthavira Sangharakshita

This collection of 21 essays on different practical aspects of Buddhism, first written in Kalimpong, and until now unavailable in the West, has been reproduced at Sarum House by Gotami, with an attractive cover design by Eric Wright. Only 200 copies are available at a cost of 50p per copy. Order now from, "Crossing the Stream", FWBO Centre, 1a Balmore Street, London N.19. Cheques etc., payable to FWBO.

Film of the 'Friends'

Stephen and Vicki would like to thank everyone for all the help given to them during the filming at the Summer Retreat. They still need money to help them finish their film about the 'Friends'; anyone who can make a contribution should contact them through the Archway Centre.

Gary and Anna

Carpenters, plumbers, electricians and plasterers who can help us make habitable a farm house, in return for room and board, please write to, Gary and Anna, Esgair Garn, Llanfair, Lampeter, Cardiganshire, Wales, letting us know what you can do and when you are available.

Zengo

On Thursdays, the Venerable Zengo Miroku holds a class at Sarum House, at 7.0 p.m. On the first Sunday of every month at 2.30 p.m., Zengo will be holding a meeting at the Brighton Buddhist Society, c/o Carl Wragg, 23 Wilbury Avenue, Hove, Brighton. Further details of Zengo's movements for 1973 may be obtained from Sarum House.

Dana Appeal

To: The Treasurer, Friends of the Western Buddhist Order,
Sarum House, 3 Plough Lane, Purley, Surrey, CR2 3QB

I would like to contribute the sum of to the Dana Appeal

You may also pay by Bankers Order, or by a Tax-recoverable Covenant with the Friends for a period of seven years. Please send for appropriate form.

Name:

Date:

Address:

Postcode:

Cheque/Postal Order/Money Order/Cash enclosed for:

Newsletter Appeal

A great deal of time, energy and, of course, money has gone into the production of this Newsletter. We spend a lot of thought in trying to improve the quality of our publications, and we hope that this issue has been of interest and service to you. Unfortunately, the subscriptions we receive do not nearly cover the printing costs, and we ask you therefore, if you have received something of worth to give something towards the costs of publication. We very much appreciate your help - thank you.

Newsletter Information

Please address all correspondence relating to the Newsletter (including material for publication) to the Editor at Sarum House. Editorial contributions are welcome, subject to space and the Editor's discretion, but please limit contributions to 500 words and submit in typescript if possible.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer at Sarum House, by Postal Order or cheque, payable to The Friends of the Western Buddhist Order.

Rates: INLAND: £1.00 p.a. OVERSEAS: £1.50 p.a. Current advertising rates, (subject to alteration): Full page: £2.00 Half page: £1.00 Thereafter 50p per 12 lines. Editorial copy and advertisements should be submitted at least one month before date of publication.

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