

# Wind Bell



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*The hand mudra of the Gandharan Buddha after restoration*

*Editor's Note:*

This is our first *Wind Bell* in several years. In the past we have apologized for the long delay between issues and have promised to do better, but we have not been able to keep our promise. So rather than promise again, we would only like to thank you for your patience, and also mention that this issue has been gestating for almost two years, so some of the material is not of the present moment. We are sorry, and we will keep trying.

Also, many of you may have heard that in April Baker-roshi began a one-year leave of absence as Abbot of Zen Center. Since then there have been many changes and developments in Zen Center which we would like to tell you about. However, in order not to delay printing the *Wind Bell* any further, we are sending it out as it is. In the near future we will describe more fully our situation.

## SANDOKAI LECTURE VI

by Suzuki-roshi

This lecture explains the following lines of the *Sandokai*:

*Shidai no sho onozukara fukusu*  
*Kono sono haha o uru ga gotoshi*  
*Hiwa Nesshi kaze wa doyo*  
*Mizu wa uruoi chi wa kengo.*  
*Manako wa iro mimi wa on jo*  
*Hana wa ka shita wa kan so*  
*Shika mo ichi ichi no ho ni oite*  
*Ne ni yotte habunpu su.*

*The four basic elements return to their own natures*  
*Like a baby taking to its mother;*  
*Fire heats, wind moves,*  
*Water wets, earth resists.*  
*Eye and form, ear and sound;*  
*Nose and smell, tongue and taste —*  
*Thus in all things*  
*The leaves spread from the root;*  
*The whole process must return to the source.\**

*Shidai* means the four elements. In Buddhism the four elements are fire, water, wind and earth. Each of them has its own nature. Strictly speaking we should not say so, but tentatively we say each has its own nature. The nature of fire is to bring things together. Wind brings things to maturity; it has a more organic activity than fire, which has a more chemical activity. The nature of water is to contain things in it. Wherever you go there is water. Usually we think the opposite, we think that the bulk of the tree contains water, but actually water contains bulk of the tree, leaves and everything. So water is great big being in which everything exists. We exist in water. And the nature of earth is solidity. Earth does not mean land, but solidity or resistance of material.

According to Buddhists, if you divide something into the smallest piece imaginable, like an atom, this smallest piece is called *gokumi*, and that *gokumi* consists of or is the source or implies these four elements. It is something like modern physics. I do not know how to explain it because I do not know the proper words. Modern physics thinks that the smallest, final being has no weight or size. It is just electrical current. Strangely enough, Buddhism has a similar idea. Although this *gokumi*, or final being, has those four natures, it is not a solid being. When we reach this final being its nature is just emptiness, we say. So from this we come to the idea of emptiness. Those four elements do not exist materially. They are something which is not material, which is just energy or potential or readiness. So this is *gokumi*. To these four natures we add one more, empty nature. So earth, air, fire and water are empty, all empty. Even though they are empty, from this emptiness these four natures appear, come into being. And as soon as these four come into being there is the final element or unit, *gokumi*. That is Buddhistic

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\*From the translation by Thomas Cleary in *Timeless Spring*.





*Suzuki-roshi in the garden of Rinso-in, his temple in Japan, before coming to the United States*

understanding of being. It looks as if we are talking about something material, but these elements are not just material. They are both spiritual and material. Thinking mind is included. The idea of emptiness includes both material and spiritual, mind and object, subjective world and objective world. Emptiness is final being which our thinking mind cannot reach.

So *shidai no sho*, the nature of the four elements, naturally in itself, *onozukara*, resumes *fukusu*, its own nature, that is, comes to emptiness. *Kono sono haha o uru go gotoshi*, like child and its mother. Without mother there is no child. That child is here means mother is here. Four natures are here means that emptiness is here. Even though four natures are here, they are nothing but a tentative formation of the final emptiness. It is like a child and its mother.

What these four phrases are talking about, finally, is independence of being. Although there are many elements, those elements originally, naturally, resume their nature. Although there are many things, each one of them is independent. A child, even though it has a mother, is independent. Fire is independent in its nature of heat, wind is independent in its nature of movement, water is independent in its nature of moisture, and earth is independent in its nature of solidity. Everything is independent.

These four sentences follow the previous ten sentences which discuss the truth of dependence. In the *Sandokai*, Sekito is explaining reality in two ways. A child, although he has a source, although he has a mother, is independent. That there is a child means that there is a mother. That is what he means. The heat of fire, the moving wind, the wet water and the solid earth. These four elements are independent. Everything has its own nature.

"High and low are used respectively." These six phrases mean the understanding of independence. Things exist in two ways: as dependent and as independent. Although things are interrelated, at the same time they are independent. Each one of you is independent, but you are related with each other. Even though you are related with each other you are independent. So you can say it either way. So all these sentences express the idea of reality from the side of independence.

Do you understand the meaning? Usually when we speak of independent we have no idea of dependent. That is non-Buddhistic understanding. Buddhists always try to understand reality completely from both sides, so we are not mixed up. We are not confused by saying dependence or independence. If someone says, "Everything is independent," we can say, "O.K. That is so." If some other person says, "Things are interrelated," we say, "That is also so." So we understand both sides. Whatever you say is O.K. But if someone sticks to some one-sided idea we may say, "No!" If he says, "Everything is independent," we say, "No!" If you stick to the idea of independence of being I will say to you, "No, you are wrong!" If someone else sticks to the idea of dependence then I will say, "No, you are wrong!" There are many *koans* like this. "When the final karmic fire burns everything up, is Buddha nature still there or not?" Sometimes the answer is, "Yes, it still exists." But another time when someone asked the master that question he replied, "No, it will not exist." Both are true. People may ask, "Then, why did you say before that it will exist?" Then they may get a big slap. "What are you talking about? Don't you understand what I mean?" Buddha nature will not exist is right. Will exist is right. From the viewpoint of independence everything exists

with its Buddha nature, regardless of what happens to this world. But, even so, nothing exists when we see from the viewpoint of utter darkness or absolute. That which exists is nothingness or darkness in which many things may exist. There's no way to explain each thing individually. That would be only an intellectual explanation. We must have actual feeling, too.

If you can just appreciate each thing you see, one by one, then you will have pure gratitude. Even though you observe one flower blossom, just one flower, that one flower includes everything. It is not just flower. It is the absolute, it is Buddha himself. We see in that way. But at the same time, that which exists is just flower, and there is no one to



*One of the many manifestations of Buddha nature: the 'baby' Buddha*

see and nothing to be seen. That is the feeling we have in our practice and in our everyday activity. Wherever you work you have that kind of feeling, a continuity of that kind of refreshed, pure gratitude. So to see things that way is how to treat Buddha's equipment.

When we think about something in terms of duality, we observe and understand things intellectually. Even so, it is important that we do not stick to our idea. That understanding should be improved, day by day, by our pure thinking. So we do not keep sitting on the same old stump of the tree. We say, "You cannot catch another fish in the same place." Today, fortunately, you caught a big fish at a certain place, but tomorrow you should fish in some other place. We have the saying, "To notch the rail of a boat to mark our location." Boat is actually moving, but you mark the rail to remember the place: "Oh, there was something beautiful, and we should remember that beautiful flower," but even though you mark it, it doesn't help, because the boat is always moving. But we do it: "Oh, that was very good," and we mark the railing of the boat to remember it. This kind of teaching points out our foolishness, and points to what is actual Buddhist life. We should not wait here, sitting on the same stump. It is a good example for our thinking mind. We appreciate what we see right now: "Oh, beautiful flower!" We have full appreciation of it, but we should not mark the railing of the boat, we should not always wait for someone at the same place. She may come now, or some other time, or sometimes she does not come at all. I have had some experience like that. Sometimes she may come; sometimes she may not. If she arrives we are lucky. If she does not come we should not complain.

*Student A:* Last week you said that if we understand our closeness, our dependence on other things, then we are independent. Are we independent even if we don't understand this?

*Suzuki-roshi:* Actually it is so, but the point is you don't feel that way, you don't understand in that way. But even though you don't understand it, if you admit this truth, it will be more this way for you. Even if you don't have an actual close feeling to others, knowing this fact, even intellectually, will help you not make too big a mistake. This is very important. When we talk in this way it means that I am talking about things as if I am a completely enlightened person. For an enlightened person this is very true, but for people who are not enlightened this is just talk. So when our actual practice, our actual life, follows this kind of understanding, that is true Buddhism. Our understanding should not be just intellectual. If you practice hard without this kind of understanding, your practice will not make much sense. Your practice is still involved in the idea of somethingness.

*Student B:* You said that for an enlightened person that's very true, and for a non-enlightened person it's just talk?

*Suzuki-roshi:* What is missing? Practice is missing. Only when you practice zazen completely is this true. At the same time, even though you practice hard, your practice will not always be complete. At that time there may be a big gap between the truth and your actual understanding and experience. Your intellectual understanding may be high, but your practice may be low. Just to have intellectual understanding is easy, but actual, more emotional practice is difficult. We easily stick to something. To destroy the intellectual understanding of somethingness is easy, or to have an understanding of nothing-



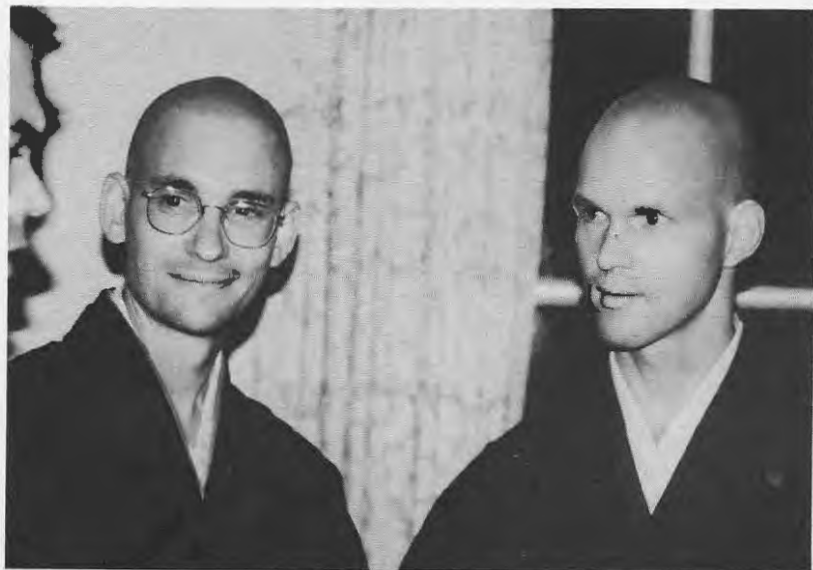
ness is easy. We say, emotional difficulty is as hard as splitting a lotus in two. Even though you split it in two, long strings will follow and you cannot get rid of them. The strings are still there. But intellectual difficulty is as easy as breaking a stone in two. Nothing is left.

*Student C:* I see a situation in which it looks to me as if one person is hurting another, and I become upset. Am I becoming emotionally upset because I'm not seeing the situation as it actually is? If I were seeing it as it actually is, would I not be emotionally upset?

*Suzuki-roshi:* It is difficult to know whether one is helping another person in an appropriate way or not. If it is not appropriate you will be upset. At least you will worry. But even when someone is helping properly you may be upset. That happens, you know. If someone is helping your girlfriend in a proper way, you will be upset anyway. That kind of thing happens pretty often.

*Student C:* Roshi, my question is more, if a person really sees things clearly, is there then no situation that would upset him emotionally?

*Suzuki-roshi:* Emotionally? I don't think so. But affected, yes. There is a big difference in these two. Maybe Buddha is upset quite easily, deeply affected. But when he is upset, it is not upset because of his attachments. Sometimes he will be very angry. Anger is allowed when it is Buddha's anger. But that anger is not the same as the anger we usually have. If Buddha is not upset when he should be upset, that is also a violation of the precepts. When he needs to be angry, he must be angry. That is characteristic of the Mahayana way of observing precepts. We say, "Sometimes anger is like a sunset." Even though it looks like anger, actually it is a beautiful red sunset, so there is that kind of difference. If anger comes from pure mind, from purity like a lotus, it is good.



*Tantos (Heads of Practice) Chikudo Lew Richmond and Tenshin Reb Anderson conversing with a student*



*Student D:* Roshi, I've observed many times that our emotions seem to have a life of their own, that has nothing to do with what you know or understand in your mind. What is the source of emotion in our body or in our understanding?

*Suzuki-roshi:* Mostly it comes from a physical source. If we count various conditions, five, ten, twenty, or one hundred conditions, it is not possible to think. The characteristic of the thinking mind is to ignore all the conditions and to follow the track of the thinking mind. The thinking mind does not fit with each case we face, so the tendency of man is just to think and go ahead whatever happens. Our actual practice is more physiological; just to sit on the black cushion is our practice. In zazen it is easier to join our emotional life as well as our thinking life.

*Student E:* When I used to chant the *Sandokai* knowing nothing about what it meant, I was able to concentrate on nothing but my breathing and my voice coming from my head. Now I start thinking about what Zen means, and I lose touch with my activity. I know it is because I get attached to words and the ideas. When I chant the *Sandokai*, the intellectual, the bright side, is strong, but I don't enjoy chanting. Maybe you can give me some advice on how to avoid these difficulties.

*Suzuki-roshi:* You cannot avoid it. That is why I am talking to you. You have to polish your understanding until it is inseparable from the whole of your life.

*Student E:* You said the other day that in the morning we should just get up. Usually I just get up, but this morning when I woke up I didn't get right up. I waited until the bell came back again, and then I started to think about what was said in the lecture.

*Suzuki-roshi:* That was not just because of lecture.

*Student E:* My question is, can we have subjective understanding of our practice without having some kind of objective or right understanding, or do we have to balance them, have both of them? Can we practice Buddha's way without knowing Buddha's way intellectually?

*Suzuki-roshi:* If you can, you are very lucky, but unfortunately we cannot practice without intellectual understanding.

*Student E:* When we sit zazen and have correct posture and follow our breathing, do we have to have these kinds of concepts or ideas about Buddhism like the four elements?

*Suzuki-roshi:* No, at that time you should forget everything, or remember that your zazen includes everything.

*Student E:* Do we have to understand the ideas of Buddhism in practice?

*Suzuki-roshi:* You have to, because we tend to look at things in ways that limit our practice. So back and forth we have to polish our understanding so that we cannot be intellectually mixed up. This is important.



In Takagaminō  
tiny old lady turns towards a Jizō shrine  
across the street.

A short prayer, umbrella in one hand,  
the other held up before her (assano)  
and then bowed very slowly

(She really means it)  
first head and neck, and then  
the wrist, very slowly down and back again.

Jizō, samma certainly must have felt obliged  
to attend immediately and in person to  
that lady's children and departed relatives.

Being Jizō, samma, he has exactly time  
and energy and compassion enough  
to do exactly that, right now.



- From SCENES OF LIFE AT  
THE CAPITAL, copied out by  
the author, Philip Whalen,  
at South Ridge Zendo, 20:10:91.

The original of this broadside was composed and calligraphed by Zenshin Ryufu Philip Whalen, with the Siddham characters for the six forms of Jizo written out by Tensho David Schneider. A limited number of signed copies are available for sixty dollars, and unsigned copies may be purchased by Zen Center members for twenty-five dollars. All proceeds go toward payment for the Jizo statue at Green Gulch.

## GREEN GULCH FARM

Green Gulch Farm is the third of Zen Center's residential practice places and completes the practice form of Zen Center. Shortly before Suzuki-roshi died he said that we should have a farm as the next step in the development of the staying community of men and women, families and children, that had formed through the continuation of Zen practice and especially through the founding of Tassajara. This community of serious students who really wanted to train in the way which in Asia had been the traditional reserve of monk professionals, was something new to Buddhism. This was not the young, single, male-only monastic institution that had trained Suzuki-roshi, nor was it anything like the traditional lay support-congregation of a Japanese temple, either. For this new student community there was no precedent, no guidelines from traditional Buddhism. Suzuki-roshi accepted it and guided it. As he said in a lecture at the time, "You are neither priests or laymen. That you are not priests is an easy matter, but that you are not exactly laymen is more difficult. I think you are special people and want some special practice that is not exactly priest's practice and not exactly laymen's practice."

With Huey Johnson's and Dick Sanders' help the virtual gift of Green Gulch to us by George Wheelwright became a fact in May of 1972, only six months after Suzuki-roshi's death. Unlike our other two centers — Tassajara, which came equipped with cabin space for sixty people and an established income source in the summer guest season, and 300 Page Street, a completely equipped living facility for fifty people — Green Gulch had been a single family ranch with two small apartments for helpers, a barn, and some outbuildings. We were going to have to build our own facilities, and find a way to pay for it.

Now, ten years later, we can look back and see what we have done. We have created housing for twenty-five single people (by converting the equipment and storage rooms in the barn into many small bedrooms); housing for ten families (by remodeling and expanding the existing dwellings and outbuildings, and bringing in two large trailers); the Wheelwright Center, with its conference room and four guest rooms; a community kitchen and dining room seating sixty; from what used to be the hay barn, a meditation and lecture hall; also two carpentry shops, poultry houses, a greenhouse, tool and animal sheds, a windmill, and indoor and outdoor play areas for the children. To supply all these







*Lindisfarne Hall near completion. It was designed by Green Gulch Head Carpenter Paul Discoe, with the help of architect Sim Van der Ryn. The octagonal plan echoes the lodge plan of the Miwok Indians, our predecessors in the Green Gulch valley.*

buildings with water and electricity and sewage, we have enough laid pipe and conduit for a small town: 7000 feet of trenches, 12,000 feet of pipe and electrical line, a 20,000 gallon water tank, with wells and catching basins. The cost over ten years to build these facilities was over half a million dollars.

And we have been farming. Not expertly at first, but we have had good teachers from the beginning. Alan Chadwick, who came to us in our first year, infused us with what he would call "imaginative energy", teaching us the fundamentals of his biodynamic and French-intensive blend of cosmic horticulture, and then left for other projects before returning and staying with us during the last six months of his life. Five years after Alan first came, Harry Roberts, part Indian and all gristle, with his diverse expertise in everything from soil agronomy to basket weaving, began living with us and teaching during the last four years of his life. Now Alan's ashes rest under a stone on the south hill, Harry's on the north hill, as though watching together over the valley and people which had received the bequest of their final work.

The farm and garden has been a complex effort, and some of our experiments worked better than others. We tried using draft horses and found it takes nearly as long to be a horse master as a Zen master. We tried dairy cows, but found it more than we could practically manage. We have learned how to produce beautiful and unusual, often rare, flowers, excellent lettuces and spinach, and to grow abundant kitchen staples — squash, potatoes, corn. The farm has never produced much money, and realizing that, finally, we will always be Zen students first and farmers second (most commercial farmers work a ten to fourteen hour day, leaving no time to practice meditation, take or teach classes, or take care of visitors). We have decided for now to be satisfied to produce wholesome chemical-free food for our kitchens and restaurant, and flowers for our altars and gardens. Through our study with Alan Chadwick and Harry Roberts we have come to

*Our 20,000 gallon water tank supplies gardens, fields, people, and provides a fire-fighting capacity*



acknowledge and appreciate the mystery of plants, their complexity, and the close connection of the study of plants with that study of ourselves which is Buddhism.

Brother David, the Benedictine monk, has characterized monastic life as "a time not your own time." The nature of life and our experiment at Green Gulch is that it has not one, but three times: monastery time, farm time, and family time — all quite different from each other. Bruce Fortin, our Farm head, who visited many organic farms across the country last summer, including several Christian Farm/Monasteries, inquired of these monasteries (of single men) how it was to do a farm and monastery together. "Very difficult," was always the reply. At home at Green Gulch morning service, opening the chicken house, vegetable cropping, nursing the babies, getting the children up and off to school all happen at the same time.

Green Gulch has been a major financial commitment of Zen Center. In addition to the half million dollars to create its facilities, it has run yearly deficits of from \$100,000 to \$200,000. But Green Gulch also has been an inspiration and encouragement over the

years to thousands of visitors and Sunday lecture goers. As we discuss elsewhere in this issue, this large group of "lay" or outside participants has recently taken independent form as a lay support group — a further development of founding Green Gulch Farm.

One way to address the problem of conflicting "times" or schedules is to reserve some time of the year when they can be separated. In the winter/spring of 1981-82 a trial practice or study period was held, during which eleven residents followed a different schedule, with more zazen, zendo breakfast as at Tassajara, and a study period and class. This may eventually develop into a full-fledged practice period of ninety days like Tassajara's, for some but not all of the residents.

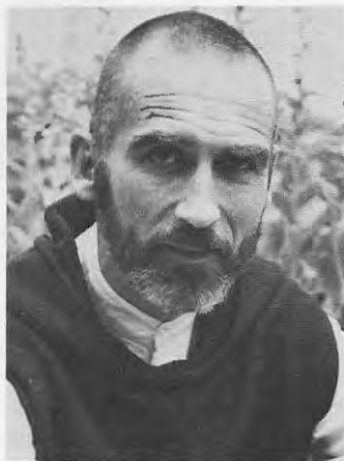
*Tenzo (Head Priest of the kitchen) Dan Welch works in the new walk-in cold storage room, adapted from a commercial refrigerated truck*



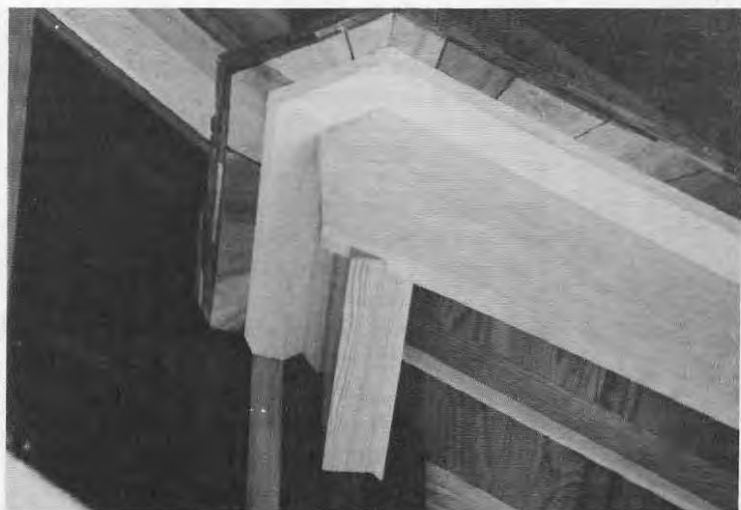




*Left: setting out new plants in the vegetable garden. Below: Always-welcome visitor. Brother David Steindl-Rast*



One thing we have learned by being willing and patient enough to follow farm or plant time, is that each species, from a radish of two weeks to the *cryptomeria* of 500 years, has its own time, which cannot be adjusted or hastened. Green Gulch, as a rather new species of Buddhist community, has its own as yet unknown time, which, if we are patient enough, and if we can afford it, we can find out. Some of our discoveries are the topics of this issue.



*Detail of an eave at Lindisfarne Hall. Construction is a mixture of traditional Japanese joinery and hand-planed wood beams as shown here, and the usual Western framing of walls. Head Carpenter Paul Discoe, who studied for many years in Japan, is training our crew in Japanese joinery techniques*





*Harry Roberts with George Wheelwright. Mr. Wheelwright, the former owner of Green Gulch, is our close friend and valued adviser. His vision to find a way to preserve the Green Gulch valley in its natural state is an important part of why we have Green Gulch.*

## GREEN GULCH AS A PRESERVE

Harry Roberts taught that planting a tree meant planting an environment. In 1975 he planted a Basket willow cutting near the zendo pond. The tree stands forty feet high today. In 1977, with Dr. E.F. Schumacher and Harry, we celebrated our first Arbor Day at Green Gulch, planting a windbreak line of Fremont cottonwoods and five quaking aspens adapted to the coast from seed saved by Harry and developed by Western Hills Nursery. On Arbor Day in 1978 we planted fifty trees in the main area of Green Gulch and many Shore and Monterey pines near the ocean, some of which are already over ten feet tall.

By 1979 Harry had developed his vision of a North Coast Native Arboretum at Green Gulch. This arboretum would not be simply a collection of tree specimens. The trees, although chosen and planted, would grow as they would in nature, surrounded by other native plant strata. This kind of forest encourages great diversity of habitats and the proliferation of land animals, birds, insects, and microscopic life. Because there are many microclimates in the draws and hillsides of Green Gulch, such an arboretum could include most of the seventeen distinct plant association groups within Marin County, and specimens of each of the fifty or so species of trees which grow between Mount Tamalpais and the Oregon border, with the exception of disease-prone, or very high elevation species. Tree planting would be arranged around the cropland in the lower valley, being concentrated mainly on the hillsides, along the waterways, and in the side canyons. They would be placed in species-specific niches to meet, as far as possible, the climatic requirements of each. This would be the first arboretum of its kind in Marin County.

On February 7, 1981, Arbor Day, Yvonne Rand read aloud what Harry would have said had he not been too weak, about this Green Gulch Preserve, while Harry, silent but very present, sat nearby and listened. It was his last appearance in public.

## THE GREEN GULCH PRESERVE

by Harry Roberts

Remember in your thinking that this is a Buddhist community. And we are trying to live like one. Buddhism is forever. It's not a crash program for the next five weeks. We are looking at things from the perspective of 500 years. If we make it for 500 years, we will make it for 5000. We are building for the far future.

So in choosing the plants to grow here we look at them from the point of view of "what are we really doing?". Buddhism is not a religion. It is a way of life. Our priorities are based on remembering our ultimate goal.

As we start this arboretum, as we fumble away at it, we are inadvertently improving on man-made designs in the structure and arrangement of the plants, where plants are growing, what they are doing. Last year we planted large numbers of Basket willow and buckeye, and most of the plantings have had a high mortality rate, primarily due to the deer. This happened because of our pre-conceived notion of how to arrange plants and trees in an arboretum.

An arboretum in the broad sense is the trees and their understory bushes. An example is the alder grove that is near here, where we have the three strata of a mature forest. On the ground floor we have Greek dogwoods. We have elderberry, we have occasional *Myrica*, we have lady ferns, and I believe some chain ferns or *Woodwardia*. And some of the tall-growing mint. A considerable number of the understory plants go up about a third of the height of the whole forest structure. Then there is an intermediate zone where there is no foliage on the tall trees, and the understory shrubbery doesn't enter.



This leaves this zone free for the birds to fly around in. And then on the top we have the canopy in which the birds live. Now, to find a plant in its native environment in a proper order that plants would grow in, we have to let nature take its course. We can put the seeds in, but let's not force our notions on what is going to grow or not grow. If we put 5000 seeds in and three of them grow — that's what it is. We have three of them and that's it. And you will get a representative colony of forest plants and trees growing in their proper relationship to each other, which is how it should be.

*Yvonne Rand assists Harry Roberts as he delivers the speech reproduced here*





Volunteers check the proper condition of soil and depth of hole for a sapling being planted on Arbor Day

Let us look at one of our highest priorities, which is to grow the deep-rooted *Cryptomeria*. The reason for planting this tree comes from our desire to function as preservers and re-builders of the redwood forest that once was here. To do this you need to think in terms of 500 years and of re-foresting with a tree that *will* grow here in the now-damaged and eroded soil with a reasonable chance of succeeding, and which is comparable to the Coast redwood in its total aspect, aesthetically as well as economically. The wood of the *Cryptomeria* is equivalent in all respects to Coast redwood, and has a chance to grow successfully here as a re-established redwood forest. With all of the knowledge available to me, I think that the deep-rooted *Cryptomeria*, the national tree of Japan, has the best chance. The seed we have has been gathered from an area in Japan with a climate equivalent to that of Los Angeles. Since that climate is tougher than ours, the trees should have an easier time adapting here. So this planting now is in reference to what we will do 500 years from now.



*Cryptomeria japonica* seedling

What should we do with the lower fields? The fifth and sixth fields? They are saturated with water. We have two possible choices in caring for these fields. We could put in a wood lot and bird sanctuary, plant Black cottonwoods, a few alders perhaps, possibly some other water-tolerant plants and grow them as a forest from which we take our firewood on a rotation basis. We would have a perpetual turnover and a constant source of firewood. And we'd be using the land efficiently. We would be planting an entire environment rather than doing specimen plantings. Or we can use cottonwoods, which are what we are planting today. These cottonwoods are stock from the Klamath



River area near the coast, stock which is resistant to salt water damage and fungus disease. It is also from a harsher area climatically, so the trees will do very well in this milder climate. We had to travel 600 miles for three days to get these cuttings. With these trees we're planting today as our own nursery bed, we will have cuttings for the next two to five years from which to plant the lower fields. These beautiful trees can grow to 225 feet tall, they can be thinned for firewood. They make wonderful furniture and cabinet wood, they can be planted for windbreaks. They will provide a bird and



*Harry Roberts plants a Black cottonwood cutting brought from the Klamath River area at a ceremony inaugurating the Green Gulch Arboretum*

animal sanctuary. They will also provide a non-mechanical pumping system that will dry out the marsh enough so that we can plant additional farm crops there. When you plant one cutting today, you are planting the possibility of twenty to thirty trees.

Of course, the other alternative is to take the flap valves out and to flood the whole lower end of the place and let it go back to marsh. The problem is that it will be salt marsh and you can't reverse that very quickly. The soil is now leached fairly well of salt. And if you let the water go back in, it will be another six to nine years to leach that salt water out, if you change your mind. So that's a rather serious consideration. If we put in a wood lot and don't like it, we can cut it down and plant something else there.

Another example of what we are doing in our arboretum is the planting of the *Godetia*. It is a plant which we are interested in for a number of reasons. It is very beautiful, it is a good cash crop as a cut flower, and it is an almost extinct species of plant. The planting at Green Gulch constitutes the preservation of pure gene stock which some day will

be used in the study of genetics. It is extremely important in the study of botany and horticulture. And a planting such as this is well within the scope of Buddhist practice. As we are trying to save a philosophy of life for now and the future, in saving this gene strain we are saving this stock for the study of the future. The *Godetia* is an example of a first priority plant for us.

When I first saw this valley it was 1925 or '26. The view of the valley from the road was one of the most beautiful ranches I'd ever seen in its period. One of the most beautiful ranches I'd ever seen. And I always hoped that some day I could be on it. I forget what they were growing at that time. Someone else would have to tell you what they were farming. But as you came down that road and you looked down on the valley it was "green valley". It was beautiful. It had a meandering stream going through it, fish in it. Cattle on the hills, of course. In any event I always thought if I had a ranch to live on, this is the one I'd want.

#### GODETIA —

#### A CLOSER LOOK

What Harry Roberts didn't say about the *Godetia* is just how rare it was when we began plantings at Green Gulch. *Clarkia imbricata* was only discovered and distinguished as a separate species twenty-five years ago. When Harry first saw the plant, three months after its discovery, the only place in the world it was known to exist was a ten-acre field in Sebastopol — in 1980 that same field was only three acres, with the best plants occupying only a tiny site.



*Clarkia imbricata* in full bloom

We've been growing *Clarkia imbricata* fairly successfully for four years at Green Gulch, but in 1980 we observed an unusual turn of events. One of the normal varieties of this *Clarkia* is all white, though it is quite rare: it appears (in the wild) about once in a field of a hundred purple flowers. That summer our row of *Clarkia* produced an unusually high percentage of white-flowering plants. Using a small soft paint brush, we took pollen from the white flowers and repeatedly pollinated other white flowers. We hoped the seeds taken from these hand-pollinated flowers would yield a row of all-white *Clarkia*, and the following summer our hopes were realized. Then we took seed from this new all-white row and we have now seen that seed also germinate. A few years will be required before we know how stable our seed stock is, but it has been a great privilege to work toward preserving *Clarkia imbricata*, and toward propagation of the white-flowering variety.

## NEWS

### HARRY ROBERTS

Harry Kellett Roberts was born on September 23, probably in 1906, on his grandmother's family's ranch near Calistoga. When he was four years old, he and his parents went to live at the mouth of the Klamath River at Rekwoi — the Yurok village where Harry's father ran the cannery. The senior Mr. Roberts also ran a cannery in Pacific Grove. Harry and his family spent six to eight months of each year at Rekwoi and the winter months in Piedmont. Harry often traveled with his father on buying trips for the various fruits, vegetables, and fish used at the canneries. He was adopted by the Spotts (an old Yurok family) and trained by Robert Spott in the High Medicine of Yurok culture, especially with regard to fishing. Harry was, from an early age, a master fisherman, and over his long and productive life he became proficient in many kinds of work. He was a lumberjack, a horticulturist and nurseryman, a turquoise trader, a rum runner, an expert in soils and geology, a welder, a machinist, and a cowboy (he worked at Green Gulch in the 30's). During World War II, he collected spider webs used in making precision instruments and gun sights. He collected native lilies, rhododendrons and azaleas — he was particularly interested in the trees native to Northern California. He was an excellent cook, knew how to embroider a tea towel, and was once Ginger Rogers' dance partner.

Beginning in 1975 Harry began spending winters at Green Gulch and summers in Crescent City. He felt responsibility to honor his vow to his own teacher Robert Spott: to

*Harry Roberts lecturing on the future development of Green Gulch plantings*





pass on to someone else what he had spent his life studying and learning, and saw Green Gulch as the place he could do that. In 1978 Harry moved to Green Gulch permanently. He died, consciously and calmly, on March 19, 1981, teaching us up through the last moment.

One of Harry's greatest gifts to those he taught was his insistence that we open our eyes and believe what we see. Being observant — whether looking for a Yerba Buena tea plant on the Green Gulch hills, making fire, or even feeding the goat, was for Harry the most important thing of all. Precise and careful action could happen only after paying close attention first. Harry would present information in a way that made you feel as though you had always known it, and would never forget it.

### ALAN CHADWICK

Alan Chadwick returned to Green Gulch in December of 1979, seven years after he first established our gardens here. He was too ill to work any longer in the garden itself, but he was able to give small classes and lectures, several times a week, and talk to individuals.

During this time he asked Baker-roshi to be his heir and literary executor and to see to it that his few possessions were passed on appropriately. He asked that his personal library be kept at Green Gulch and become the basis of a horticultural library. He also asked that Baker-roshi take initial responsibility for establishing a horticultural society to continue his work and teaching. He wanted this society also to help maintain gardens where training of his apprentices could be continued.

Before Alan died he met with many of his senior apprentices, with Baker-roshi, and other students and friends. At this meeting the basic form of the Alan Chadwick Society was worked out. The Society is now incorporated and is working on several projects: collecting the Alan Chadwick Archives to be housed at Green Gulch with his library; establishing the



*Alan Chadwick*

*Consecration of the Alan  
Chadwick Memorial Stone:  
L: Father Michael Culligan,  
R: Baker-roshi*



Gardeners' Guild, a network of apprentices and students of horticulture; collecting his teaching on cassette tapes so they may one day be released and/or transcribed and published.

Alan Chadwick died at Green Gulch on Pentecost Sunday, May 25, 1980. Just before he died, he set up on a small altar to the left of his bed a print of Raphael's *Madonna and Child Enthroned with Saints*, and on the wall to the right of his bed Shakespeare's fifteenth sonnet. Then he died calmly in his own time and consideration. Kathleen Acacia Downs, his devoted helper, was with him all through the morning and was joined by Baker-roshi at the last. For the next forty-eight hours friends and apprentices joined him at his bedside — speaking to him, reading psalms, sitting.



## MEMBERS AND STUDENTS

It has become clear in the last year or two that Zen Center's present two categories of Annual and General membership no longer describe the range of how people are participating now, particularly at Green Gulch. "How can I participate more? In what way can I contribute and be a part of Zen Center's activities, though I can't be a resident or full time student?" are questions which arise frequently.

From the variety of people and activities at Zen Center's three places over the last several years a definition is emerging similar to the traditional temple-with-monastery of Asian countries; a division into resident practitioners, non-resident practitioner/supporters, and visitors (in architectural terms: the monastery, the temple, and the gate). Most of our energy in the past ten years has gone into establishing the "monastery", the facilities and financial self-support for the residential student training program. With this task well under way, we are turning our attention now to the growing numbers of member/supports, and guests.

As a result of emphasizing the development of monastic training life, the program for students is fairly well articulated. Starting with the five-day to six-week guest student program, the range of activities includes: beginning and advanced study classes, one-day sittings, seven-day *sesshins*, two to three month concentrated study periods at San Francisco and (beginning last year) at Green Gulch, practice periods at Tassajara, and for some of the students, lay ordination, or priest/monk ordination. Students going to be teachers or adepts, whether lay or priest/monk, continue their training, eventually taking on leadership and responsibility in a training which requires (as is also the case in Asia) ten, fifteen, or more years to complete.



*Meeting over refreshments on the deck at Green Gulch Farm after one of the Sunday morning lectures*



Until now this has been our only developed way of practicing Zen. However this is not a way accessible to everyone, nor is it the only way to practice Zen. As a step toward more bridges we want first to expand the definition of membership and soon begin a retreat program for non-student members.

We now have three categories of "member" (as distinct from "student"): Annual, General, and Practicing members. An Annual Member is someone who lives too far away to participate but wants to make a contribution and receive the *Wind Bell* and other information about Zen Center. A General Member is someone who cares about and appreciates Buddhism, may attend lectures and perhaps introductory classes, and may receive occasional individual instruction. A Practicing Member is someone who is developing further the effort to put the practice and the teaching of Buddhism to work in their lives, who is trying to sit zazen regularly at home or in a zendo, and who may receive regular practice instruction.

The category of "student" would include all residential practitioners as well as non-residents whose commitment and schedule are equivalent to those of a resident.

These categories of Member and Student, corresponding to actual differences that already exist in Zen Center, will, we hope, allow people to define and develop further their relationship to Zen Center.

#### NEW FORMS OF MEMBERSHIP AND BEGINNINGS OF A LAY COMMUNITY

The need for more developed categories of membership has become more apparent with the recent formation at Green Gulch of a "lay group" (we don't know yet if "lay" is the right word — so far it has stuck for lack of a better one) which began when a few long-time Sunday lecture goers decided to start getting together after lunch on Sundays to discuss ways in which they could help Zen Center as non-resident participant supporters. Soon their meetings were attracting forty to fifty people, out of a total numbering, if the Green Gulch mailing list is a guide, well over a thousand. The big event that Sunday lecture has become was not planned that way; it just grew. People would come, week after week, sometimes for years, listening and observing, perhaps signing the mailing list, but doing no more, and no more was asked of them. There was no pressure to make a donation, or become a member, or announce oneself in any way. People appreciated this respite from solicitation, and enjoyed the anonymity that was possible as long as one wanted it.

Still, the relationship was one in which the Sunday visitor "faced front" — faced the lecturer, or the resident students, or the office person, as an observer. Now, for the first time, lecture-goers, many of whom have also become regular zazen practitioners at least in their homes, have faced and identified each other. The desire to create a definition of

“lay member” or “lay supporter” is strong, as is the energy to find effective ways to contribute financially and in other ways to Zen Center. This search for an effective identity embellishes and clarifies the identity of the resident students as well, who, although they are the “special people neither priests nor laymen” of Suzuki-roshi’s description, still, in contrast to the new lay group, are more like monks — at least for the time they are residents.

What will come of this new “laity” remains to be seen. The anti-nuclear weapons issue provides one source of energy which unites resident and non-resident, lay-person and monk. Another source of energy might be establishing some kind of weekend retreat/study program for non-residents, after finishing the Lindsfarne Hall guest building, or even before. The proven model of Buddhist *sangha* over the centuries has been an assembly of monks who serve and are supported by laypeople. Lacking such a reciprocal relationship to a Buddhist laity in America, Zen Center set about to provide its own internal sources of financial support. It will be interesting to see how these new developments will affect the future of Green Gulch and Zen Center.

*Dedication of the Teahouse at Green Gulch*



## GREENS

Greens at Fort Mason, Zen Center's vegetarian restaurant, has been open now for nearly three years at the Fort Mason Community Center (a former World War II naval station, now part of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area).

Greens has been praised in numerous newspaper and magazine articles, called a "genius restaurant" by one reviewer, and has served such well-known gourmets and cooks as James Beard, Craig Claiborne, Julia Child, and the English cook and author Elizabeth David. Greens was the first restaurant Elizabeth David came to on her initial American visit.

Dinners are served to one hundred people on Friday and Saturday nights. There is one sitting only, so people may spend a convivial evening of dining without being rushed. Dinners had been so over-subscribed that we began to take reservations up to two months in advance, yet all the places were being filled within the first hour of confirmations and inquiries. We now take dinner reservations up to a year in advance. Lunch, on the other hand, is booked only two or three days in advance for the peak hours and serves three hundred people a day, five days a week.

We never expected the restaurant to be this successful. When we first began, many people warned us that it was a dreary and isolated warehouse district and that there would be none of the necessary walk-in trade. If we now try to explain the success of the restaurant, much credit should be given to the Zen Center community and, we hope, to their practice and sense of care, thoroughness, and attention to detail in food preparation.



*The spacious interior of Greens restaurant with its panoramic view of the marina*



At Greens, a basic kitchen reality springs from more than fifteen years' experience of cooking vegetarian food. Not counting Greens, we cook five hundred meals a day in the practice center kitchens. Deborah Madison Welch, head cook at Greens, and the other cooks have been able to bring this experience to the vegetarian food prepared for guests and visitors at Tassajara. In fact, the idea for the restaurant came from our work on a vegetarian guest food cook book, when the cook/author needed a kitchen to develop the recipes.

However, probably most of our success is due to three ways in which Greens is unique. First, as far as we can tell, we are the first restaurant in the country to present vegetarian food as a cuisine in its own right. Second, we are by chance participating in the development of an as yet unnamed California cuisine. Western cooking in general is already moving toward more vegetables, vegetarian-based sauces and recipes, but in California, because of its extraordinary climate and year-round growing season, people can cook and eat in a way perhaps no other part of the world can. There is an unequalled supply of fresh, inexpensive vegetables available here all year round. Zen Center, by having its own farm, and a staff large enough to send buyers daily to the Farmer's Market and nearby organic farms to supply the Green Gulch Greengrocer, Zen Center kitchens, as well as the restaurant, is making the fullest use of the possibilities of California produce.

And third, Greens is bringing together French, European, Japanese and American cuisines, and also the food interests of the counterculture, macrobiotics, and the many people interested in sports and exercise. At the same time, the average American's tastes are changing toward the direction of healthier food.

The cuisines of China and France have long been recognized as pre-eminent in their refinement, subtlety, and variety. Japanese cooking, although equally so, has not been as acknowledged because the most developed Japanese cooking is not transportable. It depends on the freshest fish, meat, and vegetables, prepared individually and immediately for each person, according to season and location. Another important distinction is that French and Chinese cooking are both primarily based on mixing ingredients during the cooking; whereas Japanese cuisine is for the most part based on mixing the ingredients in the eating. So there is much more emphasis in Japanese food on the care, integrity and look of each individual item of the meal as it presented separately prepared. So the overall visual presentation of food and the clarity and visible manner in which it has been prepared are very important, and affect us even before we begin to eat.

In a recent interview, the French chef Gerard, who is credited with popularizing the so-called "French *nouvelle cuisine*," said that this cuisine came about instrumentally through the influence of the large number of young Japanese who flooded French restaurant kitchens in secondary positions in the last decade. So again, Zen Center and Greens inadvertently find themselves in the same situation, trying to combine a Japanese, Chinese and Zen Buddhist conception of cooking for monks and monastery guests with European and American cooking.

The location of Greens also contributes to its success. It's a beautiful view, and there is plenty of parking. We tried to keep the architecture and design of the site simple; retaining its identity as a waterfront warehouse, making available the fullest view of the boats,

Bay, and Golden Gate Bridge, and with unusual paintings and sculptures giving weight to the interior as used so that the entire room is visually as demanding as the exterior view, to balance the drama and pull of the sea view.

We even made the tables (a Shaker design), for we felt that the tables too should have the same level of attention and craft as the preparation of the food. All the plumbing, electrical work, lighting, design and carpentry was done by our own workers. Retaining the original walls and shape of the warehouse, just raising the floor, and building a kitchen cost over \$350,000, which came from donations, bank loans and mortgaging some property. We have been told that if we had not used our own crews, but had hired professionals throughout, the cost would have been around one million dollars. The extent, variety, and scale of the work is suggested in the 'Thank You' sign that we put up at the opening of the restaurant:

*We are very grateful that Greens Restaurant and Tassajara Bread Bakery II are now open at Fort Mason. We hope this will be a wonderful place for people to meet and eat together.*

*We want to give special thanks to the Fort Mason Foundation Board and Staff, who are responsible for the vision and patience, especially Ann Howell & Rudy Hurwich, who worked closely with us from the beginning.*

*Architect Ellis Kaplan, gave us months of consultation and did the many, many drawings needed to bring all the ideas together.*

*Architect Sim van der Ryn, solved the problem of how to enclose the kitchen, and did the final plans.*

*Artist Edward Avedisian, helped develop the flow and accessibility of the whole space, and gave us the five powerful paintings in the dining room.*

*Artist J.B. Blunk, grandly conceived and created a sculpture people can eat at.*

*Artist Willard Dixon, gave us the three luminous South wall cloud paintings.*

*Artist Mayumi Oda, gave us the appropriate Goddess of Earth & Treasure Ship of Vegetables scroll.*

*Paul Discoe and the Zen Center Construction Crew are responsible for the over-all loving, careful construction, the planed wood walls, and the oak and walnut tables.*

*Joan Larkey conceived of and designed the marvellously detailed lighting that so changes the restaurant at night.*

*Ned Spencer, Jim Bockhorst, and Charles Wallis did the electrical, plumbing, and heating design and work.*

*Baker-roshi brought all the design ideas together and umpired close calls.*

*Alice Waters and Chez Panisse brought us standards, advice, and teaching.*

*Three major donors gave us the initial push, courage, and encouragement to go ahead.*

*There were many other donors of financial, emotional, and technical help, especially the entire Zen Center Community.*

*And finally, the almost-invisible and ever-present work of the Founding Manager, Karin Gjording, brought together all the ordering of dishes, kitchen equipment, carpet, and the other facilities, with the space required for each.*



The restaurant has been a remarkable and unexpected success in every aspect but one, and that is the restaurant isn't as financially successful as it looks. Through most of its two and a half years, the restaurant has only broken even, or come out a little ahead. It is sad that a restaurant must be open nearly every day for at least two meals to begin to make money; at present we do not have enough Zen Center staff to be open more than two nights a week. Our community prefers that prices remain moderate because we are a meditation community, and both staff and community like to know lunch and dinner prices are within limits their friends or relatives can afford — for dinner, at least no higher than is possible for a special occasion.

Usually, a restaurant's profit is in meat and alcohol, where little labor is required. But creating vegetarian food is very labor-intensive and in Greens requires a staff of forty-five persons.

We remain continually surprised by the success of Greens, and would like to share some of the reviews we've received.

"The kitchen is just budding at Greens . . . There isn't a restaurant in San Francisco that serves such fresh, unique food at such amazingly low prices in so striking an atmosphere. San Francisco is lucky to have Greens. I can't wait to see how it grows . . . A 'genius' restaurant." wrote Patricia Unterman in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Caroline Bates in *Gourmet* magazine, stated, "I was drawn by the restaurant's peerless setting on San Francisco Bay, by the pleasantness of the dining room staff, and most of all by the fresh, inventive fare, which could charm almost any carnivore from his meat-eating ways."

Robert Finigan's *Private Guide to Restaurants* said, ". . . surely the most consistently innovative purveyor of vegetarian-inspired Western cuisine we have come across anywhere in our travels . . ."

*A portion of the Greens kitchen. In the left foreground is the mesquite charcoal broiler used to prepare marinated tofu and vegetable brochettes, a Greens specialty*







*The Gandharan Buddha in the process of restoration*



## RESTORATION OF THE GANDHARAN BUDDHA

In the last *Wind Bell*, we printed a picture of the 1,700 year-old Gandharan Buddha lying shattered in the rubble of the burned-out Tassajara zendo. Today that Buddha figure is intact, and back on the main altar of the zendo.

This statue, as a work of Gandharan art, represents an amalgam of East and West, of Grecian and Indian cultures. The Gandharan artists were Indian, but, situated in Northwest India at a crossroads of commercial routes and an area of earlier Greek conquest, they absorbed not only Grecian influences, but Roman and Iranian ones as well. These artists were partially inspired by statues of Greek gods, since, before the Gandharan period, the Buddha had never been represented in human form. Earlier different icons, such as a tree, a wheel, parallel footprints or supposed relics represented the Buddha. With these statues, Gandharan artists achieved not only a beautiful stylistic synthesis, but began the tradition of the Buddha statue.

The story of the restoration of our Gandharan Buddha begins a few days after the actual fire. The statue had not dropped far — it had simply fallen onto its back, and lay on the raised stones which had been the altar, and before that, the fireplace of the room. Being made of schist, a soft grey stone used in most Gandharan sculpture, the statue broke easily, and into many layers.

Roger Broussal, the head of the restoration department at the De Young museum, agreed to do the restoration. Working at home, in his off hours, he first sorted the pieces into those which had been on the surface of the statue, and those which had been interior. He was able to use all the surface pieces we gave him, but even so, he needed to

replace parts of the nose, lips, curls, shoulder, abdomen, knee, fingers, and base with his own work. The interior gaps were filled with plaster, or a plaster schist-mixture.

When Mr. Broussal needed to create a part, he did as much as he could by extrapolation — following the exiting lines of the work. Some of the smallest schist pieces we sent him he ground, to use in adhesive mixtures, and to obtain the proper coloring. He told us his technique had been to match parts of a limb first, and then to match larger units. The hard part, he said, was when he had two or more parts of a unit, but was missing some connective pieces. The existing pieces were propped in position in a sandbox while various sections were tried against them. If nothing fit, a new piece was made. The sandbox was also where pieces dried once they had been glued together.

After a year's patient work, Mr. Broussal returned our Gandharan Buddha to us in a single, small wooden box, he told us he felt pleased with the way it had turned out. We did too; we are extremely grateful to him.



*The Buddha replaced on  
its new altar at Tassajara*

## DOGEN SCHOLAR'S CONFERENCE

From October 8 through 11, 1981, Tassajara and Zen Center were host to a conference, organized by the Zen Center of Los Angeles, of many leading scholars in the field of Dogen studies. The conference heard papers from: Carl Bielefeldt, Stanford University; Hee Jin Kim, University of Oregon; Tom Kasulis, Northland College; Masao Abe, Claremont Graduate School; Masatoshi Nagatomi, Harvard University; William LaFleur, U.C.L.A.; Yasuaki Nara, Komazawa University; John Maraldo, University of North Florida; Francis Cook, U.C. Riverside; and Robert Bellah, U.C. Berkeley.



*Tenshin Reb Anderson, Baker-roshi, and Maezumi-roshi at the Dogen Scholar's Conference at Tassajara*

Although Dogen lived 700 years ago, it was not until the 19th century that his works became known to those outside the Soto school priesthood, to scholars and the Japanese reading public, and even today in some respects Dogen scholarship is just beginning. In the West, as reliable translations appeared in English and other Western languages, the impact of Dogen's work as philosophy has been profound. Several of the conference papers dealt with Dogen seen not merely within the boundaries of his own tradition, but as a teacher, poet, and religious philosopher of world-wide importance. It has been said that Dogen did not write in Japanese, but in a language of his own ordering. His highly original use and understanding of language was treated in Dr. Kim's "Dogen's Use of Koan Language". Bielefeldt's "Beyond the Carved Dragon: Some Reflections on the State of Dogen Studies" suggested the necessity of seeing beyond the sectarian or hagiographic Dogen and applying the same scrutiny of Western scholarship as to other religious figures of the past: to treat Dogen as a man with a history, a politics, a personality, and human strengths and weaknesses.

There is not space here to mention or excerpt from every paper, and we would like to, for it was a very valuable and stimulating conference. Thank you, Maezumi-roshi, the Zen Center of Los Angeles, and each of the scholars for the opportunity to participate with you.



## WHEELWRIGHT PRESS

Wheelwright Press is our name for the publishing branch of Zen Center. The study of Buddhism in America depends on the presentation and continued availability of good authoritative translations of classic texts from their Chinese, Sanskrit, Pali, Tibetan or other originals. There are many Buddhist schools each with its own voluminous literature and even with all that has been written *about* Zen in English in the last few decades, most of its primary literature and commentaries is locked away in ancient Chinese, awaiting a translator and publisher. The careful and scholarly translation of one text alone can occupy a scholar for many years, and we know from our own experience in Zen Center study classes just how valuable such a translation can be, particularly since Buddhist writing is not just literature or philosophy, but pre-eminently *lore*, yogic lore, the reported experiences of ancients who have practiced just as we practice, recording their guidance and advice.

The Wheelwright Press' book issued in 1980, *Timeless Spring: A Soto Zen Anthology*, translated and compiled by Thomas Cleary, is just such a book. From his own encyclopedic knowledge of the Chinese and Japanese Zen literature, Dr. Cleary has culled passages from the sayings and stories of masters in the Cao-Dong or Soto lineage, almost all of which have never before been translated. We are hoping early next year, funds permitting, to publish Dr. Cleary's translation of the classic koan collection *Shoyoroku: The Book of Serenity*, a collection similar to the better-known *Blue Cliff Record* and *Gateless Gate* collections, but which has been used more in the Chinese Cao-Dong (Soto) lineage than the Lin-Chi (Rinzai) lineage.

The Wheelwright Press is nevertheless not limited only to Zen, or even Buddhist books. In 1981 we were fortunate to be able to release a new book by Lama Govinda, the culmination of his study spanning forty years: *The Inner Structure of the I Ching: The Book of Transformations*. The physical preparation of the book alone took two and one-half years, as, for example, some of the diagram pages had seventy-five separate pieces to be checked and aligned, and the book has fifty-seven diagrams.

*Lama Anagarika Govinda and Li Gotami Govinda*



In his preface to the book, Baker-roshi said:

Here we have in this extraordinary labor of love and intelligence by Lama Anagarika Govinda, a basis for and a means to understanding the *I Ching* directly. Until now, all occidental studies, commentaries, and translations have been based on the accumulation of Chinese commentaries, and not on the structure of the *I Ching* itself — the trigrams, hexagrams, and their permutations and systematization. The *I Ching* is probably the most subtle structural representation of the active inter-independency of the human mind and the phenomenal world that has yet been made by man.

Although language awakens us to developed possibilities of common thought, still language guides our thought into the predictable and repetitious. By contrast, the *I Ching* summons the mind to its more inherent possibilities, without the conscription of names and syntax. Where language describes, the *I Ching* implies, suggests, guides us to what we could not or would not have thought of, thus returning the mind to its own emotive and mathematical workings prior to the conceptual and controllable expressions of language.

When these lines and their alternations have been studied and understood, the *I Ching* can awaken us to what we more actually feel, think and can do. While language is for communicating with others, the *I Ching* is for communicating with oneself and oneself.

Another project for the future is *Walking in Beauty: Reflections of A Yurok Indian Education*, teaching and stories by Harry Roberts.

## THE NUCLEAR ISSUE

This year nuclear weapons and disarmament is an issue that has seized the awareness of Zen Center members, as it has people all over the country. What becomes of the Bodhi-sattva vow to liberate all beings which is the foundation of our Great Vehicle practice if all the beings have been destroyed in a nuclear holocaust, and the only thing that remains, in a phrase from Johnathan Schell's just-released *Fate of the Earth*, is a "community of insects and grass?"

A thousand years ago in China, someone asked a Zen Master, "When the final karmic fire destroys everything, does Buddha Nature still exist?" and the master replied, "No!" (another time though, he said "yes," as Suzuki-roshi discusses in his lecture in this issue.) In the past, Zen Center's consistent policy has been not to take sides as an institution on any political issue, following the traditional understanding that Buddhism does not take sides. Zen Center members do take stands as individuals without expecting or pretending to represent Zen Center as a whole. But the nuclear issue transcends politics, since it affects every human and non-human life form on the planet, and the question how to respond practically and responsibly to this overshadowing great No has been on everyone's mind.

Baker-roshi made his own view clear in recent lectures, saying that in his own opinion the chance of a nuclear holocaust, by accident if not by design, was quite likely within the next ten years unless some very big response arose to prevent it. And he encouraged everyone in Zen Center to begin thinking and discussing what our responsibility is as individuals and as a community. A series of meetings followed, at Green Gulch and the City, releasing great energy as though of relief that at last this concern, until now more private, could be voiced and acted upon collectively within our consideration as Buddhists. Films were shown, study groups were formed and speakers invited, as the community members began to inform themselves and each other. Many worked actively to help get the Nuclear Freeze initiative on the ballot in California. Baker-roshi himself



*Volunteers hand out leaflets at the San Francisco Vigil, Market at Battery Streets*

continued his active participation in the "track two" diplomacy — a program of contact and dialogue between Americans and Russians outside ordinary channels — which had been initiated by Esalen Institute, and which inspired his visit to the Soviet Union last summer, where he found among the people he met an equally earnest desire to avoid war; and as well, a surprising and extremely well-informed interest in Buddhism. Zen Center has helped to sponsor or host several events in this exchange program, including a series of Russian films to be shown at Greens restaurant.

#### VIGIL FOR SURVIVAL

The first Vigil for Survival, begun by Zen Center students and lay members, took place at the beginning of April in the plaza of downtown Mill Valley. Since then the vigil has been meeting there every Friday from noon to 1 pm. City Zen students are doing a similar vigil in downtown San Francisco.



A vigil seems an appropriate expression for Zen students. Its emphasis is awareness, not persuasion. It is meeting ourselves and others with silence and, like zazen itself, it is the doing of just being there. The handout for the Mill Valley vigil reads:

#### VIGIL FOR SURVIVAL

We are standing for our lives and the life of our planet. We face the likelihood of a nuclear war. It may come about by accident, or it may come about through conflict. However it may come about, it would make our world uninhabitable for up to half a million years, longer than human history. Are we willing to admit that the real cost of nuclear armament is our extinction? Is any international dispute worth such devastation? Both the presidents of the Soviet Union and the United States of America have publicly stated that there are no winners in a nuclear war. In a nuclear war the survivors would envy the dead.

If you would like to join this silent vigil even for a minute, please know that you can find us here every Friday, 12 noon to 1 pm in downtown Mill Valley.

We also have available a copy of the following poem:

*And now we will count to twelve  
And we will all keep still*

*For once on the face of the earth,  
Let's not speak in any language;  
let's stop for one second,  
and not move our arms so much*

*It would be an exotic moment  
without rush, without engines;  
we would all be together  
in a sudden strangeness*

*Fishermen in the cold sea  
would not harm whales  
and the man gathering salt  
would look at his hurt hands*

*Those who prepare green wars,  
wars with gas, wars with fire,  
victory with no survivors,  
would put on clean clothes  
and walk about with their brothers  
in the shade, doing nothing.*

*What I want should not be confused  
with total inactivity.*

*(Life is what it is about;  
I want no truck with death)*

*If we were not so singleminded  
about keeping our lives moving,  
and for once could do nothing,  
perhaps a huge silence  
might interrupt this sadness  
of never understanding ourselves  
and of threatening ourselves with death.  
Perhaps the earth can teach us  
as when everything seems dead  
and later proves to be alive*

*Now I'll count up to twelve.  
and you keep quiet and I will go.*

— Pablo Neruda

## THE BEAUTY OF THESE CHILDREN

*The beauty of these children is such  
that their faces & figures appear to me  
to stand out luminous like mountains  
more present than what surrounds and continues them  
in the constantly conscious  
They have been carefully placed here  
in violence manifest & in blood & fluid  
in front of my eyes which see them daily  
in their movements & gestures they wear  
as surely as clothes They come animate  
facing me & I understand in them  
also the meaning of words which move  
by their own power, in their own drama  
One is always, by the nature of the thing,  
made and made to act and act again  
in the midst of one's confusion  
Here is I think a forward moving thing  
& with it much that matters  
& some things that do not I  
am given this to understand these  
children & their voices to caretake  
for a time on the earth until  
death comes to one of us All love  
comes to us for aid in what we cannot  
know the way to do, to take the  
measure of what we  
as the people say "should" do to make  
it come out right. Trees let us  
always return to trees  
for our children's sake to know  
how to love them let them grow  
as they come & let them then go  
a brief moment presently*

Norman Fischer  
Tassajara — 2/78

## GREGORY BATESON

Gregory Bateson died at Zen Center's Guest House on July 4, 1980, in the midst of his family and friends.

Gregory, with his wife Lois, began staying at the Guest House regularly when, as a Regent of the University of California, he had to attend the monthly meetings held at the nearby U.C. Extension Center. Gregory gave lectures a number of times to Zen Center students at San Francisco, Green Gulch, and Tassajara, and held a large conference at the Green Gulch Wheelwright Center.

We found in Gregory Bateson a great teacher: a rigorous thinker, sceptic, incisive questioner — and yet a man who could put these powers at the service of a vision which sought to include and connect everything. In conversation, he often tried to determine what were the differences between his thinking and Buddhism, because there was such an extensive overlap. We learned a great deal from him; we found confirmation in his thinking and in his probing use of language — an opening and measure for Buddhism in Occidental culture. He became a great guide for us. And it seems that Buddhism and Zen were useful to him, too.

At Gregory Bateson's funeral, eighteen hits of the big bell, the *Obonsho*, were followed by a procession into the Meditation and Buddha Hall where the ceremony began with an offering of incense and food. Wallace Stevens' *Blue Guitar*, and passages from William Blake and T.S. Eliot were read by members of the family and friends. Governor Brown read the Twenty-third Psalm. During the ceremony, Gregory's family and many others spoke directly to Gregory. Zentatsu Baker-roshi addressed and said about Gregory:

"Gregory, you were intellectual history itself. The descendant of a family which prepared, with courage and daring, the way for you. And then you yourself brought us over into, helped lead us into this century, from the ecclesiastical Victorian world into our contemporary world, and then, not content, you further thrust yourself and us into





this age we don't yet understand — a world where dualisms are resolved and oneness is the sign of being. Your own life was an answer to entropy — heat passing heat to us — a sacrament for our true life.”

“Gregory Bateson gave his life over to science, to understanding being, to a science of trust and not of interference; and at the end he trusted life to end in its own way, within his own way, and with his family and friends, July 4, 1980 at noon, Independence Day.”

“Gregory, you were able to pass through the golden net of culture, deepen and yet not be caught by the explanations of science and society; you resisted all attempts to explain away or obscure the vast darkness.”

“True philosopher, scientist, anthropologist, biologist, cybernetician, educator — reforming education like your grandfather, psychologist, lover of life and of us — now in death as in life you move — the boundaries, the edges, softly moving, shimmering, reflecting, dissolving, a difference, we call it Dharma, joining, connecting.”

“Stretched over the void — we have offered this ceremony and ourselves to your light, to your heart, to your sweetness, to your flights of intelligence, to your courage and compassion that illuminate this often bitter world, to your passing on to us life itself, to your flashing in the utter darkness.”

“Let us be mindful of this great man within us, of our new existence.”

*Offerings for Gregory Bateson on the altar of the Green Gulch zendo*



## WHOLE EARTH BOOKSTORE

In 1978, Zen Center took on the responsibility of continuing the mail order and retail bookstore part of the The Whole Earth Truck Store located in Menlo Park. We did this with the idea that in some future year we would open a retail bookstore carrying the listings of *The Whole Earth Catalogue* and *Co-Evolution Quarterly*. Until then we filled the few mail orders from the basement of our guest house at 273 Page Street.

Then, in 1980, *The Next Whole Earth Catalogue* was published and widely distributed, and with our basement operation now the only listed access for mail order sales, we had to think either of expansion or of passing the store on. At about this time, a site at Fort Mason, near Greens, became temporarily available, with over six thousand square feet of floor space. This seemed the time to develop the combined mail order and retail bookstore, which as a core inventory would stock all the books listed in *The Whole Earth Catalogue*, but whose offerings in the retail section would be expanded as other titles came to our attention or were recommended to us.

The bookstore opened in October of 1980 as Whole Earth Bookstore: Information Books. There are approximately forty thousand books published each year in the U.S. and another twenty thousand published in English worldwide. A book is a vital tool, but first you must be able to find it, to know that it exists and if it is worthwhile compared to other books in its field. The idea of our bookstore was to carry what in our and our advisors' judgement were the best primarily non-fiction books in each field, not just what would sell or what was popular. The warehouse scale of the floor space allowed us to display the books in the most spacious way, making WEBS, as it began to be called within Zen Center, a wonderful browsing bookstore.

By the end of the first year the bookstore was breaking even, carrying 8000 titles, and selling an average of 2500 books a month. The retail books were organized into the following categories: Mysteries (religion), Other Cultures, Architecture, Gardening, Homesteading, Farming, Appropriate Technology, Energy, Parenting, Teaching, Crafts, Children, Medical Self-Care, Money and Business, Nomadics (travel), Earth Resources (geography, geology, climate), "Patterns that Connect" (philosophy), Women, Mathematics, Poetry, Writing, Photography, Art, Media, Woodworking, Food, Housebuilding, History.

After just one year of operation our temporary tenure came to an end in March 1982, and we are now thinking whether or not we wish to continue the bookstore in another place.

## SEARCHING FOR OUR LOST BROTHER

by Thich Nhat Hanh

Thich Nhat Hanh is a Vietnamese Buddhist monk and peace activist whose role as a leader of the Buddhist movement for peace during the Vietnam war is well-known. He headed the Vietnamese Buddhist Peace Delegation during the Paris peace talks, and is the author of several books, including *Lotus in a Sea of Fire*, *The Miracle of Mindfulness*, and *Zen Keys*. In recent years, Thich Nhat Hanh has lived in France, rarely traveling, and has concentrated on teaching meditation practice and mindfulness study to those directly involved in peace activism and social change. The following talk was given at the conclusion of a three-day "Reverence for Life" conference sponsored by the Temple of Understanding in New York City in June of last year, in conjunction with the second United Nations Conference on Disarmament and the huge anti-nuclear march of nearly one million people. Baker-roshi, Lew Richmond and Arnie Kotler from Zen Center also attended the conference, and from our meeting with Thich Nhat Hanh asked him to visit Zen Center in April of 1983. His two weeks with us this April, spent mostly at Tas-sajara, had a profound impact on all of us. We would like to report on it in more detail in the next *Wind Bell*.



*Thich Nhat Hanh*



I have lost my brother and I don't know where to find him. Because he wanted to do things differently we accused him of destroying the community. That is why we try to destroy him, in order for the community to survive. The community is still there, but we lost him.

But I have not entirely lost him. I have the impression that he is somewhere out there. I try to be attentive in order to recognize him. He doesn't even have a gown like this one I'm wearing. He doesn't need one. I think I have to take mine off in order to be able to find him. I do it. It's hot anyway.

I am sure that if he is here, we will have less trouble, but now, because he is not here we have much fear, much mistrust. We feel that we are on the brink of time; we feel that we are going to die. And that is why I have been on a pilgrimage to search for him, to find him. But without you I can never succeed.

Some of us say that things are not too bad; don't worry too much, we say. There may be a miracle, and we will be saved. But some of us do not believe that. We are sure that we are going to die. The other day I stood in the park and looked at one three-year-old child. I did nothing but look at him, attentively. A lovely child, like you see every day. How heartbroken I was when I looked at him. What kind of world am I going to give him? Maybe no world at all. How many days, how many years are left for him, a three-year-old child? I did not know; I do not know.

I'm not afraid of dying myself, because I have died several times. For me, I feel it's alright for me to die, and I have come to the realization that I am ready to do anything. To live, yes, I accept to live. To die, yes, I accept to die. But, for the three-year-old child, what should we do with him?

One time I was on a boat in the ocean trying to rescue the boat people who were going to drown. You know that hundreds of thousands of people left Indochina by small boat, and up to half of them drowned in the sea. We used to eat fish and other living beings from the ocean. But in the last five years the fish have been eating human flesh. Imagine one or two hundred thousand people eaten by the fish.

I was trying to help some of them. At one point I was near death, and I accepted dying. We had four boats. Two big ones — each containing from 300 to 400 refugees — and two smaller ones to make contact, to support our refugees, to bring water and food to them. And it happened one time that I nearly died with all 700 refugees on board. The governments of Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, at that time — 1976 or 1977 — were aware of the presence of the boat people. At that time you had not heard of them, but they had. And we learned that these governments did not want boat people to come on land, because they already had many problems. So, I believe, they wanted these people to die on the ocean so that they would have less people, less problems. I think sea pirates obliterated a number of them. Many times the police towed their empty boats to shore.

One time I came to a place where about sixty boat people were crying to each other. They had just witnessed another boatful of sixty people sinking and fifty-nine of them drowned, right in front of them. They were on another boat and both boats were towed away when they came to shore. The people in one boat thought, "Even if we go to prison, it's better than drowning," so they returned to shore and destroyed the boats. It

was only half an hour after that that the sinking of the other boat had occurred.

I cannot describe to you how these people looked. The women, the children, cried and cried and cried. But the men, they didn't cry, they didn't say anything. They stared into nothingness. They could not understand why people treated each other like that.

The project I conducted was an underground project, because we knew that if the government discovered us, they would forbid our work and would deport us. At one point it was discovered. At one o'clock in the morning, Singapore police came to my place — two at the front door, two at the back door, two for me. They took my passport — not exactly a passport, because I have no nationality now — only a poor travel document. They ordered me to leave the country within twenty-four hours. This was at a time when two boatloads of people were waiting, needing me to help bring them to shore. I intended to bring them to Australia, in the spotlight of the press.

And at one o'clock in the morning, I got a deportation order. How could I survive the pain? I accepted dying, and I died like that several times, because during the Vietnam war, action like that was taken by many in order to stop the war, in order to preserve the villages, to help the wounded. Hundreds all killed doing service like that, nonviolent work to help the people. We did many things. For instance, once, a city was about to be attacked. We asked Buddhist monks to wear their robes, fly the Buddhist flag, and make a line, as an exit for nonmilitary people to get out of combat. It was a very dangerous thing to do. Sometimes we failed, and we died; sometimes we succeeded.

My brother, I believe he is still alive. That is why I have come — to ask you to help find him. It is hard for us to recognize him. As I said already, I believe he is here. He was very aware of what was going on, while all of us were sleepy. We prayed a lot; we knelt before the altar a lot. We did a lot of meditation practice, but we were not aware enough of the things that were going on inside us and in the world around us. Now we are in a mess.

He was aware, but we did not listen to him. We even tried to kill him in order to save our community. I think about my brother who is lost and those so-called spiritual communities who are still in a very deep sleep. Isn't it true that religion has been one of the real causes for war and separation? Jesus Christ gave His body, consented to die, in order for us to be awake, really aware. The Buddha is described as someone aware, really awake. In fact the word *buddh* means awake, and Buddha means nothing but He who is awake. Are the Buddhists awake themselves? They recite a lot; they meditate a lot; they pray a lot, but I am still very pessimistic about the degree of awakensness within Buddhist communities.

My brother was considered to be dangerous to the material well being of the community. He was a little too radical; a little too outspoken. That is why they did not want him. But I can assure you that one person like my brother counts for a lot. I see no prospect of survival myself; but suddenly if I think of my brother, I think that everything is possible. And I think that you yourself, if you are attentive enough, you will find my brother. Please do not leave me in distress. Try your best. Tell me, write me, phone me, if you see him. It is a little hard to see him, but he is still there. He is not necessarily living in the monastery. He might be somewhere on the street or in the market.

He asked me to come over and attend this conference to support the United Nations Special Session on Disarmament, but I do not know how we can support that session at all. That session will be attended by representatives of many nations whose interests are those of their respective nations. "That other nation should disarm, not mine." Can we move them? Can we speak to them? They have a mandate; they already have instructions from their governments. You may be thinking of other approaches to support disarmament, and maybe these approaches will be effective. But personally I do not see any. I do believe that if my brother is there, there is some hope. But I am afraid that we are too busy to look for our brother.

Yes, from time to time we do have a free hour, a free day or so, but we can not use these times to look for my brother. We are very busy, and when we have some time, we turn the television on, in order to destroy that kind of opportunity. We let ourselves be destroyed by being occupied.

We are thinking of nuclear bombs as something we can remove from a distance. My brother told me it is not so. Nuclear weapons are products of mankind, just as cancer is a product of the human body. If we think God will play the role of a doctor using surgery to remove the cancer from our body, we are wrong. Cancer is produced by each cell in the body becoming cancerous.

In the oriental way of healing, sometimes in order to treat the lung, we take care of the kidney. Our daily life has to do very much with the existence of nuclear weapons. If we think of nuclear weapons as something separate from our daily life we are misled.

My brother told me that if only people in Western Countries would eat less meat, drink less alcohol, that alone could change the situation of the world. I did not believe him; now I believe him. Nuclear weapons aside, how about smaller things, like the conventional weapons industry, the exporting of weapons to poor countries. People in Africa and Asia are very hungry, they are starving. Why again and again and again are deadly weapons shipped to their countries for them to die more and more?

If we cannot stop these things, how can we stop nuclear weapons? How can we stop nuclear holocaust? Years ago, twenty years ago, thirty years ago, my brother told me that, but I did not believe him. Now it seems it is too late. I do not want at all to present you with some hope, because it is likely to be false hope. But I am not pessimistic. I am not afraid of dying. I just want to reveal some of the things that I believe to be true.

When I look at the three-year-old child, I just feel very bad. I feel responsible. I myself have no money, no weapons, but I know I am responsible for the whole thing.

I told you earlier about the twelve-year-old girl who was violated by a sea pirate, and she felt so bad that she jumped into the ocean and died. I meditated on that, on her and on the pirate. I could not detach myself from the sea pirate. I saw very clearly that the pirate is me. I imagined that I was born in his village, got the same kind of education that he got, the same kind of economic life, and then I am he, the sea pirate.

We have allowed the situation to produce sea pirates. We were not attentive. We were so busy. How could we not take care of our brother over there? Even our brother over here, we cannot take care of him. So, if my brother were here, he would advise us to go back, to examine our daily life, to live in a way that proves that a future for mankind is



possible. But for me, for many of my brothers in the community, we still have a lot to do in order to be like him. That means living in such a way that we do not participate at all in nuclear holocaust.

That is why I told you that, for him, the problem is solved. If the problem is solved for me in that way, and for everyone among you, that would be the answer to our anguish, to our helplessness. My brother told me one very important thing I would like to convey to you: "One person is very important." I repeat that in order to end. "One person is very important." Please listen to my brother.

I will read you a poem. This is a poem about me and the sea pirate:

*Do not say that I shall depart tomorrow,  
because even today has to arrive.*

*Look at me: I arrive in every second, to  
be a bud on a spring branch; to be a tiny  
bird with wings still fragile, learning to  
sing in my new nest; to be a caterpillar in  
the heart of a flower; to be a jewel hiding  
itself in a stone.*

*I still arrive in order to cry and to  
laugh; in order to fear and to hope.*

*The rhythm of my heart is the birth and  
death of all that are alive.*

*I am the mayfly; I am the frog, swimming  
happily in a pond; I am also the grass snake  
approaching in silence and feeding myself on  
the frog.*

*I am the child in Uganda, all skin and  
bones, my legs as thin as bamboo sticks;  
but I am also the supplier of deadly weapons  
to Uganda.*

*I am the twelve-year-old girl, refugee on a  
small boat, who throws herself into the ocean  
after being raped by a sea pirate; I am also the  
sea pirate, my heart yet not capable of  
seeing and loving.*

*I am a member of the Politbureau, with  
plenty of powers in my hands; but I am also  
the man who has to pay his debt of blood to  
his people, dying slowly in a remote  
re-education camp.*

*My joy is like spring, so warm it makes  
all flowers bloom in every walk of life.*

*My pain is like a river of tears, so full  
it fills up all the four oceans.*

*So please call me by my correct names  
so that I can hear at the same time all my  
cries and my laughs, so that I could see  
that my joy and my pain are one.*

*Please call me by my correct names so that  
I could become awake, so that the door of my  
heart be left open, the door of compassion.*

This is another poem about dying:

*Life has left her footprints on my forehead,  
but I have become a child again this morning —  
the smile, new leaves and flowers are back to  
smooth away the wrinkles as the rain wipes away  
footprints on the beach.*

*Again the cycle, birth and death, begins.*

*I walk on stones, but firmly, as among  
flowers. I keep my head high. vines bloom  
among the bombs and mortars.*

*The tears I shed yesterday have become rain.  
I hear this sound on thatched roof. Childhood  
of my birth is calling me and the rain melts  
my despair.*

*I am still alive, able to smile quietly;  
the sweet fruit brought forth by the tree  
of suffering.*

*Carrying the dead body of my brother, I go  
across the rice field in darkness.*

*Earth will keep you tight within her arms,  
dear one, so that tomorrow you will be reincarnated  
into a flower. Those flowers smiling quietly in  
this morning field.*

*This morning, yes, this morning, I kneel down  
on the green grass and I notice your presence,  
oh flower that speaks to me in silence.*

*The message of love and hope have indeed come to us.*





## 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 - 7:10 a.m. 9:10 - 9:50 a.m.	Monday through Friday: 5:00 - 7:00 a.m. 5:30 p.m. service / 8:15 p.m. zazen (except Friday evening)  Saturday: 6:20 - 7:20 a.m. 5:00 p.m. - 6:15 p.m.  Sunday: 9:00 a.m. zazen
LECTURE	10:00 a.m. Saturday	10:00 a.m. Sunday
SESSHINS	One-day sittings, usually during first weekend of each month except June and Oct. Seven-day sesshins usually in June and Oct. (Please phone to confirm)	Weekend sittings usually the third weekend of each month except Feb. and Aug. Seven-day sesshins begin the third Sat. of Feb. and Aug. (Please phone to confirm)
WORK	Regular resident's schedule	Open to non-residents Sunday p.m. Other times by arrangement.
ZAZEN INSTRUCTION	8:30 a.m. Saturday	8:30 a.m. Sunday
ZEN MOUNTAIN CENTER      Fall Practice Period: September 15 to December 15 Spring Practice Period: January 15 to April 15 Guest & Summer Practice: May 1 to Labor Day		

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