

Social relationships are webs of emotion and illusion. I live far across the seas and I have scarcely had the chance to spend time with Koichi and Phyllis. I was introduced to them by one of their old friends, Kalyāṇa Kittisadda, who preceded them wherever they went as they travelled around the planet, in the days when the planet was round and one could travel. Throughout their long and productive careers Phyllis and Koichi have woven marvellous tapestries of scholarship, vivid and engaging, on subjects that interest me: Phyllis on Jainism and Indian narrative, and Koichi on the mystery of mysteries, dharani. That is to say, like Mahasiddha Tantipa and Sant Kabir, they are weavers. Both published rigorous and vigorous studies and we hope are poised to publish more.. On one memorable occasion they came to Toronto and we enjoyed a delicious Thai meal, on Bloor street not far from the church where Tafelmusik is based—if my memory serves me well (something it does not always do). On other occasions I had long talks with Koichi on dharani. In short, I learned a lot from them both. It seems that now they are retiring from Yale and I can only wish them well and hope that we will meet again soon. Photos I have none; I have heard of videos but steered well clear of them. I have memories of fruitful readings and pleasant and easy meetings, captivated by the spells that tales weave (or is it the tales that spells cast).  
Merci, c'est tout.

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