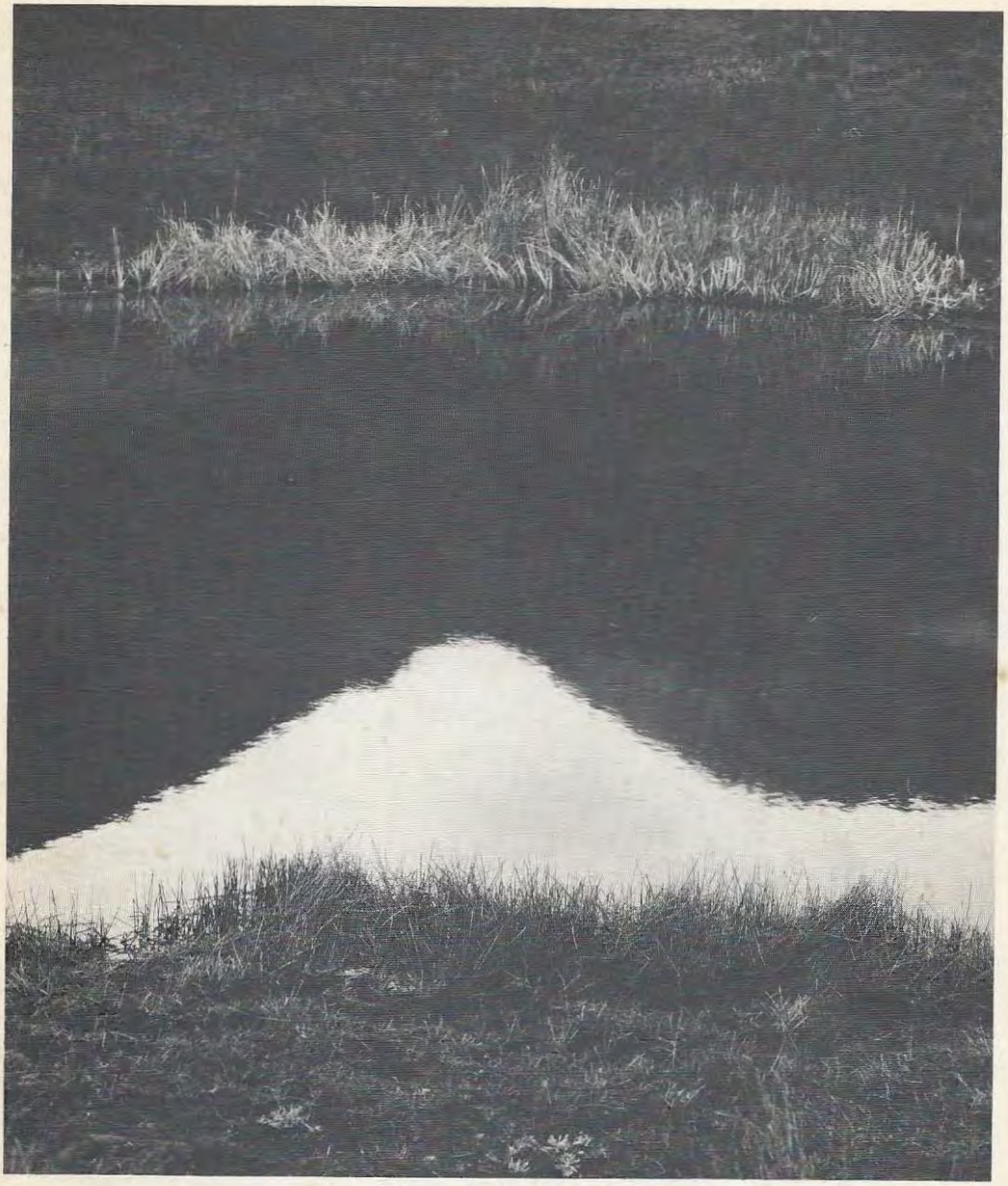


Wind Bell

Volume XV No. 1 Summer, 1976

EDITOR'S NOTE: We would like to thank all those who sent in their subscription money earlier this year. This first issue of 1976 was delayed while we worked on our fund-raising brochure which was sent to you in the spring. However, please note that your subscription covers three issues rather than one year, so we will not be asking for a renewal of your subscription until after two more issues. Thank you for your patience.

Wind Bell, Volume XV, No. 1, Summer, 1976, ©1976 ZEN CENTER.

I have
nothing to go on

but I must
get
across

where there is
nor here nor there

"is"
wavers and goes out

to meet you

Robert Duncan
March 21, 1974

LECTURE

by Yamada Mumon-roshi

Yamada Mumon-roshi is the Abbot of several Zen temples and is one of the most widely known and respected Zen priests in Japan. He has visited Zen Center several times; the following is an excerpt of a talk given at Tassajara in the spring of 1973.

At first we have to die, but then we have to be reborn. When rebirth is realized, there must be some touch with the objective world. Shakyamuni Buddha said that when he became enlightened, he saw the morning star. But before he saw the morning star, his mind must have been a zero. In order for him to forget all of his experiences before that time, his mind must have been very pure. He had had no experience with that morning star; he had no information about it. And that pure mind of the Buddha was reborn when he suddenly saw the morning star. That star was the first star for Shakyamuni Buddha after he was born. The star had no name. There was no discrimination between the star itself and Shakyamuni Buddha, who saw the star. They were one. He saw the star as if he himself were shining—not the star. Then because he saw himself truly, everything could be seen—flowers, insects, trees. Then he realized that every existence belonged to himself.

In Buddhism we call it sunyata, or emptiness. Human beings exist in this zero, and to know this zero completely is Zen. If we sit correctly, strictly, forgetting our body and mind, casting off everything, then we can find the realm of zero naturally, we can sit in the midst of Zen. First you have to die, and this means what I said just now. This is a very difficult thing to realize, but if you do it with a zealous mind, you can accomplish it, I believe.

Dogen says that to forget yourself is to be enlightened by the numerous Dharmas. This is the same thing I have said. There must be a confrontation between me and you, or between the subjective world and the objective world which leads to oneness, or totalness. It is as if there is a clean, pure mirror, which reflects the objective world very accurately. The reason why the mirror reflects the objective world accurately is that it doesn't have a selfish mind. The mirror can accept the face that is in front of it. The mirror responds according to the situation in front of it. If the person cries, the mirror cries. To recognize that the world in front of us is not different from our mind is wisdom, and to know the suffering in the world before us is compassion. These two things, compassion and wisdom, are the original qualities of the Buddha, and also of human beings. Shakyamuni Buddha received enlightenment when he saw the morning star on the eighth of December. He said that it was a very strange, mysterious thing, because everything has the face of the Tathagata. He said, "I really recognized that this mind which I received from my enlightenment was not a mind which came from my training. It had been in existence

already, before me." Everything has Buddha nature. Shakyamuni Buddha said that it is our delusions and attachments which keep us from knowing that. If we could throw off those delusions and attachments which exist in our minds, we could become the Tathagata easily. So you have to make an effort to practice zazen in order to become a zero first. If we open the eye of our mind, we can see everything as it is—beautiful, new, and true. And everybody can recognize that everyone else is the Tathagata. Here let us quote again from Dogen Zenji. "To be enlightened by the numerous dharmas means casting off our body and mind completely." To rescue others and to be rescued ourselves are the two aspects; this is a very fundamental point of Buddhism. If we can achieve this, everything is the pure land.

I really appreciate this high mountain here at Tassajara, far from the town. You practice here for ninety days, and every day is like a sesshin. This is a very wonderful thing. In Japan there is nothing like this. The monasteries in Japan are just for training monks, not for laymen, and in the largest monastery there are no more than thirty monks. The main reason that monks come to monasteries in Japan is that they want a title; they want to become priests. I have been very sorry to see this.

Mahayana Buddhism places emphasis on enlightenment instead of just strict discipline. So it can be said that Mahayana Buddhism is the Bodhisattva's Buddhism, in other words, the layman's Buddhism, your Buddhism. Many of the bodhisattva statues, like Avalokiteshvara or Manjushri, are wearing earrings and have long hair. This means a layman's Buddhism.

Mumon-roshi

In the old days Buddhism spread from west to east—first from India to China, and then from China to Japan. When it went from India to China, it disappeared in India, and now that it is established in Japan, it has almost disappeared in China. Now it has come across the Pacific Ocean to the United States and Canada; now is the time for it to be realized here. American Buddhism is like a fresh, young tree which is in the process of growing stronger. Buddhism does not consist of the publication of propaganda about the Buddha. It is a teaching to help us find our true mind. I believe that the religion of the future will be the one which finds the root in ourselves, not outside.

I sincerely wish that each one of you might dig out your own Buddha nature through your practice, and that you might establish a new domain for Buddhism here in America. I am happy to see so many students here. Please continue your effort.

When Buddhism was introduced into China, its character was very much changed from what it had been in India, and in the same way the character of American Zen will be changed from what it has been in Japan. So I expect from you words which even Shakyamuni Buddha could not express—words even the Chinese and Japanese patriarchs could not say. I expect original words from you. But we have to be careful at this point. This word must be expressed by a person who comes to the same mind as Shakyamuni Buddha. In order to realize that, it is necessary to practice traditional zazen, the traditional Chinese and Japanese way, thoroughly. Then the original American way can be naturally realized. Otherwise we could not say that what you have is original Zen, it would just be a copy.

Probably Zen in Japan will disappear when we old monks die. That is why I want you to create your own new Zen.

Thank you very much.

SESSHIN LECTURE

by Zentatsu Baker-roshi
April, 1976, Zen Mountain Center

When we start a sesshin, I always like to come back to very simple considerations. Why we're doing it at all. Or when you get up in the morning, why get up? What gets up? Who gets up? If you lie there a moment after the wakeup bell your body becomes stuff. Stuff which you know fairly well—rib cage, shoulders, legs; but if you look for your self in that stuff, you cannot find your self. But I think when you decide to get up, you have some sensation of finding yourself, or the stuff takes on some identity by deciding to get up. But if you look at the decision to get up, is the decision to get up you? It's correct, isn't it, to say, "It is I," and not correct to say "It is me"? But from another point of view, "It is me" is more correct. When we answer the question, "Who is there?", we don't mean, it is I from my own subjective point of view. We mean, it is me, from your point of view.

Something is here at the door. So getting up: Who is me? Doing zazen: Who is I, who is me? It's difficult to find me in the stuff of your rib cage, or even in the decision to get up. Do you carry your identity in the decision to get up or the decision to do zazen, or to do sesshin, or the decision to develop the one who gets up. It is ephemeral and very difficult to pin down. At least you can physically hit your rib cage; but you can't hit the decision to get up. It can slip away easily. On one side, most of us identify psychologically or in our daily emotional acts with the series of decisions we call character or personality or intention. But then there is a fundamental anxious identification with our physical presence and body because we know if we get sick, or have an accident, if your rib cage becomes broken, that can rapidly be the end of every other me and I.

So without making a decision, we just lie there, some meaningless stuff; and yet even making a decision, we are dependent on the health of our stuff and our inability to penetrate the oneness of our decisions and our stuff. So who is responsible for our doing this sesshin? Our continuing to sit through pain. What separates this level of decision and personality from our stuff? What brings them together? Who is doing zazen? Why are they separated?

When I was going up to San Francisco last time, I was struck again by what most of you must have already felt coming out of Tassajara. Coming out of zazen is the same thing, but maybe after having been at Tassajara for quite a while, it's more pronounced. You drive out of Tassajara, and you enter a historical period, this country, this twentieth century. But it would not be so surprising if you drove out and found the seventeenth century. Are you familiar with this feeling? How everything is so arbitrary and yet so exact. Some big

billboard, that Governor Brown put there, or President Ford, or our society. And it is very beautiful. Even some trashy song on the radio is a quite wonderful song. The bright colors. Some motel. Whatever you see has a wonderful transiency and transparency. A wonderful emptiness about it, a wonderful arbitrariness about it, artificialness about it, some sham show, you know, that we all take so seriously. But suddenly you see it as just an arrangement. You have a very tangible feeling of emptiness. Not the emptiness of meaning, meaninglessness. That too, but the emptiness of something *more* than the forms. The forms have some arrangement. So you can feel that for yourself too. The decision is just some arrangement. Your rib cage is just some arrangement.

Dogen tries to point this out when he says, "The painted teacakes are real," or "Eat the painted teacakes." His statement is a reflection on an old Buddhist story and saying that you can't be satisifed by a picture of teacakes. Dogen says, you should have painted teacakes for dinner. He means you are painted by the five skandhas. Everything is some painted picture, some billboard.

When you really have a tangible feeling for emptiness, not just an insight, but a dwelling in non-dwelling based on not needing anything anymore, you can use things, but you don't care so much one way or the other. It means you have gotten through your intriguing karmic stories. You know your intriguing karmic stories as something artificial, something you have made up, just an interpretation, one interpretation, and yet they are what tie you to a sense of reality, what keeps you from the tangibility of emptiness. The looseness of everything. Yet everything in its own residence. Not caught in a definition. It always comes out as a contradictory expression. But if you see that this period is actually the seventeenth century, our twentieth century is actually the seventeenth century, everything has a kind of looseness, of freedom of possibility, of not being just the seventeenth century, of suddenly being also the seventeenth century. Just some adjustment. And also you have that wonderful feeling of having been there before, of having been there before it happened. So most of us trying to understand our world and predict where it's going, are caught in our own prediction. Such a person can't feel the dis-illusion of it. Not only the looseness of it, but that being created, it can also be undone. In the story of Keichu's cart that Gettan tells—I've told you that story—there is a commentary on it: Taking twigs and branches and grasses, making a thatch house; undoing twigs and branches and grasses, again a grassy field.

Usual person doesn't think it can be a grassy field again, they think it always has to be something following from the thatched hut. But the seventeenth century can be undone. The twentieth century can be undone. And when you have that feeling, tangible feeling, you don't need anything, you are quite free. When you have that feeling, the world is a very different place. Zen is very simple; if I describe it, it is very simple. But when that simplicity is you completely, you live in a very different world. And your understanding of historical process and the possibilities for us and the meaning and extent of suffering, are very different when you see that the grassy field and the thatched hut are both always there.

Keichu was a mythological cartmaker of ancient China. Keichu is said to have made a great cart with a hundred spokes in a wheel. But take away front and

back, axle and hubs. What will it be? Gettan does not mean form and emptiness, the contrast of emptiness and form, or something like before and after. He means form *as* emptiness itself. Always the cart is apart—it's very loose. Wheels are floating through space, body of cart is floating through space. Arbitrarily together. Loosely together. Such a superb vehicle understood this way can carry us. Can go in any direction.

So you're not in any particular century. You're sitting with Dogen, with Nagarjuna, with Buddha. You don't have any particular history, or parents, or century to return to. Through and through you can see how we generate ourselves. How everything is generated from "inside." You can say all subjective—I, I, I, I; or all objective—me, me, me, me. Subjective and objective do not have much usefulness as expressions anymore. I like photographs which have no space in them, or which are all space—like a photograph of an illuminated vegetable leaf, so you don't see anything but vegetable leaf, or vegetable leaf behind vegetable leaf. So you don't think there's some escape over there, some space over there, some absolute or emptiness. Or some particular century you find refuge in. Rain hitting the ocean.

Letting your description loose in this way in a sesshin is sometimes a decision to sit, and then sometimes your rib cage has its own decisions. At the same time the decision to sit and the rib cage are also arbitrary painted teacakes. So beyond the decision to sit, beyond the physical need to sit, what is sitting? What is arbitrary or not arbitrary or artificial or not artificial? What century are you sitting zazen in? Do you need to give it a name?

Please enjoy the formless realm, the transiency of this sesshin, transiency of this century, transiency of your own body, of your own stuff, your own personality. Temporarily we are here together.

This photograph has been in our files for some time. No one knows what it means.

INSIDE OUT

Lecture by Zentatsu Baker-roshi
San Francisco, June, 1976

I do not like to be always adding something to your reality, something unnecessary, by asking as we do in Zen—What is your/our reality? However, all religions have some sense of another place where God lives, or another realm of spirit, of seeking, or understanding, some sense of a special state, grace or samadhi, some reference to something unaccountable. Religious people, more than other people, take into consideration the unaccountable. In fact, doing so is very practical and useful. Things do not add up in the long run for people who do not leave some space for the unaccountable.

In religions, especially those from the Near and Far East, it is very common to hear, "Do not seek outside yourself!" But practically speaking, where is this "inside"? Where is this not outside yourself? Commonly we do have some sense of this "inside." We often say, "Inside I feel such and such." But what does it mean?

We are inside this room. But actually there is not too much difference between inside here and outside there, except that the weather is somewhat modified. And outside "there" we are inside the biosphere, inside something. Most of you would say you are inside yourselves. But again, what is inside there? Isn't it just flesh doubled back on itself? A kind of loop. Is inside someplace that we cannot reach, cannot get to, and outside some place we can reach, something accessible? Who is the we who reaches? What is accessibility? Is not everything reached by itself, so everything is already inside? Does accessibility deprive us of insides? Is anything actually accessible to other than itself?

But if you do put two things together something happens by their being together. (When are things not together?) Nagarjuna says that *a* plus *b* is not equal to *a* and *b*, but rather equals *c*, a third, something other than the simple sum of the first one and the second one. It is like a good camp or fireplace fire—with the logs together in a certain way you can create a great deal of heat in the spaces between the logs. This heat, or "third," or "*c*," is close to what we commonly mean by "inside." So I think we can understand "inside" to mean something that is more or other than the sum of two or more things in a particular conjunction, and something that is not enterable, or something that is privy only to itself. If you can enter, another outside or two insides are created. Is there only one outside—one big outside and many insides? Or is there no outside at all? How do we seek in what is not enterable?

You know the story of Hui-neng, the Sixth Patriarch, and Shen-hsiu, the head monk under the Fifth Patriarch. The story has been an important teaching for many years, despite the likelihood that it is largely fabrication. Shen-hsiu was requested to demonstrate his understanding with a poem and he wrote the following:

Our body is the Bodhi tree,
Our mind a mirror bright.
By polishing, from dust keep free
And let no more alight.

When Suzuki-roshi was a boy, his teacher told him his mind should be like a mirror, just reflecting each thing as it comes. This is good advice for the beginning stages of practice. Let circumstances speak for themselves. You will be more patient and compassionate. As Dogen said, "To practice and confirm all things by conveying one's self to them is illusion; for all things to advance forward and practice and confirm the self is enlightenment."

You notice that your mirror distorts and obscures things quite a bit, and so you have to polish and clean your mirror in some way. You find that doing certain things leaves you feeling contaminated, uneasy or unclear. And then find by doing zazen you feel purified, washed clean, and through many simple situations learn that we do have to take care of things.

Across the street in the Neighborhood Foundation building there was an apartment of an alcoholic. Employed, he always paid his rent, but seems to have virtually never cleaned his apartment. Because of the health and fire danger the Neighborhood Foundation insisted that he clean it, and finally when he refused, the Neighborhood Foundation volunteered to clean it for him. In the end he seemed unable to face having anyone face his apartment, so he moved. Cleaning the apartment they found that in front of a broken refrigerator he had placed a new one that was already gaggingly full of spoiled food and covered in raised relief with cockroach eggs. He had replaced a couch with another in front of it too. The plaster was so filthy it fell off the walls when it was being cleaned. And under the trash on the floor we found disintegrating rats. What is surprising is that more people do not live this way. It is obvious that if you do not polish your mirror, if you stop washing your face and picking up after yourself, things get very bad quickly. Our state of mind and life can deteriorate rapidly. The mayonnaise-like suspension of our life and culture can degenerate rapidly back into yolk and oil when personal or cultural credibility is gone.

We feel the power of the outside world, the power of the illusion—of the mayonnaise—and the necessity and need to take care of and maintain things at least minimally. But the concept of a mirror is not adequate for these subtleties. The mirror still poses an "outside" and a "who" that wipes it. However, the closer you look at the wiping of the mirror, to the illusion drawn by taking care of ourselves, presenting ourselves, the more the horizon of our imagined singularity recedes. We find ourselves in a world some physicists describe as "participatory reality." Which produces further questions such as: are there gradations of participation, or are we always participating fully beyond choice or intention? Here we have gone beyond the mirror to mutual interdependence, or mutual interpenetration—immersion in the totality of details, in the preciseness and oneness of co-emergent minute reality. So the Sixth Patriarch answers Shen-hsiu with the poem:

> There is no Bodhi-tree,
> Nor mirror to wipe.
> With all completely void,
> Where can dust alight?

In this poem the mirror itself is eliminated as a kind of dust, and the illusion of a "who" is wiped away.

Let me tell you a story about the priests Tao-wu (Dogo Enchi) and Chien-yuan paying a visit to a house where someone had died. As they came into the house Yuan knocked the coffin and said, "Alive or dead?" Wu answered, "I won't say alive, I won't say dead!" Yuan persisted, "Why won't you say?" Tao-wu answered, "I won't say, I won't say." This is not just a casual question, but a question in which Yuan was investing his own life, as is necessary if we are to realize these fundamental questions. Not knowing what to do, as they were walking home, he chased, or continued to follow Wu's words and said, "Tell me right away, Teacher. If you do not, I'll hit you." Wu said, "You may hit me, but I won't say." There is a commentary at this point that to hit him is like making a notch in a boat to mark where you are in the water. But Yuan felt this question so strongly that he did hit Wu. This proved to be the pivotal question for Yuan and it turned his own investigation and his times with other teachers. Finally he was enlightened by it.

In his introduction to this Blue Cliff Records story, Yuan-wu (Engo) says, "Secure and intimate with the whole of reality, realization occurs right here. In contact with the flow, able to turn it about, you assume responsibility directly." The feeling here is not just that you are in the midst of the flow going with it, accepting it; but that you are so one with it that you are the flow itself. This is to show people a "continuous path in their home territory."

Intellectually it is pretty easy to see that Yuan was caught by the words and ideas, and was unable to let the coffin, and the dead person, speak for itself. He had neither the patience nor the eye to allow circumstances to speak for themsalves. This is one sense of the word samadhi, "to receive correctly." Samadhi in this sense means that your mind is not full of assumptions and patterns but is able moment on moment to receive correctly.

Someone reminded me this morning how Catholicism uses, and how Brother David explained, the word obedience as meaning to listen completely. This meaning is contained in its etymology too. For example, because we do not, are unable to listen completely, in most of our political activity we are pushing a goal which has already been accomplished, beating a dead horse that may return to life because we will not leave it alone. The change has already occurred, but we are unable to see it. We do not have the patience to allow the change its own time because we want the change to occur for our anxiety or ego. The initial accurate push is usually made very quickly and only the alert can go on just as quickly to the next action. The mayonnaise, the flow, can be turned, changed very immediately when we realize it is in our own possession, and that all change occurs this way. But it seems to take nine years of wall-gazing, or a century of fumbling to realize that fundamental changes or steps are possible and within our possession.

The same is true with people and every situation; we seldom realize the communication has been received, and we do not understand the person's and situation's own time. We do not realize we have been understood. To understand without even having to acknowledge understanding is to receive correctly

and to obey. We do not like the idea of obedience, and obey has this interesting and common paradoxical turn, of meaning not just the ability to take orders, but also the ability to be responsive, to be free to love, to change the flow.

So although in the story Yuan did not obey actually, he was listening, he was open to move, he did not try to defend himself, he vulnerably chased Wu's words. He made himself a target. This is a kind of obedience, a willingness to go into something.

Amida Buddha, in the Buddha Hall of the San Francisco Center, 80 inches.

The commentary says that Wu "met an error with an error, baring his heart completely." It also says, "He buys a hat to fit the head, kind-hearted as an old lady." Or, "When a dragon exhales, a fog gathers." And, "The first arrow was light, but the second is deep," (I won't say, I won't say). This is how Chao-chou teaches too, a simple ordinary answer that does not quite pass the time. Yuan was finally enlightened when overhearing a workman in a small temple chanting the Lotus Sutra, "To those who would attain salvation as monks, Buddha appears as a monk to expound the Dharma for them."

The next related story I want to tell you is about this Chao-chou (Joshu), one of the great Chinese Zen Masters. Although he was famous for his mild and ordinary way of teaching, it is said that his lips flashed light. One day, doing the morning sweeping, a monk said to him, "You are a man of knowledge, where does this dust come from?" Or it could be interpreted, "Why are you not free of dust?" Chou answered, "It comes from outside." Here you can see his reputation for not setting up a solitary path, but for reaching people in their home territory. Chou just said it comes from outside. Then the monk said, "Why in such a clean and pure monastery, is there dust at all?" Chou answered, "There goes another one." It seems the mirror and the "outside" are back. What happened to the Sixth Patriarch's understanding, his pointing out of the void.

Let's go back to zazen. When you are doing zazen and are able to simply follow your breathing, you will often find the quality of your inner space

Detail of Green Dragon Temple bell (see p. 26).

becomes more open with an increasing clear, permeating, blissful feeling. But then you may become distracted and deeply buried in storyline thinking. Your state of mind will feel neutral or deteriorated and the spacious, intense, connected, and blissful feeling will be gone. It is almost as if that blissful feeling is too much for us. We are scared of it, or scared to relax our guard against the outside world. But then something will come to remind you to return to counting or following your breathing. But then where does that which reminds you come from? In fact, where does the storyline come from? The origin is very elusive. We can at least say the reminding reminded you. The breathing breathed you. Here again there is no mirror, no dust, no origin.

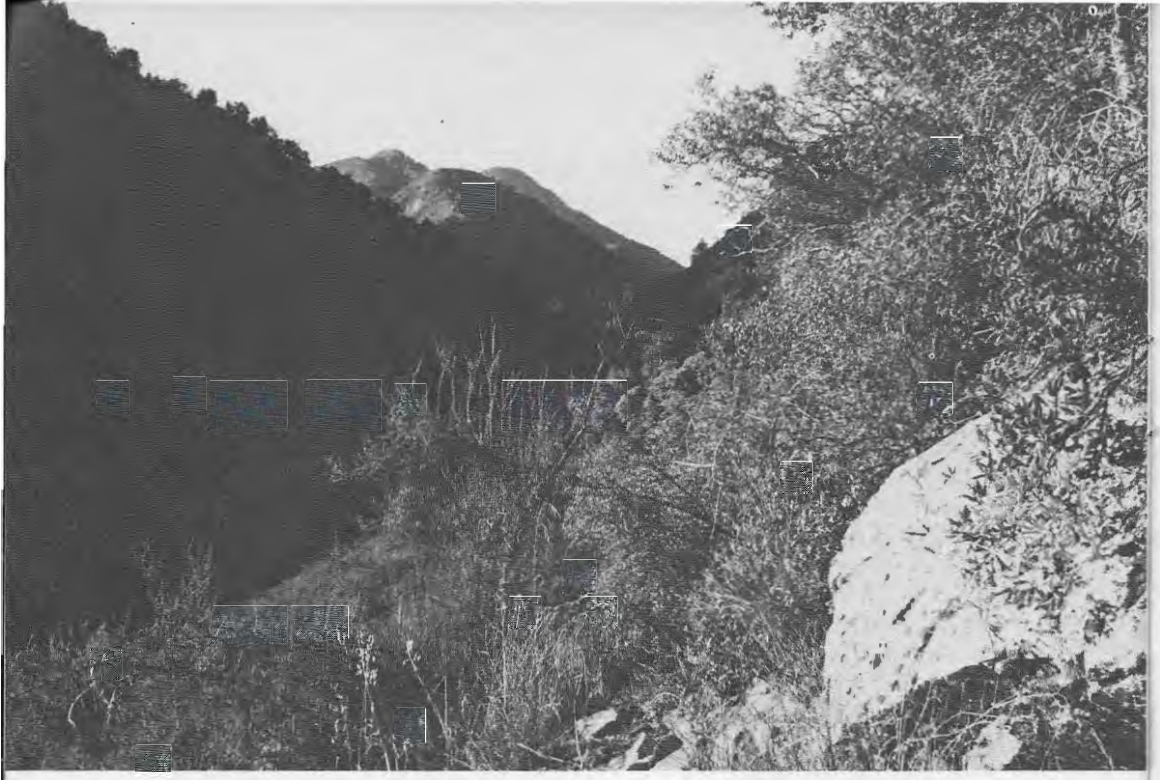
The Perfect Wisdom Sutra puts it, "The nature of all dharmas in its true reality is empty. It does not come nor go; it is not produced nor stopped. It is the same as the reality limit, it is the same as the true nature of Dharma, non-dual, not discriminated, like unto space. Therefore the skandhas, sense-fields, and elements are without self, and have non-existence for their mark. This is the perfection of wisdom which demonstrates to the Bodhisattvas the practice of the ten stages." And Nagarjuna, the outstanding logician of Buddhism, says, "Those of lesser insight who see only the existence and non-existence of things cannot perceive the wonderful quiescence of things."

There is another story about Joshu based on his being named for the city of Joshu. Someone asked Joshu, "Where is the path?" Joshu said, "Outside the wall (or gate)." And then he was questioned again, "I was not asking about that path, where is the Great Way?" Joshu answered, "The main artery runs through the capital." This is the same outside/inside we have been talking about.

Another time Chao-chou was asked, "For a long time I have heard of the famous bridge of Chao-chou city, but now I find only a simple plank foot-bridge." Chou said, "Yes, you see the plank bridge and do not see the stone bridge." This response is to base yourself on the other's question, and the monk climbed on to the hook, "Where is the stone bridge?" Chou said, "Donkeys cross, horses cross."

The Sixth Patriarch is pointing out that everything is inside, that you are already in the inside—there is no mirror, there is no dust, etc. While Joshu is emphasizing that the outside which is already inside is entered by your intention—the inside is entering itself, that entering is a creative or co-emergent activity, privy unto itself. The outside then is a name for the past. The point ascribed to the Sixth Patriarch is the more philosophical or absolute point of view. While Joshu is emphasizing practice—how we enter this inside which cannot be entered from the outside. (Like the problem my Grandfather gave me when I was very young—to get up early enough to see the squigamumzee swallow itself.)

Your hands are separate and joined, from their outside and their inside, and yet we tend not to notice that they are joined, that everything is joined, that your body is one big hand that drooped, or that the universe is a hand that drooped. So it is fundamental to practice to question what separate means, what kind of arrangement boundaries are. Dogen Zenji says that if you examine



everything carefully you will see that everything shares a common life. Sangha is a distillation of this recognition.

This inside of which there is no outside is what Dogen Zenji means in *Zenki* by "inner dynamic activity." Getting your mojo working. At first, we enter in this way. The inner dynamic activity of practice is similar to when the logs of the fire are close enough to generate heat. Nagarjuna says, "Fire is not wood, nor is it in something else than wood. Fire does not contain wood. There is neither wood in fire, nor fire in wood." He points out that the relationship of any two concepts into a whole, for example fire and wood, entails a mutual denial of each other. He also says, "Nothing can be known apart from entity and non-entity, characterization or characteristics. This is also true of all elements—earth, fire, water, wind, and consciousness." In other words, he says, through conceptualization into existence and non-existence you can never reach real perception or understanding.

And Dogen says, "Firewood is firewood, and ash, ash; neither can turn back into the other. One should not take the view that it is ashes afterward and firewood before. Firewood is beyond before and after. Firewood and ash both have their own past, present, and future. Dogen also says, "When the Dharma is still not fully realized in man's body and mind, he thinks it is already sufficient. When the dharma is fully present in his body and mind, he thinks there is some insufficiency. The remaining virtue is always inexhaustible."

So from your simple breathing practice you begin to notice when your mind deteriorates and when it maintains a pure concentrated state, ready to accept

everything. As your practice matures, in your whole life activity you will begin to see the manifestation of this inner dynamic activity as the matter of everything you do. In Dogen's words, "The total dynamic working is being activated by the manifestation." So you begin to know where the "capital city" is, where donkeys and horses cross.

We begin to have a sense of when the "inside" is there for us in the widest sense, and when we are trying to approach things from outside like Yajnadatta, who thought he had lost his head when he looked into the back side of the mirror. As soon as you shift to seeing things from the outside, you notice again a kind of decay in your state of mind. This is what is meant by seeking things outside yourself, thinking an inclusive outside exists in which you can seek, not recognizing all conception as past. So to be secure and intimate with reality means to be in contact with this inside of which there is no outside. (There is nothing but entrance.) Depending on Buddhism or zazen is to seek outside yourself, to try to make a tile a jewel. But a tile is a tile, a jewel is a jewel. Hsuan-sha said, "The whole universe is one bright pearl." This is a deep understanding of causation. The fertility of two people being able to produce another person, of every joining producing a third. This is the creativity of our intention, of our concentration, of our manifestation of every moment. You yourself cover everything already.

There goes another one.

in this lifetime

resolver

to help one individual

who me? you so put wondrously together

news

STATUE OF SUZUKI-ROSHI

In December, 1975, the fifth annual memorial service for Suzuki-roshi was held at the City Center. In addition to the memorial service and accompanying Segaki ceremony (ceremony for wandering spirits), a life-size statue of Suzuki-roshi in zazen posture, carved by Fusaji Ide, was dedicated and enshrined in the Founder's Hall, the room on the second floor where Suzuki-roshi rested sometimes during his last months.

As a young man, Ide-san had known Suzuki-roshi quite well in Japan, and Suzuki-roshi had encouraged his career as an artist and sculptor of both traditional Buddhist statues and modern forms. After Suzuki-roshi's death, Ide-san felt strongly that he wanted to come to America to carve this statue for us.

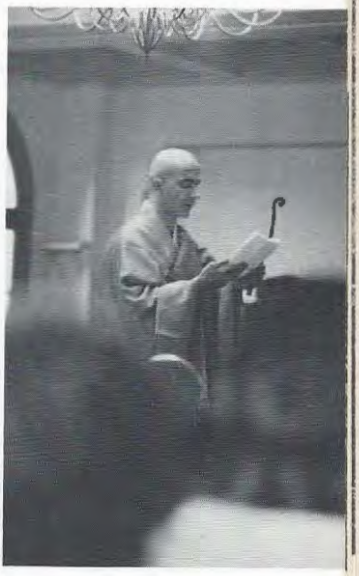
He came first in the spring to search for a suitable piece of wood, feeling that since Suzuki-roshi had established Dharma roots in this country, the wood should be American too. This decision made his job more difficult, since in Japan the selection and curing of wood for carving is an art in itself, and wood is often cured twenty-five, fifty, or more years. After much searching of mills and lumber yards (there was almost no single piece of good wood large enough), Ide-san finally decided to use a trunk of cypress found on the beach in the Bolinas lagoon, behind the house of a Zen student.

He returned in the fall to do the actual carving, using a shed at Green Gulch as a studio, working from photographs and from memory. Ide-san did not know what he would find when he cut into the wood, and sure enough, the wood, like Suzuki-roshi, was full of surprises. Ide-san made it a point to work with the wood as he found it, but actually he was able to repair or conceal almost all its irregularities.

The ceremony to enshrine the statue was very interesting for us. At the climax of the ceremony, the eyes of the statue are "opened"; Baker-roshi actually painted them in with brush and sumi ink. By this ceremony, the statue is brought to life as the embodiment of the founder. Tenshin Reb Anderson and Kainei Ed Brown, representing the students, and Suzuki-sensei (Suzuki-roshi's wife), each stood before the statue and spoke informally as to a friend and very present teacher.

Doing our daily bows in the Founder's Hall each morning, we recognize an old familiar face.

Ide-san



ZEN CENTER BAKERY

Continuing our effort to establish ways of right livelihood growing out of our monastic and Zen life, this spring we purchased a bakery with donated funds. For several years we had been baking bread in small batches in the City Center kitchen, to sell at the Green Gulch Greengrocer and other stores, and since whole grain bread is a staple of our vegetarian diet, and baking a skill that grew out of our monastic life at Tassajara, it was natural to think of doing a bakery if a suitable place could be found.

Gallo Pastry Company was a well-known bakery in North Beach for many years before moving to its present location at the corner of Cole and Parnassus Streets, near the University of California Medical Center in the Haight Ashbury district, a ten-minute bus ride from Zen Center. Mr. Nino Cerruti, the owner, was getting ready to retire and wanted to sell the bakery to someone who would continue the feeling of care and craftsmanship that had given him the reputation as one of the Bay Area's finest pastry chefs.

This bakery was ideal for our needs, with the size and feeling of a neighborhood shop, but fully equipped with machinery and space in the back to produce several hundred loaves of bread a day. Although we officially took over on May 1, Mr. Cerruti stayed on for several months more, passing along some of his forty years' experience and helping to make a smooth transition. It has been wonderful and inspiring to work with Mr. Cerruti. He has been so generous with his time and so patient with us; it is quite unusual to find someone so completely dedicated, not thinking of himself. We are grateful for his help.

We intend to concentrate on a few items we can do well and which people associate with our monastery cooking and our guest cooking--various whole grain breads, muffins, croissants, cookies, and so forth. And we want to remodel the front area to make room for five or six tables, where people can sit and have coffee and tea. In the usual bakery, the workers arrive very early

in the morning–five o'clock or earlier– so that the day's goods can be done by morning opening time. For the first few months the Zen Center bakers tried this, going off to the bakery while everyone else went down to the zendo for meditation, but after a while we realized what we have found out many times before, that sitting together every day is what makes our community work. We will have to work out a schedule so that the bakery workers can follow the regular zazen schedule with everyone else.

We have decided to call it The Tassajara Bread Bakery.

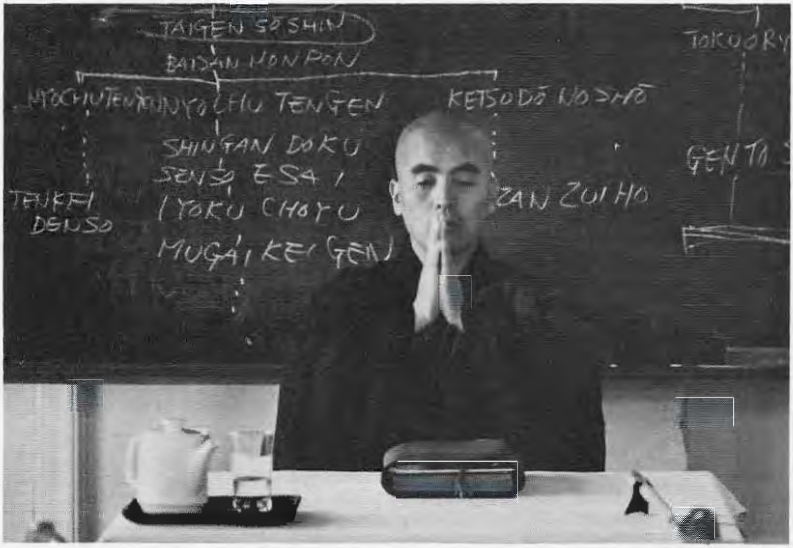
KOSHLAND COMMUNITY PARK

In the last issue, we reported on the beginnings and planning for the Koshland Community Park, across the street from the San Francisco Center. Last winter the final plans were submitted to the various city agencies for approval, bids were received and a contractor selected, and in May a groundbreaking ceremony was held and construction began.

At this writing, all the grading, underground pipes and culverts are finished. The boulder climbing structure and long double concrete slide are in, and the concrete walls and terraces are being poured. If the construction is on schedule, the completion date will be sometime in March.

It is satisfying to see this park, the result of three years of community co-operation and work, actually take shape. There are many things one could say in the abstract about the value of community participation, but probably its best testimony comes from the contractor, who was expecting a serious vandalism problem from the neighborhood. He said there has been as little vandalism on this job as any he has worked on.

Park construction–the pile of boulders is a climbing structure connected to the concrete slide.



Katagiri-roshi

KATAGIRI-ROSHI VISITS

In the fall of 1975, Dainin Katagiri-roshi spent a month at Zen Center as a visiting teacher. Katagiri-roshi was one of Zen Center's teachers for many years, and led the practice with Suzuki-roshi during Zen Center's years of formation and growth. Now he is Master of the Minnesota Zen Meditation Center in Minneapolis.

During his stay, Katagiri-roshi gave several general lectures and taught a seminar on "Zenki" ("Total Dynamic Working"), another on "Shoji" ("Life-Death")—both fascicles from Dogen's *Shōbōgenzo*—and also taught a class on the history and lineage of the early Soto lineage in Japan.

"Zenki" and "Shoji" are among the shorter fascicles of *Shōbōgenzo* and both deal with the subject of birth-death, living-dying. "Zenki" is in part a commentary-teisho on the words of Zen Master Engo Kokugon: "Life is total dynamic working (zenki); death is total dynamic working." Although these works can be read as literature or philosophy, the primary intent of Dogen's writings was to help practicers of the Way to penetrate zazen, and this was Katagiri-roshi's emphasis during the seminars. He spent one week on each fascicle, lecturing for an hour and a half every morning.

The class on the history of the Japanese Soto lineage was interesting partly because the period of time discussed—the first generations after Dogen's death—parallels our own in many ways, a time of political and social unrest when Zen was first becoming established in the country. Katagiri-roshi's detailed presentation brought to life a time and events that are little known even in Japan outside of the Soto tradition. There is almost nothing in English on the subject.

As this issue goes to press, Katagiri-roshi is just finishing another stay with us of two weeks, during which he has taught a class on the history of the later Soto lineage in China (this class was just for priests and priest-candidates) and a class on Dogen's "Awakening the Bodhi-Mind."

It is hard to convey our deep pleasure having Katagiri-roshi with us again—hearing his voice, seeing his presence, having him sit with us. His practice is part of Zen Center's foundation.

Ch'an Conference

A SCHOLARS' WORKSHOP ON CH'AN BUDDHISM

For three days in July, the City Center hosted a workshop on rhe "History of Early Ch'an." Professor Lewis Lancaster of the University of California, Berkeley, served as chairman-coordinator of the three-day meeting which was attended by eminent scholars from all over the world. Professors Yuichi Kajiyama from Kyoto University, Philip Yampolsky of Columbia University, Luis Gomez of the University of Michigan, Padmanabh S. Jaini of U.C. Berkeley, Stephen Beyer of the University of Wisconsin, Francis Cook of U.C. Riverside, Shotaro Iida from Vancouver's University of British Columbia, Philos P. Kvaerne from the University of Oslo, and Yuan-hua Jan of McMasters University were among the participants. Seizan Yanagida of Kyoto's Institute for Human Studies contributed a paper which was read by John McRae. There were also a few auditors.

Many interesting topics were touched upon, and the workshop served as a rich resource for further research and scholarship. Hopefully, some publication will emerge from this series of taped discussions.

GREEN GULCH FARM AND TEMPLE BELL

The dominating activity of this last year has been construction. The largest project is the Wheelwright Center, now nearing completion, and we have also been improving the housing, particularly for families. Additions to the Abbot's house have made space for Zen Center guests and for Nakamura-sensei, teacher of tea ceremony and Noh chanting, to live and train Zen Center students in these Zen-related arts.

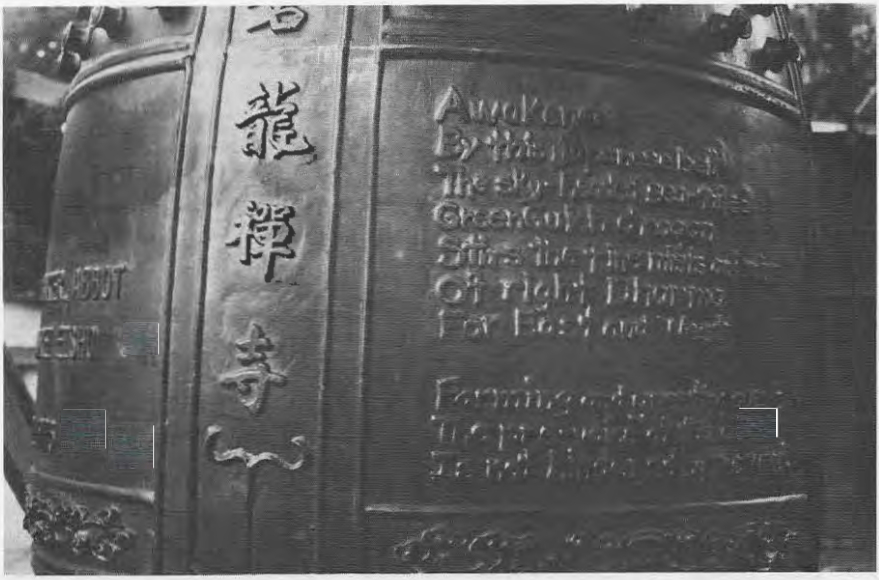
California received less than half its normal rainfall last winter, and this has caused widespread drought conditions. At Green Gulch, water began to run out in May, and by July planting had to be seriously curtailed. However, the springs and wells held up better than expected, and some watering was able to continue. The drought gave us an opportunity to find the limits of our water systems and make needed repairs.

A newly cast Obonsho, or main temple bell, has arrived from Japan, decorated with intertwined dragons representing the Farm's temple name: Soryuzenji, Green Dragon Zen Temple. For our valley next to the ocean, this name recalls the dragon referred to in Zen poems, with his tail in the ocean and head in the heavens, stirring up the rain of the Dharma.

The casting of the bell was done by Kinjudo Co. The name of the temple, the Abbot's name, the name of the donor, and a dedicatory poem by Baker-roshi appear on the face of the bell in calligraphed English letters.

The Obonsho has been temporarily hung in a wooden frame until we can build a proper bell tower. On July 31 a dedication ceremony was held and the Obonsho was struck for the first time by Baker-roshi. In Japan, every Buddhist temple has a bell; in one sense the temple is the bell. The sound of the Green Dragon Obonsho is not so loud, but it is deep and penetrating; the sound is practically the same from a few feet or one hundred yards.

The bell is struck at wake-up time in the morning, and at noon and sunset by the sun.



The inscription reads:

Awakened
By this Japanese bell
The sky-headed sea-tailed
Green Gulch dragon
Stirs the fine mists and rains
Of right Dharma
For East and West

Farming and greeting guests
The pre-voice of this old bell
Is not hindered by the wind.

WHEELWRIGHT CENTER

The idea of the Wheelwright Center was first suggested as we were just starting Green Gulch Farm, as a way to make available to others the land's unique location and isolated, quiet atmosphere as a place for guests to stay and for small meetings and meals in the environment of temple and farm. Most large temples in Japan and China had such a building (called the Sho-in) where guests are received and cared for; actually, the summer guest program at Tassajara has in many ways been serving this function for years. Green Gulch's former owner, George Wheelwright, has continued as our good friend and advisor on this and other projects, and the guest facility bears his name in recognition of his vision and generosity.

It was agreed that any funds to build such a facility would be raised independently of Zen Center, and last year, when a first grant of $25,000 was made available to start building, plans were made to build a main meeting room with some adjoining sleeping rooms. Various plans and locations were considered, but the final plan was an extension onto the main house, two stories high, with a single large room and utility kitchen above, and several sleeping rooms and bathrooms below, with a sundeck connecting to the upper story of the main house.

Inside the upstairs meeting room, looking out through windows and sliding glass doors on three sides, one feels in the center of Green Gulch, and can watch through the greenery the daily activity of work, meals, people going to and from the meditation hall. Because of the levels of the site, the meeting room seems to be at ground level, connecting by view the main house with

the Abbot's house, office, and Zendo. To complete the connection, we are planning a wooden footbridge across to the central open area.

The overall form of the building and the structural joinery and finish are mostly characteristic of Japanese design and carpentry. Each of the heavy structural beams was planed smooth to form part of the finished interior of wood and plaster.

Although the building is not yet finished, the Wheelwright Center has already been used for several meetings and conferences. Most recently, a meeting organized by Gregory Bateson (author of *Steps to an Ecology of Mind*) and Stewart Brand (originator of *The Whole Earth Catalog*) met to discuss the "pathology of the mind/body dualism." (Some position papers from this meeting were published in the Fall '76 issue of the *CoEvolution Quarterly*.) Also, during last winter and spring, Charlotte Selver and Charles Brooks led workshops in sensory awareness in the meeting room (see p. 36).

Most of the cost of the building has already been covered by donations received while construction was in progress, but another $45,000 is still needed to bring the work to completion and to buy interior furnishing and supplies. Anyone interested in making a donation or in using the Wheelwright Center should contact its director, Yvonne Rand, at Green Gulch Farm.

FUND-RAISING BROCHURE

In the spring all of you received our fund-raising brochure, "Zen Center–Mountain Gate–Community Work." This is our first major public fund-raising effort in several years, and the first to emphasize the community and work aspect of our practice. Our thanks to all those who contributed.

In September we mailed a slightly revised version of the brochure to three other mailing lists–Charlotte Selver/Charles Brooks, Esalen, and Co-Evolution Quarterly. Charlotte Selver, Michael Murphy, and Stewart Brand each wrote a statement about Zen Center which appeared on the front of the brochure, so that each list received its own statement. We are very grateful to Charlotte, Michael, and Stewart for helping us in this way.

This picture from the brochure showed the concrete foundation being poured for the extension to the Zendo living quarters at Green Gulch. First returns from the new mailings bring the total received to about $7,000, but more funds are needed just to get through the fall and winter months and to finish current construction projects.

"Surrounded by the beautiful and careful carpentry of the Wheelwright Center in the midst of these sometimes sunny, sometimes misty fields; walking to the ocean, picking flowers at the roadside, returning with the taste of a fresh sweet strawberry long lingering; joining the Zen students in the vegetable gardens, kitchen, and woodshop, sitting zazen with them—Green Gulch Farm has become not only Center, but home for us. The Farm, and Tassajara too, are ideal for our practice of Sensory Awareness."

—Charlotte Selver and Charles Brooks

"Zen Center is a blessing to us all. It teaches meditation and serves the larger community in ways that are beautiful to see, and it is adapting traditional Buddhist teaching to our time and situation with a rare freedom from authoritarian and dogmatic eccentricities. And they are doing it all so well. I mean the eggs and vegetables from Green Gulch Farm are some of the best you can buy, the bread from Tassajara is excellent, the community work in the Hayes Valley neighborhood is an example for all of us to follow, the aesthetics of the place are almost perfect, and even the lectures are interesting. It is a privilege to support them."

—Michael Murphy

"If there were not a San Francisco Zen Center, we would not be able to invent one. Among the pleasures of working with the Zens is the prospect that what they are building may be kept around and kept sparkling for centuries."

—Stewart Brand

A YUROK STORY *

by Harry Roberts

Harry Roberts is a Yurok Indian, trained from childhood to be a Yurok Shaman and deeply immersed in the Indian knowledge and way of the natural elements, plants, soil, sunlight, and air. He is also a Western university trained agronomist with a lifetime experience on the California Coast, including developing seed stock, nurseries, and even working Green Gulch as a cowboy forty years ago.

He has been coming to Green Gulch for extended visits, teaching us and helping us to know the land. The following story is one of a collection, eventually to be published as a book, about the way of the Yurok people.

My uncle was sitting in the morning sun in front of his house fixing the feathers on the long headdress wands for the brush dance. He had made a pot of sturgeon glue and was very carefully smoothing the feathers down and gluing new feathers in where the old ones were damaged or torn loose. He was working very carefully and slowly for this was very fine, difficult work to do.

I looked over one of the wands that he was repairing and I could barely see where the feathers were damaged. I told him that I didn't think that he had to repair that one as I could barely find the damage. My uncle just looked at me for a while, and then he asked me what it was that the wand I held in my hand was. And I said that it was a brush dance headdress wand. My uncle waited a while and then asked me what it was for, and I told him that it was for wearing in your headdress when you danced the brush dance. And that since one danced at night no one could see that it was very slightly damaged. He looked at me some more, and finally he said, "But I know."

We sat in the sun and I helped him fix the headdress. After a while he said that it was about time that I should begin to study to be a man. He would start asking me the questions that a man must be able to answer so that I could understand the law.

I asked my uncle what was so hard to understand about the law. It seemed very simple to me because there was but one law and that was merely "Be true to thyself."

My uncle asked me, "If you understand the law, why do you not understand why I am fixing my headdress wands?" This I could not answer.

So he said to me, "Let us start over again. What is it that you are holding in your hand?" I answered, "A headdress wand." My uncle made no answer. He quietly kept on repairing his headdress. After he had finished he put the headdress away and went to work chopping wood for his fire. When he had finished his wood he got out his dip net and mended it and started down to the beach to see if he could catch some fish for breakfast. He still spoke not a word to me. I asked him if I could go fishing with him. He merely looked at me and said nothing. I could not understand why he wouldn't speak to me. Finally I asked him what was the matter. Had I offended him? He smiled and said no, that it was he who had not wished to offend me by interrupting my thoughts before I had finished answering the question.

I said, "But I answered the question. I told you what it was." He just looked at me some more and said nothing.

So I thought and thought and thought. Finally I told him, "It is a headdress wand for the last night of the brush dance." He looked at me and slightly smiled and said "Unh," by which I knew that he meant yes, that's a little better, it will do as a start; now let's get after the answer. So I said, "It is to show how rich you are because it is the best and most expensive of all of the headdress wands on the river." Whereupon my uncle looked upon me with disgust and said, "I thought that you wished to be a man. Why don't you start to think like one?" After having so expressed himself, he left and went fishing, and not one more word was addressed to me that day.

The next morning my uncle was again sitting in the sun in front of his house. This time he was making some bone arrow points. He had been soaking the bone for several weeks in the creek and it was nice and soft and just right for cutting into shape. I sat beside him to watch how he carved the bone and to see how he cut with the grain so as to cut more easily.

Finally he looked at me and said "Well?"

This was very bad for me. For elder uncle only spoke this way when he was very, very angry. I had seen big grownup persons cast their eyes aside and blush when he so addressed them in council meeting. I had even seen important men leave the council and start out on long pilgrimages to the high places when so addressed.

I was only a small boy, and so I just cried and ran and cuddled up to my dog and told my dog how hard it was for a little boy to have such a great man for an uncle. And my dog understood and licked my face all over, and especially my ears.

Presently my uncle came to me and inquired if my ears were now clean enough to listen with, and did I still wish to be a man?

I said, Oh yes, I did.

My uncle said that since I was such a little boy he would help me a little more. So I should tell him again what it was that the brush dance wand was. This time I told him that it was the wand which one wore in his headdress on the last night of the brush dance for the final curing of a sickness in the person for whom the dance was being held.

My uncle smiled and said that that was a little better, but what was the brush dance really all about anyway? I said that it was to drive out the evil spirits which were making the person sick. Uncle looked at me and shook his head. He said, "You sound like a superstitious old woman. I shall be kind to you this time and tell you all about it."

So he spoke: "When a person is sick of a sickness which people cannot see, it is then that for that person we hold a brush dance. In the brush dance we sing fun songs and make jokes to let that person know that there is fun in the world. While everyone dances around the sick person, the doctor talks to the patient about what it is that troubles him. When that person sees that he is surrounded by friends who are singing happy songs to make him feel better, then he feels that it is that people care for him. He feels safe and tells the doctor what it is that bothers him, and the doctor tells the patient what he can do about his troubles.

"On the last night of the dance everyone brings out their very best costumes. These costumes represent hundreds of hours of very careful work. They are made of the rarest and most difficult to obtain materials. They have been kept in absolutely perfect condition. Never does a costume ever show any wear or that it has been used before. Everything is perfect. These costumes are the most beautiful things that an Indian can make. Thus when one dances before the sick person in this costume it means that the dancer has cared enough for the patient to go to all of that trouble in the hope that he can help the patient.

"Now. How could I respect myself if I only went halfway, or three quarters of the way to help someone? If I'm not going to help all of the way, it is better that I don't go to that dance at all. So when I make a brush dance the patient knows that I am all of the way for him. Then he feels reassured and will quite likely get well.

"This is what the brush dance wands represent. This is the way to be true to yourself. Now let us see if you can think like a man the next time we have a question."

Then it was that I saw that the law was not quite as simple as it appeared. Thus it was that I realized that to be a man meant to be proud to yourself in everything; you could never be less than all of yourself without breaking the law.

When I finally understood what a person who entered a brush dance was doing, I then wanted to know just what the dance meant. Why it was danced the way it was danced. I asked why the dancers did not all dance up and down in unison.

This is what my uncle said: "The dancers do not all go up and down together because the world is like a canoe. If everyone leans to one side of the boat together, and to the other side together, they rock the boat and pretty soon it turns over."

I asked what the solo dancers were doing when they jumped in the middle and acted so strangely. He said, "Don't you remember the story of how, when the world was reborn, creation appointed the giant woodpecker to go around the world and report to him how things were going? So in this dance men who have pure spirit jump in the middle and jerk their heads back and forth like a woodpecker and spread their arms and fly around and sing the woodpecker song and everyone wears woodpecker scalps and heads. This is to remind the great woodpecker spirit that there is someone who is sick and he should go and report it to Creation so that Creation will lend his strength to the doctor so that the sick person or child can get well."

SENSORY AWARENESS

Charlotte Selver—originator and teacher of Sensory Awareness in this country —and Charles Brooks, her co-worker and husband, have had a long and close relationship with Zen Center. Some of Suzuki-roshi's first students (including Baker-roshi) were also their students, and they and Suzuki-roshi felt a mutual admiration and respect for each other's teaching and spoke of the connectedness of practice in Sensory Awareness and Zen. Each year since 1967 they have led benefit workshops at Tassajara during the summer guest season. These workshops have been a source of growth for the students and guests, as well as a major financial contribution to Zen Center.

From October to June, 1975-76, Charlotte and Charles lived at Green Gulch Farm, working with a group of their long-term students, using the new Wheelwright Center. The students combined their mornings of Sensory Awareness work with lunch and work in the fields and kitchen with the Zen students in the afternoon, and many of them also attended zazen regularly. Charlotte and Charles will continue to use Green Gulch and the Wheelwright Center for their workshops and long-time study groups.

A book recently published about Charlotte and Charles' work: Sensory Awareness, *by Charles V. W. Brooks (Viking Press, New York, 1974), is highly recommended to those who would like to know more about the basis and understanding of their work.*

The following is an excerpt from a talk given by Baker-roshi in 1973 to a group of Sensory Awareness students.

Charlotte and Charles have been my good friends for twelve or thirteen years now. I couldn't have better friends. But they are more to me than friends because they were my first real teachers. At Suzuki-roshi's ashes site there is a wooden pagoda tower in the back of the stone and each side is marked with one of the four gates of practice. The first and most important gate is the "awakening the mind of enlightenment," or the first thought of enlightenment —when you were first turned around. It was Charlotte Selver who first made me realize, who showed me it was possible. She embodied what I thought should be possible for humans, but had long ago given up thinking was possible.

Up until the time I met Charlotte and Charles, I was trying to figure out the world as best I could with as much as I could of what our society offers you to do it with. I had access to most of the tools or education, attitudes or people, whatever is supposedly useful, and somehow none of it came together. And then I saw this little brochure. I read it on a friend's table, as many of you must have read of Suzuki-roshi. Normally I would hardly look at such a thing, but there was something in the language of the brochure, something in the statement about practice. I went to their seminar on Broadway Street, and I immediately knew there was more possibility to life than I had felt before. Not something new; it was a recognition of something that was there but confined or given up.

First of all I saw straightforward clear behavior without worrying so much about what other people think. Some internal confidence. So I asked myself, where does that confidence come from? And I looked at the two of them and I realized it's because they reside in their bodies. Or—we can't just say bodies—something wider than our idea of body. They gave me a practice to begin to realize that. And for Buddhism this is an extremely important point, the point at which you make this recognition. We call it bodhicitta, or the thought of enlightenment. Bodhicitta means many things on many levels. In physical terms it means an actual transformation of energy which you begin to wake up to. There are many aspects to bodhicitta, but the simplest is, we could say, the thought of enlightenment. The thought occurs to you. Then what do you do with the thought? First, you can accompany the thought by an acrual inner vow. If it's a deep recognition, you make some vow that transcends or is wider than what you previously thought was possible. And so you commit yourself to it. It's not just necessary to notice it and make some vow, you also have to learn how to enter the mandala, to stay within the vow, to enlighten all beings. You cannot be enlightened just for yourself. You have to give up enlightenment, give up your own ideas about your own self. Whether you are alone in the mountains or in a group in the city, still there's no separation between you and others. "Others" is not something outside yourself. So you make the vow, you find some way to maintain, to renew that vow.

Then there is repetition. We use our mind in Buddhism not so much for its ability to think, but for its ability to make a vow and to continue a vow, to

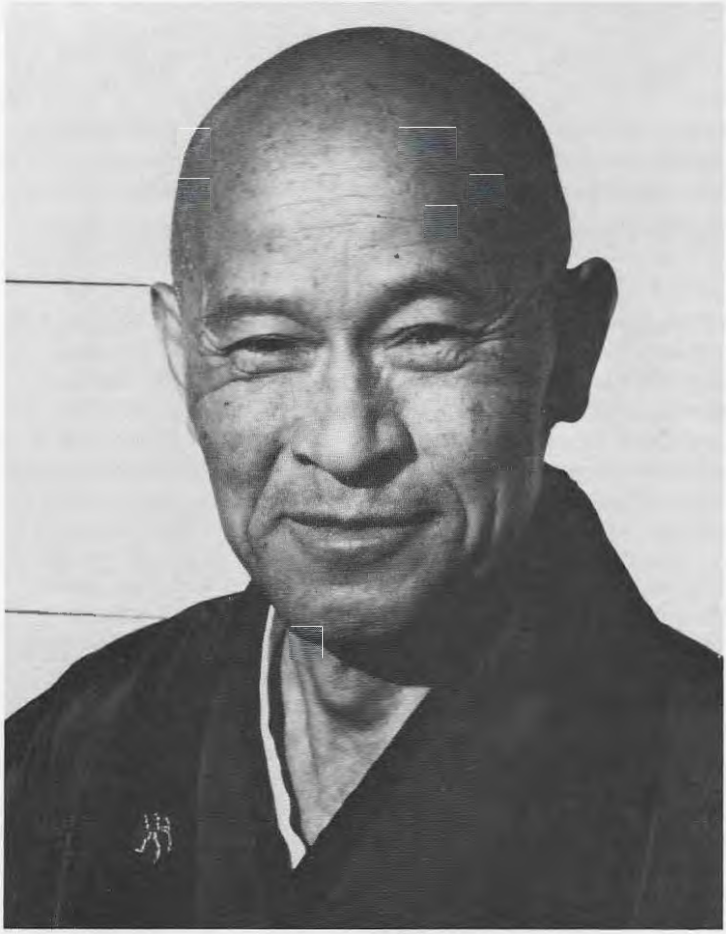
repeat. Something very deep happens to you when you find some way to repeat, and thus find the new, not just verbally but in everything you do. Some deep repetition. You have to wear away your tendencies. Charlotte and Charles gave me the continuing example of a teacher, of someone who can practice. I met Suzuki-roshi shortly after Charlotte and Charles left San Francisco. I waited many years to introduce Suzuki-roshi to them.

They gave me, started me on a practice, of letting go of monitoring. We monitor ourselves and even when you nearly have given up thinking about yourself, noticing what you are doing all the time, still you don't have a real sensation that you are alive unless you are leaving some vapor trail. You want some record, at least in your own memory, that you've been alive. So this tendency to monitor our activity is very pervasive. The most mild statements, little throwaway statements they'd make that were so quiet, turned out to be concept-shattering thunderbolts. Charlotte wouldn't just say stand up, she'd say come to standing. That is something entirely different. Or as Charles asked

last night, is it your hand feeling your head or your head feeling your hand? It is almost impossible to deeply have this kind of recognition without a teacher. You can read about it but it's not the same.

So we talk about three bodies of Buddha—Dhatmakaya, Nirmanakaya, and Sambhogakaya. The usual idea of practice is some kind of stepladder idea, you practice and practice and practice and pretty soon you have some more and more together way of behaving. But Buddhism does not think that is such a useful way to think about it, but rather that you actually give up your past, your family, your ideas of yourself, and you are reborn from Dharmakaya. Dharmakaya means emptiness itself or the ground of being or the mind out of which all minds arise. The spaces between words. When you reside in the spaces between words rather than in the words you live in an entirely different space. No matter how fast things go, things are very slow. So bodhicitta and Dharmakaya can mean the same thing. It is like a flower, emptiness flower, which you open out from then on. You open it out to Sambhogakaya, which means bliss body, or that wider sense of being that Charlotte and Charles are bringing you into. In meditation we know it and in their work you know it. As many of you said last night, you could feel people. It means the subtle level of communication beyond words. And Nirmanakaya is how you exist in this world, how you act out of that potential; every moment as a potential for infinite possibilities is turned into some action. It's the same thing instant after instant. So Nirmanakaya means your actual activity in the world.

But how to stay with this, how to continue this kind of practice. It does not just mean coming to seminars every now and then or even on a regular basis, or coming to zazen, or living at Tassajara. At best that way of Zen practice is a kind of therapy which alleviates your problems. Often people use Zen practice to remove the surface disturbance as a way to protect the root of the disturbance. You find yourself in some neurotic situation or some frustrated life that you can see through enough to know that you are tied up somehow. So you use practice, not to cut deeply through and turn yourself completely around, but just to alleviate it enough so you can continue your deluded views, your desires, your anger and hatred. Practice used this way is maybe beneficial, but unfortunately it often eliminates the possibility for deeper practice, and often deludes others by your reinforced, supported delusion. To prevent that kind of superficial using of practice to protect our opinions, we have to have the example of a teacher and the vow to achieve enlightenment and, strangely, simultaneously the power to give up enlightenment. For a Buddhist also the care of the Eight-fold Path and the abandonment of the ten bhumis are found simply in the joyful accuracy of a teacher and our own recognition and vow.



SANDOKAI LECTURE IV

This is the fourth in a series of lectures by Suzuki-roshi on the Sandōkai, a dharma poem by the Chinese Zen Master Sekitō Kisen, which is chanted daily at Zen Center.

This lecture covers the following lines of the text:

Mon mon issai no kyō
Ego to fu-ego to
Eshite sara ni ai-wataru
Shikara zareba kurai ni yotte jūsu.

In the last lecture[1] I explained *ri* and *ji.* The usual person sticks to *ji,* 'things.' That is quite usual. Characteristic of Buddha's teaching is to go beyond 'things.' 'Things' means various beings, the ideas we have, and material things. Even though we say truth, truth usually means something we figure out, something we think. But in Buddhism truth that we can figure out or think about is also

ji. When we go beyond subjective and objective worlds, beyond *ji*, we come to understand oneness of everything, oneness of subjectivity and objectivity, oneness of inside and outside.

For instance, if you sit zazen you are not thinking anything and you are not watching anything. Your focus is four or five feet ahead, but you do not watch anything. Even though many ideas come we do not think about them—they come in and go out, that's all. We do not entertain various ideas—we do not serve them food or anything. If they come in, O.K., and if they go out, O.K. That's all. That is zazen. When we have this kind of mind, our mind includes everything. Even though you do not try to include everything, actually everything is in your mind.

Another side we find is that we do not talk about things which have no relationship with us. We are not concerned about and do not expect something which may exist beyond our reach. Whatever we talk about at that moment is within our minds. Everything is in our mind. But usually you think there are many things, and I am thinking about this, and this, and this. In the cosmic world there are many stars, but right now we can only reach the moon. In a few years we may reach some other stars, eventually we may reach some other constellation. But we Buddhists do not think in that way. We think our mind pervades everywhere, reaches already, includes already, the stars; so our mind is not our mind, our mind is something greater than the mind which we think is our mind. This is Buddhist thought. In Buddhism, mind and being are one; not different. As there is no limit in cosmic being, there is no limit in our mind; our mind reaches everywhere. Our mind and outward being are one. So if you think, "This is mind," that is so. If you think, "This is some other being," that is also so. But actually when Buddhists say "this" or "that" or "I,"—that "I," or "this," or "that" includes everything. Listen to the sound.

The other day I explained what is sound.[2] Sound is different from noise. Sound is something which comes out more real, which comes out from your practice. Noise is something more objective, something which will bother you. Noise is more objective being; sound is both objective and subjective. So if you hit drum, the sound you make is the sound of your own subjective practice, and it is also the sound which encourages all of us. Sound is subjective and objective.

We say *hibiki*. *Hibiki* means 'something which goes back and forth like an echo.' If I say something I will have feedback, back and forth. That is sound. Buddhists understand everything, every noise, as a sound which we make. You may say, "The bird is singing over there." But when we hear bird, bird is "me" already. Actually I am not listening to bird. Bird is here in my mind already, and I am singing with bird. "Pe-pe-peep." If you think when you are reading something, "The bird is there, blue jay is over my room, blue jay is singing, but its voice is not so good." When you think in that way, that is noise. When you are not disturbed by blue jays, blue jays will come right into your heart, and you will be a blue jay, and the blue jay will be reading something, and then the blue jay will not disturb your reading. Because you think, "Blue jay is there, blue jay should not be over my room"—thinking in that way is more primitive understanding of being.

We understand things in that way because of our want of practice. When you practice zazen more, you can accept things as your own, whatever it is. That is the teaching of *ji ji muge*[3] from the Kegon Sutra. *Ji ji* means 'being which has no barrier, no disturbance.' Because it is interrelated completely closely, it is difficult to say, "This is bird, this is me." Or "That is bird, that is me." So it is difficult to separate the blue jay from me. That is *ji ji muge.*

So here we have *e-go,* and here we have *fu-ego. E-go* is a very special technical term of Buddhism or Zen. *Go* is 'mutual, each other.' The character *go* is made in this way: 互. The two parts of the character are interrelated. *E* 廻 means to go round and round. This part of the character 辶 means 'to go round or to meet,' and this part 回 also means to go round. So this is *e-go.* And *fu* is 'not.' Not *e-go.* Although things are interrelated, or because things are closely interrelated, everyone, every being, each being can be a boss. Each one of us can be boss because we are so closely related. So if I say "Mel," Mel is already not just Mel.[4] He is one of Zen Center students, so to see Mel is to see Zen Center. If you see Mel you understand what Zen Center is. But if you think, "Oh, he is just Mel," then your understanding is not good enough. You don't know who Mel is. So if you have good understanding of things, by things you will understand whole world. Each one of us is the boss of the whole world. Thus understanding this way it is not interrelated, it is independent.

Suzuki-roshi's stone garden at Tassajara.

We are independent, each one of us is completely independent, absolutely independent. There is nothing to compare with you. You are you, just you. We have to understand things in both ways. One is interrelated, to understand things as interrelated being. The other way is to understand ourselves as quite independent from everything. When we include everything we are completely independent because there is nothing left to compare with you. Do you understand? If there is only one thing, how can you compare things to you? Because there is nothing to compare to you, this is absolute 'independence,' *fu-ego,* not interrelated, absolutely independent.

Mon mon issai no kyō: these are rhetorical words. *Mon mon* means 'gates,' that is, our eyes, our nose, our ears; all the sense organs are gates. And for the gates there are sense objects. For eyes something to see, for the ears something to hear, something to smell for the nose, something to taste for the tongue. In this way the five sense organs have five sense objects. This is Buddhist common sense. The purpose of referring to these things is just to say "everything." Instead of saying "everything," we say *mon mon issai no kyo,* the five sense gates and five sense objects. All these things are interrelated, and at the same time they are independent. It is the same thing as saying flowers, and trees, and birds, and stars, but instead of this we say *mon mon issai no kyo.*

So the various beings which we hear are interrelated, but at the same time, each being is absolutely independent and has its own value. This 'value' means *ri. Ri* is that which makes something meaningful, which is not just theory. This term *ri* is rather difficult to understand. It may take time before you understand *ri.* Even though you don't attain enlightenment, you already have enlightenment, we say. That enlightenment means *ri.* That something exists here means it already has some reason why it exists here. And because of that reason it makes some sense. I don't know what sense. No one knows, but there must be some reason. And everything must have some virtue for itself. It is very strange that no things are the same; one is different from another. So there is nothing to compare with you. You have your own value. And that value is not comparative value or exchange value; it is something more than that. So when you are just on the cushion you have your own value. And because that value is related to everything, that value is also absolute value. Maybe it is better not to say too much.

And here again, *eshite sara ni ai-wataru. E* means 'interrelationship,' and *ai-wataru* is 'going on and on, everywhere.' Birds come from the south in the springtime and go back in the fall, crossing various mountains, rivers, and sometimes oceans. That is *wataru.* This part of the character 渉 is 'water.' And this part 歩 is 'to walk.' So to cross many places, water and mountains, by foot or by boat is *wataru* 渉歩. So things are interrelated endlessly, going everywhere.

Shikara zareba kurai ni yotte jūsu means 'and yet it stands, it dwells, or stays, in its own position.' *Kurai* is 'position'; *yotte* is 'rely on.' So it means, if the bird stays some place, at some lake, for instance, his home is not only the lake, but also the whole world. That is how a bird flies and lives in its world. So everything is interrelated. 'And yet, they stay in their own position'—they are independent.

In Zen sometimes we say, "*Nin nin koko heku ryū bankin:* 'each person is steep like a cliff.' No one can climb up on you. You are completely independent. You are like a steep rock. And yet you are interrelated. This is the right understanding. But when you hear me say so, you should understand the other side too. That is *hibiki.* If you understand one side of the truth only, you don't hear my voice. We say *kotoba no hibiki. Kotoba no hibiki* means 'the other side of the words.' We say, "If you don't understand Zen words, you do not understand Zen." You are not Zen student. Zen words are different from usual words. We say, "double-edged sword." It cuts both ways. You may think I am cutting this way, but no, actually I am cutting that way. Watch out for my stick. Do you understand? Sometimes I scold my disciple, "No!" The other students think, "Oh, he is scolded," but it is not actually so. Because I cannot scold the one over there, I have to scold the student who is near me. But most people think, "Oh, poor guy, he is being scolded." If you think in that way you are not a Zen student. If someone is scolded you should listen; you should be alert enough to know who is scolded. We are trained in that way.

When I was quite a young disciple, we went out somewhere with our teacher and came back pretty late. There are many venomous snakes in Japan. And my teacher said, "You are wearing tabi[5] so you should go ahead. As I am not wearing tabi, a snake may bite me, so you go ahead." So we walked ahead of him. As soon as we reached the temple he said to us, "All of you sit down." We didn't know what had happened, but we all sat down in front of him. "What silly guys you are," he said. "When I'm not wearing tabi, why do you wear tabi? So I gave some warning to you: 'I am not wearing tabi.' If I say so, you should notice. You should have taken off your tabi. But without any idea of that, you walked ahead of me. What silly boys you are."

We should be alert enough to hear the sound of the words. That's all. We should realize something more than is said.

One night at Eiheiji[6] I opened the right side shoji[7] because it is a kind of rule to open that side, but I was scolded. "Don't open that side," one of the senior monks said. So the next morning I opened the left side, and I was scolded again. "Why did you open that side?" I didn't know what to do. Yesterday when I opened the right side I was scolded, and today when I opened the left side I was scolded again. I couldn't figure out why. But at last I noticed that the first time a guest was on the right side, and the second time a guest was on the other side. So both times I had opened the side where the guest was. That was why I was scolded. At Eiheiji they never told us why, they just scolded us. Their words were double-edged.

These words *mon mon issai no kyō, ego to fuego to* are also double-edged words. *E-go,* interdependency; and *fu-ego,* absolute independency. This side is interdependence and this side is absolute independence. Everything which we hear, which we see, is interdependent and independent. Interdependence goes on and on everywhere, and yet things are independent, things stay in their own place: *shikara zareba kurai ni yotte jūsu.* That is the main point of the *Sandōkai.*

Do you have some questions?

Student: Does *e-go* mean 'the bird is the whole world'; and does *fu-ego* mean 'the bird is just a bird?'

Roshi: Yes, bird is just bird. In the Prajna Paramita Hridaya Sutra we say *shiki soku ze ku, ku soku ze shiki:* form is emptiness, emptiness is form. *Shiki soku ze ku*–form is emptiness–is *e-go*. And 'emptiness is form' is *fu-ego*. (Knocking). This is *fu-ego*. You cannot say, you know. It is difficult to say what it is. (Another knock).

Student: Is there any particular reason why we strike the bell on the word *mon* of *mon mon issai no kyō*?[8]

Roshi: To hit bell, means to produce independent Buddha one after another. Gong. Buddha. One independent Buddha appears. Gong. Next independent Buddha appears. When next Buddha appears, the last Buddha disappears. So each, one by one, striking one after another, you produce Buddha, one after another. That is our practice.

Student: Roshi, today someone said, "No students, no teacher; no teacher, no students." Someone was saying, "Well, what makes the Roshi?" And someone else said, "Because he has students." You can't be the Roshi without students. Students can't be students without the Roshi. They are both independent because they are together.

Roshi: Yes, together. Without students, no teacher. And student encourages teacher. It is very much so. I know that if I have no students I may goof off every day. Because I have so many students watching me, I must be doing something; I must study so that I can give a lecture. If there is no lecture, I will not study. But at the same time I shall be very much ashamed of myself if I study just to give lecture. So usually, when I study for lecture I go off in another direction, following something interesting, and most of the time I don't study for the lecture.

But still, if I don't study I don't feel so good. Because I feel I have to prepare for the lecture, I start to study. But as soon as I start to study, I start my own study, not for giving lecture. In this way things are going on and on, endlessly, and it is good, you know.

Someday, what I study will help students. I don't know when. Just to feel good we study, and just to feel better we practice zazen. No one knows what will happen to us after sitting one, two or ten years. No one knows. No one knows is right. Just to feel good we sit zazen, actually. Eventually that kind of practice of purposeless practice, eventually will help you in its true sense.

NOTES

1. *Wind Bell,* Fall 1975.

2. At the end of the last zazen period of the day, the big drum at the back of the zendo is hit. The night before this lecture was given, Suzuki-roshi stopped the student hitting the drum, and while everyone continued zazen, explained that hitting the drum should be sound, not noise.

3. *Ji ji muge* is usually translated 'mutual interpenetration,' one of the central concepts of the Kegon, or Hwa-Yen, school of Buddhism. The Zen school utilizes many of its technical terms and images.

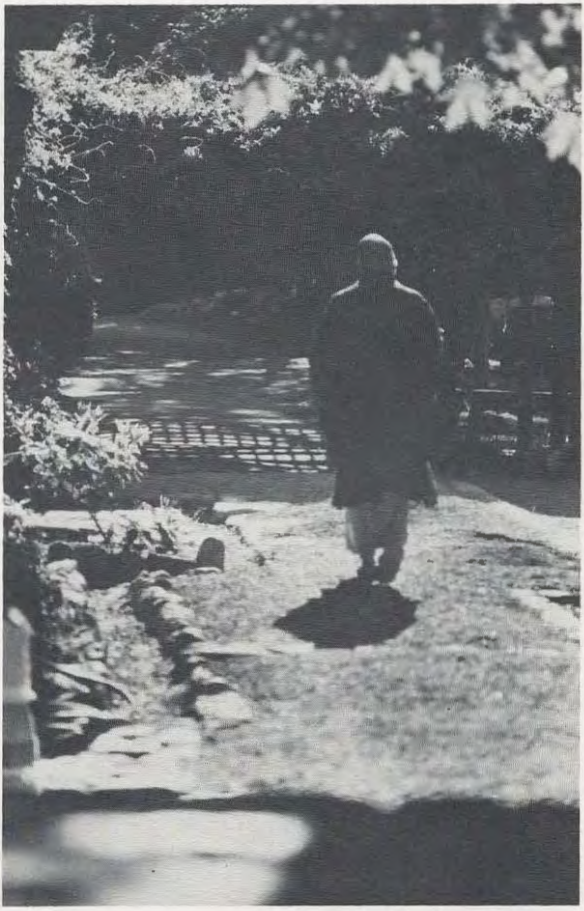
4. Mel was a student sitting right in front of Suzuki-roshi.

5. *Tabi* are a kind of slipper, usually white, worn on formal occasions. The monks were probably returning from performing a Buddhist ceremony, and had not removed their *tabi.*

6. Eiheiji: one of two head training temples of the Soto Zen school.

7. *Shoji:* sliding rice-paper doors.

8. During the chanting of the *Sandōkai,* the *keisu* or gong is struck at specified places in the text.



One who does not make
His own trail,
Can never approach
Creation.

Harry Roberts

schedule

	SAN FRANCISCO	GREEN GULCH FARM
ZAZEN & SERVICE	Monday through Friday: 5:00-7:10 a.m. 5:30–6:30 p.m. 8:30–9:10 p.m. Saturday: 5:00–10:00 a.m. (incl. breakfast and work)	Sunday through Friday: 4:30–6:00 a.m. 8:30-9:10 p.m. (exc. Fri.)
LECTURE	10:00 a.m. Saturday	10:00 a.m. Sunday
SESSHINS	One-day sittings the first Sat. of each month except June and Oct. Seven-day sesshins begin the third Sat. of June and Oct.	One-day sittings the third Sat. of each month except Feb. and Aug. Seven-day sesshins begin the third Sat. of Feb. and Aug.
WORK	Regular residents' schedule	Open to non-residents Sun.-Fri. 9:00 a.m.–4:40 p.m.
ZAZEN INSTRUCTION	8:30 a.m. Saturday	11:30 a.m. Sunday

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