



Wake The Dead!

from DHARMA GAIA
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Edited by Allan Hunt Badiner

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Another hour to wait for the train to East Berlin, Toshiba laptop plugged into the waiting-room socket, headphone pumping, new, unstoppable no-compromise action from Lone Wolf Circles Deep Ecology Medicine Show tape, message of the green growing beings,

giving standing to the trees, voice to the rivers, helping us to fly fly fly. In these few spare minutes, I'm trying to review the music.

Next to me, Carlo, the East German Green networker reading Haeckel, the Berliner who coined the term ecology (in *The General Morphology of Organisms*, 1866). Next to him Patrick forging his visa to read 'Must change \$ 5 for each day spent in Poland,' instead of the \$ 15 stamped in there.

The sweet song about watching the condor fly sets me to thinking of the wings deep ecology needs so that we can soar our way out of this hole we dug for ourselves. Wake up humans!

Carlo and Patrick and I, along with fifty others, have been in the Baltic seaside town of Darwolo this weekend attending an ecology conference. This morning we all spent four hours together, first spreading the Dharma of deep ecology and then joining with the Council of All Beings for some deep ecology experiential exercises. Must be what Bodhidharma felt like introducing Zen to China. So satisfying to see the Poles light up ecstatic as the sweet new Truth flowed through the scarred but undefeated landscape.

To free ourselves we must unshackle the Earth, Tierra Prima! Thus howls the Lone Wolf circling through my synapses as I sit here at Swavno railway station with the Wolf River wet dreaming through the headphones, waiting for the 0. 37 to East Berlin. Carlo's

papers are stashed in my bag as he's in their bad books, as we say back in Oz, and subject to special "control" at the border. A philosophy professor and master builder, he and Zigmund Fura of the Polish Party of Greens put together a combined Polish/East German Green Party statement denouncing nuclear power, one of the main issues on people's minds and agendas here, and one of the themes of the conference we've just attended.

Some sailors, soldiers and lowlife trash wander through the waiting room, lots of uniforms hereabouts, but in Poland nowadays you can say what you want, and we've been spreading the gospel of the green mullahs, the church of the immaculate biosphere. Small wonder that the Pope has recently denounced deep ecology. Hear that Wolf! Your howl sends shivers up the Vatican spine _ strong medicine. Wild drums wolfing through the headphones lift me out of this whistle stop.

"Dancing he comes, dancing he comes, dancing he comes."

A khaki soldier stares uncomprehending as I tend the sacred Fire of Truth.

Last week we held a two-day Council of All Beings that included a hard hour's hike straight up one of the mountains in the Carpathian range. Fifty Poles hiked with Patrick, me and Olli, the ecophilosopher from Finland who joined us in Warsaw last weekend at the first-ever deep ecology conference held in the Eastern Bloc. The conference was organized by Earth First! for the Zen Buddhist Sangha, who are also Poland's deep ecology movement

Andrzej Korbel pulled the whole thing together. Olli's paper, 'Three Aspects of Ecophilosophy,' was excellent and it was great to see him shine after the Council and declare, 'Ah! this brings ecophilosophy to life!' How fitting that it was a Zen Buddhist who first introduced me to deep ecology (Robert Aitken, Roshi), another who introduced me to Earth First! (Gary Snyder), and now these mad Zen Poles pass me from hand to hand with a gruelling schedule of presentations and interviews_just what the Buddha ordered!

In a student's hut in the sweet meadow surrounded by pine forest we mourned the bear, the wolf, the wild past of Poland, wailed, howled our grief as below us the pall hung heavy over the Silesian plain, perhaps the most polluted landscape on the planet...

In a theatre in Krakow, we mourned the Amazon burning away, the Penan crammed in their jail cells, and a million unknown species doomed by the turn of the century.

"The rainforest is the womb of all life," says the Wolf in the Walkman, "home to over half of the known species. It is presently being cut at the rate of thirty hectares per minute and at this rate it will be destroyed within our lifetime."

What can I say about this surge-of-Earth-First! tape before it inspires the next wave of distraction? Maybe something about ☺Dakota Sid's beautiful voice dropping seeds of sustainable future

in fertile minds, pleading for wings of inspiration to lift us out of this nightmare of alienation to new, unstoppable, no-compromise action. To coax and squeeze us into rebellion before, before...

'If only I could make prayer to the deities, my ancestors, the hunter gatherers...' Wolfs prayer soars with sweet rainforest birdsong background flying over the sound of jackboots on the cold stone floor of Poland.

Hey Wolf, I'm trying to review your tape, but the undisciplined rainforest deep ecology keeps spilling over into bedlam of biological fabric tearing and the scream of extinction howling

outside the headphone door, I can't do it proper _ People, hey you! Buy this tape! I try to review it but the blood keeps spilling out between the lines, a booby-trapped magnetic field virus scours the green screen, the fires torch the page, the flames of the Amazon (120, 000 square miles of the Amazon in the last twelve months, weep, brothers and sisters, wail, howl, vital organs gouged from the living planet of which we are a tiny cell, chain saws bite towards the heart of the Tree on which we are only one tiny leaf), the very same fires of patriarchy that burned nine million Earth loving witches and then denied the memory that leaps now out of every man/woman relationship return of the repressed; the ecological crisis and the gender crisis are one.

No wonder the Amazon burns and we do nothing, playing at business as usual while the biological fabric of life is rent asunder. No wonder our souls burn and flake with the lies, deceit, denial and brisk sale of illusion, and pardons, positive thinking, and affirmations ("I deserve the luxury car of my dreams"), prosperity consciousness and expensive ecology workshops by shamans (the new age does rhyme with sewage). How am I supposed to review a tape like this anyway. Sorry Wolf. It's a great tape. Inspiring.

Ten minutes to twelve on the big clock. Now Patrick has pulled out his laptop and we sit pecking away either side of Carlo reading Haeckel. Patrick's working up his submission to the Bundestag next week. He's testifying at a hearing on West Germany's role in rainforest destruction, and I'm weaving together as best I can these unruly elements: The Wolf in the headphones; the ghost of the Polish wolf at the Council of All Beings howling for her mountains and plains (Oh, the sweet vision and renewal that flowed from our mourning, wailing, sobbing cries, tasting our ancient mother's tears flow freely down human cheeks) and the wolf in sheep's clothing waiting for an opening to ooze soft and erotic through the patriarchal control and spill disorderly back to the sweet womb of lover Earth (enough of hanging off Mother's titty, give some love back, human).

Minutes to go. Weaving these elements together in a tapestry in praise of Earth, of wolves living and dead, of mad German philosophers and eco-lunatics prowling the wasteland of late industrial man, of the ecology of the 1860s and the deep ecology of the present day and of Patrick and I and our electronic lovers deep in the Polish night (just seconds to midnight now) deep in the heart of the most polluted country where Baltic fish with

open sores are sold on the open market, in the world where levels of cadmium, arsenic, lead and chrome in the air and food are sometimes hundreds of times over the 'permissible' levels (ha!) where the toxic smoke belches out red and white and yellow and

black in a surreal nightmare of endless stacks (makes Ohio look like a national park).

Howl, wolf, howl.
Wake the dead.