



Wind Bell

25TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE : FALL 1986

Contents

Lecture

'I Don't Know' Zazen *by* Suzuki-roshi, Summer 1969 . . . p. 2

Twenty-fifth Anniversary Section

Facsimile of first issue . . . p. 1

Poem *by* Abbot Dainin Katagiri . . . p. 7

Wind Bell Beginnings . . . p. 8

Sokoji, or The Other Half of Our Practice *by* Ananda Dalenberg . . . p. 10

My Husband, Shunryu Suzuki *by* Mitsu Suzuki . . . p. 13

Reminiscences of Suzuki-roshi . . . p. 16

Wind Bell Cover Art . . . p. 32-33

Articles

Green Gulch Farm Retreat *by* Darlene Cohen . . . p. 39

Lama Govinda *by* Yvonne Rand . . . p. 42

Lay Initiation Ceremony, with Commentary *by* Abbot Tenshin Anderson . . . p. 47

News

Tendo Nyojo's Temple *by* Zenson Gifford . . . p. 56

Completion of Bath House . . . p. 58

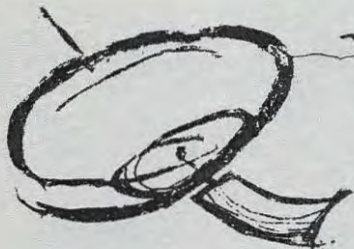
Green Gulch Farm Calendar . . . p. 59

Teahouse Opening . . . p. 60

Tassajara Reunion / Alumni Newsletter . . . p. 61

Financial Statement . . . p. 62

Zen Center Membership Information . . . p. 64



WIND BELL

Monthly Newsletter of the
San Francisco Zen Center
1881 Bush Street

Dec. 2, 1961
Issue No. 1

WIND BELL

Hanging in space by his mouth
His whole body is his mouth

East, West, South and North Wind
He does not care

Always, he talks in many ways
about Prajnaparamita for others

Tsu Chin Tsun Ryan
Tsu Chin Ryan

.....Dogen

Those people interested in Zen Buddhism may be glad to know that there is a Zen Center in San Francisco which, for nearly two and a half years, has been under the guidance of Roshi Shunryu Suzuki.

The regular and 'special events' schedules are outlined in our Newsletter and everyone is welcome to attend, of course.

Please come.

Shunryu Suzuki came here from Japan on the afternoon of June 22, 1959. Since then he has been on the cushion conducting Zen at Sokoji.

His associate, Dr. Kato, professor at San Jose State College, assists by giving lectures.

WEEKLY LECTURE PROGRAM

A series of lectures by Roshi Suzuki, entitled "The Pillow Under Mt. Fuji", are now being given every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p.m. Lectures on the Heart Sutra and the Diamond Sutra are now being concluded, to be followed by the Lotus Sutra, using "The Manual of Zen Buddhism" by D.T. Suzuki (Evergreen Paperback edition) as a background text.

GUEST LECTURE PROGRAM

Dr. Douglas Burns, a Buddhist scholar, will present a series of four lectures on the development of the Zen way. The series will be held at the Center, 7:30p.m. Friday evenings, scheduled as follows:

Friday, December 1	Early Hindu Thought as a basis for Buddhism
Friday, December 8	Theravada Buddhism
Friday, December 15	Taoism
Friday, December 22	Chan (Chinese Zen)

ONE AND A HALF DAY 'SESSHIN' AND TRAINING PERIOD IN DECEMBER

From 5:45 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. on Saturday, December 16 and from 5:45 a.m. to 12 noon on Sunday, December 17, the Center will hold a one and a half day 'Sesshin'. (Sesshin is a Japanese term for a full day of meditation over an extended period of time). Meals will be served at the Center.

The 'Sesshin' will open a two month training period of morning and evening meditation (zazen) in accordance with the regular schedule below.



Suzuki-roshi lecturing in the old Tassajara zendo.

“I Don’t Know” Zazen

69/09/00. A

Lecture by Suzuki-roshi Tassajara Sesshin, Summer 1969

In our practice the most important thing to know is that we have Buddha nature. Real practice happens when realization of Buddha nature takes place. Intellectually we know that we have Buddha nature and that this is what was taught by Buddha. But even though we have Buddha nature, at the same time it is rather difficult to accept it. And although we have Buddha nature, at the same time our nature has an evil side. And although Buddha nature is beyond good and bad, at the same time our everyday life is going on in the realm of good and bad. So there is a two-fold reality. One is the duality of good and bad and the other is the realm of the absolute, or no good and no bad.

Our everyday life is going on in the realm of good and bad, the realm of duality. And Buddha nature is found in the realm of the absolute where there is no good and bad. Our practice is to go beyond the realm of good and bad and to realize one absolute world. If I say it in this way it may be rather difficult to understand.

Hashimoto-roshi, the famous Zen master who passed away in 1967, explained this point. He said it is like the way we prepare food by separating the various dishes. Rice is here and pickles are over there, and soup is in the middle bowl. We don't cook gruel all the time mixing everything up in one bowl. To prepare each thing separately in this way is the usual world of seeming. But when you put it in your tummy — the soup, rice, pickles and everything get all mixed up and you don't know which is which. That is the world of the absolute. As long as rice, pickles and

soup remain separate on your tray it's not working. That is like your intellectual understanding or book knowledge.

So zazen practice is mixing the various ways we have of understanding and letting it all work together. How to let it work is our practice. The other day, by chance, I talked about a kerosene lamp. A lamp will not work merely because it is filled with kerosene. It also needs air for combustion. And even though it has air, it needs matches to make it work. And lighting the flame with matches is our practice which is transmitted from Buddha to us. By the aid of matches, air and kerosene, the lamp will start to work. This is actually our zazen practice.

In the same way, even though you say, "I have Buddha nature," that alone is not enough to make it work. If you have no Buddha it doesn't work. If you have no friend or no sangha, it doesn't work. When we practice with the aid of the sangha, helped by Buddha we can practice our zazen in its true sense, and we will have bright light here in the Tassajara zendo.

What is our practice and what is our everyday life? This we should clearly know. We should know how to extend zazen practice in our everyday life. When we are practicing zazen in this way you have practice in its true sense — the reason it is difficult to extend our practice to city life is because of the lack of precise understanding of our Zen teaching.

Before you ask questions you should know how to adjust the flame. To have a so-called enlightenment experience is of course important. But what is more important is to know how to adjust the flame, the light, in zazen and in our everyday life. When the flame is in complete combustion you don't smell the oil. When it is smoky you will have a kind of smell. You may realize that it is a kerosene lamp. When your life is in complete combustion you have no complaint and there is no need to be aware of your practice. We should know that if we talk too much about zazen, it is already a smoky kerosene lamp.

Maybe I am a very smoky kerosene lamp. I don't necessarily want to give a lecture. I just want to live with you moving stones, having a nice hot spring bath and eating something good. Zen is right there. When I start to talk about something, it is already a smoking kerosene lamp. As long as I must give a lecture I have to explain in terms of right and wrong: "This is right practice, this is wrong, this is how to practice zazen . . ." It is like giving you a recipe. It doesn't work. You cannot eat a recipe.

Maybe after having a long practice in hot summer weather we may enjoy saying something or listening to some words. This is also how we practice. I just said that to know how to adjust the flame is important. This is what Dogen-zenji worked so hard to show us.

Usually a Zen master will give you: "Practice zazen, then you will attain enlightenment. If you attain enlightenment you will be detached from everything and you will see 'things as it is'. So if you want to see 'things as it is', you must practice zazen very hard and attain enlightenment." That is usually what a Zen master will say.

But our way is not always so. What he says is of course true. But what Dogen-zenji told us was how to adjust the flame of our lamp back and forth. In the *Shobogenzo*

he made this point. This is one of the characteristics of Soto Zen. People say that the Soto school has no koan practice. But Dogen-zenji, after studying koans, put all the koans into a quite simple form, like Tozan Zenji in China did. Tozan Zenji used the five ranks of the seeming and real. Dogen-zenji's understanding or teaching of Zen is much simpler than that. It is quite simple. The point of Dogen-zenji's zazen is to live in each moment in complete combustion like a kerosene lamp or like a candle. The way to live in each moment, and to become one with everything and obtain oneness of the whole universe, is the point of his teaching and his practice.

Zazen practice is a very subtle thing. When you are working, something you do not realize will mentally and physically be realized if you practice zazen. I had been moving stones for a while and I didn't realize that my muscles were tired. But, today as I sat in this way, calmly, I realized, "Oh, my muscles are in pretty bad condition." I felt some pain in the various parts of my body. I don't have much flesh, so my bones are pretty painful. If you have no problems, then you think you can practice zazen very well, but actually it is not so. Some problem is necessary. It doesn't have to be a big one. Dogen-zenji says, through the difficulty you have you can practice zazen. This is an especially meaningful point in zazen. In our everyday life we put great emphasis on this point. So Dogen-zenji says, "Practice and enlightenment are one."

Practice is something you do consciously, something you do with effort. There! There is enlightenment. Most Zen masters missed this point. They didn't know how important this point is. They were striving to attain perfect zazen. That is his teaching, and that is how everything actually exists in this world. Things which exist are imperfect. Nothing we see or hear is perfect. But right there in that imperfection is perfect reality. This is true intellectual understanding. Intellectually it is true, and in the realm of practice it is also true. It is true on paper and it is also true with our body.

We can realize how true it is through our physical practice and emotional problems. So according to Dogen our practice should be established in delusion. We are all deluded people, and before we attain enlightenment we should establish our true practice in our delusion.

It is usual to think that after you attain enlightenment you can establish true practice. But it is not so, according to Dogen Zenji. True practice should be established in delusion, in frustration. If you make some mistake you should establish your practice thereby. There is no other place for you to establish your practice.

"Enlightenment", we say, but in its true sense perfect enlightenment is beyond our understanding, beyond our experience. That is true enlightenment. So actually even in our imperfect practice there is enlightenment. But the problem is that we don't know it.

Here again I want to put emphasis on this point. People usually do not trust something if they cannot actually experience it, actually think about it. There are two types of people. One of them cannot trust anything until understanding things in terms of right or wrong, good or bad. After they analyze reality in various ways they understand things and trust things. But some people become uneasy if someone explains something too well, you know, if someone analyzes something eloquently and very precisely. The more they explain it the more you will doubt it. These are the two types of people.

In the case of an artist, if people say, "Oh, his painting is very good," one artist will be very glad if someone says, "It may be worth ten thousand dollars." But another artist will not be so happy. Some will be happy even though no one buys anything, or even if no one says anything about it, but they can enjoy their art. These are different types of people.

And there may be more than one way of helping people also. One way is actually giving help to others. However, without giving anything, or saying anything or doing anything, we can also help others.

The actual joy of enlightenment experience is beyond comparison to our usual experience. You cannot say that it is a good or bad experience. It is some unusual experience and that's all.

You practice zazen, you study Buddhism, and you help people, but if you don't know how to help people in a true sense, you cannot help people. If you push everything to the extreme you will lose the whole thing. You will lose your friend. The other day someone said, "Too much of something is worse than too little." Actually the point is to find the true meaning of practice before we attain enlightenment. Not to try to attain enlightenment completely. It is no longer real practice when you start to analyze whether or not your enlightenment is complete.

So before you attain enlightenment there is complete enlightenment in its true sense. Dogen Zenji also said: "The more you have good practice and good enlightenment in its true sense, the more you may feel you don't have enlightenment and that our practice is not good enough." When you feel that way, you have better practice and deeper understanding, actual understanding of enlightenment, which is beyond the realm of good or bad. In this way enlightenment will be attained in

Tassajara



easy times as well as in adversity. Wherever you are, enlightenment is there. And if you stand upright where you are, that is enlightenment. It means accepting 'things as it is', accepting yourself as you are.

Soto practice is called 'I Don't Know' zazen. We don't know what zazen is anymore. I don't know who I am. That is the Soto way. To find complete composure when you don't know who you are or where you are, that is to accept 'things as it is'. Even though you don't know who you are you accept yourself. That is "you" in its true sense. When you know who you are, that "you" will not be the real you. You may overestimate yourself quite easily, when you don't know: "Oh, I don't know". When you do feel that way, you are you, and you know yourself completely. That is enlightenment.

Perhaps, even though I speak this way, you may feel, "He is saying something unusual. He is fooling us." But actually it is not so. The only thing I can say is that you like to be fooled by me. If I don't fool you, you will not listen to my lectures. Dogen Zenji says: "People do not like something real, and they like something that is not real." I am very strict with you on that point. Even though you make some mistake I will not say anything. But if you have some false confidence, unreal self, I shall be very strict with you because you are in danger.

I think our teaching is very good — very, very good. But if we become too arrogant and believe in ourselves too much we will be lost. There will be no teaching at all, no Buddhism at all. So when we find the joy of our life in our composure, when we don't know what it is, when we don't understand anything, then our mind is said to be very great, very wide. Your mind is open to everything. From what should we be relieved? That is the point. We should be relieved from this kind of arrogance, this kind of selfish life, this kind of immature, childish way. And our mind should be big enough to know before we know something. We should be grateful before we have something. Without anything we should be very happy. Before we attain enlightenment, we should be happy to practice our way, or else we cannot attain anything in its true sense.

Thank you very much.



*The han (wooden board and mallet)
which calls people to the meditation hall.*

*You are nearly as old as the number of years it has been
since I came to America.*

I have taught nothing to you at all.

I have done nothing for you at all.

But,

You have done a lot for me.

I can tell you one thing you have taught me;

“Peel off your cultural skins,

One by one,

One after another,

Again and again,

And go on with your story.”

How thick are the layers of cultural clothes I have already put on?

How would it be possible to tell a story without them?

*How would it be possible to peel off the thick wallpaper
in my old house?*

*How would it be possible to ease my pain
whenever the paper is torn off?*

If I were not to agree with your teaching,

Believe it or not,

My life would be drifting in space,

*Like an astronaut separate from his ship
without any connections.*

*Now I'm aware that I alone am in the vast openness
of the sea*

And cause the sea to be the sea.

Just swim.

Just swim.

Go on with your story.

— from Dainin Katagiri
Abbot of Minnesota Meditation Zen Center
9/86

Wind Bell Beginnings

Looking through the Zen Center archives in preparation for this issue, we came across a Zen Center history project undertaken in 1969-70 by Peter Schneider. We reprint here the section on the beginnings of the *Wind Bell* as viewed sixteen years ago.

WIND BELL: Whose idea was the *Wind Bell*?

SUZUKI-ROSHI: Not my idea or some other's idea. Dick and some other students were always writing down my lectures and asking me many questions about them. What I said in my lectures with my broken English was very different from what I had in my mind, so I had to write down something. We thought the *Wind Bell* may be a good idea. But in the *Wind Bell* they didn't get the original talk, just my broken English corrected by someone else, like Dick.

DELLA GOERTZ: Wasn't the *Wind Bell* part of our early organization plan? It was Bob Hense's idea that we had to keep track of people, get a mailing list and advertise ourselves.

BETTY WARREN: Who did we send them to at first? We posted them on bulletin boards in colleges.

DELLA GOERTZ: And we used to have newspaper ads, but they never really brought many people, did they?

BETTY WARREN: We used to worry about getting people to come.

J. J. WILSON: So everybody was asking, 'Well, what should we call it (the *Wind Bell*),' and everyone had ideas, like *Zen Center Newsletter*. And actually that was one thing kept, that he was going to do. He would have a name for it. And we waited and waited. And then finally one day we came to Roshi — I guess it was because we were going to go to press — and said, 'We want the name for that.' So he went upstairs to his room and he came down again in about twenty minutes and he had written on a piece of paper WIND BELL.

I remember Suzuki-roshi helping. We couldn't run that Japanese mimeograph machine. We'd start to print and the print would fade. So Roshi came. And actually he helped me learn how to work because I was very cautious and tentative at that stage. And what he would do is just spill ink all over himself. He'd get down there and spill ink and get everything messy. And then after we'd gotten everything messy, we'd begin to clean it up.

GRAHAME PETCHY: It appeared one Saturday morning. The first edition. Single, rather dirtily duplicated sheets, and I remember you and I, Dick, looking at one another saying what the devil do we need a newspaper for?

DICK BAKER: Who thought it up?

GRAHAME PETCHY: I think Roshi did. I'm not sure about why, but he wanted it, I think.

PHILLIP WILSON: I'm not sure if I did the first ones or if Bill Kwong did. I don't remember anyone doing them before me, but they may have. Suzuki-roshi would write it up and then I would write out a form. And the form I love best is the shape of the Buddha. I always wanted to keep the *Wind Bell* simple. And not very big. And I don't know why I didn't want it big. When they were talking about five or six pages I couldn't understand it. But what I could understand was different people doing the *Wind Bell* so that it would never remain the sole possession of one person.

GRAHAME PETCHY: I was doing the thing myself, pretty much. I mean just writing it up and so on. And people gave me stuff to put in it. Dick always gave the roshi's lecture. And then at some point Dick took over.

DICK BAKER: Yes, everyone was going to take it, one a month, and take turns. And I did it one month and then no one wanted to do it, so I did it two months and I still couldn't find anyone to take it. And then Grahame said, 'Well, you did such a good job, why don't you continue?' It was kind of a chore. I didn't want to do the chore, and then I began taking interest in it and then I became 'attached' to it.

Wind Bell

*Hanging in space by his teeth,
his whole body in his mouth.*

*Eastwind, Southwind, West, North
he does not care.*

*He talks for others in many ways,
Always Prajnaparamita*

*Tsu Chan Tsun Ryan
Tsu Chin Ryan.*

— Dogen-Zenji





*Zen Center's
original home,
Sokoji Temple,
on Bush Street.*

Sokoji, and the Other Half of Our Practice

by Ananda Dalenberg

I often think of the early beginnings of Zen Center at Sokoji Soto Zen Temple in San Francisco. Sokoji was very important to us in those early days, and I think it remains symbolically important for us even today. In fact, the role of Sokoji in the development of Zen Center has become a kind of koan for me.

In those days Zen Center occupied only a corner of Sokoji. It was, however, adequate for our size, and we felt quite at home in sharing space with the Japanese-American congregation there. We also shared in having the same teacher, Abbot Shunryu Suzuki, who was the head of both Sokoji and Zen Center. There was then some inner sense of unity between the two groups.

As Zen Center grew, our differences became greater, and the two groups separated. The reasons were various, but I would say it was mostly because of a difference of views in regard to practice. At Zen Center we were very enthusiastic about zazen, and it was very difficult for us to conceive of real zen practice as being anything else.

The Japanese-American congregation at Sokoji, on the other hand, seemed to share almost none of our enthusiasm for zazen. They instead emphasized religious ceremonies and temple social life. Nor were they unique in this respect, since their practice was actually representative of the average Soto temple in Japan.

Sokoji practice was then quite different from our own. In general we didn't really understand what it was all about, nor did we really appreciate it.

Nevertheless, there seemed to be good reason to believe that the Sokoji side of practice represented at least half of actual Soto Zen. What that other half was all about became quite a koan for me.

My koan was greatly reinforced because our teacher, Abbot Shunryu Suzuki, obviously felt some really fundamental concern not only for zazen, but also for the Sokoji side of practice. Very important to him too was his home temple in Japan, where again there was little zazen. At least half of his life was devoted to a practice of which most of us had little appreciation or understanding. For such reasons, I felt that I understood only some of the zazen half of his teaching.

In struggling with my koan, I kept on expecting some revolutionary insight appropriate for the New Age generation. After quite a few years, I have come up with a not at all revolutionary answer. In fact it is so simple, I can't help wondering if maybe I am very slow in understanding what was very obvious to almost everyone else from the very beginning.

What then is the other half of our practice? The Bodhisattva Way, just as simple as that. At root that is what Sokoji is all about. I'd even go so far as to say that is what most of Soto Zen in Japan is all about.

The answer to a koan is of course a very individual thing. My answer is only one among many, and it may not be very meaningful to anyone else.

It is no doubt true that Soto Zen temple practice in Japan is mostly a matter of religious ceremonies and such. But what is the one great fundamental ceremony that gives a depth and context for everything else? Obviously it is the great ceremony of Jukai, initiating one into the Bodhisattva Way by receiving the sixteen Bodhisattva precepts. Also Jukai is something meant not just for a few, but for everyone, including both lay person and priest.

All this should be quite obvious. Perhaps I was so slow in seeing it because of my own pride and arrogance in regard to our practice — a common affliction of all too many of us. Some of us were even so proud as to dream of re-awakening Japan to the true spirit of Zen, which of course was our kind of zazen. We also thought that our teacher should at least be called "Roshi", if not some title considerably greater. Actually however he preferred being addressed by the much more modest term "Sensei". Occasionally he would be asked if he were enlightened, and he would reply that he was not. That too did not fit in at all with our own grand notions about ourselves. The practice at Sokoji, on the other hand, was very modest and not at all pretentious.

Over the years I have come to appreciate more and more the depth of such modesty. Certainly, Zen these days would benefit from a very large dose of it.

One might at first think that the teaching Suzuki-sensei gave us emphasized zazen

so much that everything else became secondary. But that would be to forget that he also gave us the Bodhisattva Way in the form of the great ceremony, Jukai, and the sixteen Bodhisattva precepts. With both zazen and the Bodhisattva Way, I feel I really begin to understand something of his life and practice.

Apart from my koan, or any koan, it is obvious that the Bodhisattva Way is fundamental in Buddhism. The Bodhisattva precepts of course do not appear as some exciting New Age invention, but are rather as old as Buddhism, and are, perhaps in some sense even older. Such things as helping others, and refraining from falsehood, avarice, hatefulness, and self-pride may not be very fashionable these days, but in Buddhism they are obviously fundamental.

In taking on my koan, I was not at all prepared to end up with sixteen koans instead of one, but this seems to be the case. Each precept is in itself said to be not only an endless practice, but also a deep and profound koan. Take the precept "Not to kill" for example. What does it mean in a world where "all sentient beings" also includes animals and plant life, and life exists by consuming other forms of life? What does it mean in terms of war and pacifism, and the defense of innocent peoples from slavery and aggression? And if our planet Earth is a great living being, how does that apply?

The Bodhisattva precepts are deep enough to fill a lifetime of practice, or rather, many lifetimes. I would also say they are so deep they include the true spirit of zazen.

When the two sides of practice are included within each other, I think my koan will mostly come to an end.



A conference on Zen Buddhism in North America was held on June 14-19, in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Teachers, scholars and practitioners from diverse backgrounds met with each other, traded experiences and discussed common problems. May the Dharma flourish!



My Husband Shunryu Suzuki

by Mitsu Suzuki

On a hot summer day in 1949, returning to the day care center where I was head teacher, I found a friend of mine and a monkish character in a black robe eating a bag lunch in the hallway. "What's up, Tsuneko-san?" I said. "I have brought you a monk, Matsuno-san" she replied. "Are you looking for a wife?" I teased the monk. And those were my first words to Shunryu Suzuki. Tsuneko burst out laughing and said, "No, no, Hojo-san (the Reverend Abbot) has a fine wife." "Then what are you here for?" I asked Tsuneko. "He has opened a kindergarten but hasn't got a head teacher. My father thought you would be good for the job, so I am here to introduce you." "Sorry, but I can't change my job so easily. I am committed to working for this center for the rest of my life. I risked my life to keep it from being destroyed during the war." Every three days after that the monk would come to see me in his priest's hat, clattering his clogs and shading himself from the burning sun with a huge black umbrella. I would say to myself, "That monk has come again, but I don't enjoy moving." This went on for some months. I kept on saying no, and he would not give up.

But as he insisted that I come and see his kindergarten just once, I went to the fishing port of Yaizu. During that visit I said, "How can I help with a Buddhist kindergarten? I am a Christian." Hojo said, "Better than an atheist!" Finally I became the head teacher of Tokiwa Kindergarten.

Every morning Hojo would come from his temple, Rinso-in, located at the foot of a mountain, to the kindergarten in town. Before the children came he did a circumambulation with the kindergarten teachers, chanting Shushogi (Meaning of Practice and Enlightenment) in front of the Buddha figure enshrined in the large play room. Then he would give a few words of instruction to us. From my first day on the job, Hojo made a special request that I put aside the kindergarten work and go to a neighboring village to hear his teacher Kishizawa-roshi whenever he gave a lecture. I was in my thirties, the only young member of the audience, but I would sit in the first row and listen to the roshi's dharma talk, as it was a part of my official duty.

I met Hojo's wife when she brought their second son, Otohiro, to the kindergarten. Later she died, and some members of his temple tried to arrange another marriage for him, recommending this lady and that. His wife's mother was still at the temple and, I heard later, would say, "Our Hojo-san won't marry anyone but Matsuno-san."

Once when Hojo was traveling he saw a small girl crying fiercely for something she wanted at the train station. Her mother, who appeared to be poor, had no hope of doing anything about it. Hojo bought the child what she wanted and then realized he had spent the money for his train ticket. He had to ask the station master to call up Yaizu station and arrange for the ticket to be paid for later. "Gee, I never had to do this before," remarked the station master.

In 1958 Hojo was invited to go to San Francisco for three years as abbot of Soko-ji, a Zen temple for Japanese Americans. It was difficult for him to leave Rinso-in, which had a membership of 400 families. But he accepted the offer and applied for a visa to the United States. Hojo and I were married at Rinso-in in the autumn of that year. In early 1959 he went to San Francisco. I stayed in Yaizu to take care of the family, temple, and two kindergartens.

At Soko-ji some non-Japanese Americans, many of whom were sort of beatniks, started doing zazen with him. He realized that three years would be too short a time to guide those people and that he would need to stay longer. So he asked me to come over. I joined him after two years' separation.

Soon after my arrival the treasurer of the temple said to me, "We don't know what has happened to the paychecks we gave Hojo-san. They haven't been cashed. He must have put them somewhere and forgotten." So I searched among his books and found a few. The treasurer said, "Good, we will give *you* the checks from now on."

Next to the temple was a grocery store run by an old woman. Hojo used to buy old radishes there. The woman finally said, "Here are some fresh ones. Why don't you take them?" Hojo said, "Fresh radishes will be bought anyway."

After morning zazen Hojo would immediately put on his work clothes. Some of his students stayed for breakfast. My main work at Soko-ji was to make vegetable pickles seasoned with rice-bran paste. I also cooked all sorts of beans for snacks to be served with tea to the Japanese-speaking members of the temple. Hojo sometimes had tea with them. Another thing he often did was to recycle candles, which probably was his invention. In the temple kitchen he melted used candles and poured the wax into tea cans. But most of the time he was preparing lectures for his English-speaking students, which were scheduled for every Wednesday evening. At lecture an old man with a red beret often sat in the first row and corrected Hojo's grammatical mistakes right on the spot. I would peek at the audience from the top floor to see what kind of crowd was getting the fruit of his whole week's preparation. When he got only one or two people, I said, "Hojo-san, I wish you had had ten people." He responded, "One and one thousand — no difference."

He almost started going to the *go* club in the basement of the Soko-ji building. Then he said to himself, "If I open this door, I may become addicted to *go* games." So he never went in and never again touched the *go* stones he had loved so much. I remember how much he cried when he saw a movie about the blind swordsman Zatoichi.

One day Hojo came home smiling and said, "I've brought you something nice." "What is it?" I said, and opened it. It was an instruction book for tea ceremony. "How can a kindergarten teacher like me learn this sort of thing? I am too clumsy." "Take a look at it when you have time." Probably he thought teaching tea ceremony would be a good way to support myself after he was gone, which is what I do now. It was the only thing he ever bought for me.

He was fond of children. Once when he went to the bathhouse in Tassajara, several of them followed him holding their hands on their lower backs just as Hojo was doing.

As a novice he was trained to have quick meals. He would never chat. Once I asked him to stay after dinner and chat with me. "Sorry," he said, "I don't have time to chat." He stood up, crossed his arms and moved back toward his room. "What do you think about all the time?" I asked. "Buddhism in America," he replied, "whether it will spread in this country, and how." "Is that all." "Yes, just this one thing." As he was so single-minded, I tried to think of something to get his attention. "I have a boyfriend," I said one day. "Bring him over," he replied, "I want to make sure he's right for you."

Once when he was sick I said, "How about taking a break from zazen this morning?" He said he couldn't because everyone was expecting him. But he asked people not to talk to him after zazen, as he had to rush back to the bathroom.

After his serious operation for gallstones in March, 1971, Hojo wanted to go to Tassajara so much. He went there in July for one month. He worked on the garden at the side of his cabin using a shovel longer than himself, his body all sweating and exhausted. I yelled at him once, "Hojo-san! You are cutting your life short." He said, "If I don't cut my life short, my students will not grow." So I yelled back, "Go ahead and cut your life short, if that's what you want."

— Translated by Kazuaki Tanahashi



Suzuki-roshi, Jean Ross, Okusan and Japanese visitors in San Francisco in 1961.

Reminiscences of Suzuki-roshi



We have been collecting Suzuki-roshi stories since his death. Writing them down, however, always seems to be problematic. In this, the *Wind Bell* twenty-fifth anniversary issue, we print a first selection in the hope that it will spur others to write in and share their Suzuki-roshi stories. The editors hope you will enjoy reading them as much as we have collecting them.

I met Suzuki-roshi in June 1959 when Dr. Kato brought him to our class in Zen Buddhism at the then Academy of Asian Studies and Alan Watts was the Dean at that time. What I remember especially about that evening is that it ended with everyone getting on the floor around the room facing the wall and Suzuki-roshi teaching us to meditate. Betty Warren and Jean Ross were there. Later we were in the first Lay Ordination Ceremony.

Before Lay Ordination I explained that I'd had a lot of Christian background, having attended Lutheran school, catechism and confirmation. I felt with that background I'd be a "Christian Buddhist." He said that was good enough for him.

In almost every talk Suzuki-roshi encouraged us to have faith and confidence in our Buddha Nature. This teaching still sustains and encourages me.

What was wonderful about Suzuki-roshi is that he thought I was wonderful. Everyone had that same feeling. You felt he was there just for you.

He autographed "Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind" with the character "Harmony." I said that would be an inspiration for me to have harmony in my life. He said, "You

don't have to worry." Such confidence! As I left him I always went away feeling special for having been in his presence. "We love the great ones, because they bring out the greatness in us." Suzuki-roshi was a great teacher because he could see the Buddha nature in us.

— Della Goertz

Suzuki-roshi had great character, he was never disturbed, his mind was very stable and calm yet very flexible.

The first time I met him was at a New Year's celebration at Sokoji. I knew a number of people there and I was sitting next to Suzuki-roshi and several members greeted me. Suzuki-roshi said, "you're so popular, you'd better take my place as Abbot of this temple."

Later I visited him at Tassajara and asked what is the future of Buddhism in America. He said he didn't know. I asked him if Americans could understand him. He said, "Whatever people understand is O.K. By their free knowing, they will get it." I said, "zazen is so uncomfortable for Westerners, maybe there is some other way. He said, "That's all I know, that's what my teacher taught me."

When he left Sokoji to start Zen Center on Page Street, one of the parishoners at a meeting said that all he did at Sokoji was nap. But he just calmly listened, and was not disturbed.

— Bishop Ippo Shaku

I began going to Sokoji Temple around 1967 or '68 and had attended about two zazen periods. The next time I went, the zendo was filled with tables, set with food, and no evidence of any zazen to take place. I was perplexed, and went downstairs where people were entering the church. I asked an usher if I could attend the service, and was told it was only for the Japanese community. As I turned to leave I noticed Suzuki-roshi running down the stairs. I proceeded out the door, down the steps to the walk, when Suzuki-roshi came out the door and called to me. I went to him, and he explained there was a special breakfast taking place in the zendo, but there would be zazen the coming week. I was very appreciative and impressed that he should bother to come after me to tell me this. It is very possible that I might not have returned, if he had not caught me to explain the circumstances.

— Stephanie Flagg

I had passed Suzuki-roshi a few times with polite introductions exchanged while we were going up or down the Sokoji staircase in opposite directions. So I was a little nervous when I went to my first meeting with him (and Dick Baker, who arrived later) to confer about the *Wind Bell*. I walked into the old wooden Bush Street temple, surprised that the door was open, called out and slowly climbed the narrow staircase. Called out again. No answer. Wondering as I went, I continued down the hall, thinking "Nobody home". Finally I found an open door to a room where a small man was sitting behind a desk, his fingers laced behind his head. With a wide grin he said, "This must be the place." He had just exercised a new American phrase, and we both laughed.

— Peter Bailey

Every Saturday morning we would have an extended period of zazen including breakfast and a work period. Each Saturday we would sweep, dust and scrub the zendo in the same manner. I have never been known to be an especially helpful or considerate individual and this Saturday I was simply minding my own business, sweeping the floor of the zendo as I had done for years. There was a new student who had joined us that morning and I noticed that he was standing about apprehensively wondering just what he should be doing. I went to him and handed him my broom without a word. Immediately upon his having taken it I turned to find Suzuki, whose presence in the room I was previously unaware of, wordlessly offering me his broom with outstretched hand. It was a very significant event for me.



Soji (morning cleaning) at Sokoji.

Another time I was at Sokoji in the afternoon on some business or other when Suzuki expressed a desire to see the cherry blossoms which were enjoying their bloom at the Japanese Tea Garden in Golden Gate Park. I had never been alone with Suzuki before outside the temple and felt impressed that the two of us were going off somewhere together. All the way to the tea garden and back he said nothing, but just sat calmly looking out at the passing scene. I thought perhaps he would want to park and make a real visit of it, but as I drove up to the garden and the profusion of pink blossoms came into view, he simply gazed at them for a moment, then said, "very beautiful . . . let's go back now."

Once Suzuki and I went on a mission to some obscure yard in an industrial area of San Francisco, I think, to retrieve a shipment of some kind. In any case, we entered one of those small shack-like yard offices where a small group of tough workmen were gathered discussing a football game in a boisterous and somewhat aggressive manner. Suzuki swaggered into this group and immediately started talking about the game in a gruff tone of voice which I had never heard him use before. The men seemed non-plussed until it dawned on them that this was a small, bald-headed, black-robed Japanese person in their midst. I was so impressed with the whole scene that I can remember nothing else that transpired there.

— Mike Dixon

We arrived at the Buddhist Church on Bush Street outfitted in our complete hippie regalia. I remember that I had on a bright orange large-brimmed floppy straw hat, purple aviator glasses, enormous hoop earrings, beads with bells, flowers, feathers, and shoes straight out of the Wizard of Oz. My sister was similarly attired, and we exchanged quizzical looks over the dark and serious atmosphere of the Buddhist Church where we were to meet this guy. I had my doubts about whether we were in the right place, and I hoped this guy wasn't going to be a total bummer.

When Suzuki-roshi saw us his face lit up with a grin. He showed us into the meditation hall and gave us instructions in sitting. I particularly remember his explanation of the bowing. He said, "We bow to the cushion in order to apologize to the spirits we may be displacing when we sit down." I remember thinking, "he really believes this way-out stuff about spirits, he's not just saying this; but he seems so straight." We sat with him for ten minutes after the instruction. When we were finished, he looked at us, and with his biggest grin yet said, "When you continue meditating, the more you come to understand life, the more you will see that life is suffering." We nodded, as if to say that we understood, and hurried out to the street (because we didn't). I remember looking at my sister for reassurance and uttering the wise words, "Boy, he sure is on a heavy bummer with suffering." She nodded her agreement and we said no more.

In fact, I was mildly disturbed by that meeting, especially his last words. If life was suffering, why would I want to meditate and come to understand that? If life was suffering, and he understood it through his own meditation, why was he smiling about it? It was an experience I couldn't fit into my understanding of the world, and I certainly believed at that time that my world view was totally correct and complete. I considered many possibilities and conclusions to untangle this paradox. For example, maybe he didn't really believe life was suffering, and he was just putting us on. Or maybe life was suffering and he didn't care. But none of the combinations worked to explain what was going on with him because my deeper awareness was telling me several things. First of all, I knew he meant what he said. Second, I knew his smile was genuine, not an imitation of some holy attitude. And finally the worst thing was I quite suspected that life was suffering; hence the bells, beads, and psychedelics to cover up the pain. Although I was deep in a fog of confusion, some clarity was disturbing my world; in a sense he had slipped me a koan.

— Jill Schireson

One morning while sitting zazen at Zen Center someone slapped me on the right shoulder and said, "Greetings!" Then he slapped me on the left shoulder and said, "Greetings!" He knew exactly where I was at, I was slightly daydreaming and my attention was floundering and directionless. It was an invitation to pay attention and get stoned! This experience imprinted heavily upon my consciousness and I will never forget how it felt — it caused me to have more value in life. That someone was Suzuki!

— Gerald Wheeler

My stories about Suzuki-roshi fall between 1964 and 1969.

After I had been coming to Zen Center for several months on a very regular basis, never missing zazen or lectures, I came down with a bad cold. I stayed home from work and everything else.

One evening, around 8, my bell rang at my apartment. It was Suzuki-roshi (Reverend Suzuki, in those days). He had been concerned when I had not shown up and came to see if anything were wrong. I felt this was a very kind thing to do.

At Soko-ji in the 1960's we followed the routine of "four and nine days". I believe this is a custom in Japanese Zen monasteries. This meant that on any day with a "4" or a "9" in the date there was no zazen. Potentially, then, there were six days in the month when the zendo was not open. If anyone arrived at Soko-ji's door at 5 a.m. they would find the door locked. It was the responsibility of the students to remember the "4" and "9" days.

For a very long time I remained dense and forgetful about these dates. Many a 4 or 9 morning I walked the three blocks from my apartment, only to find the door locked. Not only was I dense about recalling the days, even when I was faced with a locked door and no sign of life I often did not grasp the reality. I was genuinely puzzled by the locked door. Where were all the regulars? Was I the only person making it to the zendo this morning? Hurray for me!

When that happened, I would next assume that someone going in before me had accidentally locked the door behind them. How annoying! Therefore I must knock quite loudly to draw the attention of the others (non-existent in these cases) way up on the second floor.

Sometimes Reverend Suzuki would come down to answer the door. Perhaps he was already up on certain days, but judging from his expression and attire on others I am afraid that I woke him up. Of course as soon as I saw him I would realize my error and was profuse with apologies. He unfailingly would laugh, tell me not to be concerned about it, I'd apologize again, and we'd say good-bye. As I headed for home I would vow that this would *never* happen again.

After this *had* happened again, several times, it happened yet another time. On that morning it was dismally clear that I had awakened Reverend Suzuki for sure. Before I could say anything he said, "Well, since you're here you might as well come up and have some tea". As I followed him up the stairs I figured that he wanted to give me a good talking to about my peculiar and persistent penchant for coming to zazen when there was not zazen. But no. He just made some quick tea and we sat talking of this and that for an hour or so.

It was not until I had left that I realized that I had forgotten to apologize.

I won't swear that I never showed up on a 4 or 9 day again. But it was the last time that I banged on the door.

Reverend Suzuki and Reverend Katagiri both wanted to visit the Planetarium, so one afternoon I took them there. Reverend Suzuki was enthusiastic because he had wanted to see it for a long time.

Only moments after the lights dimmed and the show began, I looked at Reverend Suzuki and saw that he was fast asleep! I was sitting between him and Reverend Katagiri. I glanced at Reverend Katagiri to see if he was noticing, but he was paying attention to the show. A dilemma! Should I wake up Reverend Suzuki? Perhaps he needed the sleep. On the other hand, perhaps he would want to see the show whether or not he needed the sleep. Should I ask Reverend Katagiri's advice?

My attention was pretty much distracted throughout the show as I tried to decide. I gave a few discreet coughs and rearranged myself, allowing my elbow to hit his arm, in the hope that he would wake up. He remained determinedly asleep. I could not find the courage to wake him up. As the lights came on again and the audience stirred, he woke up.

When we got out onto the street, I asked them both "How did you like it?" Very interesting" said Reverend Katagiri. "Wonderful!!" said Reverend Suzuki. I felt a bit paralyzed and after what seemed a very long time, but was not, I said to Reverend Suzuki "You slept through the whole thing!"

We all three looked at each other and burst out laughing at the same moment.

— Irene Horowitz

I was a student of Reverend Suzuki's from his first year at the Zendo on Bush Street. On our initial meeting I had asked him what I should call him.

"Call me Sensei, that means teacher", he replied.

From a personal reluctance to "join" anything, I did not formally belong to the Zen Center and over the years did not participate in all of the changes that occurred. But on the day of Mel Weitsman's ordination I decided that I would like to attend because I knew Mel personally.

After the ceremony at the Berkeley Zendo tea was served in the kitchen. The group was large. I knew scarcely anyone except Mel and Suzuki. While drinking his tea Suzuki had an attack of coughing and, as will happen, he couldn't recover his breath without some difficulty. I turned to a young woman next to me who seemed to know her way around and said, "I think Sensei needs some water." She looked me squarely in the eyes, "Roshi, he is Roshi," she sternly corrected. I was properly reprimanded, the water fetched and the coughing subsided.

Sometime later as I was preparing to leave the Bay Area for an extended time, I made an appointment to see Suzuki (As it turned out it was my final meeting with him). I arrived and was ushered into his apartment at the Zen Center on Page Street. Mrs. Suzuki prepared tea and we sat and chatted.

I asked, "What should I call you now? When I first came to you, you told me to call you Sensei. What should I call you now?"

He looked at me with his smiling eyes and said, "Call me Sensei."

— Charles A. Gilman

One day Suzuki-roshi was giving a lecture downstairs at Sokoji, I think during sesshin. There was a crazy guy who had been coming around during the sesshin, shouting, hitting the bells, creating a disturbance. During this lecture he sat in the front in zazen posture, very close to Roshi. Everything he did was outrageous; he mimicked Suzuki-roshi's movements, made weird facial expressions, threatening gestures, etc. One of the things he did was to make blowing motions with his mouth toward the candle burning on the stage behind Suzuki-roshi's head. Roshi took absolutely no notice of him throughout the lecture. I remember being worried that maybe the guy would try to attack Roshi or something. At the end of the lecture, Roshi got up, did his usual bows etc., turned to leave, then whirled back and quickly blew out the candle, then walked up the aisle, laughing loudly to himself.

Question period after lecture, Sokoji. Various questions, I remember Janet asking about "laughing and crying in emptiness". Roshi repeated the phrase a couple of times, as though not understanding, and started to laugh. He laughed, and then the audience started to laugh. Still laughing, Roshi said, "you are laughing. That is laughing in emptiness." Then he told a beautiful story about a pregnant female monkey, confronted by a hunter, who cried "in emptiness" for the hunter to spare her young.

I was very much into peace movement, draft resistance things, at the time, and I asked, "Roshi, what is war?" "War?" he said. "War is like these goza mats, when two people want to sit on one mat, and try to smooth out the wrinkles on their side by pushing them to the other side. When the wrinkles meet, that is war." This started a complicated discussion about the peace movement, whether it was right to march in demonstrations, resist the draft, etc. There was one person in the back who kept asking complicated questions about the peace movement, which organization was better, using movement slang and hippie jargon. Roshi couldn't understand him very well, and John S. took on the function of translating the questions for this guy so Roshi could understand. Roshi kept trying to answer the questions very patiently, but suddenly he jumped up like a bat out of hell, rushed off the stage and hit John S. eight or ten times as hard as he could. He shouted something like "What are you dreaming?" to everyone. He went back and sat down and waited for a few moments. "I'm not angry," he said, although he looked very angry. Then he went on to say something about he was not selling zazen as the right way (the question John S. asked that provoked Suzuki-roshi to hit him was: "Well, Roshi, what is the right way?), that our practice wasn't like that.

Roshi came to dinner at the Berkeley zendo with Okusan. Eight or ten other older students and Mel stayed for the dinner. The dinner was informal but there wasn't much talking, as most of us were a little intimidated. Roshi didn't say anything, just ate. At one point Okusan gave Mel her soup bowl and said, "Sukoshi." Mel served up a big ladle of soup. Okusan gestured "sukoshi, sukoshi." Mel said, "Oh, Okusan, you want some squash?" and poured the soup back. Okusan didn't understand. "Do you want some squash, Okusan?" Mel said, starting to serve up squash. "no, soup." Mel served up a big ladle of soup. "No, sukoshi." Mel stopped. "Squash?" Eventually Okusan got what she wanted. Roshi completely ignored this whole interchange and just continued eating. After some minutes of silent eating (everyone was little embarrassed) Roshi looked up and said, "Zucchini."

When Amy and I were anja and jisha for Tatsugami at Tassajara, Suzuki-roshi was visiting Tatsugami in his cabin and we were serving the tea. Also we served greek olives (the bitter kind). There was a plate in the center of the room with all the olive pits on it. Suzuki-roshi noticed some of the pits had a slight bit of olive meat remaining, so he proceeded to clean off all the pits in his mouth, one by one.

— Lew Richmond

As I entered the building on Bush Street, a bright-eyed monk appeared and bowing, asked what was my wish. This was Katagiri-sensei at that time. I asked if there was a sumi-e ink master here? and he laughed and called in Japanese behind the curtains. At which time Suzuki-roshi appeared and bowing, looked at me quizzically. I showed him my sumi-e ink paintings . . . or photos of . . . and he asked me to sit down, ordering tea from Katagiri-sensei. Immediately I felt a refreshing rush of clarity in the presence of Suzuki-roshi. Like a refreshing clear mountain stream, his giggles and words and silence filled me with emptiness. He pointed to certain paintings and giggled, and we talked for over an hour, over green tea. I learned that the sumi-e ink teacher had left, but that I was welcome. He invited me to exhibit the sumi-e ink paintings at the zen temple, and I left feeling that everything in my life was new and fresh. It was an unforgettable, instantaneous awakening.

One time I asked him if he did not feel any pressure and difficulty with all the various ragged students who came off the street seeking enlightenment. He said, "I am very grateful for them. I will do all I can for them." He was so light and happy when he said it.

My children remember Suzuki-roshi very well. Although my youngest son was only three years old when we stayed at Tassajara in 1969, he remembers the orange Suzuki-roshi gave him. He still speaks of the "Man who gave me the orange" with joy in his eyes. One time, when this son fell from a ladder and hit his head against a rock, creating bloody gushes, and a mild concussion, I ran to him, and while I was picking him up he said: "I want to see Suzuki, the man who gave me the orange."

Years later, the spring before Suzuki-roshi's passing on, a group of Oregon students and I arranged a small sesshin beginning with a lecture at Reed College. There were hundreds of people at the lecture and Suzuki-roshi said that night that he felt very happy, felt that Portland was to be a place for Zen. The next day he had a gall-bladder attack that was so severe that he could scarcely sit, appeared green, and motioned for me to take him to my home to rest. Reb Anderson continued to conduct the sesshin, while Suzuki-roshi and I drove back to my home. He was amazingly cheerful despite what must have been very severe pains. My small son was at home and because he loved our white cat, Muff, greeted Suzuki-roshi with the cat. Suzuki-roshi, despite his painful condition, laughed while he took the cat in his arms. Muff appeared to suddenly go limp with the utmost relaxation in Suzuki-roshi's arms.

— Rowena Pattee

Reverend Shunryu Suzuki once said something that has been very important to me through the years. We once were having a group discussion on the topic of "East and West: Similarities and Differences". We were indulging in such comments as "The East is intuitive and integrative, while the West is rational and separative" "The East is non-dualistic and aims to be in harmony with Nature, while the West is dualistic and materialistic and aims to conquer and use Nature." It went on and on in that vein, and Reverend Suzuki was obviously becoming quite impatient. Finally it was more than he could take.

Suddenly he stood up and, pointing a finger at us, said: "If you want to be a good Buddhist, you are going to have to learn first how to be a good Christian", and walked out. We didn't know what to make of that.

I took him quite seriously, and later decided to try to become a good Christian as well as a good Buddhist.

— Ananda Dalenberg

One morning after zazen, when the Zen Center was on Bush Street, some of the students invited Suzuki-roshi and Katagiri-sensei to breakfast. We went across the street to one of the apartments that had just been rented by Zen Center for an office. But as yet there was no furniture, no chairs or tables. Everyone was a little uneasy at having not taken that into consideration, and felt a little embarrassed not knowing what to do about it. But Suzuki-roshi, opening a newspaper that was near at hand, very carefully laid it out on the floor with exactly the same attitude as if it were a precious brocade cloth — one page for him and one for Katagiri-sensei. Taking his seat with a smile he said "This will be our table. Shall we eat?"

— Mel Weitsman

When I told Suzuki-roshi that I wanted to belong to Soto as a religion, he answered that there were only a few such as myself. I answered that for me belonging to an organization was like a security blanket. He laughed and said, "I like that — a security blanket!"

— Richard King



Taiji Kiyokawa is a painter and artist who calligraphed the Wind Bell logo over twenty years ago. Recently he wrote to us, "I have been pursuing the painting of formlessness, keeping in mind images of Suzuki-roshi. Please send my regards to everyone working for Zen Center."

One sunny afternoon Roshi, Oku-san, Chino-sensei (I believe) and Yoshimura-sensei were in the lobby, preparing to go to Los Altos. It was Friday and there was a very light atmosphere. Looking at their waiting car I had what I thought was a somber and unique thought — “That’s just a regular old car and these venerable people are going to get in it and travel for miles on the freeway, completely open to risk.” Then, as they were moving toward it, saying goodbye, Yvonne, at the top of the steps, called out through a grin to Roshi, “You be careful now; we don’t want to lose our treasure!” He turned, halfway down the steps, and started to laugh; hands — SMACK! — and up — “no more!” He threw his head back and roared. His laughter was infectious (as well as relieving). He seemed to have taken the fear, drawn it vividly into the open, and disposed of it by the time he reached the sidewalk. He was still tickled and laughing as they drove off.

— Mark Abrams

Once Roshi went to Carmel, California, to speak to a small group there: only ten or twelve strangers.

“I have been told that my subject is the history of Zen Buddhism,” he began, “but I can see that none of you would be interested in such a dull subject. So I will just talk, and we’ll see what comes out.”

He stood talking for about an hour in his usual leisurely *teisho* style, very slowly and deliberately circling the ineffable void at the center of his subject. All the while he passed the beads of *ojuzu* between thumb and fingers of his right hand held in front of him. At last, without ever really finishing, he fell silent and sat down at the side of the room, while the program chairman asked for questions.

There were none — the sophisticated audience was completely entranced; that is, confused beyond words. But after the chairman dismissed the meeting, an elderly retired naval officer approached Roshi, alone, and noticing the *ojuzu* still rotating in Roshi’s hand, he pointed and asked, “What is that for?”

Roshi held up *ojuzu*. “This?” he asked lightly, “Oh, this is to give my hand something to do.”

At another time, Roshi said, “American Zen students are just like smoke,” and again he said, “Americans are very strange; so many have no shadows.” He meant not only that they were transparent, but that they were intentionally so, an behavior unheard of in an Oriental.

— Durand Kiefer

The first thing I asked Suzuki-roshi was: “Why are you a Zen master?” He answered nothing. Then, like a fool, I told him I was going to Japan. He, like a fool replied, “You must not.” I, like a greater fool, inquired “Why?” He then replied, “Because you don’t know who you are.”

About this time I saw Roshi again and told him people said I was asking to see him “too much”. He said, “I don’t know what the people are saying. I just see the people who come.”

— Sue Satermo

67
During the summer of 1968 we had our first guest season/practice period at Tassajara. When the guests went home, we had a seven-day sesshin. I think it was over one hundred degrees the whole week.

I had sat two days of tangaryo, but no sesshins. Before the first day was over, I was convinced I couldn't make it. Al's turn for dokusan came that afternoon. He asked Suzuki-roshi to see me instead.

"This is all a mistake," I told Roshi. "I can't do this; I just came to be with my husband."

"There is no mistake," he insisted.

I wanted to drive my car right off the mountain top.

"You may leave, of course," Roshi said gently, "but there's no place to go, you know." That knowing smile. 2

For the next few days he had the junko hit me every time he came around. I did not find this encouraging and could not sit still for more than a few minutes. (I wonder why the people sitting next to me didn't start hitting me.)

The last day was very hot. Around lunch time Suzuki-roshi told me to go and take a nap. Later he took me to his cabin. He produced a stool for me to sit on and poured me a cup of cold green tea. We talked about sesshin. He thanked me for my effort and bowed.

— Fran Tribe

In the summer of 1970, I was a guest student at Tassajara. I was on dish-washing schedule so I went to the baths early (during the Abbot's bath-time). Being a new student I didn't know about the Abbot's private bath-time, and barged right in on him. He was sitting on the floor washing himself with a pail and filling the small tub with water to soak in. He looked up at me and asked if I wanted to take a bath. I being unsure about what to do suggested I could go into the big plunge. Roshi said that they usually washed before entering the plunge. Somehow I interpreted this as an invitation to join him in the small tub. By the time I was undressed the small tub was full and roshi was finishing washing with his pail. He offered the tub to me and as I was climbing in I saw to my surprise that he was leaving. At the door he paused as if having a second thought, turned around and said "don't worry". He said it in such a way that I was immediately relieved of my embarrassment at having taken his bath; in fact I felt wonderful.

— Ed Sattizahn

I was initiating a greenhorn friend into the rigor of the hot baths. I was putting on the act of drill instructor and my friend that of timid recruit. The only other person in the bath was a small man whose feet almost didn't touch bottom. He joined in the routine until we were all in the water laughing. Later we were all in the stream, which was full of very hungry, one-inch long, new fish. Once every two seconds or so, one would take a bite somewhere on your body and you never knew where. Later that evening at lecture I recognized the speaker as being the man in the baths. Suzuki-roshi said that zen students should be like feeding fish in their practice, nothing more, and he made his mouth and hand move like the mouths of the small fish feeding.

— Kent B. Davis

*Suzuki-roshi
at Tassajara.*



At Tassajara, I had trouble eating oryoki style and was very clumsy and slow in the zendo, so I was summoned to Roshi's cabin one afternoon, along with another slow learner, to receive instruction. The other student there was an elderly woman in purple robes who was very upset because she couldn't use the oryoki properly. She expressed dismay that she wouldn't be able to demonstrate it to her friends when she returned home. Suzuki-roshi was very kind and patient. He patted her on the shoulder and told her not to worry about what her friends might think. He said to us, "I am not teaching you oryoki, I am going to teach you how to *eat!*" and laughed.

The friend who had turned me on to Zen by reading koans was also at Tassajara that summer, and one evening after lecture he brought up his favorite koan, Joshu's "Mu", and asked Roshi if a dog had Buddha nature. Roshi said, "yes," very simply, and the whole snarled tangle of how to solve it seemed to dissolve. Everyone laughed with enjoyment at his easy manner.

The last time I saw Suzuki-roshi was in February of 1971. I drove out from Oklahoma for sesshin and had a long lonely ride, part of the way through a snowstorm, which delayed me for a day. I experienced a lot of fear and loneliness during the trip out, and was feeling very uncertain about myself and my practice. I had doku-san interview with the Roshi during sesshin and at one point, prompted by something he said, I asked him if Big Mind was lost in the dark too, as I felt I was. He said, "No, not lost in the dark — working in the dark!" and he moved his arms about, demonstrating. He said it was like the many-armed statue of Avalokiteshvara, and he made the statue come to life for a moment. I had the sense of a thousand arms moving gracefully, harmoniously, not needing to see. Before the interview ended, Roshi said to me, "you are very sincere," which I felt was quite true, and I immediately broke into the most insincere, foolish smile imaginable. I felt it burning on my face. I felt ashamed and looked at Roshi, knowing he had seen me, and he sat calmly staring back at me and said nothing, accepting me completely as I was.

— Frank Anderton



Large and Small Spirit Birds in Space,
*a painting hanging in the
Page Street dining room,
by the late Norman Stiegelmeier,
one of Suzuki-roshi's early students.*

For some months I had had involuntary movements in zazen; shaking, twisting, turning. I did not want to have anything to do with them. My response was to get angry and hold my body rigid. "Go away," I would say, "I don't want to have anything to do with you, and I told you that before. Now get lost!"

One day it occurred to me that if I was going to find out how to deal with the shaking, I had better get to know it better. So when I sat that day, instead of trying to stop the shaking, I tried letting go, surrendering to it. In the middle of zazen Suzuki-roshi came over to me and suggested that I do kinhin. This made me mad, and I whispered, "But this is zazen." "Do kinhin," he said again, so I did for awhile, and then sat down again.

Later I realized that I was also upset and perplexed thinking that he might have been telling me that it was a mistake to give in to the shaking. So I went to talk with him. "No," he said, "I just thought it might help to do kinhin. What you are doing is very good," he continued, "I'm so glad you told me."

Suddenly I felt warm and appreciated.

In chosan ceremony Suzuki-roshi had already responded to my question, and I started to get up from kneeling, when he said, very slowly, letting the drama build in a sly sort of way, "The most important thing . . . is . . . to . . . find . . . out . . . what . . . is . . . the . . . most important thing."

And here I thought he was going to tell me something.

On the fourth day of sesshin as we sat with our painful legs, aching backs, hopes and doubts about whether it was worth it, Suzuki-roshi began his talk by saying, "The problems you are now experiencing (will go away, right?) will continue for the rest of your life."

The way he said it, we all laughed.

I lived in the back of the first cabin across the bridge. From the ground to the doorstep was about two and a half feet, so I piled up some stones to make impromptu steps. It was a rather half-hearted effort and looked rather a mess, and one day Suzuki-roshi commented that it looked like a gravesite. "That's how we do in Japan sometimes, pile up stones . . ."

Outside the office was a beautiful big rock, oval shaped, three to four feet long and nearly two feet high. It was handsome for viewing and two people could sit on it and talk — probably the most well-known rock at Tassajara at the time, a regular member of the community.

One morning as I was leaving chosan or some other discussion with Suzuki-roshi, he said to me, "Oh, by the way, do you know that rock in front of the office? I asked Paul to move it to your cabin to be your doorstep."

I couldn't believe it, and I said, "But, roshi, that rock is so beautiful in front of the office and everyone likes it there."

"We'll get another one for the office," was his reply.

It made a big difference, stepping every day on a firm, broad, solid rock, rather than a shifting pile of stones. And to know that somebody thought the world of me.

One day I was working in the kitchen at Tassajara — the old tiny kitchen we made do with for several years before the new one was completed. It was late morning, nearing lunchtime and I had begun to feel the stress of getting the meal ready on time. Plus my mind was raging about one thing or another, probably four or five things. I was quite absorbed — so to speak — in the storm of activity: both inside and out, when I slowly became aware that a voice was calling my name.

Awareness came slowly because first I had to comprehend that the sound was indeed the sound of my name, but secondly because the name seemed to refer to an awfully nice, wonderful person, happy and radiant, and that was not me. Only it was me! Because there was Suzuki-roshi standing in the doorway, calling my name.

I was quite startled to realize that I was that person, also. It was as though the clouds had parted to reveal blue sky, not dazzling, but clear, calm, and spacious.

What he said after that was pretty ordinary.

One day I complained to Suzuki-roshi about the people I was working with. He listened intently, carefully. Finally, he said, "If you want to see virtue, you have to have a calm mind."

— Ed Brown

It was Tassajara guest season 1971. I was there for the summer to be with Suzuki-roshi, having met him in Los Angeles the year before. We were having Dokusan on a hot day in August in Cabin #4. We were both sitting on the floor, face to face. I remember I was looking into his face and feeling this body in front of me while asking vaguely about bowing.

"What is this bowing?" I said (I think).

Suddenly, he got up, came over to my side and started bowing. Up down, up down, up down . . . "This is how we do it," he said.

I thought to myself, "What is this man doing? — *What* is going on?" It seemed like fifteen minutes passed before he stopped. Then he sat down again, in front of me as if nothing unusual had taken place. I have no idea what happened next. I suppose we talked for awhile, finished Dokusan, bowed and I left.

Then, later that day, during one of our rituals I bowed again. I have been aware of every bow I have done since then, always with the same question: "What is this bow" — What is it? — What is it? . . ."

— Teah Strozer

When Suzuki-roshi first saw Church Creek Ranch he said, "We should buy it." Later that first visit we couldn't find Suzuki-roshi. Eventually we found him up in a tree. He was very giddy on that trip. One of the things he did was to jump from the ground with his feet flat on the ground up onto the bed of the flat bed truck.

I used to drive Suzuki-roshi around a lot and they would often stop at the Thunderbird bookshop on their way out from 'Tass'. One day when they were on their way from Tassajara to San Francisco they stopped and had three cups of coffee each. One wonders how a man 4'11" tall could drink three cups of coffee, get into the car, and immediately go to sleep — all the way to San Francisco.

One day as we set off to San Francisco I asked Suzuki-roshi, "If I just understood better, I'd know what to do." There was silence. I looked over and he had gone sound asleep. I guess that was my answer.

— David Chadwick

One day at Tassajara I was with Suzuki-roshi in the rock-garden that he was, at that time, still working on outside his cabin. (Did he ever stop?) In the slanting afternoon light the garden and its individual rocks seemed more beautiful than ever to me; magical.

"What a beautiful garden you've made!" I said to Roshi.

"Oh. If you like it so much, why don't you take it with you? You can have it."

"I don't think I could move it," I answered, perhaps intimidated by a particular gleam in his eye, "I'd never get it all back together again quite this way".

"Sure — you take it", he said, "put it up on the roof of that cabin over there", and returned to his puttering in a patch of succulents.

— Tim Buckley

In the summer of '71 at Tassajara I had an interview with Suzuki-roshi and asked to be his disciple. He asked me to tell him about myself, so I outlined my life as best I could. When I finished he said, "Okay." "Okay what?" I asked. "You can be my disciple," he replied. "I can?" I asked with the incredulity of a small boy who has just somehow been given the world on a string. He nodded, smiling, and the interview was over and I began making the prostrations. I was in the habit of raising my hands quite high off the floor. After I had completed the bows, Roshi looked at me with a little smile and a twinkle, holding out his hands, palms upward. "Just raise Buddha's feet a little bit," he suggested, "otherwise he's liable to lose his balance and fall over." Perhaps he made some motion with his body, indicating a toppling Buddha — I don't recall. I have begun to realize that he was talking about everything, about a modesty of being moment after moment . . . When I left his cabin, feeling quite ecstatic over having a wonderful master, it occurred to me that I hadn't the foggiest notion of what it entailed to be a disciple. Later I understood that the disciple within was ordained by the completeness and sincerity of the desire.

— Alan Abrams *Klein*

The stone work around the bridge across the small creek is where the first stone work was done at Tassajara. During the work Suzuki-roshi hurt his finger. Bob W. had a truck and he drove Suzuki-roshi into Monterey to the doctor. After the doctor had seen Suzuki-roshi's finger they drove down the main street in Seaside. (Bob was not macrobiotic, but he had not had any animal products to eat for two years.) On the main street at that time there were a lot of junk food restaurants. As they were driving along Suzuki-roshi said "I'm hungry. Pull over here." It was a cheap drive in. The best that Bob could do with a menu choice was to order a grilled cheese sandwich. It was his first animal food in two years and Suzuki-roshi asked Bob about it. Suzuki-roshi ordered a hamburger with double meat. When the food arrived Bob looked at his grilled cheese sandwich like it was a foreign body. Suzuki-roshi took a bite of his double hamburger and said "I don't like this. Let's switch." From that day on Bob couldn't take his food trip seriously anymore. He actually told me this story over a lamb dinner in Hollywood some years later.

We were moving Suzuki-roshi's cabin from the ledge where the zendo is now. All of Tassajara was disrupted with the high energy of it. Suzuki-roshi looked at all the chaos he had created.

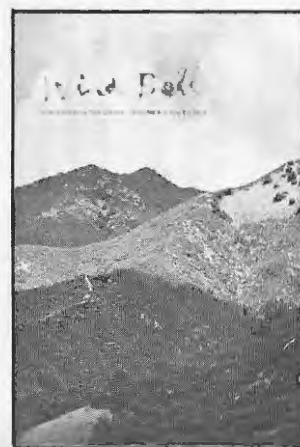
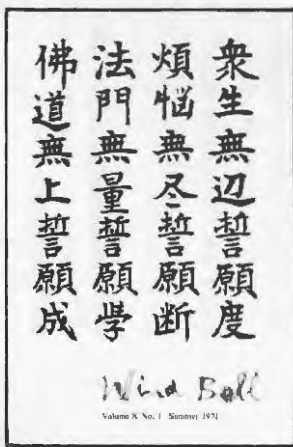
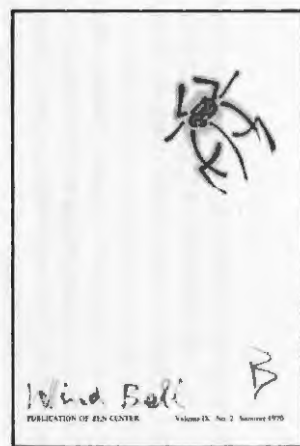
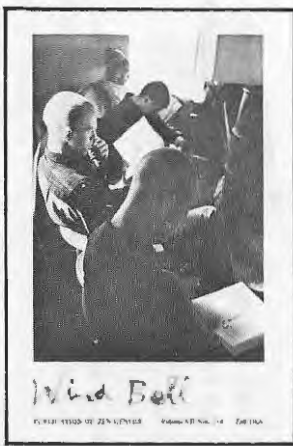
"I like work trips. I hate food trips. I like work trips."

Alan M. is 6'4" and he often used to work moving rocks. There was one large rock that Alan couldn't move. Alan and Suzuki-roshi tried to move the rock together and they couldn't. Alan said that what they needed was a block and tackle and more people. Suzuki-roshi told Alan to go away. "I want to work alone." So Alan went to take a bath and when he returned the rock was moved and Alan found Suzuki-roshi asleep in his cabin. He also found vomit all over the floor. Suzuki-roshi slept for three days.

— David Chadwick

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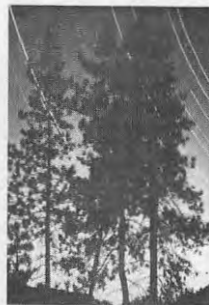
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I remember someone who went from being a person who believed in free love to being celibate with a shaved head and great enthusiasm for macrobiotics. He asked Suzuki-roshi: "There are those that say that in order to be a whole person you should have sex as part of your life. Others say you have to give up sex."

Suzuki-roshi told him it's not so good to have too much sex. But it isn't good to have too little either.

Another time Suzuki-roshi said that sex is like brushing your teeth. It is good to brush your teeth but it is not so good to brush your teeth all day long.

"When you say 'sex', everything is sex," he added.

During the first Practice Period there was a tug of war between the macrobiotic true believers and the natural food types. The whole-grain school won out —maybe because it was closer to a traditional Japanese diet, though Suzuki-roshi didn't like the fanaticism. One day I was standing by a big pitcher of lemonade that had been put out near the office for the afternoon tea break. There was a little group of anti-sugar types standing around the sugar bowl that was on the table next to the lemonade. (Remember that everyone, no matter which of the food camps they belonged to, listened to every word Suzuki-roshi said; everyone loved him so much that they listened to him). So I was drinking the lemonade and looking at the sugar next to it. Suzuki-roshi walked up and bowed and someone offered him a glass of lemonade. Suzuki-roshi: "Is there sugar in it?" When he found out that there wasn't sugar in the lemonade he put lots of sugar into his glass. Maybe half of the glass full of sugar. And he drank it with great relish.

Bob H. and I were coming back from the Mill Valley zendo one morning after Suzuki-roshi had given a lecture and we had all had breakfast together. We stopped for more food on the way back to the city and were talking. Suzuki-roshi knew that Bob H. was smoking. He said, "Zen is very difficult. It is at least as difficult as quitting smoking."

During the time that there were riots in the Fillmore district in San Francisco, a few blocks from Sokoji where Suzuki-roshi lived, Bob and I ran over to Sokoji. We told Suzuki-roshi: "You have to leave."

Suzuki-roshi: "I think I'll walk down there. Black people like me. They like to put their fingers on top of my head." We were both upset and frightened for him.

One time I asked Suzuki-roshi, "What did you do in Japan to oppose the war?"

Suzuki-roshi: "I printed up leaflets and would hand them out when people came to the temple."

David C.: "Why didn't you get into trouble?"

Suzuki-roshi: "I didn't oppose the government. I said that the government and the country of Japan would be stronger if we weren't at war."

— David Chadwick

Before all of the urban renewal work began in the neighborhood around Sokoji — there was a small neighborhood grocery store on the corner of Laguna and Bush — a few doors from Sokoji. Suzuki-roshi would go into the grocery store and buy the vegetables and fruit that no one else wanted. All the vegetables that were bruised and funny shaped. One day someone had spilled a crate of cabbages in the street and cars and trucks were driving over them — and Suzuki-roshi was running out into the street, as the traffic allowed, picking them up — saving them.

One day, after I had been secretary for Zen Center for some time (the office I used in 1967 and '68 was in a big room on the ground floor of Sokoji where Katagiri and I each had a desk — just inside the front door), Okusan came downstairs looking serious. She asked me to go upstairs with her to help her with something. As I remember this incident, it was in the afternoon when things were quiet. I went upstairs to the big kitchen behind the zendo and found a large bowl full of tired-looking corn on the cob sitting in the middle of the kitchen table. Okusan explained that someone had brought the corn to Suzuki-roshi and herself and that it was about to go bad and would I please help her to eat it. So we sat down at the table and sat quietly chewing our way through the bowl of corn. It took a long time. And when we were finished Okusan bowed and thanked me for helping her. And I went back down stairs to my desk.

— Yvonne Rand



The Founders Hall is located in a room in the center of the main building — a sunny spot where Suzuki-roshi spent many days during the months when he was bedridden in 1971. Here he could listen to the bells and chanting and the rhythm of his students' lives and feel a part of it all even after he became ill. The figure, carved from cedar by Fusaji Ide, is of Suzuki-roshi.

A woman was told by a roshi that he would not be her teacher. She came to Zen Center and Suzuki-roshi told her to go back to that roshi. She said: "Now you reject me." He said, "I do not reject anybody," with his arms wide open to her.

One time when I was driving Suzuki-roshi and Okusan from Tassajara to San Francisco we stopped in Pacific Grove for lunch. I sat at the table across from them and we talked about how to practice with family and children. Okusan said that Suzuki-roshi was a good priest and a good teacher, but not a good husband or a good father. He, without any hesitation, said that she was right, that it was true. I later found out that just as Suzuki-roshi was coming to the United States, Okusan got seriously sick and there was some thought that she would die. He came to America anyway, basically leaving her in Japan to die. She was pretty upset with him for a long time. And after she was well again, she didn't want to come to the United States for a long time.

He was totally single-minded. He wanted to come to America. Wife and children were secondary.

He certainly seemed to have a hard time knowing how to work with women and especially those with children. It was only just before he died that he told me that he felt that he had made a mistake in not ordaining me. And he had for several years been quite clear, said in so many words, that he just didn't know how to go about training women students.

In August 1971 I drove Suzuki-roshi back to San Francisco after he had been at Tassajara for most of the summer. He had lectured every other night during that time and many students commented that he had a kind of fierceness and urgency about his teaching. Later Okusan said that both of them knew he was sick and that he might not live so long. On the way home we stopped at a Catholic center in San Juan Baptista where Soen-roshi was leading a sesshin. We arrived on the last day, joined the sitting, had tea and walked a bit around the compound in the old mission. By the time we arrived at Zen Center in San Francisco Suzuki-roshi was feeling badly and was also quite jaundiced. He went to bed and never really got up again until he died on the fourth of December — except for the short time he was up the week before he died when he did the Mountain Seat Ceremony with Zen-tatsu Baker. After a number of tests and examinations, Suzuki-roshi's doctor decided to have Roshi go into the hospital for some more tests. After Roshi had been there a day or two I went to see him. The doctor was leaving Roshi's room just as I arrived. During the previous weeks the doctor had thought that Suzuki-roshi might have hepatitis, so Okusan and I were very careful about using completely separate dishes and cooking separately and all for Suzuki-roshi. This made quite a change in our way of eating meals together, which had often meant passing some tidbit back and forth for tastes, etc. The morning I arrived at Suzuki-roshi's hospital room his lunch had just been brought in. He motioned to me to come and sit next to him on the edge of his bed. And as I crossed the room he mouthed the words "I have cancer" to me. When I sat next to him he leaned over and took a bit of food on his fork and put it into my mouth. As he did he said, "Now we can eat off the same plate again." And as he said that, it was as if he had just received some big gift. Now we no longer had to be careful of contamination. And he from then on always talked of his cancer as his friend.

— Yvonne Rand

Suzuki-roshi did not like to talk about himself. Although his attitude was very strict towards his family and his students, he was very gentle and kind towards others. Many people remembered his good deeds. They never saw his angry face or heard his angry voice. Roshi's eldest son, Hoitsu-roshi, present abbot of Rinso-in, talked about his childhood with his strict father. "When I was lazy or when I forgot something, it would make him furious and he would scold me very angrily. And one time I was given an empty rice bowl with chopsticks, and my father said, 'You go away and don't come back.' It happened at dusk. I was thrown out. And I was crying and walking around the temple many times. I begged his pardon, crying and walking around the temple again and again. I asked for his pardon with a loud voice, but all the doors to the temple were closed, and there was no response. Around midnight my mother came out and together we went before my father and she asked him to forgive me. I remember it as though it was yesterday."

On the other hand, when Suzuki-roshi was in elementary school he heard his classmates talking about catching frogs in the mountains and he slipped out of the classroom and went to the place where the frogs were and scared them away before the children could catch them.

From an early age he was naturally gifted with the compassion of a Bodhisattva. Pictures of his face, taken during that time he was at Zen Center, show his loving gentleness, and they also show a strong faith and determination behind this gentleness. We can see these qualities in the pictures.

Another story goes — one month before Suzuki-roshi passed away, his son Hoitsu came to stay with him for a while. One day Suzuki-roshi was lying in bed, feeling some nostalgia for his childhood. While looking at the palm of his hand he said to his son, "With this hand I have been playing; I never imagined coming to the United States and playing with this hand. I never thought it would happen." His son said, "Why don't you come back to Japan to recover?" "Hmmm. I want to go back to Japan even if I have to crawl back." On hearing this, Hoitsu asked the doctor if it was possible. The doctor said it was. Hoitsu told Roshi what the doctor said. Suzuki-roshi said, "Don't say foolish things. There's no way I would go back. Can't I even joke with you?" and he laughed. Already his illness was very serious. After an examination, the doctor did not look hopeful. Suzuki-roshi asked the doctor what kind of illness it was: "I have a cough, is it pneumonia?" The doctor shook his head. Suzuki-roshi said, "I have followed a religious path, and I am a Zen monk. The matter of life and death is my practice. I am prepared. Please tell me the truth." There was moment's pause. "Perhaps cancer?" The doctor said yes. Roshi was quite calm. "Will I live one year?" "No". "How long?" "About three months." "If that is so, I have something to do. I must do it immediately." Pause. "However, Doctor, I don't think what you said was totally a lie, nor totally the truth. But I can see clearly that there is something I must do now."

From Matsu Zaki's introduction to the Japanese edition
of *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*.
Translated into English by Ann Overton and Ekai Korematsu

Once I asked Suzuki-roshi: "What is Nirvana?" He replied: "Seeing one thing through to the end."

— Mel Weitsman

When I was asking Suzuki-roshi for advice before leaving for Japan he said, "When you come to my temple, there is nothing to see."

(Summer 1969)

— Eva Goldsheid



Suzuki-roshi and Chino-sensei in Page Street hall, c. 1970.

Green Gulch Farm Retreat

by Darlene Cohen

I'm sitting at my desk on a Saturday evening, overlooking the increasingly agitated city scene three floors below as the City gets it on for Saturday night. I've just had some Tassajara Bakery rye bread and brie, a slice of pineapple a client brought me back from Hawaii, and a crystal glass full of soda water. Yesterday at 3 p.m. I finished a full and demanding work week, took a swim and at six o'clock, began to experience that subtle, mildly celebratory feeling that signals the WEEKEND to modern people who work for a living. It's the good life I'm describing, or at least the version of it available to a forty-two-year-old woman who spent sixteen years doing odd jobs for Zen Center and always assumed she would be spending sixty more doing the same, but who opted instead to spend the last year supporting a family of three out in the Cold Hard World. Don't misunderstand. My family and I didn't move anywhere. We still live across from the City Center in a building owned by The Neighborhood Foundation and operated by Zen Center. The Cold Hard World is a state of mind, as available in a Neighborhood Foundation-owned, Zen Center-operated building as it is in public housing projects. Living and working at Zen Center, I'd been generally obsessive about my states of mind, physical comfort and social status, but in sixteen years I never gave a thought to SURVIVAL. How embarrassing and not just a little tacky to worry about eating and putting gas in the car instead of honing my concentration skills.

My husband has three more years of school before he will be contributing substantially to our income. As we were just making it, just coming out even at the end of each month, to me that meant three years without a day off. A bodywork client of mine, a real estate agent, warned me that failure to get a toehold in the property market in the Bay Area now means we won't be living here in ten years. Parents of my son's friends said my years of productive IRA accumulation were dwindling fast. The Neighborhood Foundation began negotiations to transfer our building to another owner who wanted us out so that they could move Asian refugees into our apartment. My Dad gambled away the last of my potential inheritance. I couldn't believe millions of people actually think this way for years at a time and accept thinking this way as their life-thought. Or maybe by my age they've learned some way to moderate and defuse the destructive power of these thoughts. But I, unbludgeoned for the last few years by anything more bruising than trying to get a nod from Tenshin-sensei in the hall, was going under, fast.

I tried a variety of techniques. I breathed into all parts of my body. I visualized white light surrounding me. I looked up at the sky (expansive-feeling) and into the horizon. I reminded myself that at this very moment I am adequately — nay, excessively — well-fed. I tried to restrict worrying to a half-hour a day of fullblown panic so as to liberate the remaining hours. Finally I gave up. I officially declared myself in a state of emergency, in need of a respite, despite the possible financial consequences. I called up Wendy at Green Gulch Farm and blurted into the



*Entryway to Green Gulch
Farm meditation hall.*

phone: "I'm sick and exhausted. I need love!" I knew a declaration like this doesn't leave a lot of options in terms of response: I didn't intend to permit a wide variety.

The following Thursday evening, just as the last of the twilight was disappearing over the hill, I carried my bag and exercise mat into Lindisfarne Hall. I was immediately brightened by the charm of my room. I had left Green Gulch Farm some years before to go to live in the city just while Lindisfarne was being built. I had never really been in the finished building before. I marvelled over the cleverness of hollowing out a space at the foot of the bed to house the comforter. I pulled out all the drawers in my sweet little desk and tried to find things to put in them. I sat in my chair. I turned on my brass reading lamp. I admired my Indian rug. I threw my Vogue magazine and trashy novels on the bed shelf.

Before settling into bed with my degenerate reading material (oh delicious moments stolen from pristine consciousness) I made myself a cup of tea in the little kitchen of Lindisfarne Hall and sat down in my room to gaze out of my huge window. My view was of the ambling, cheerfully collapsing woodshop, long my favorite building at Green Gulch Farm. I admired the regularity of the wood stacked outside and the irregularity of the sagging roof. Suddenly happier than I'd been in months, I felt deep gratitude.

The next morning I lingered in bed and watched the fog drift off the Lindisfarne Hall roof in little clouds. The woodshed was partially obscured. Then I realized from the snapping sounds that there was a fire blazing away in the large woodstove in the center of Lindisfarne Hall. I spent a long time dreamily trying to distinguish the cloud of smoke rolling off the roof from the clouds of fog. Later, rays of sun slowly infiltrated, then finally overran the fog, until my beloved woodshed stood

revealed in its slouching entirety. I got dressed and joined the rest of Green Gulch Farm in time for lunch.

Great contrast to my dreamy morning. I chattered away with Mitch Katzel, Peter Rudnick, Jerry Fuller, Norm Fischer and Susan Wender as if it hadn't been ages since I'd seen them last. Saw photos of Blanche and Lou's newest grandchild. Got embroiled in a discussion about movie directors. Promised to go to Ryakufusatzu that night and a VCR showing of *Witness* in the Green Gulch Farm library afterwards. I was up for all of this.

After lunch I lay in the sun by the pool. My friend and teacher, Meir Schneider, came out to visit me and marveled as he too soaked up some rays: "Wow, this is beautiful!" (I pointed out the hummingbird hovering over the fuchsia.) "Only a rich person could live like this," he said. "Or a lot of poor ones together!" I laughed. He is always so amazed over the resources of Zen Center whenever they are revealed to him. After we went downstairs and had a snack of blueberry pancakes left over from breakfast, he was ecstatic. "This is a wonderful place!" he kept saying. (He and his girlfriend came out to stay at Lindisfarne the following weekend.) I lived at Green Gulch Farm for four difficult years; I had never known it as a guest.

Hey, Friday night dinners. They'd been a tradition even when I lived here. I'd forgotten. This one featured a menu combination worthy of inclusion in the Green Gulch Farm eclectic classics: Indian curry with coconut and yoghurt, then strawberry shortcake for dessert. And yes, it's still a kitchen sensitive to controversy — you could choose whipped cream with or without sugar.

That night after the movie I made myself some tea and curled up on the the sofa in the central room of Lindisfarne Hall. It was dark outside. The fire was going. I looked around the room at the extravagant flower arrangements and familiar Mayumi prints. Other guests were arriving to begin their Memorial Day weekend. A couple on their way to Esalen told me about the high cost of living in New York City. A thousand dollars a month to rent a garage for your car! They seemed gratified by the expression on my face. It had been two whole days since I thought about money.

That night I began to notice how intimately connected I was to the plumbing and toilet habits of all the other inhabitants of Lindisfarne Hall. As well as privy to the nuances of their respective relationships. Lindisfarne Hall is a relentlessly communal experience. After three days I was almost taking it personally whenever anybody left.

By the time Ethan and Tony picked me up on Monday to resume my work and family life, I had made contact with the great reservoir of strength and resiliency inside me. At the end I had found it too diverting even to read. Sunday I had stayed in my room, tracking the light as it turned from morning to afternoon to evening over the woodshed. Back on Highway 101, re-entering the world of traffic and noise, I felt timelessness fade, and the corners of my consciousness came back into view: sharp, to make distinctions. Black faces. White faces. Parking places. Friend or foe at 100 paces? Keeping track of the hours, the days, the dollars and cents. The Ten Thousand Things. I flicked on the car radio, my foot tapping out the beat. Refreshed, the stone woman got up to dance.



Lama Govinda at Kesar Deva in Almora

Lama Govinda

by Yvonne Rand

Lama Anagarika Govinda, born as Ernst Lothar Hoffman on 17 May 1898 in Waldheim, Saxonia, Germany, died on 14 January 1985 at his home in Mill Valley, California. Over the past 18 years Lama and his wife, Li Gotami Govinda, have been part of the life of Zen Center, initially through Lama's books on Buddhism, later from visits and lectures at Tassajara and at Green Gulch Farm. In 1975, under the 'umbrella' of Zen Center, the Govindas began their residence here in America. Lama came to feel, at the end of his life, that much as he loved his life in Almora, in the lower levels of the Indian Himalayas, he had more of an audience here in America, for his life-long interest in, devotion to, and work within the Buddhist tradition. He once told me that he actually could see that his thinking was more straightforward and simple and clear in English than was the case when he wrote in German. And in the latter part of his life he would write his essays in English and then translate them into German for his many students in Europe.

When I sit down to write a remembrance of Lama Govinda I am struck most clearly by the quality of sweetness and steady devotion and concentration which he brought to his study and practice of the Buddha's way. And in the past weeks, listening again to tapes of him talking about his early study of meditation and of Buddhist sutras I am struck by how these qualities seem to have marked his life from an early age.

Lama Govinda's mother died when he was three years old. At that time, he and his elder brother went to live with his mother's elder sister. He grew up in a family which daily conversed in three languages: Spanish, French, and German, and which had a range of life experience in South America, England, and Europe. He was sent to a small rather famous boarding school at the age of six, and he seems to have had a classical German schooling from that point on. By the time he was sixteen years old he had already cultivated a serious interest in religion and had embarked on a particular study of Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism. He became clearly and consciously a Buddhist and by the time he was eighteen he had written his first book on Buddhism.

During the first World War he was drafted into the German army and sent off to the Italian front, where he contracted tuberculosis. From that time on he found the cold climate of Germany too difficult for his weak constitution. By the time he was nineteen or twenty he had moved to Capri for the climate and for his health. He lived in Capri for about ten years. Before he went to Capri he had spent some time at the University at Freiberg studying archeology, architecture, and philosophy. He found the program in architecture too 'technical' for his tastes and made philosophy his primary study. His long interest in architecture however abided, as can be seen in his later interest in and study of Buddhist stupas. When he first went to live in Capri he did research work in Sardinia for the Archeological Institute in Rome. He was particularly attracted by the large conical buildings which date from the megalithic age — earlier than the pyramids — called nuragi. He subsequently became a professor at the Berlitz school on Capri and, after a year or so, when the director suddenly died, Lama became the director of the school. He described this time in his life as a busy one. He lived at the top of the mountain and in order to get to the port at the base of the mountain he could take a funicular or walk. "I ran down, since I liked walking and I could then save the cost of riding on the funicular." During this time he was also studying at the University at Naples, to which the King of Siam had donated a complete set of the Siamese Buddhist Canon. Virtually no one studied these texts because of the difficulty with language. But Lama learned Siamese in order to study the Buddhist Sutras and during the years in Capri he determined to read a sutra every week. And it was from the sutras that he learned to meditate.

"At this time there were not many books on Buddhism and the ones that there were were quite expensive. So I was glad for the opportunity to study the Buddhist Canon at the University in Naples. I found there were very clear instructions on how to meditate. The Buddha gives very clear instructions and I followed these instructions."

At the top of the mountain where Lama lived he found a huge cave. It opened to the sea and was big enough so that a large cathedral could have been built in it. "A path led to the upper edge of the cave. And this became my meditation cave. There was nothing before me but the huge expanse of the sea. Far below there was a small road which skirted the rocks at the base of the mountain and which ringed the island of Capri. It was like a map from where I sat in the cave." So for ten years Lama studied and practiced Buddhism in this way. He had always had a desire to join the Buddhist Sangha in India, but it seemed like a remote possibility, off in the future, for he was quite poor.

Eventually he was able to save enough money to buy a ticket to Ceylon where he spent some years in a monastery on an island in a lagoon. When the tropical heat of the lower realm finally became too difficult for him, he moved to a tea plantation which a friend owned in the highlands. He built a house there. "But when I finished the house — a lovely house with two bedrooms and a meditation room and a studio — I went to India and I never went back. I presented the house to a Buddhist nun who lived in it until she died." It was at this time in Ceylon (Sri Lanka) that Lama took the name "Govinda" under the guidance of the Venerable Mahathera Nyanatiloka and practiced as a Brahmachari and wore white. During his visit to the All India Buddhist Conference in Darjeeling he met his guru, Tomo Geshe Rinpoche (Lama Ngawang Kolsang). From this first meeting he remained in India, living in Ghoom, Darjeeling District, earning his livelihood by lecturing at the University of Shantiniketan and later at the University in Allahabad as well as Patna University. In addition to his Tibetan studies he started an expedition to Western Tibet, via Ladakh, with the famous Buddhist and scholar Rahula Sanskritayana in 1933. And upon his return from the expedition he founded the Arya Maitreya Mandala. His intention was that the members of this order would create a society of Buddhists whose members would look not only backwards but would also strive for a Buddhism related to the times and circumstances in which they were living, and with an open and active attention towards the future symbolized by the Buddha of the future, Maitreya.

Two years later, Lama Govinda established the International Buddhist University Association to sponsor a Buddhist University at Sarnath, which was to be a part of the Hindu University at Benares. To expand the immediate work for Buddhist students, Lama Govinda founded the "International Buddhist Academy Association" and started with lectures in Sanskrit, Pali, Tibetan, Chinese and Indian languages to promote basic studies in Buddhism. At the same time, he remained active as an artist and held many exhibitions in India, sponsored by men such as Jawaharlal Nehru, Rabindranath Tagore, Abanindranath Tagore and Nandalal Bose.

An expedition to Western Tibet was planned before World War II, but due to the outbreak of war these plans were abandoned. In 1940, Lama Govinda was the guide for the Chinese Goodwill Mission, led by the last Patriarch of Chinese Buddhism (Chitai Shu). One year later (1942) he was illegally arrested and placed in a detention camp at Ahmednagar and later at Deradhun for a total of five years, in spite of his British passport. He was detained because of his acquaintance with the leaders of the independence movements. The arrest occurred on the same day that leaders of the Indian International Congress were arrested, August 8, 1942 at 5:00 a.m. He was released the same day as Nehru. In the detention camp he suffered at the hands of certain German Nazis so that he, as well as the German born Bhikkhu Nyanaponika, were shifted to the anti-fascist camp. It was here that Lama Govinda and Bhikkhu Nyanaponika did their studies in early Mahayana and continued their Sanskrit studies. When India became free in 1947, Lama Govinda became an Indian National.

In that same year, 1947, he revived preparations for his expedition to Tibet and married Li Gotami, an art student who had just received her diploma from Rabindranath Tagore's International University at Shantiniketan. She was fully trained in Indian and Tibetan painting techniques, and became a well-known pupil of Abanindranath Tagore, and Nandalal Bose. Lama Govinda and Li originally met in

1934 at Shantiniketan where he was teaching philosophy, French, and Buddhist psychology.

They went on to Gyantse where they waited for several months for the Dalai Lama's return to Lhasa in order to receive their passports for Western Tibet. During their wait they accomplished a lot of artistic work. Using his Mala, Lama Govinda secretly took the full measure of the famous Kumbum of Gyantse. Returning to India in order to make the necessary preparations in Calcutta, he began the second part of the expedition (in 1948) across the Shipki Pass into Western Tibet. Passing the Manasarovar lake and Kailash they finally arrived at Tasaparang via Tholing where they accomplished much work in the Red and White temples which were full of Buddhist paintings and frescoes.

Following this expedition in 1949, "*The Illustrated Weekly of India*", which had sponsored the expedition, published several articles and a portion of Li's "Life of the Buddha Series" which consisted of thirty-two panels in its completed form. Several of these paintings now stand in the Tibetan Hall of the Prince of Wales Museum in Bombay.

In the years that followed, Lama Govinda wrote his most famous works, beginning with his fundamental book, *The Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism*, first published in German in 1959, in English in 1960, and then translated into more than six languages. This book was followed by a reprint of *The Psychological Attitude of Early Buddhist Philosophy*, (1962) originally published in 1938 at Allahabad when Lama Govinda was a guest-lecturer at Patna University upon the reference of Rabindranath Tagore. Tagore had introduced him to several Indian Universities and considered him as a younger brother. This was followed by his essays and poems in a



Alan Watts and Lama Govinda

work entitled *Mandala* published in German. His famous book, *The Way of the White Clouds*, recounting his expedition to Western Tibet with Li Gotami in 1947-49, was published in English in 1966 and a year later in German, and now appears in many languages.

In 1952, Lama Govinda and Anila Li Gotami Govinda founded the Western Order of the Arya Maitreya Mandala in Sanchi. Since then the order has become the center for Lama Govinda's teachings.

In 1960 Lama Govinda went to Europe to deliver lectures in several European countries, including several radio broadcasts. He met many scientists who sponsored his movement. His first trip to Europe was to a conference of religions in Venice. In the 60's and 70's the Govindas returned several times to Europe and traveled to America, Japan, and several other Asian countries, as well as to South America. During this period he wrote several books, including: *Creative Meditation and Multi-Dimensional Consciousness*, *The Psycho-Cosmic Symbolism of the Buddhist Stupa*, *The Inner Structure of the I Ching*, and his last book, published in Germany, *Buddhist Reflections*, plus many articles appearing in journals and in other books. He left an unpublished manuscript for a forthcoming book which will be published in Germany under the auspices of the Arya Maitreya Mandala.

The Govindas first came to the United States in 1968 and lectured at various universities and to various groups including Esalen Institute, the Theosophical Society, Oasis, The Alan Watts Society for Comparative Philosophy, Southern Methodist University (where Lama Govinda was a guest lecturer for two semesters), Chapman College and others. He also lectured in California at the Nyingma Institute in Berkeley and at Zen Center in San Francisco and at Green Gulch Farm.

In 1977 two large exhibitions of both Lama Govinda's and Li Gotami's work took place in Basel, Switzerland, and Bonn, Germany. At the same time they lectured in Frankfurt and several other German cities. They then returned to America to live in the San Francisco Bay area. In 1984 an exhibition of the entire work of Lama Govinda was shown in the town hall of Stuttgart, where the whole spectrum of Lama's genius became evident: as a religious teacher, as a scientist in archaeology, art history, psychology, Buddhology, and linguistic studies, and as an artist. The exhibition was a great success.

In recent years Lama Govinda concentrated his attention and energies on his book, *The Inner Structure of the I Ching*. The book was the culmination of over thirty years' study and work with the *I Ching*. During this time Lama lectured and wrote, creating the basis of the meditational and spiritual practice of his order. He wrote of what he felt was essential in his last book, *Buddhist Reflections*, and in his book to be published posthumously in German about the dynamic nature of Buddhism.

The Venerable Lama Anagarika Govinda passed away peacefully and unexpectedly on 14 January 1985 at his home in Mill Valley, California. He is survived by his wife, Anila (Shakya Dolma) Li Gotami Govinda.

We remember his great inspiration and are grateful for his example and teaching in person and in his writing.



Lay Bodhisattva Initiation Ceremony with Commentary by Abbot Tenshin Anderson

The Lay Bodhisattva initiation is a ceremony of sudden Awakening, like going through the door. Just as a fish swimming in water may take it for granted, we moving through life may take it for granted. But if we put a door down into our life and walk through it we may suddenly realize, "Oh, I am alive." In this way we awaken to our life, to the simple truth that we are alive and that we are life. It is an initiation into a fresh new life and at the same time a coming home.

In this ceremony we are initiated into our home and family: the great assembly of enlightening beings (Bodhisattvas). We are formally introduced to our close family members. It is a way to remember something very familiar. It is a re-initiation. Like a friend of mine says everytime he falls in love, "It's never been like this before, again."

Sometimes the ceremony is called *jūkai*, which means "receiving the precepts". It may also be called *Zaike tokudō*, which literally means "staying home and accomplishing the way." The priest bodhisattva initiation is called *Shukke tokudō* — that is, "leaving home and accomplishing the way." Both of these ceremonies offer a means for being one with Buddha's way.

Our Lay Initiation Ceremony is composed of eight basic elements:

- I. Invocation
- II. Confession and Resolution of Action
- III. Ritual Water Purification
- IV. Taking Refuge
- V. Receiving the Three Pure Precepts
- VI. Receiving the Ten Grave Precepts
- VII. Receiving a Buddhist Name and Robe
- VIII. Receiving the Bodhisattva Precept Lineage

I. INVOCATION

ABBOT:

Invoking the presence and compassion of our ancestors

In faith that we are Buddha

We enter Buddha's Way

Homage to all Buddhas in the ten directions

Homage to the complete Dharma in ten directions

Homage to every Sangha in ten directions

Homage to our first teacher Shakyamuni Buddha

Homage to our succession of Bodhisattvas and Ancestors

Homage to Eihei Dogen Zenji

Homage to Shogaku Shunryu Daiocho

Now may their presence and compassion sustain us.

Let us chant the names of Buddha

INITIATES AND AUDIENCE:

Homage to the Dharmakaya Vairochana Buddha

Homage to the Sambhogakaya Lochana Buddha

Homage to the Nirmanakaya Shakyamuni Buddha

Homage to the future Maitreya Buddha

Homage to all Buddhas in the ten directions, past, present, and future

Homage to Manjusri, the Perfect Wisdom Bodhisattva

Homage to Samantabhadra, the Shining Practice Bodhisattva

Homage to Avalokitesvara, the Infinite Compassion Bodhisattva

Homage to the many Bodhisattva Mahasattvas

Homage to the Maha Prajna Paramita

COMMENTARY: We call within. We call up the wisdom and compassion of the Buddhas and ancestors. In this way the beginning of this ceremony is Buddhahood.

II. CONFESSION AND RESOLUTION OF PAST ACTION (KARMA)

ABBOT: In order to be fully awakened in the practice of Buddha's precepts we start with the pure practice of confession.

Abbot and Initiates chant together three times:

All my ancient twisted karma

From beginningless greed, hate, and delusion.

Born of body, speech and mind,

I now fully avow.

ABBOT: You have gone beyond the karma of body, speech, and mind; and have been freed from greed, hate, and delusion. O good disciples of Buddha, now you may live in the Way of the Three Treasures. Even after acquiring Buddhahood, will you continue this truthful practice?

INITIATES: Yes, I will.

COMMENTARY: This is a group confession for the avowal and confession of our past actions. Then, to clear away any reservations, any resistance, any hesitation to accepting the truth, to accepting the way, we confess. We avow all the things we have done, from beginningless time, with our body, our voice, and our thought, through all kinds of confusion, aversion, and attachments. We avow *all* these actions and we burn them up by this complete avowal, setting ourselves free and ready to receive the precepts of the Buddha way. And we really feel free from our past *karma*. As though we can actually change and start fresh, on the path.

III. RITUAL PURIFICATION (ABHISEKA)

The Abbot, using a leaf, sprinkles water on the initiates and the assembly.

COMMENTARY: The basis of this wisdom water purification is the Buddha Nature which we all share. We have this water that has been passed down to us for thousands of years. And we take some of this water, and sprinkle it on all the people, to purify each person — just to make sure they are not holding on to any dust of past action. Then everybody is clear and pure.

IV. TAKING REFUGE

ABBOT: We have purified our mind and body. Now you may receive the path of the precepts of the Three Treasures. You are seated with Buddha and are really Buddha's child. Will you receive these precepts?

INITIATES: Yes, I will.

Abbot chants each line and Initiates repeat:

I take refuge in the Buddha

I take refuge in the Dharma

I take refuge in the Sangha

I take refuge in the Buddha as the perfect teacher

I take refuge in the Dharma as the perfect teaching

I take refuge in the Sangha as the perfect life

I have completely taken refuge in the Buddha

I have completely taken refuge in the Dharma

I have completely taken refuge in the Sangha

ABBOT: You have returned to your original nature free from attachments and limited ways. From now awakening is your teacher, all beings are your teacher. Do not be fooled by other ways. This is the path of mercy for all existence and things. Do you agree to follow this compassionate path of the Three Treasures that I am now passing to you?

INITIATES: Yes, I will.

COMMENTARY: In this ceremony we give the sixteen great Bodhisattva precepts, which are the Three Refuges, the Three Pure Precepts and the Ten Grave Precepts. Taking refuge in the Three-fold Gem is the beginning and end of the Buddha Way. It is the heart.

For Dōgen-zenji the first step in practice was to take refuge in the Triple Treasure. Before we practice ethical conduct, concentration, and insight, we take refuge, and after we have accomplished these practices we take refuge again.

This pattern is demonstrated in Dōgen-zenji's life. Towards the end of his life he wrote the *Shōbōgenzō* fascicle "Taking Refuge in the Triple Treasure". He hoped to revise it but due to ill health he was unable to do so. And as he was preparing to die, the practice of this great and learned Zen master, this ancient Buddha, was to write "Buddha, Dharma, Sangha" on a pillar in his death-room, and then walk around the pillar taking refuge. He said, "I take refuge in awakening. I take refuge in the teaching. I take refuge in the community." This is what the old Buddha did, as he was dying.

A Buddha is constantly taking refuge in Buddha. So a Buddha is constantly taking refuge in him or herself. Doesn't that make sense?

At the beginning of our practice, we also take refuge in Buddha's mind, in Buddha as our own mind, and in our mind as Buddha. When you feel like you're beginning practice, or entering the way through initiation ceremonies, you rely on and return to "this mind as Buddha." When you have become accomplished in the way, you take refuge in "no-Buddha, no-mind".

The Japanese expression for taking refuge is *ki-e*. According to Dōgen-zenji, *ki* means to unhesitatingly throw yourself into something and it also means to return, to come again.

Therefore, to take refuge in the Three-fold Gem is to throw your awakened mind into the awakened mind, into the perfect teaching, and into the oneness of all being. It is to jump, unhesitatingly, into awakening; into the true teaching; into the interconnectedness of all being. That is *ki*. And *e* means to "rely" or "depend" on, to find true safety and asylum in Buddha, Dharma and Sangha. Ultimately there is only one Treasure: Awakening. But for the sake of helping people, Buddha is seen through three aspects. One is awakening as a teacher for us. Another is awakening as doctrine or teaching. And then there is awakening as revealed through discipline and thus through those who practice it.

The feeling and spirit I have when taking refuge is to unhesitatingly plunge into the Buddha mind. To rely on, to find safety in, and return to the Buddha mind. With no hesitation I jump into the true teaching, rely on, return to and depend on the true teaching. With no hesitation, with no reservations, I dive into the community of fellow practitioners, of good friends, into the interconnectedness of all living beings.

This is what we do and this is *zazen*.

In the *Sixth Ancestor's Platform Sutra* there is a Bodhisattva Initiation Ceremony. Therein Hui-neng, the Sixth Zen Ancestor asks people to take refuge in the Body of Buddha as their own physical body. The body of Buddha is the law body, the bliss body, and the transformation body. These are the Three Bodies of Buddha. He asks the people to take refuge in their own body as the Three Refuges and the Precepts. So basically it comes back to deeply trusting in yourself. It all comes to that. Deeply trusting in your own goodness. Deeply trusting in your own imper-turbable Buddha mind.

"Deeply trusting" means to stand, or sit steadfastly in your imperturbable awakened mind. To do all the activities of daily life with imperturbable Buddha mind is to take refuge in Buddha.

V. THE THREE PURE PRECEPTS

ABBOT: Now will you receive the Three Pure Precepts?

INITIATES: Yes, I will.

Abbot recites each precept and Initiates repeat:

I vow to refrain from all action that creates attachments

I vow to make every effort to live in enlightenment

I vow to live to benefit all being

ABBOT: Abiding in the Three Pure Precepts even after acquiring Buddhahood, will you continuously observe them?

INITIATES: Yes, I will.

COMMENTARY: All Buddhas have taught these precepts. In their most simple form they are:

- 1) Avoid all bad actions
- 2) Do all good actions
- 3) Live for the benefit of all living beings

The practice of these precepts is the body and mind of Buddha. To avoid all wrong actions is Buddha's law body (Dharmakāya). To do all right actions is Buddha's bliss body (Sambhogakāya), and living for the benefit of all beings is Buddha's illusion body (Nirmānakāya).

Once there was a Zen master who meditated in a tree. He was known as "Bird's Nest". A great governor-poet came to see him and said, "What a dangerous seat you have up there in the tree." "Yours is more dangerous than mine," the teacher replied. "I am the governor of this province, and I don't see what danger there is in this." "Then sir, you don't know yourself very well. When passions burn and mind is unsteady, this is the greatest danger." "What is the teaching of Buddhism?" The teacher recited a stanza from the *Dhammapada*:

"Not to commit wrong actions
But to do all good ones
And keep the heart pure.
This is the teaching of all the Buddhas"

"But any child of three years knows that," said the poet. "Any three-year-old child may know it, but even a person of eighty years finds it difficult to practice," said the teacher in the tree.

VI. RECEIVING THE TEN GRAVE PRECEPTS

ABBOT: Now you will receive the Ten Grave Precepts?

INITIATES: Yes, I will.

ABBOT:

A Disciple of the Buddha does not kill

A Disciple of the Buddha does not take what is not given

A Disciple of the Buddha does not misuse sexuality

A Disciple of the Buddha does not lie

A Disciple of the Buddha does not intoxicate mind or body of self or others

A Disciple of the Buddha does not slander

A Disciple of the Buddha does not praise self at the expense of others

A Disciple of the Buddha is not possessive of anything

A Disciple of the Buddha does not harbor ill will

A Disciple of the Buddha does not abuse the Three Treasures.

ABBOT: Abiding according to the Ten Grave Precepts even after acquiring Buddhahood, will you continuously observe them?

INITIATES: Yes, I will.

ABBOT: You have received Buddha's precepts and are a child of Buddha. To sustain and confirm the practice of these vows, for reality is in living them, I will now give you Buddha's name and lineage and robe to clothe you throughout this life and times to come. This will be your name, true family and dress. Now you can really work for all beings and realize your own Buddha Nature. You yourself and all beings are the Tathagata.

COMMENTARY: Taking refuge in the Triple Treasure is the heart of Buddhism. The precepts are the blood. This precept vein is a vital link between all the Buddhas and Ancestors and us. To truly receive these precepts is to be awakened. While receiving these precepts one should be mindful that they are our own true body and mind. They are the way of complete freedom.

- 1.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA DOES NOT KILL. If I remember that all living beings tremble when their life is threatened and fear the end of it, I will not kill or allow others to kill. If I remember that life is dear to all living creatures I will not kill or let others kill.
- 2.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA DOES NOT TAKE WHAT IS NOT GIVEN. Material accomplishment may occur, we all possess something. But we must be sure that it comes by right livelihood.
- 3.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA DOES NOT MISUSE SEXUALITY. This is using our life energy only for the benefit of all beings and not to produce attachments.
- 4.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA DOES NOT LIE. Since this precept is concerned with refraining from false speech, one way to practice it would be to simply not say a word. But lying may also be done with silence. There are lies of omission. Sometimes we must speak and speak honestly. But this, of course, is not so easy. Many of us do not know how to tell the truth, and need to enter a difficult process of learning. What is the truth? An Ancestor says, "Turning away and touching are both wrong, for it is like a mass of fire." It is vast, inconceivable, and we cannot be known as an object. It

remains elusive. So we may be tempted to simplify it in order to grasp it. However, this is slandering the truth and is a kind of lying. Developing a tolerance for complexity and being willing to admit confusion may help us in our practice of telling the truth.

5.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA DOES NOT INTOXICATE MIND OR BODY OF SELF OR OTHERS. If we look for the advantage of one thing over another, anything may be an opportunity for intoxication. If taken in the right way, alcohol may be helpful. It all depends on our basic attitude. Suzuki-roshi emphasized that this precept warns against intoxicating people with spiritual teachings. It encourages us to go beyond all dependencies, even on Buddha's teachings.

6.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA DOES NOT SLANDER. The first thing that comes to mind here is to be strict with ourselves, but gentle and forgiving of others. Being strict with ourselves in this case means to be sure that our speech is motivated by compassion. If we practice this way, we might not have much to say about others.

7.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA DOES NOT PRAISE SELF. If we can remember how limited our awareness is, we may be able to observe this precept. As Dogen-zenji says, "When dharma does not fill your whole body and mind, you think it is already sufficient. When dharma fills your body and mind, you realize that something is missing."

8.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA IS NOT POSSESSIVE OF ANYTHING. First of all, this precept points to the disharmony and injustice of amassing material possessions while others are lacking them. People who possess lots of precious things are often feared and hated. On another level, this is an encouragement to Buddhist teachers not to be possessive of the teaching. The challenge of their lives is to share the teaching with everyone.

9.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA DOES NOT HARBOR ILL WILL. Deep in our hearts we all know how destructive it is for our own health and happiness to hold on to anger. It may be even more harmful for those towards whom we express angry words or gestures. Therefore, we must sincerely practice patience to protect ourselves from producing anger.

10.) A DISCIPLE OF BUDDHA DOES NOT ABUSE THE THREE TREASURES. Although this precept comes last in the list, it is also in a sense first and most important because it refers back to the first three precepts, the refuges, which are the foundation of the precept practice.

In the *Shōbōgenzō*, Dogen-zenji tells a story about precepts.

Two billion, six hundred million hungry dragons came to see Buddha. They had been having quite a hard time for hundreds of thousands of lifetimes, suffering. The most troubled of all the dragons was a blind female dragon, who is described as being in terrible shape. She was putrifying, rotting, in all the possible dimensions of rot and putrescence. She cried out to the Buddha for help. Buddha said, "How did you get into this situation?" She explained that in a previous life she had been a nun and she had done a series of really terrible things — after having taken refuge as part of becoming a nun. She had really done some bad things. She said she conned people in the monastery out of possessions; she used the temple as a place to set up her sexual activities. She really violated the precepts royally. So this was the terrible result. Buddha said, "If what you said is true, if you did take refuge in the Triple Treasure, in a past life,

then I can help you." He reached out and scooped up some water, and said, "In a past life I gave my life for a dove." He poured the water into his mouth and sprayed it on her, purifying her rotting body. Then he said, "Now if you wish to receive the Three Refuges, you can do that." And she did.

Dōgen says, "This is all that could be done for her. And it is because she took the refuges in the past that Buddha could do this for her."

Now, by these acts of invocation, confession, purification, taking the refuges and receiving the precepts, we become the working basis of the Buddha way. We have become, by those actions, the ground for the arising of the Buddha mind — of the *bodhicitta*. And therefore we are ready to receive a new name, new clothes, and a new family lineage paper.

VII. RECEIVING NEW BUDDHIST NAME AND ROBE

Abbot calls each person by old name, and new name, and each initiate receives name and robe and returns to seat.

I (new-name), Buddha's Disciple, receive this robe of five strips, each strip made from one long and one short piece. I will wear this robe of Buddha with the mind and body of its sacred meaning.

Each initiate removes robe from its envelope and places robe on head, and chants:

Great robe of liberation
Field far beyond form and emptiness
Wearing the Tathagata's Teaching
Saving all beings

COMMENTARY:

NAME: Now that we have the new life of the sixteen Zen precepts, we may also receive a new name. I say 'new', but it is also a traditional name. Our Buddhist names are usually composed of some elements taken from the names of our ancestors. It may be that no one has ever had your name before, and yet it is just like all the others.

ROBE: We are fortunate to be living at a time when the correct method of sewing and transmitting Buddha's robe is known and practiced. I am deeply grateful to Zen teachers like Eko Hashimoto and Kodo Sawaki for revitalizing the tradition of the correct way of sewing, wearing and caring for Buddha's robe, and to Eshun Yoshida and Joshin Kasai for coming to Zen Center and teaching us how to sew Buddha's robe. If we wear the properly transmitted robe even once for only a short time, it will serve to protect our practice of awakening.

Being willing to respect and care for small and apparently unimportant things brings the great mind of awakening into our daily life. Even though we may not understand what difference it makes, to care for our robes in accord with Buddha's instruction helps all beings to realize the essence of the way.



Priest ordination at 300 Page Street, June 1, 1986.

VIII. RECEIVING LINEAGE PAPERS —
THE BLOOD LINE OF BODHISATTVA PRECEPTS

COMMENTARY: The blood lineage chart describes how we are connected with all Buddhas and Ancestors through the precepts. It also shows that we are the latest edition of the lineage and its source.

By studying this diagram of the blood line we realize that we are Buddha's disciples, we are the Ancestors' children and at the same time we are Buddhas, and the life of the lineage comes from our practice of the precepts. The lineage chart has Shakyamuni Buddha at the top. From him a red line goes down through ninety ancestors — 2,500 years — to the people in this ceremony. This red blood line goes from Shakyamuni, going down, down, down, through India, through China, through both Rinzai Zen and Sōtō Zen, up to Dōgen-zenji and down through Sōtō Zen in Japan, to America, and to us. After the red line goes through the person ordained, it goes back up to Shakyamuni Buddha.

We are actually taking refuge in the nature of our own mind. We're disciples, and at the same time we are Buddha. This is the blood line — it gets pumped all the way around, back through all the ancestors, into you, and back to the ancestors, through them, and into you — round and round the Buddha blood goes.

ABBOT:

We offer this ceremony to the enlightenment of all beings
We live like a cloud in an endless sky
A lotus in muddy water
One with the pure mind of Buddha.
Let us bow to the Tathagata.

EVERYONE:

All Buddhas, Ten Directions, Three Times
All Beings, Bodhisattvas, Mahasattvas
Wisdom Beyond Wisdom, Maha Prajna Paramita.

Tendo Nyojo's Temple

Zenson Gifford is in charge of the Toronto Zen Centre at 33 High Park Gardens, Toronto, Ontario MGR 758. He is a disciple of Philip Kapleau. I met him at the *Zen in North America Conference* in Ann Arbor this summer. He mentioned that he had visited Dogen's teacher's temple, T'ien T'ung Shan, in China. The article that follows tells of his pilgrimage.

— M. W.



In the autumn of 1982 I had the good fortune to make a pilgrimage to China. Traveling alone and not reading nor speaking Chinese was a journey in itself.

For a Buddhist pilgrim there are both wonders and discouragements in present-day China. I had an opportunity to sit with Bodhidharma in his small cave on the mountain high above Shao-Lin monastery. At other times I was overwhelmed by sadness at the sight of sacked and pillaged temples of former monasteries now restored only to capture some tourist dollars.

After six weeks of travel I was about ready to return to my then home temple in Japan, but there was still one place I needed to visit. Although I had fallen ill en-route and had, from previous disappointments, little hope of finding a "practice" monastery, there was the persistent call to continue to T'ien T'ung Shan (Tendosan); the monastery where Eihei Dogen-zenji trained while in China under his master T'ien T'ung Ju-ching (j. Tendo Nyojo).

After arriving by train in Ningbo, the nearest city, there was then a lengthy bus ride to the lower gate of T'ien T'ung Shan monastery. Walking up the mountain path I sensed a calm anticipation and rejuvenation, something was different here.

Entering the main gate, I was met by the astonished smiles of several young monks who bowed and scurried away. Smiles turned to frowns as I was then met by two 'cadres' or government police who control all of the monasteries. They immediately informed me — not knowing Chinese was no barrier here — that I could not stay. However, the young monks who had originally greeted me had hastened to bring back an elder who immediately engaged in an animated discussion with the cadres. As it was forbidden for foreigners to stay in the monastery, I must leave, said the cadre frowning. But, there are no more buses back to the city said the elder monk,

smiling. Finally permission was reluctantly granted and I was escorted by the elder and other monks, with a cadre close behind, through the complex. At the main hall I offered incense, prostrated and chanted the Heart Sutra in English. Looking puzzled at these strange sounds, I showed him a fan which had the Heart Sutra in Chinese characters on it. This delighted him and the Chinese version was then chanted by the monks.

As it turned out there were approximately seventy monks in the monastery. Their ages ranged from sixteen-year-old novices to a couple of ancient looking elders. Many of the monks seemed to be in their forties, although it was hard to tell. There seemed to be monks of various sects all living under the same roof. After dinner, at which time I was segregated from the monks in the dining hall by the cadre in charge, I followed my ears to a hall where what appeared to be a memorial service was being held. This group of monks had very distinctive robes and I was later told that they were most likely from Mongolia. A cadre then came and whisked me off to my room far away from any other living being.

Bell and drum awoke the monastery at 2:30 a.m. and everyone assembled in the Main Hall. Besides the monks there were about fifty lay pilgrims, mostly women, who attended the service. Chanting, prostrations and circumambulations lasted until about 4:00 a.m., at which time the monks dispersed. It was then that I tried to find the zendo, but to no avail. When I asked a group of monks for the "ch'an" hall they looked puzzled. When I sat down and crossed my legs into full lotus, one monk laughed and waved his hands, gesturing towards the back of the monastery. Unfortunately, however, the faithful cadre appeared and I was escorted to breakfast, then later rather unceremoniously to the front gate. Several monks came along and we all bowed deeply.

Not speaking Chinese, it was hard to find out, in such a short stay, much about the practice/life at T'ien T'ung-shan. Nevertheless, without words and letters one certainly got the sense that despite the recent persecution, the Buddha-dharma is still alive in China. This feeling was re-enforced by bows given to a foreign priest by lay people who, although bewildered by the face, were joyous to see the robe.

Just before leaving T'ien T'ung-shan I received a fellow pilgrim's bag. It was then stamped in red with a loud thump by an ancient-looking monk who spoke a few words of Japanese. When I asked him if he'd ever met a Japanese monk pilgrim by the name of Eihei Dogen, he laughed heartily.





Completion of Bath House

We are gratified to report the successful completion of the Tassajara bath house reconstruction. Demolition began at the end of the 1985 Guest Season and by opening day of the 1986 Guest Season, the "new" bath house was ready. Although construction projects never finish on schedule, this one had to and it did. The contractor himself called it a "minor miracle".

Although the old bath house was aged, it was much loved — and it is certain we wouldn't have replaced it unless forced to by the disintegration of the basic structure. It was a challenge in the design of the new building to retain the many qualities that had endeared the baths to generations of guests and students, and at the same time to solve certain functional problems. The overwhelming praise for this new bath house is a heartwarming indication that the task was well done — a task which was accomplished with the help of many, many people.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the new structure from the inside is the beauty and simplicity of the building materials. The tile on the floor is in color and texture like the boulders in the Tassajara Creek. (In fact, one guest asked how we cut them!) The walls are a clean, cool white stucco. The woods used in the doorways, windows, rafters and ceiling are an aromatic mix of Port Orford Cedar, Western Red Cedar, and Alaskan Yellow Cedar. There is an overall sense of bathing in the water, in the air, and in the intimate space of this creekside structure.

Approaching the baths from across the creek, one still finds the surround of bamboo fencing which protects the open decks. But above that is another remarkable feature of the new building — a series of peaked roofs at various heights designed both to allow increased light to the interior and to give a village scale to the mass of the structure. Those who love the valley say that the new bath house "fits Tassajara", which is high praise.

We are particularly grateful to the craftsmen who worked with such respectful regard for the ongoing practice schedule at Tassajara during the winter; to Mui Ho, our architect, and Geoffrey Barrett, our engineer; to Robert Gove who sculpted the stone steps; to Gene Agress who crafted the new altar; to the Design Committee which worked so long to develop the vision; to Peter van der Sterre who supervised the project; and most especially to Gene de Smidt, our remarkable general contractor. He wrote this poem on the completion of the bath house:

Sunset is silent.

The bath house is all done now.

Spiders return home.



Jizo Bodhisattva. Appears in full color in the 1987 Green Gulch calendar.

Green Gulch Farm & Garden Calendar

The 1987 Green Gulch Calendar is off the presses and looks lovely. This year's calendar is illustrated with photographs by Richard Anderson, Steven Mangold, Matt Heron, and Stephanie Kaza, with calligraphy by Jenny Groat. The fields, garden, guest house, and zendo are all here, capturing the beauty of the valley throughout the seasons. The calendar includes natural history notes by Stephanie Kaza, moon phases, and dates for Buddhist ceremonies held at Green Gulch Farm.

For mail orders, please send \$10 per calendar (includes postage and tax) to:

Green Gulch Farm, Star Route, Sausalito, CA 94965

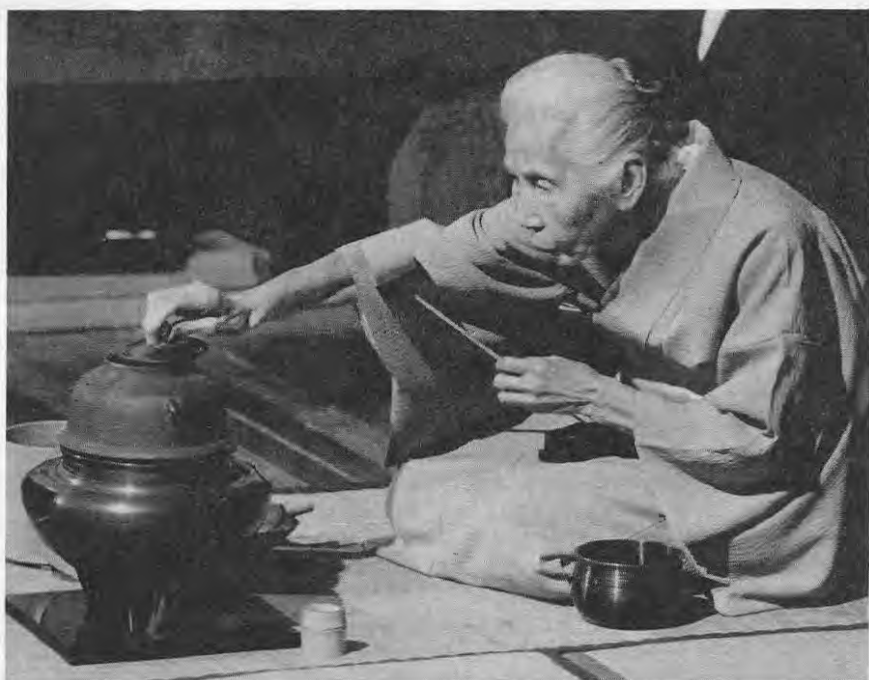
Tea House Opening

On the weekend of 26-27 April 1986, the Tea House at Green Gulch Farm was opened with a formal tea party which began with Tea Ceremony in the meditation hall. We offered food, sake, tea and sweets to our guests throughout the weekend.

The food was specially prepared and served to the guests in the Wheelwright Center, complete with sake served in souvenir cups made for the occasion at Green Gulch from Green Gulch clay. Chopsticks rested on bits of willow branch, clear broth and tamago tofu were served in antique lacquer bowls lent just for the occasion. Steamed and marinated lotus root with soy and ginger, asparagus with mustard sauce, carrots and sweet sake dressing, rice and green peas made a delicious and light meal which prepared each guest for a quiet cup of tea. The meal was served on handmade cedar trays, each burned with a Green Dragon seal and offered as a memento of the day for each guest.

The tea, with accompanying sweets, was served in formal Tea Ceremony style at the tea house offered by our revered tea teacher, Yaeko Nakamura, and her students. Guests were served in small groups of 8 or 10 and we were all delighted that we could have a true tea party in the spirit of tea as it comes from Japan and with a true American and Green Gulch flavor as well.

The tea house — now formally open — welcomes guest for tea and we look forward to more parties in the full style of Tea Ceremony as an occasion for enjoying quiet and beauty over a whisked bowl of powdered green tea. If you are interested in the tea ceremony or visiting the tea house, please call the Green Gulch Farm office at (415) 383-3134 and ask for Kathy Fischer.



Tassajara Reunion and Zen Center Alumni Newsletter

In the course of its history many people have passed through Zen Center's temple doors, some just once, some for extended periods of time. Some keep in touch and others disappear without a trace into the marketplace. These alumni are both a measure of Zen Center's success and a potential source of aid, advice and encouragement.

In recognition of these people, an Alumni Weekend was held at Tassajara on September 12-14. Former Tassajara training period students were invited. We sat, worked, told stories and generally brought each other up to date on our lives. A procession to the Suzuki-roshi ashes site and service for our founder was very moving. Over eighty people attended the weekend event. It was so successful that we have begun planning another one.



Marc Lesser is now editing a Zen Center Alumni Newsletter titled *From the Marketplace*. The first issue was funded by a donation to Zen Center from an alumnus. The beginning six-page September issue has pieces from Chris and Bruce Fortin, Lew Richmond, Marc and Lee Lesser, John Bailes, Frank and Mo Ferrell, Michael Wenger, among others.

If you are interested, please write: Marc Lesser, *From the Marketplace*, 88 Old Pond Road, Great Neck, New York 11023. A suggested \$5 donation should be made out to: Zen Center, 300 Page Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.

Zen Center Comparative Balance Sheet

	Balance April 30, 1986	Balance April 30, 1985	Increase (Decrease)
ASSETS			
Current Assets:			
Cash/Marketable Securities	\$ 96,837	\$ 167,421	\$ (70,584)
Accounts Receivable	83,423	92,409	(8,986)
Allowance for losses	(61,050)	(1,050)	(60,000)
Inventories	87,113	102,724	(15,611)
Prepaid Expenses	<u>(10,855)</u>	<u>(1,860)</u>	<u>(8,995)</u>
TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS	195,468	359,644	(164,176)
Properties, at cost:			
Buildings and Equipment incl. Capital in Progress	4,730,234	4,306,955	423,279
Less accumulated depreciation	<u>(698,929)</u>	<u>(807,155)</u>	<u>(108,226)</u>
TOTAL PROPERTIES	4,031,305	3,499,800	531,505
Notes and Accounts Receivable, less current portion above	127,133	137,866	(10,733)
Other Assets	<u>1,550</u>	<u>2,100</u>	<u>(550)</u>
TOTAL ASSETS	<u>4,355,456</u>	<u>3,999,410</u>	<u>356,046</u>
LIABILITIES			
Current Liabilities:			
Accounts Payable	68,839	75,217	(6,378)
Accrued Expenses	12,123	15,531	(3,408)
Deferred Income	186,394	168,209	18,185
Long term debt, due within a year	<u>13,727</u>	<u>62,012</u>	<u>(48,285)</u>
TOTAL CURRENT LIABILITIES	281,083	320,969	(39,886)
Long-term debt, Less current portion above:			
Notes Payable	13,266	3,469	9,797
Mortgages	565,283	576,267	(10,984)
No-interest Loans	<u>45,616</u>	<u>53,829</u>	<u>(8,213)</u>
TOTAL LONG TERM DEBT	<u>624,165</u>	<u>633,565</u>	<u>(9,400)</u>
Fund Balance (beginning)	3,004,891	2,834,775	210,116
Income over/under expenses	<u>405,310</u>	<u>210,116</u>	<u>195,194</u>
Fund Balance (ending)	<u>3,450,201</u>	<u>3,044,888</u>	<u>405,313</u>
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND FUND BALANCE	<u>4,355,449</u>	<u>3,999,422</u>	<u>356,027</u>

Comparative Income Statement

	Balance April 30, 1986	Balance April 30, 1985	Increase (Decrease)
INCOME			
Revenue from students	\$ 245,703	\$ 243,077	\$ 2,626
Self-support revenue	4,240,307	3,601,836	638,471
Other Income	<u>62,425</u>	<u>251,719</u>	<u>(189,294)</u>
TOTAL INCOME	4,548,435	4,096,632	451,803
EXPENSES			
Student Scholarship	\$ 654,000	\$ 664,853	\$(10,853)
Wages	1,390,271	1,196,066	194,205
Purchases for resale	1,023,917	894,853	129,064
Other operating expenses	<u>1,439,334</u>	<u>1,421,149</u>	<u>18,185</u>
TOTAL EXPENSES	4,507,522	4,176,921	330,601
SPECIAL YEAR-END INCOME AND EXPENSE (NET)*			
	215,754	0	215,754
CONTRIBUTIONS	<u>\$ 148,646</u>	<u>\$ 307,207</u>	<u>\$(158,561)</u>
INCOME PLUS CONTRIBUTIONS OVER EXPENSES	<u>\$ 405,313</u>	<u>\$ 226,918</u>	<u>\$178,395</u>

* Figure includes donation of land in Washington State, write-off of uncollectable student loans, furniture and books given to Richard Baker-roshi in 1984, and change in business depreciation schedules.



Membership

We would like to thank our members for their continuing support, and invite those of you who have not already joined to become members.

Annual Member

Those who wish to maintain a long distance affiliation with us may become Annual Members. The suggested pledge is \$50 per year and includes a subscription to the *Wind Bell*, a discount on Bookstore purchases, and notice of Zen Center activities.

General or Sustaining Member

Those who wish to support the development of Buddhist teaching and practice, as well as the other work and activities of Zen Center, may become a General or Sustaining Member. The suggested minimum pledge for a General Member is \$10 a month or \$100 a year. Those who pledge more than \$10 a month are Sustaining Members.

General and Sustaining Members receive the *Wind Bell*, a discount on Bookstore purchases, and notification of special events, workshops, lectures, meetings, and classes. General and Sustaining Members can meet privately with practice leaders, and, when appropriate, arrange for Buddhist ceremonies, such as weddings and funerals. Members are eligible for discounts on sesshins and Mountain Gate Study Center classes after three months' membership. After five years of membership in this category, members acquire voting privileges for the election of Zen Center's Board of Directors.

All membership pledges are tax-deductible. To become a member, send a check for the proper amount made out to 'Zen Center', to: Zen Center, 300 Page Street, San Francisco, CA 94102. Please include the category of membership you wish, your correct mailing address, and home and work telephone numbers.

For further information, please call the City Center office (415) 863-3136 during business hours (9-5, Monday-Friday).



SCHEDULE

	SAN FRANCISCO	GREEN GULCH
ZAZEN AND SERVICE	<p>MONDAY through FRIDAY: 5 - 7:10 a.m. (2 zazen periods & service) 5:30 - 6:30 p.m. (1 zazen period & service)</p> <p>SATURDAY: 5 - 7:10 a.m. (2 zazen periods & service) 9:10 - 9:50 a.m. (zazen only)</p> <p>SUNDAY: No schedule</p>	<p>MONDAY through FRIDAY: 5 - 7 a.m. (2 zazen periods & service) 5 - 6 p.m. (zazen & service) 8 p.m. (zazen only)</p> <p>SATURDAY: 7 - 8 a.m. (optional)</p> <p>SUNDAY: 5 - 7 a.m. (zazen & service) 9:25 a.m. zazen 5 - 6 a.m. (zazen & service)</p>
LECTURE	SATURDAY: 10 a.m.	SATURDAY: 10:15 a.m.
SESSHINS	<p>ONE-DAY SITTINGS: usually in first weekend of each month except during months in which a 7-day sesshin is scheduled.</p> <p>SEVEN-DAY SESSHINS: usually in June, September and December. <i>(Please phone to confirm)</i></p>	<p>ONE-DAY SITTINGS: usually in third Saturday of each month except during months in which a 7-day sesshin is scheduled.</p> <p>SEVEN-DAY SESSHINS: usually in March and August. <i>(Please phone to confirm)</i></p>
ZAZEN INSTRUCTION	SATURDAY: 8:30 a.m.	SATURDAY: 8:30 a.m.
<p>ZEN MOUNTAIN CENTER FALL PRACTICE PERIOD: September 20: Tangaryo December 19: Practice Period ends</p>		

ZEN CENTER OFFICE — 300 Page Street, San Francisco 94102 (415) 863-3136

GREEN GULCH FARM — Star Route, Sausalito, 94965 (415) 383-3134

ZEN MOUNTAIN CENTER — Carmel Valley, California 93924

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The *Wind Bell* Staff invited the former Abbot, Zentatsu Baker, to contribute something to this anniversary issue. He did not.

