



# DEWACHEN

Beltaine 2001

body

- Mind:
- 1-Speech- Trinlay Khadro
  - 2-First Colony's Fate- Sue Burke pg 3
  - 3-The Naga- Konchog Thapkey pg 4  
(Graphic source??? Please help!)
  - 4-Nepal trip report- PKHarvey p. 6
  - 5-Nepal trip report/Letter- Hem Raj Pun p 12  
(Photos by Hem Pun)
  - 6-New Zealand Wacky House link-William Hursthouse
  - 7- Ian Gunn toon
  - 8- Lock Stock & Barrel (correspondence)
  - 9- another Ian Gunn toon

## Planet of the APAs

Dingbats: from Tombats

Planet of the APAs pg 4 moon photo:

Brian Drummond

All other artwork & photos unless otherwise noted:

Trinlay Khadro

On the cover: Green Tara, an extreme-Xerograph of a 1.5 inch statuette of Green Tara.  
Colored w/ highlighters, she'll look WAAY MOD. =)

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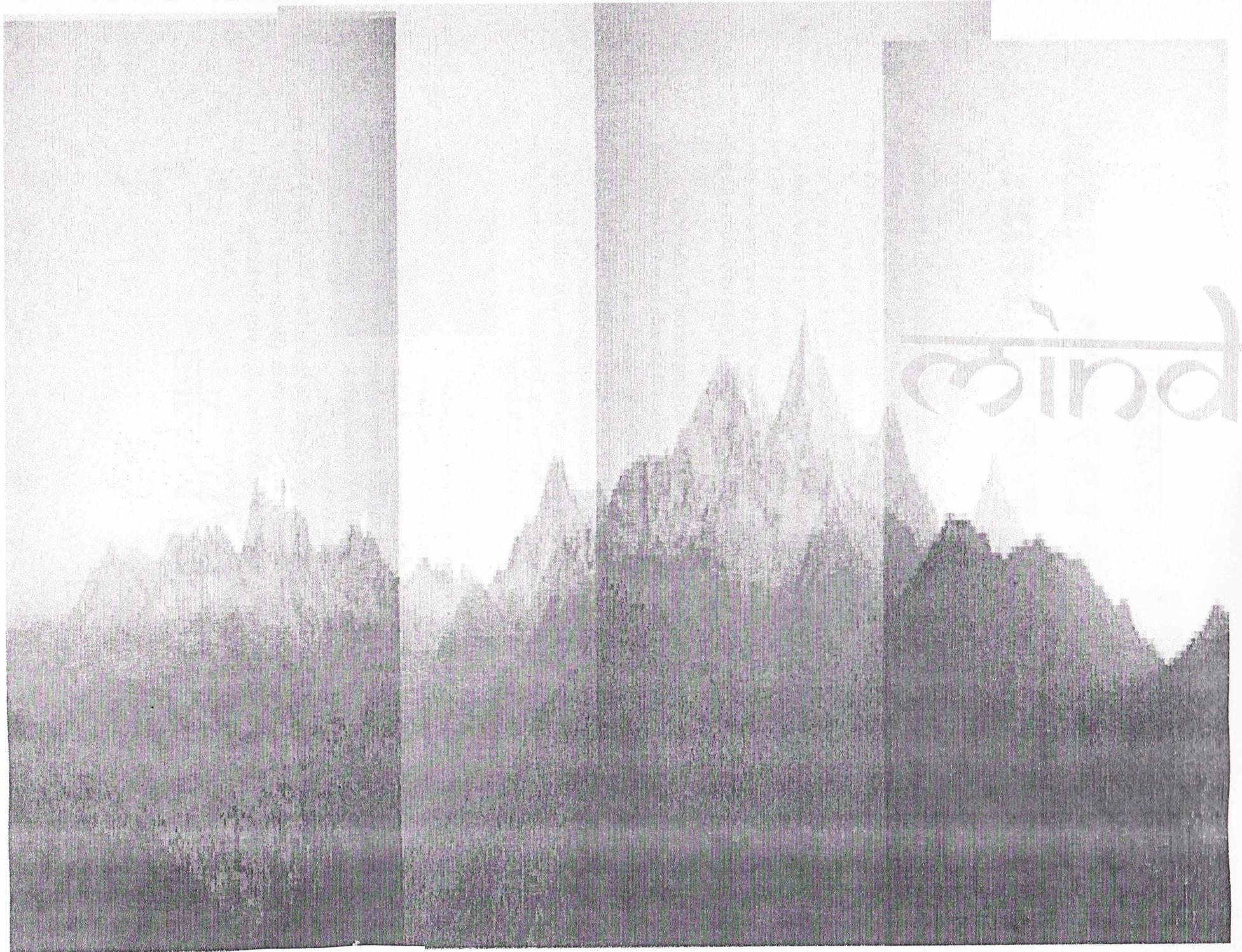
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Original photo by HemRajPun manipulation by Trinlay

# First Colony's Fate

scifiku Sue Burke

dusty lunar soil,  
seeds, water, sunshine and time  
Harvest Moon achieved

grey Linne Crater  
pocked by one hundred windows  
family homesteads

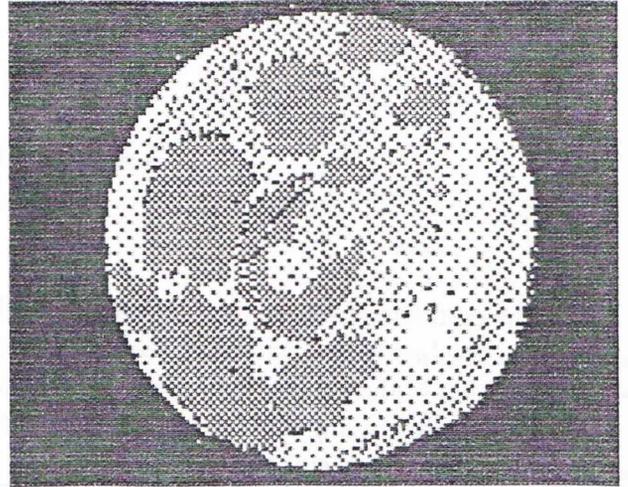
at crater's center  
sundial gnomon counts the hours  
hundreds every "day"

Moon-born five-year-old:  
look up, she giggles, that's Earth,  
all that blue – all water!

new hope, only home  
too willowy for Earth-g  
what makes a human?

not the Moonish way  
to cut off debate, but...  
...three Lunar days

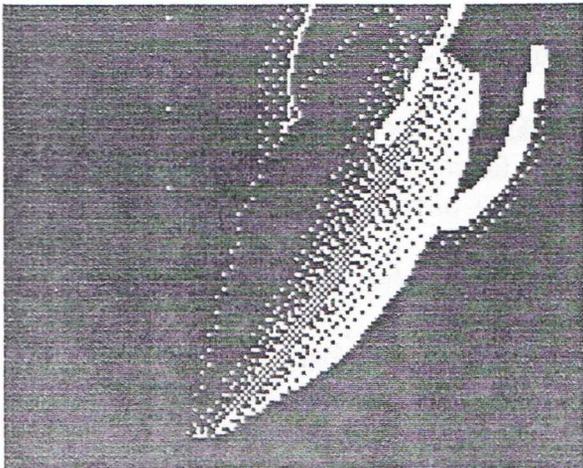
harvest fails again  
impossible colony  
orders: go Earthside



dissenters unite  
craters become foxholes--  
free Luna or die

hasty interments  
moonsuits salvaged, naked dead  
Someday monuments

tall sundial gnomon  
counting names inscribed in dust  
Moon's Memorial.



Sue Burke SueBurke@compuserve.com

# THE NAGA

KONCHOG THAPKAY

OCTOBER 1999

The cold wind blew as the solemn march to school began. The white fluffy dandelions shuddered as they became brown and withered, signs of spring dying away as misery overcame them. It wasn't ninth grade that bothered him that much. He still had some of the same friends, but loneliness still crept up and seized him, pulling him into an abyss of chaos, swirling with emotions. No, this was not just a teenage problem. His sister had these, or thought she did.

"My boyfriend dumped me!" she cried with such emotion you thought your heart would break. "I'll never be the same again!" Also, so pitifully that you almost felt sorry for her, almost.

"Get over it. You only had what, seventeen boyfriends since school started!" Josh knew this was going too far, but he liked torturing his sister.

"You're just jealous because you couldn't even get a date over the internet!" Sara was enraged. Just because he was a year older didn't mean he knew everything. Especially about dating! He was weird and he talked to people who weren't there. Of course this started when we were looking for a new house. Mom thought this one was perfect. Just then Josh started talking to thin air. He called it Mr. Brown, or something like that. The Realtor's face turned pale and he started shaking. The old owner of the house had died on the sidewalk outside. Josh just happened to guess the name right, I think.

Crash! Bang! Clatter! "Oh! Sorry," Josh said as he bumped into the new girl. "I didn't see you there."

"That's alright" she remarked, "I'm Anne, a new student in the ninth grade." For once, Josh saw that things were looking up for him.

"Here, I'll help carry your books," Josh offered, "I'm ready to help." Sara watched as they walked off.

"Fine, just forget about me. Josh! Josh! Wait up!" She didn't even see their faces as she ran up and was startled by what she found. The rubble of their once proud high school sitting in the dust.

"Josh, Are you sure this is where we go to school? Because at my last school we were inside building."

"Yeah, but normally it isn't, um, apart."

"Does this mean we don't have the Algebra test today?" said Kathryn who had just rode in on her bike. To Sara, Kathryn was perfect, the perfect snob, the perfect pest, and the perfect jerk.

"Mind if I hang out with you?" she asked.

"Not at all." Sara said, gritting her teeth.

Josh was talking to nobody again. Something about going down to the rubble and finding bodies. Nobody but him was interested, but we came along anyway.

As he drew closer the emotions in his head spun faster and faster, a black hole opened in his mind. It sucked out his feelings and life. It left darkness seeping out to the far corners of the earth, the type that destroys everything in it's path. In the darkness comes a creature of fire, of water, of air, of earth, and of all the darkness.

In place of the ruins now stood a naga with dark blue scales and blanched skin. An evil creature that enticed one to walk to her ignoring the destruction around them.

Josh was now backing away as the naga hissed and diminished in size. He didn't know exactly why it was following him, but he knew he was frightened. From somewhere, possibly from within him, he released a bright blinding energy that launched at the beautiful but deadly naga. She flinched, recoiled,

hissed and with a flick of her tail scattered debris everywhere

His grandmother had always told him, that he would have powers that would save the world when it was in the greatest danger. Of course, the whole family thought she was just a sweet old loon. He missed her but at the moment he had a greater problem to deal with.

The four teens fled off with the naga slithering right behind them, scales gleaming in the sunlight, with the wind blowing leaves in her path. They dashed inside the Middle School, where classes were in session, with the naga knocking down pillars and walls. The naga's tail whipped around knocking Kathryn to her knees. Sarah jumped out of the way as a dark bolt of energy charged forth from the naga.

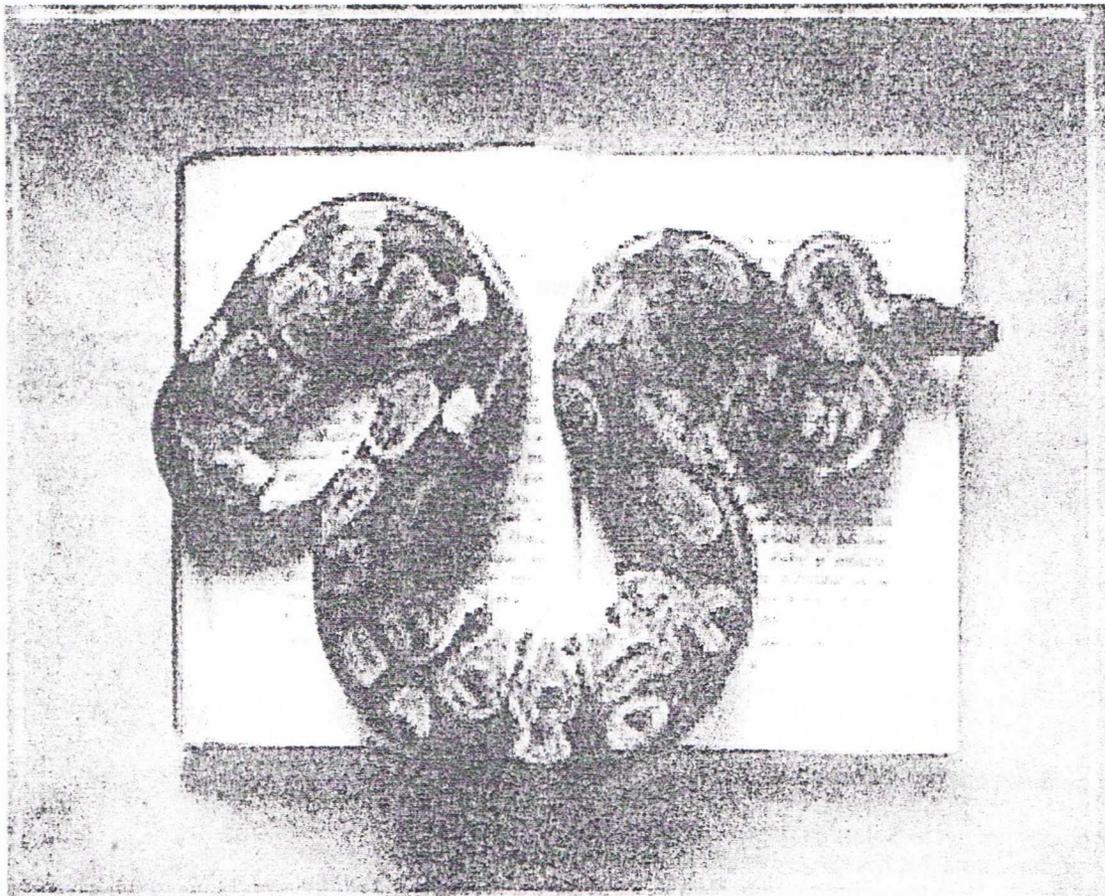
Everything was all happening so fast that Josh didn't have time to think about who could be hurt by the creature. It was his fault that it was in the middle school in the first place. If only he knew how to get rid of it! How to vanquish it forever!

Another flash of light erupted as the building started crumbling. The children fled out as the building fell on the naga.

"Finally it's over, but what was that **thing**?" said Kathryn

"I don't know, but it's gone." replied Josh.

No one saw Anne's glowing eyes or dripping fangs as they walked away.



(Mom's note: Naga are a kind of Dragon native to East Asia, they can take human and semi-human form, in-addition to their "normal" serpentine form. They are not necessarily hostile to humans, some of Shakyamuni Buddha's first students were the court of the Naga-king, a star pupil being an 8 yr old Naga-princess! )



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Subject: Re: Vacation  
Date: 07/12/1999  
Author: [PKHarvey](#) <[pkharvey@aol.com](mailto:pkharvey@aol.com)>

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In article <[watters-1107992140470001@cx874652-a.chnd1.az.home.com](mailto:watters-1107992140470001@cx874652-a.chnd1.az.home.com)>, [watters@nobodyhome.com](mailto:watters@nobodyhome.com) (Pete Watters) writes:

> Diane writes:  
>  
>> Bonfil:  
>>>  
>>> >Yup, Buddha gals and Bodhi boys: Bonfils is off for 3 weeks of  
>>> >well-deserved vacation.  
>>>  
>>> [-] .  
>>>  
>>> Rats!  
>>> First PK and Then Pete  
>>> Yesterday the Weasel.  
>>> Now Bonfil!  
>>>  
>>> Hey DeWitt! Calland! Lea! Linda! Trilley! Are you guys still here??  
>>>  
>>> There's a mass exodus going on.  
>>> Let's take over the couch  
>>> While Alf isn't looking - grabs the remote away from Wally and send the  
>>> Captain out for pizza!  
>>>  
>>> Hey! I'm back already! I'm back already!

Me too. Actually we got in Saturday night, but the 12-time-zone jetlag kept me away from the computer until this morning. I'm still pretty delirious. Partly from the sleep deprivation, mostly from the experience of Nepal. I'll start rolling out some of the stories once we get a little more settled in...Well, o.k. Just one, then it's bedtime. Like T.K. mentioned, Nor and I got caught up in a bigtime birthday procession/circumnambulation at the Bodnath stupa for His Holiness the Karmapa (his sweet sixteen, I think). Later on we wandered away from the stupa back into the surrounding side streets trying to find a couple of places (the Lotus Guest House and the Nyingmapa monastery) and got completely off track. Found ourselves at the edge of town and started to walk back in. The whole neighborhood was crawling with Karmapa monks of every age and size, just out of the celebration. (Ever been at the end of a parade route when it's all kind of disintegrating into the surrounding streets? Well, it was kind of like that only all the marching band kids and baton twirlers had shaved heads and red-and-gold robes.) Nor, ever the bold traveller, approached a

roughly middle-aged monk and his younger companion with "Hi! You don't happen to speak English do you?" looking for directions to the guest house. Turns out both spoke excellent English, the elder having studied in Frisco and being on his way back there soon. They invited us to walk with them, since their monastery was barely a stonethrow from the Lotus. As we talked, Nor turned to the younger monk and asked him how long he'd been a monk, and how long he'd been studying.

"Oh, about ten years. Since I was eight years old."

At which the older monk said, with an exaggerated straight face, "Oh, yes. Ten years. He's a living buddha!" At which joke they both burst into gales of laughter.

Through his own laughter, the younger monk was barely able to choke out, "No! No! I'm a \*laughing\* buddha!" At which both monks redoubled their laughter to the point where no conversation was possible for about half a block.

Well. Maybe you had to be there. Anyway, for the rest of the trip our catchphrase for any bit of odd human behavior we came across was, "Oh. He's a living buddha."

P.K.

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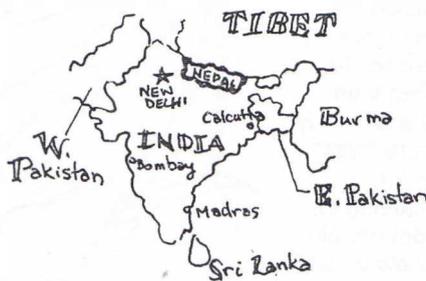
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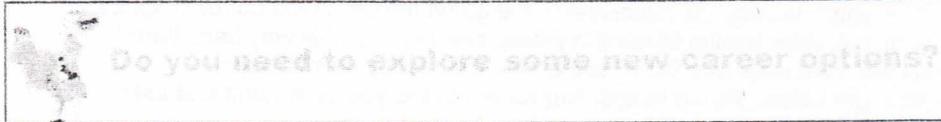
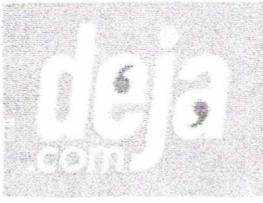
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>> **Message 1 of 17**

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Subject: Re: Maya Devi pool  
Date: 07/27/1999  
Author: [PKHarvey <pkhharvey@aol.com>](#)

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In article <19990727082102.26089.00002725@ng-fp1.aol.com>, [iamsponcycl@aol.com](#) (IamSpncycl) writes:

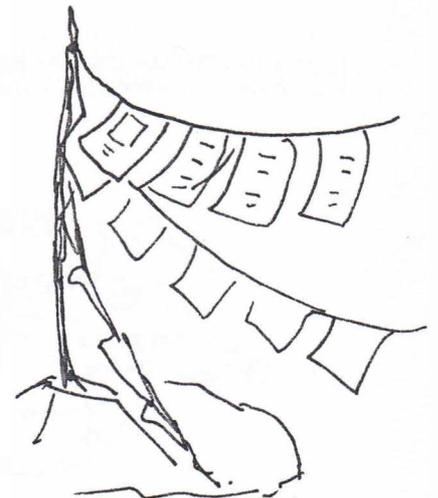
> Tell us about the flags hanging  
> from the trees and everywhere. Prayer flags?

Yep. Each time one snaps in the wind, it's a repetition of the prayer. Like I mentioned in the pedantic post on pilgrimage, I was real taken by the physicality of prayer/practice in this culture. Lots of physical objects and movement. Flags in the wind, long walks and circumnambulations, prayer wheels (some little hand held jobs, some as big as a 55 gal. drum that make you grunt when you turn them), constant fingering of prayer beads.

> Can anyone hang a flag? Or  
> are  
> there "flag-policies/procedures/police"?

Well, I didn't see any "flag-policies/procedures/police." To be honest with you, even the real traffic cops in Kathmandu (the only place we say any) don't so much enforce the traffic rules as try to make helpful suggestions. I think the prevailing practice on "private sector" flag draping are flexible and vary from place to place. In lots of places there are vendors who sell flags, either as souvenirs or as offerings to be left on the scene. Didn't see any of these at Lumbini, and I don't think I would have taken it on myself to start draping them around on my own, not so much due to any rules as to my sense that the place was just about perfect as it was. On the other hand, there \*was\* an old woman selling flowers to be left as offerings at the various shrines on the grounds, and there were lots and lots of various offerings piled at the relief carving of Maya Devi and the short fat statue in the little building where the artifacts from the old Maya Devi temple can be viewed. Another pile in the small shrine in the hollow of the great Bodhi tree pictured in the pool. In fact, offerings are everywhere in Nepal. Statues smeared with red gum, little piles of rice or flour, flowers, butter lamps and incense left before every little shrine or stupa you come across (and they're literally everywhere). I'll try to post a representative picture.

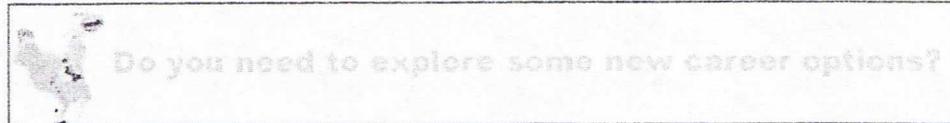
P.K.



typical setting  
for prayer flags  
(Locs to the  
Bodhisattvas ☺)

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Subject: Lumbini-Warning! Really long! (was: Re: Hey! I know that one!)

Date: 07/16/1999

Author: [PKHarvey](#) <[pkharvey@aol.com](mailto:pkharvey@aol.com)>

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In article <378c3308.858491@news.ihug.co.nz>, [william@stupa.org.nz](mailto:william@stupa.org.nz) (William Hursthouse) writes:

>Did you visit any monasteries.

Yep. Of course there were the "obligatory" visits to the Swayambunath and Boudanath stupas and the Golden Temple in Patan, which are really, really cool even though very geared to tourists. I think Swayambunath may be my favorite place in Kathmandu (we'll talk about the monkeys...no not Monkees...in another post). The second time we went, it was HHtDL's birthday, so the place was really jumpin'. The "old" monastery right by the stupa was open for visitors, attended by monks who were kind of guiding the visitors and helping in the lighting of butter lamps and the like.

Boudanath isn't, itself, a monastery but is settled in the middle of a community all its own, just outside of Kathmandu. Each major Vajrayana tradition has a monastery at or near the stupa. We never actually got around to visiting any of these, but did (as I mentioned) get to spend considerable time interacting with the monks leaving the Karmapa's birthday procession in the surrounding streets. Generally, we did a lot more interacting with monks outside of their monasteries than in visits to the compounds. All, or at least most, of the monasteries were very open and accessible, and many offered "short course" teachings, etc., but for the most part these were something of which we didn't take much advantage. My sense was that, unless you had an extended period of time to spend staying in the monastery, with the community, that most of the stuff visitors have access to is kind of "buddhism on display," very friendly, potentially very edifying for somebody trying to decide if the dharma is something they want to pursue. The little bit of time we spent with the "living buddha" and his companion hunting for the Lotus Guest House, or the conversation with the young monk who was visiting his sister's shop in Thamel, were much more interesting in a religious sense than most of the experiences at the monasteries, temples, and religious sights. I'm pretty sure this had more to do with the kind of schizoid design we gave to the trip than anything else; half tourism and shopping, half pilgrimage. Had we gone planning to focus entirely on practice and learning in a monastery, I'm sure the experience would have been completely different.

The one really, really big exception was Lumbini. Not really "a monastery" per se, having two different ones on the sight (one Tibetan, one Sri Lankan/Theravadan). Easily the high point of the trip, although, in a lot of ways, the most relaxed and low-key. The whole compound has a feel much like the one I found at the christian monastery at Gethsemani, when on retreat there. It's hard to explain why it was so powerful an experience. We ran into a European family in the restaurant at our hotel in

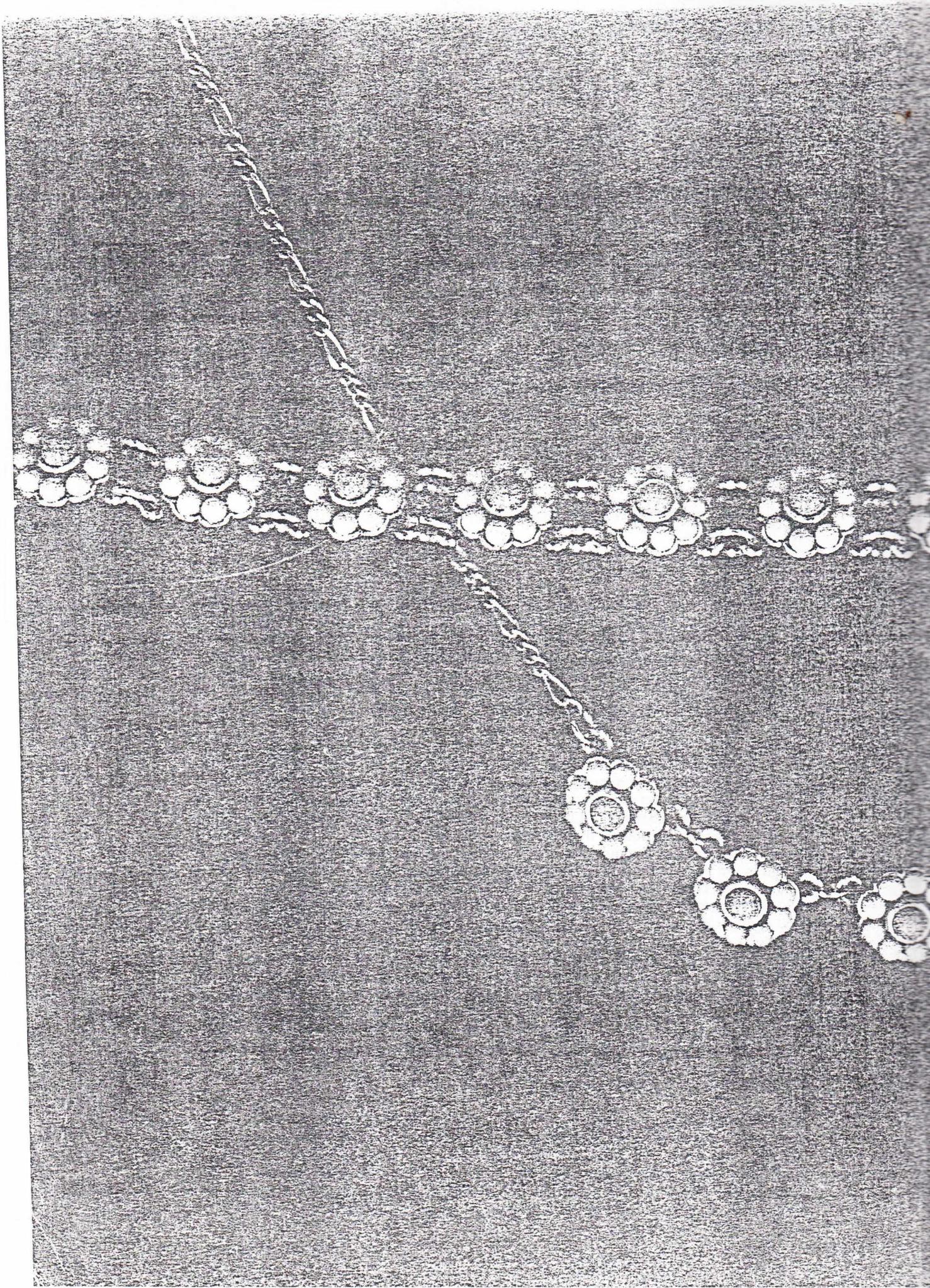
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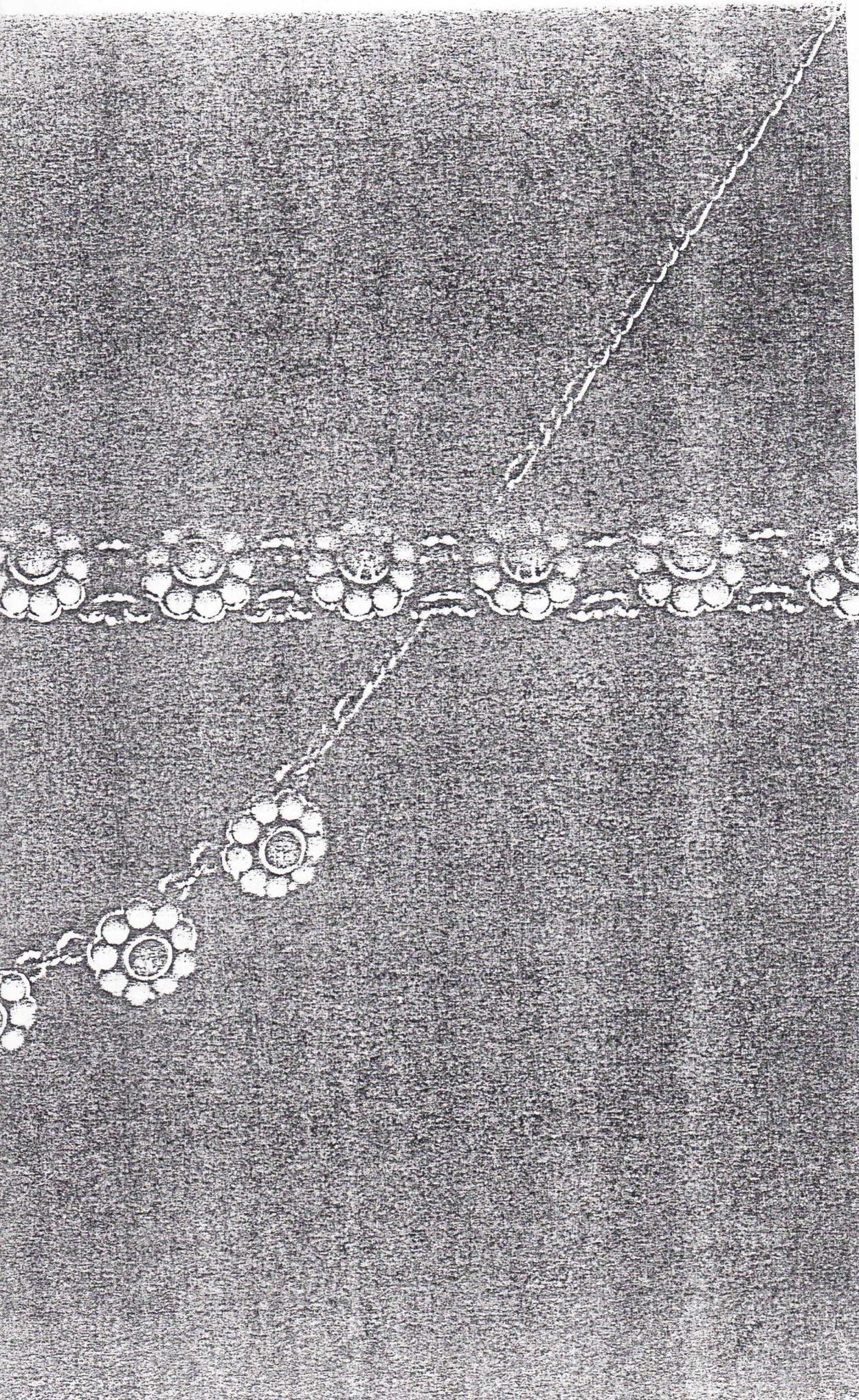
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Project Design K. Thepkey 12

Deja.com: Lumbini-Warning! Really long! (was: Re: Hey! I know that one!)

Bhairahawa the day before we went out to Lumbini. They were just entering Nepal from India, and on their way to the Chitwan National Park. We asked them if they were going to Lumbini, to visit the birthplace of the buddha, which was only about 22 km away. The guy's answer was, "No. We heard there's not much to see there." In a way he was right.

Nor and I elected not to hire a car or Land Rover "share-taxi" for the trip out. We made our way up to the Bhairahawa local bus park, and paid our 12 rupees each for the local minibus ride. It took a little over an hour to cover the 13 or so miles through rice paddies and small villages. The bus stopped constantly to pick up and drop passengers, as well as for the "conductor" to jump off and run to the local village well and fill a big can with water for the radiator. They dropped us off at the little village of Lumbini Mehalbar, which is about a km down an unpaved road from the site itself, and we walked from there.

One of the amazing things about Lumbini is just how little there is to "see" there. You approach the grove itself down this dusty (at least on this day) road, with nothing but fields and small groves of trees on either side. No hotels (the closest is in a village about 1 1/2 miles away). No crush of tourists or pilgrims (maybe a few others walking down the road within sight). No snack bar, t-shirt stand, visitors center or piped in music. In fact, there's barely even a sign. Back in Lumbini Mehalbar there'd been a small (maybe 18 by 24 inch) sign with an arrow pointing up the road. As you approach, all you can really see from a distance is the fairly low "steeple" of the Tibetan monastery, which is right at the entrance to the compound. As you get closer, there's a squat, weather beaten cinderblock building to the left of the road that turns out to be the "Lumbini Garden Restaurant." Across the road, on the right as you approach, is a little row of run down buildings fronting a dusty, gravel-covered area that passes for a "car park." There was one table, with a blue plastic tarp serving as an awning/sunshade, just outside offering a few souvenirs and incense for offerings. A beat up sign reads something like, "Lumbini-Birthplace of Lord Buddha, Lumbini Development Corp."

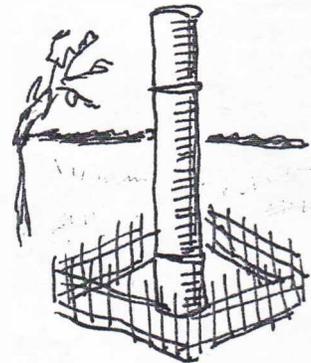
You enter the garden-proper through the courtyard of the Tibetan monastery, and there is actually a small snack bar on the monastery grounds that offers a few packaged candies and bottles of mineral water and Fanta. A couple of picnic tables with somebody who looked like a lay worker at the monastery sitting and laughing with a couple of the monks. An old woman just at the entry gate to the site itself offers flowers for sale to be placed as offerings at the Maya Devi shrine.

"There's not much to see there." Have you ever been to one of those small, well kept and mowed municipal parks at the edge of the cornfields that border small midwestern towns? A couple of acres of mowed grass, a few low pavilion-like buildings, maybe a monument or statue, a small pond and a few well-placed but very old trees. That's kind of the feel of the place at first. There's a low network of what must have once been the brick foundations of some kind of busy complex. There's a little building/shrine that, from the outside, resembles the restroom/visitor center in an older highway rest area. (This building, fairly new, houses the ancient Maya Devi relief carving, and exquisite small gold statue of the newborn Prince Siddhartha with finger pointing to heaven, and assorted small shrines and piles offerings). There's something that looks, at first glance, like a park pavilion undergoing major construction work. That's the actual "birthplace." As it turns out, the old Maya Devi Temple was pulled down a few years back as part of an archeological dig, and this covered area of dirt piles, bricks and tarpaulins is the scientific work in progress. The dig actually uncovered evidence of the original Ashokan memorial to the birth, pretty much confirming for most that this really is "the" spot. Nearby, inside a low fence, is the column raised on the sight by the Emperor Ashoka.

The real centerpiece of the site is the Maya Devi Pool. Obviously much restored and reconstructed (but not unpleasantly so) it's the pond in which the buddha's mother is said to have stopped to bathe on her way from Kapilivastu on a journey to her home village. The legend is she stepped out of the bath, went into labor, walked twenty-five paces (to the spot that's now the archeological sight), reached up to grab the limb of a pipal tree and gave birth to the World Honored One standing up. (One interesting little side-light. In all of the depictions of the momentous event around the place, the young



King Piyadasi  
(aka Ashoka)  
The Beloved  
of Devas, in the  
20<sup>th</sup> year of the  
coronation,  
himself made a  
royal visit  
Buddha Sakyamuni  
having been  
born here,  
a stone railing was  
built and a stone  
pillar erected.  
The Bhagavan  
having been born  
here, Lummini village  
was tax-freed  
and entitled to the  
eighth part.



Ashoka's Pillar  
Lumbini Nepal

(drawn from a  
Nepali R.15  
postage stamp.)

(Yeah they fit ALL  
of this inscription on the  
postage stamp!)

the

prince is shown as a child who looks to be maybe six months or so old, standing, pointing to sky with one hand and earth with the other. In all of these, he is both very short and noticeably fat.) Next to the pool there's a huge, obviously very ancient bodhi tree, with a hollow at it's base containing a small shrine, lots of flowers and offerings, and another of the statues of the short fat baby.

The best word I can find to describe the atmosphere of the place is "placid." It's quiet, calm and beautiful. That's not all, though. It's hard to describe the feeling, or to write it off to just an awareness of the historical significance.

Well, here goes. One of the things that this whole trip really brought home in a lot of different ways (and which, I suspect, will be old news to the vajrayana practitioners hereabouts) is the value of place, or the spatial dimension, in practice. I'd never really fully appreciated the idea of the mandala, not just as a presentation of buddhist iconography that happens to be in a pleasingly symmetrical circular shape, but as a literal "roadmap" to practice. "Mandala" as the buddha ground, the place of practice and its environs. That physical/spacial approach was constantly present in the day to day presence of buddhism in Nepal and, especially, in the way Nora and I experienced it. I mentioned the tanka of Avalokiteshvara that I bought. Nora also came home with a tanka; in her case a wheel of life mandala. We spent a lot of time talking, over tea, with the shopkeeper from whom we bought it about the meaning and import of the various images and (especially) their locations on the painting. The great Boudanath stupa, seen from the air or the terrace of higher buildings nearby, is in the form of a giant mandala. Physical movement through the various approaches to, and structures of, the holy places and shrines is a (maybe the) critical element of the practice which centers on them. The mandala is literally and tangibly the "ground of practice" or "buddha ground."

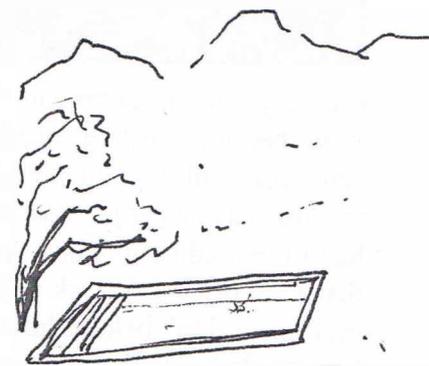
Obviously (I guess) \*any\* place we sit, or stand, or walk, or whatever can be the center of the mandala, the locus of practice. On the other hand I think some places, for any number of reasons, lend themselves especially well to the role of physically manifesting that place. Lumbini, for me, is one of those. There was a quiet, calm, but nonetheless powerful sense of being at the center of the mandala. The calm center at the eye of the samsaric storm. In a real, tangible and physical/spacial sense our practice as buddhists can be said to have begun here, and to radiate outward from this spot.

At times much of our practice, in a sense, is a trip from the outer periphery of the wheel to it's center. From the frantic activity of daily life to the simple single-pointed concentration on the breath, for example. I set out on this trip with a lot of loose talk about "pilgrimage" to Lumbini and the other buddhist sites in Nepal. I'd read a lot of stuff (from HHtDL and Thomas Merton, for example) about the importance of pilgrimage as practice. Still, I'm sure I didn't even begin to get it. Now maybe I'm just beginning to. I think in a way Nora and I made our way physically, and in some cases with some difficulty, through and around the various rings of a mandala, with it's manifestations of suffering, ignorance, greed, delusion, anger, etc. to a place that could legitimately be thought of as a version of the "center." Practice as not just a logical or intellectual "centering," or even a graphic representation of spatial centering, but as an actual physical act leading to physical presence at a concrete (if arbitrarily chosen) center. Not practice as mentation, or speech, or art. Practice as geography. Lumbini, for whatever reasons, lends itself perfectly to this practice. Now, of course, the trick (as it is with every practice) is to get up off the cushions, leave the spot, and still carry it fully along wherever else we happen to be. I'm not sure how that'll work out, but I can tell you it's added an interesting dimension to the short walk each evening from the back door to my cushions out in the old garage.

P.K.

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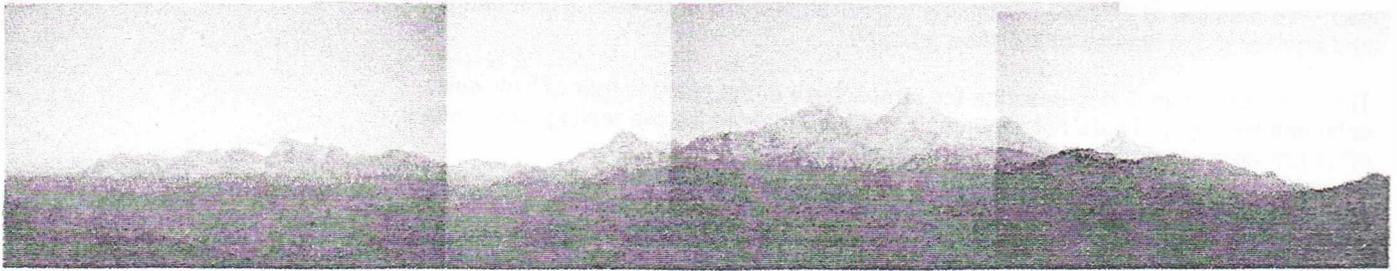
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Maya-Devi pool  
 (drawn from my ~~poor~~  
 imperfect memory)

My email pen pal Hem Raj Pun, a Nepalese working as a Gurkha in LONDON, UK, recently returned from a 3 week visit back to Nepal. Here is his trip report:

*View of the Himalayas from Poon Hill Nepal.*



I did enjoy my brief time in Nepal. Unfortunately, the time wasn't long enough. Night life in Nepal is good as dead therefore visiting friends & relatives had to be done a day thus refraining me from doing other day activities. Still, I couldn't manage to see all and other places I wanted to visit. Even for the few I met, I couldn't have a proper chat because I had to keep on moving. Nobody recognized me... even my close pals. I had to remind them who I was..... very funny. To many there, I seem to be a tourist, not a Nepalese. I'm glad that I did my 3 days trek though I suffered from very bad knee on the 2nd and 3rd day. When I recall the moment, I don't believe how I did it..... the pain was awful. At times, I felt like weeping but I couldn't. I think I succeeded only due to strong determination and hope I haven't injured myself in long term. 2nd day was the worst one. Normally, I should have arrived to the next destination between 1600-1700 hrs but made it at 2045hrs in complete darkness in the jungle where there was no shelter. More the worse, got lost for about an hour and had difficulty to retrace the steps back with the help of a penlight torch. If I had a sleeping bag then I should have just give up and lie under a tree and wait for a daybreak but this wasn't an option due to cold wet weather. The route was one of the worst..... uneven loose rocks... steep up & down hill, jungle path and my knees wouldn't bend or function with pain. I had to rely on two sticks to push my body forward. Blister on my hands and toes.... I can say this was one of the toughest challenges I endured in my life. I couldn't sit or walk on stairs for 2 days later and took about a week to recover but sometimes I can still feel that I'm not fully recovered yet. I know I pushed myself over the limit or else I would just be fine. Foreigners will normally take 2 days to reach the first destination but I did it in less than 10 hours. My partner during my trek was my friends 15 year old son, he is used to with hilly region ..... He was tired..... not by walking but by keeping up with my slow pace. At Delhi Airport, a Lama was next to me at security point and I grabbed an opportunity to talk and put my deep concern on Lumbini (birth place of Buddha) development and so on. Then when I visited Lumbini I saw him and immediately shook my hands with him and introduced myself if he remembered me. I noticed many Buddhist followers bowing in front of him with respect. I said to myself "Oh my God!" .... wondering if my approach was appropriate because he was one of the Lamas in higher position. He asked me to join the ceremonial event that was taking place that day but alas.... with less time to spare, I couldn't. With a bit of luck, I had a chance to carry one of the sutras too which the Lamas were reciting for a month. It happened so naturally. I hope I have gained more positive energy by doing so. I know, I lived in Nepal before coming to a western world..... but going back after 7 years gap period I was amazed. Comparing to the western/developed or say rest of the world ..... I think a trip to Nepal is a journey to a different kind of world in the same planet.

Bye for now,

Hem



> Forum: [alt.buddha.short.fat.guy](#)  
> Thread: [world famous in new zealand](#)  
>> Message 103 of 2358

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Subject: world famous in new zealand

Date: 08/09/2000

Author: [William Hursthouse](#) <[william@stupaREMOVE.org.nz](mailto:william@stupaREMOVE.org.nz)>

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some of you will remember that sculpture house i was working on for more than a year  
(between looking at the view and watching moma sheep with their lambs)  
It made the front cover of Architecture New Zealand, the big time for this little country!

This house is  
WAAY COOL!  
See the site.

<http://www.stupa.org.nz/Terry/one.htm>

william (Ecie still hates it, wont visit. gotta love that woman)

He also has a website about building a STUPA!



Ian Gunn



Buddha /w Rocket  
(blow waay up from palm pilot)

T.Khadro

Date: Tue, 03 Nov 1998 00:00:31 -0500  
From: Cuyler Brooks <nedbrooks@sprynet.com>  
X-Mailer: Mozilla 4.03 [en] (Win95; U)  
To: Trinlay Khadro <trin@dias.net>  
Subject: Dewachen

Hi Trinlay - Thanks for the zine. Good of you to mention me. I am still unpacking books. Looking forward to the Civil Serpents - I am a retired Civil Servant, after all.

You are supposed to explain in the first issue what the title means... †

The fiction was pretty well written and only had a few typos, but of the three stories the only one I liked was Assumption by Heather McCrady, which reminded me a little of the greatest sf short story of all time, Kornbluth's WORDS OF GURU.

I tried some of the websites you list. The one for anagrams is not very good - I tried it with MEEDAF from today's Jumble in the Atlanta paper and it failed to find the correct 1-word answer DEFAME. The site you call "indescribable" could not be found by the system. The babelfish site I had seen before some time ago - I tried to see what it would do with the old Colombian proverb "El no sirve ni para muerto, porque se come las velas!" but it didn't produce anything that preserves the joke. It did even worse with "Ella es mas puta que las gallinas de Corinto, que se aprenderan a nadar para tirar con los patos!" because it couldn't translate the mildly rude word "puta" or the idiomatic sense of "tirar".

Nice graphics, well printed - I like the digest size. Got in the mail the same day the very strange zine Wild Surmise (Box 217, Largo FL 33741). I have been getting this for years - probably no more than one a year - over 50 pages nicely printed but unstapled in a blank cover. The author or authors are "semi-anonymous" but have all sorts of strange notions. It is not sold but they might trade with you. I would try it and see before publicizing the address.

*"I see from the 7 language dictionary in the back of the 3rd Webster's that "wache" means 'awake' and 'wache' means guard - perhaps Dewachen's Old Teutonic for "the ~~the~~ Tinker at the threshold."*

[[ Ed: Good guess, but Nope! ]]

It Came in the Mail

Loos, Stock & Barrel

To: trin@dias.net  
Subject: Dewachen reviews  
X-Mailer: Juno 1.49  
From: lucien2@juno.com (Charles M Reed)  
Date: Mon, 16 Nov 1998 21:36:32 EST

Hello Trinlay. I have a round of comments for you and your 'zine.

First of all, let me compliment you on putting together a totally fantastic magazine, you must have put a lot of effort in this because it shows.

Now on, "a Little Blood to Boost...", you may tell Rayz'r that he put together a well thought out and intriguing story. I especially enjoyed the way he included a Tibetan element into the storyline. It was a good blend of fantasy with underlying currents of veiled comments on today's society. Again, very well done.

Now before I go too much further, let me say that I'm not a real fan of "Magick", (although I use to play and enjoyed playing "Magic" with my son). But that is alright, you cannot please everyone all the time, and "Samhain" wasn't overburden with this theme, all in all it turned out fine.

As I mentioned before, I really enjoyed "Assumption", not only because I'm a Halloween fanatic, but because it was a GOOD story.

The "Tomb of Leonora" just blew me away, I couldn't put it down and I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed it. Real edge of your seat reading. It better be continued, I know a few spells of my own if you don't. (just kidding ;)

---

Now Trinlay, as I said before, I would like to submit for your consideration in your next issue some of my short poems. They are hard to classify as to their overall type, they border on perhaps bizarre, a little dreamy with a dark element to them, something you might find lying with the shadows. I do think they might fit well in the breadth of "Imbolic". You will be the judge. I will also include a few of my scifaiku, I can guarantee you be be intrigued by them.

I hope to get them to you in a week or two if that is o.k. with you. I will send them snail mail as I enjoy playing with different fonts which don't translate well over the net. Although it would not be necessary to print them in their accompanying fonts.

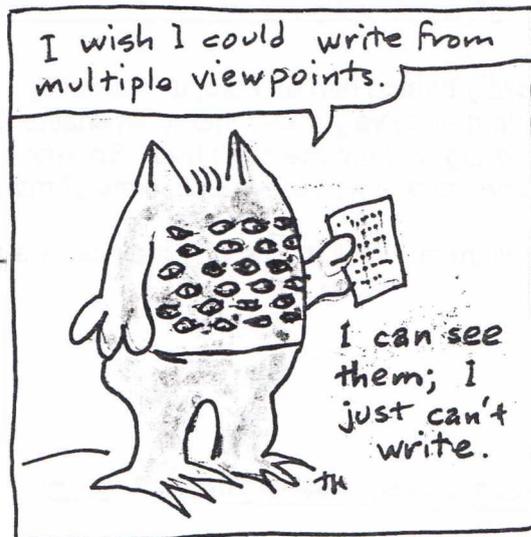
If you have any questions for me drop me a line. Again, a tip of my well worn hat to a great effort and wonderful 'zine.



Mom on Sat. Morning.

15. Lucien

Ted Harvia (1999? Sent on a holiday postscrad)



Bill Bridget, 08:28 PM 11/2/98, Your zine was delayed in the m

Date: Mon, 02 Nov 1998 20:28:37 -0500  
From: Bill Bridget <bbridget@mail.cha.bellsouth.net>  
Reply-To: bbridget@mail.cha.bellsouth.net  
Organization: MimeMeow  
X-Mailer: Mozilla 3.01C-BLS20 (Win95; I)  
To: Trinlay Khadro <trin@dias.net>  
Subject: Your zine was delayed in the mail

Dear Trinlay,

When I got out to the mailbox today I found a plastic bag with a notice printed on it from the postmaster in Nashville: "DAMAGED IN TRANSIT"

However, it came through in pretty good shape after all. I liked the purple outer page and the two stamps (Fitzgerald and the Spacecraft), which sort of reminded me of the Gaslight Science Fiction that Garth Spencer talked about on his webpage, ROYAL SWISS NAVY GAZETTE.

The heavier coverstock inner off-white coverpage was quite attractive, took the printing well. Opposite the table of contents (ToC) page, looks like a copper bracelet that I have but cannot wear anymore. Illustrations of stamps on Mind page are quite attractive.

Having finished reading Harry Turtledove's TOXIC SPELLDUMP, I was sort of primed for Rayz'r and "A Little Blood to Boost the Ratings", but I got a tiny bit confused by the duplicated pages. And nicely written for such a talky piece though it was, the flow of Lucinda's opening chapter is slightly inhibited by the insertion of the review of the Mercedes Lackey book. Actually, though, the review is the better written of the two pieces. And you're right, I remember thinking that Teddy's cartoon would really fit well with Lucinda's story.

But I sort of would have liked to have seen more of your own stuff, as I know your work from the emailed samples you sent me. Your own Samurai Tale has good writing in it and the virtue of brevity compared with the earlier piece cast in the same cyber continuum.

Pleased me that the Scancarelli poem made it into Dewachen. It was the sort that I wish that I'd written.

On the subject of Kooks and Loons (in your e-loc column):  
When people ask me about my ability to predict some events in advance, I tell them that I am only a weathervane, pointing out the direction the winds of change are coming from. Anyone could do it, it's only scholarship, not magick. Nevertheless, I'm sometimes called a kook or a loon until the thing comes true... and then the same people who scoffed and denied such an event could ever take place have been known to try to put the blame on me for what by their own admission is entirely impossible. It's like not knowing the difference between the cause of a disease and the symptoms.

...even though it simply indicates mental deficiency for somebody to have suggested I lost the TAFF election for Tom Sadler by coming out

solidly behind him as I did, it's flattering. . . and in fact, I can't help it--they've yanked their own chains so hard already that one more little tug on from me can't hurt. So, when they accuse me of having done more, when they accuse me of making the wind blow...

I tell them, "Well, that's why they call me a trufan!"

---

Pagadan@aol.com, 11:55 AM 11/2/98 , Dewachen

---

From: Pagadan@aol.com  
Date: Mon, 2 Nov 1998 11:55:19 EST  
To: trin@dias.net  
Subject: Dewachen  
X-Mailer: AOL 3.0 for Windows 95 sub 52

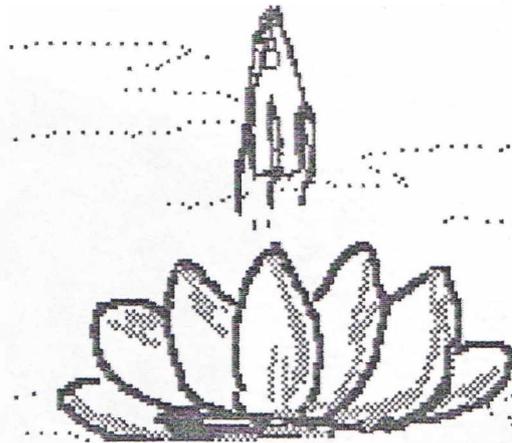
Trinlay,

I read Dewachen and loved it! I had no idea what kind of zine it was going to be; it was a pleasure to read those great stories, and Lucinda's book review was well-written and fun too. And I liked the artwork.

Appreciatively,

Joy





Buddha w/Rocket

- > drone
- > flows
- > beyond
- > consciousness,
- > jewel pulse singularity...
- > Mobius ripple on the starchart--lotus engine
- > .
- > --Mary Margaret Serpento c2001
- > suggested soundtrack: Barrage "Mahatma"

thought pulses  
fading in-imploding out  
in just a blink of an eye  
space time vanishes  
in the deep drone of a monk's chant  
a new universe glimmers in his eye

lucien

scifiku e-list

