

JOURNAL
OF
THE ZEN STUDIES SOCIETY

FALL 1989, ISSUE 10

A NOTE TO OUR READERS: Due to changes in staff The Journal of the Zen Studies Society was forced to suspend publication for one issue. All current subscriptions will therefore be honored through the Winter Issue. Please accept our apologies for the delay to this 20th Anniversary Issue.

STAFF: Editors: Jikei Jean Bankier, Kuraku Clark Strand; Graphics: Yayoi Karen Matsumoto; Assistant Editor: Christiane Deschamps; Production Associate: Amy Lowe; *Special thanks to:* Kuya Steve Busch, Soshin Janis Levine, Cold Font Corp., and Grieco Printers.

(COVER) Rev. Eido Tai Shimano and Mrs. Yasuko Shimano on Dedication Day of New York Zendo Shobo-ji, Sept. 15, 1968.

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DEDICATION

On September 15, 1988 New York Zendo Shobo-ji celebrated its 20th Anniversary on East 67th Street. The weekend prior to that some fifty members and guests attended a 20th Anniversary Weekend Sesshin where the zazen was rich and deep, having become ripe over two decades of continuous practice in one place. Then as now our minds were set to the challenges at hand, but of course we could not help but feel gratitude for the effort and enthusiasm of earlier years. It is with this spirit that the Shobo-ji 20th Anniversary Issue is dedicated to the memory of Milly Johnstone: member, friend, and patron of New York Zendo and The Zen Studies Society.

SHOBO-JI: THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS

In one sense Shobo-ji (Temple of True Dharma) is the flower of Dharma activity on two continents over the course of a century. Through the concern of Soyen Shaku Roshi, who came to America in 1893 to attend the World Parliament of Religions, attention began to focus on the possibility of transmitting Zen Buddhism to the West. Two of his students, D.T. Suzuki and Nyogen Sensaki, seemed best suited to take up this challenge in the early years. Using his superior intellectual gifts and understanding of Western culture to their fullest, Dr. D.T. Suzuki published the most comprehensive collection of books and essays on Zen to date, thus establishing Zen Buddhism as a legitimate field of inquiry among Western intellectuals. Nyogen Sensaki also wrote books, but his focus was from the first on *practice*, and to this end he accepted a small number of long-term students.

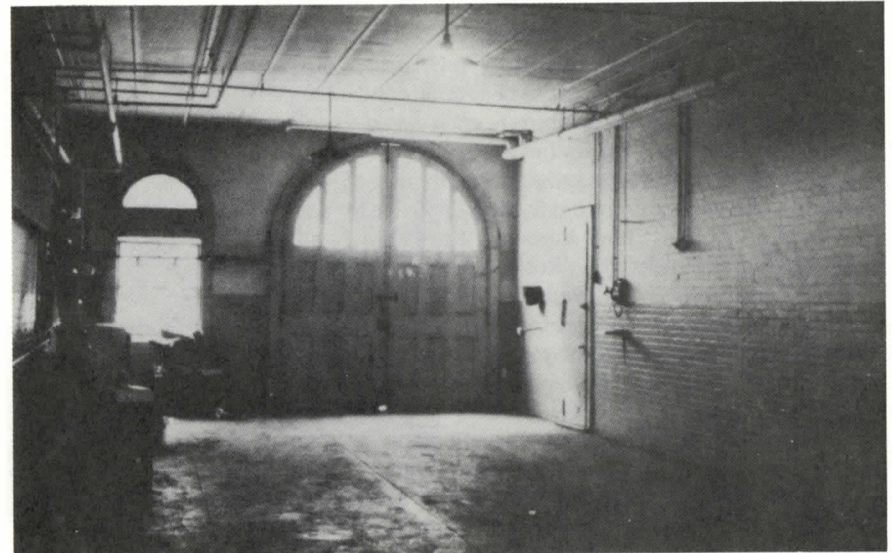
In 1956 The Zen Studies Society was incorporated to aid D.T. Suzuki in his efforts to introduce Zen Buddhism to the West. Some twenty years before, the poems of an obscure Japanese monk had attracted the attention of Nyogen Sensaki who had then been living for many years in Los Angeles. The close friendship which grew between Nyogen Sensaki and the poet Soen Nakagawa was later to result in Soen Roshi's frequent trips to America with his friend and fellow teacher Yasutani Roshi. In 1964, after accompanying his teachers Soen and Yasutani on several "sesshin tours" of the U.S., Eido Roshi (then Taisan) came to live permanently in New York. In 1965 he became president of The Zen Studies Society and its goal became to establish a living tradition of Zen Buddhist practice in America.

Until January 1, 1969 (the date of the first "sitting" at New York Zendo Shobo-ji), the New York sangha had been sitting at the apartment leased to the young Zen priest Taisan on West End Avenue. Space was woefully limited. Sometimes people were turned away for lack of room, and no money was available to move to larger quarters. At this juncture, help—help in abundance—came from a Bodhisattva friend of the Dharma whose wish to be anonymous will continue to be honored in the pages of this journal. He promised the Zen Studies Society an extraordinarily generous sum of money with which to purchase a building of its own, and increased that amount to meet unforeseen expenses entailed in the purchase of a former carriage house at 223 East 67 Street.

When in the final month of 1967 the Reverend Eido Tai Shimano and fellow members of the building search committee came upon the 3-story building, they



"Garage", the signs said — until the Zen Studies Society purchased this onetime carriage house in 1968.



Area shown is today the foyer and meditation room, or zendo.

knew at once it would become NY Zendo Shobo-ji—Temple of True Dharma. It bore two signs on its shabby exterior. Both said "Garage". Once a place for horses and carriages, it would become home to the greater vehicle of Mahayana Zen Buddhism. The building was well suited to its new purpose, for the long space where horses had stamped and cars had fumed lent itself to a zendo: two lines of sitting cushions running down low platforms of tatami. There was a messy yard in back that could become a Japanese rock garden. Upstairs was space for meeting rooms, a Dharma hall, kitchen and bedrooms—just enough, not more.

"We have it!" Taisan wrote to Japan. His teachers were enthusiastic. Both Yasutani and Soen Roshi were close to the New York sangha. Soen Roshi, the abbot of Ryutaku-ji, where Taisan had done much of his training, went to what he called "the hidden part" of the enormous altar in the Dharma Hall of his hilltop temple. He had remembered seeing there amid various stored objects a gently smiling Buddha, standing about four feet high. No one knew how it had come to Ryutaku-ji, or whether it was Chinese or Korean, but it appeared to be about 700 years old. Soen Roshi named it "Endless Dimensions Universal Life Buddha", and had it shipped to New York to start life anew on the altar at Shobo-ji.

But that was still many months away while extensive renovations were in motion. On March 3, 1968, a purification ceremony was performed amidst the rubble of the future zendo. A temporary altar was installed in the center of the room, and incense and pure water were offered to the Buddha. Although still incomplete and not yet occupied, the Zendo was dedicated on September 15, 1968. Yasutani Roshi called it a "new flower opened in the midst of New York". Every year since, that date has been commemorated with a sesshin and special ceremonies. In October, Soshitsu Sen,

15th generation Grand Tea Master of the Urasenke School, offered tea to the Buddha. Taisan and his wife and partner in Dharma, Aiho Yasuko Shimano, moved into the new temple on Buddha's Enlightenment Day, December 8. A few weeks later, January 1, 1969, the first zazen meeting was held.

The first student-run 5-day sesshin was held a year later in February, 1970. The same month, the first "exchange program" commenced with Rinsan (the Reverend Shorin Mizukuchi) coming from Ryutaku-ji to live for a year at Shobo-ji; and New York sangha members Chuck Carpenter (later known as Daiko) and Alex Guevara departing to train under Soen Roshi at Ryutaku-ji.

When Taisan and Aiho moved from the Zendo to a home of their own, *male* students were invited to become residents (but a few months later, Lillian Friedman and Janis Levine became the first women students to reside at NYZ).

On September 15, 1972, the fourth anniversary of Shobo-ji, a figure in the robes of the traveling Zen monk, his features shadowed by a pilgrim's hat, approached the entryway to New York Zendo. The monk Daiko stood guarding the door. "From the very beginning there is no gate. How do you enter this gateless gate?" he challenged the traveler, who replied, "Today is September 15!" Daiko drew back to let the pilgrim pass.

The priest Kodo Zenji from Ryutaku-ji confronted him at the "gate" to the zendo, and asked, "How is Zen in New York?"

"East River runs East; Hudson River runs West!" the pilgrim shouted, and was permitted to go by.

At the third "gate" stood Soho Zenji who demanded, "Why does Bodhidharma carry only one shoe?"

"I left the other one at Dai Bosatsu Zendo!"

A fourth "gate" loomed in the person of Hakuyu Maezumi Roshi. "If your name is Mui Shitsu (No Rank)," he asked, "why do you call your mountain Zendo 'Dai Bosatsu' (Great Bodhisattva) instead of 'Sho Bosatsu' (small Bodhisattva)?"

"Mu!" Taisan shouted.

At last came the "gate" of Soen Roshi, standing at the altar with a staff. He looked intently at his longtime student and inquired, "With what mind will you build Dai Bosatsu Zendo?"

Taisan responded with the Four Great Vows: "Shu Jo Mu Hen Sei Gan Do..."

Going upstairs, he changed to abbot's robes, and returning, bowed three times. Soen Roshi handed him the staff. Taisan then recited a Chinese poem of his own composition. It began, "Twelve years wandering in America/Today at last I have arrived at Shobo-ji..."



(Before) Rock on tatami in transit to Japanese garden at rear, Moving Day, Dec. 8, 1968...



(After) The zendo as it looks today. Endless Dimensions Universal Life Buddha from Ryutaku-ji is on the altar.



PHOTO: STEVAN BUSCHI

A not infrequent figure in JAL's waiting room, Yasutani Roshi visited the New York sangha often.

In this way, the Reverend Eido Tai Shimano received transmission of the Dharma from his teacher Mitta-Kutsu (Cave of the Paramitas) Nakagawa Soen Roshi, and became Mui-Shitsu (True Man of No Rank) Eido Tai Shimano Roshi, Abbot of New York Zendo Shobo-ji.

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There have been many peaks and admittedly some valleys in the 20 short years of Shobo-ji's history. For the most part, Shobo-ji has traveled the middle way—reliably, serenely. In one Zendo Newsletter from early 1970, only the following brief request appears just below a calligraphy of the character Wa, or "harmony", by Eido Roshi (then Taisan):

"In light of the recent national unrest, there will be no Sangha Report this month. Instead, let us take the time we would normally use for reading and just do short, intensive zazen. For at least one minute, let us not just think about peace or work for peace, rather, let us BE PEACE ITSELF!"

Now, as we begin the third decade of Shobo-ji's history, there are many opportunities to work for peace and greater world understanding. And the Sangha is in a better position than ever before to offer the fruits of a strong and compassionate Buddhist practice. But, as in 1970, our deepest concern is to purify our own hearts so that wisdom and compassion may prevail.

May we extend This Mind over the whole universe
So that we and all beings together
May attain maturity in Buddha's wisdom.



The late William H. Johnstone, seen here with Taisan on Dedication Day.



Well wishers, some mini-skirted, arriving for opening ceremonies.



First sitting in the new zendo, Jan. 1, 1969.



His Holiness, the Dalai Lama XIV, honored Shobo-ji with a visit, Sept. 8, 1979.

Milly Johnstone was born on February 10, 1900 to a well-to-do family in Southern New Jersey. Her father was Catholic, her mother Quaker. She first married when she was quite young and had two sons. One died tragically in childhood, the other son, George Holton, who unfortunately passed away several years ago, became a well known natural history photographer. She divorced George's father and in 1935 married William H. Johnstone, a rising young executive and a dynamic counterpoint to Milly's artistic, truth-seeking lifestyle. On their small estate near Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Bill had a log cabin built for Milly. She furnished it with traditional Pennsylvania Dutch artifacts (long before the current American folk art rage). In this one-room fern- and pine-surrounded retreat Milly stitched her needlepoints, did tea ceremony and zazen and welcomed friends and roshis. Milly was also known for her personal style—her hair, long and simply done up with some remarkable hair pins; her casual, loose clothes, made mostly from brightly colored Mexican cottons; her jewelry (she loved to wear Japanese sword guards as pendants) were all characteristically "Milly."

When Milly was young she was beautiful. She grew old and remained beautiful. Even time couldn't resist Milly's charm. When you looked at her, when she moved, when she talked to you with her bright blue eyes twinkling, when she served you Earl Grey tea spiked with just a drop of whisky, you never saw an old woman—you saw beauty. If you knew her at the New York Zendo or at Dai Bosatsu, you couldn't help but instantly love her. If you've never met her, you can still feel fortunate. Milly's presence in this life has undeniably helped shape American Dharma. Consider her, as I do, Dharma mother to us all.

—Soshin Janis Levine



PHOTO: ROBERT IRSON

“HAVE A BOWL OF TEA”

by Hisashi Yamada (as told to Janis Levine)



I first met Milly Johnstone in 1963 at the Hotel New Japan in Tokyo. She was on tour with Alan Watts. Milly's Tea Ceremony teacher in New York, Soshin Hayasaki, had written to the Tokyo Branch of the Urasenke Tea School requesting a guide for Milly while she was in Tokyo. Because I spoke English, I was asked to meet her. The funny part is that in the letter Milly was described as “a big shot's wife.” So I was expecting a woman dripping with jewelry and wearing expensive-looking clothes. But I couldn't find such a woman. Finally I found a very handsome woman with long grey hair who was dressed very simply. This was Milly Johnstone, and it was love at first sight—not romantic love but a once-in-a-lifetime kind of encounter.

I was impressed with her naturalness, her humanity. We immediately began to treat each other as if we'd known each other for a hundred years. Although our backgrounds were about as different as could be, Milly was to become like my mother, my sister, my best friend, my guardian, my mentor.

The following year I began a two-year stay in New York. I was to be in charge of the Tea House at the World's Fair. Milly came to the Tea House almost every day the fair was opened. Sometimes she would present the Tea as I narrated, and sometimes she would do the narration herself.

I learned a lot listening to Milly's narration. In Japan, my experience with Tea had been typical of most Japanese. It was a matter of technique, etiquette, and costly utensils. At the World's Fair Milly Johnstone opened my eyes. Milly used Tea as a way to dissolve barriers between people. Milly's Tea was friendly and spontaneous and her understanding of Tea was poetic. Her Tea appealed to everyone.

In 1967 I came to New York to establish a permanent branch of the Urasenke Tea Ceremony School. Milly's husband, Bill, became our first President. Milly became our “kokoro,” our heart and spirit.

Our relationship lasted a quarter of a century, until her last moment of present life on November 10, 1988. In twenty-five years we never had to explain anything to each other. Each of us understood whatever the other did. She was not American. I was not Japanese. Those types of things had nothing to do with Milly and me.

Milly offered Tea to everyone, no matter who they were and what their background. To her a guest was a guest. She freely used her priceless utensils. To her a utensil was a utensil. This is real Tea. And truthfully, this is the Tea to which I still aspire.

Now, when I think of Milly I think of the story about the Chinese Zen Master Joshu. It seems that whenever a traveler came to visit Joshu at his temple, Joshu would ask, “Have you ever been here before?” If the traveler answered, “Yes, I've been here before,” Joshu said, “Have a bowl of tea.” If the traveler answered, “No, I've never been here before,” Joshu said, “Have a bowl of tea.” One day, his attendant asked him, “Why do you always say, ‘Have a bowl of tea?’” Joshu responded immediately, “Have a bowl of tea!”

Milly—Have a bowl of tea.

FROTH ON THE TEA

by Kenneth S. Cohen



We need not turn to the past to find stories of the great *chajin* (tea ceremony masters). The spirit of Rikyu, the founder of Tea Ceremony in 17th century Japan, is passed down to all who follow the Way of Tea, provided they use tea as a vehicle to awaken their inner wisdom. I was privileged to be a private student of one of the great tea masters of our time, Milly Johnstone. Milly devised ingenious teaching methods to tease her students out of thought (and ruts) so that they would learn to serve tea without distraction. Then tea could truly become a cup of awareness.

Each tea ceremony is a unique opportunity: the same guests, the same utensils, the same moment will never return. This is called *ichi go ichi e* (one time, one meeting). As Milly used to say, “Froth on the tea, like the things of this life, fleeting.”

* * * *

I was serving Milly tea on a hot summer evening. As tea tended to keep her awake, Milly asked me to serve her a bowl of cool water. I dipped the ladle into the water jar—I am always amazed at how cool water *feels* different from hot—and then poured the water slowly into the tea bowl. When I placed the bowl before Milly, instead of bowing, to my surprise, she stood up and walked out of the room. Unheard of in Tea Ceremony! A minute later, she returned and placed the bowl before me. Apparently everything was the same. But when I looked down, I saw ice cubes floating in the water.

“Well, what do you want me to do?” I asked.

“Whisk it!”

I began to slowly whisk the ice water, as though making thick tea. It made the most marvelous sound, like musical glass. I placed the bowl back on the guest's mat. After Milly's first sip, she remarked, “Never get stuck in Tea.”

* * * *

Milly was offering tea to some dignitaries from the United Nations. Just as she was about to begin cleaning the utensils, there was a terrible noise of machinery from outside. Going to the window, she saw some workers making repairs on the exterior of an apartment a few floors above. Asking her guests to excuse her for a moment, she left the room. Five minutes later she returned, followed by the workers in their overalls and stained shirts, ready to join her for Tea.

“Please relax and be comfortable,” Milly said to them. Taking off their shoes, the newcomers plumped down cross-legged on the tatami alongside the rather proper guests from the UN, and the ceremony proceeded as usual. In Milly's tearoom, all were equal and equally worthy of respect.

* * * *

During a visit to Japan, Milly purchased an ancient Hagi teabowl. Although a few hundred years old, it was in perfect condition, nothing marring its creamy grey surface.

On her return to New York, Milly decided to initiate the bowl in an evening Tea Ceremony. Carrying it into the room for the first time, it somehow slipped out of her hands and fell to the floor, breaking into three pieces. She brought the bowl to the Museum of Modern Art to have it mended. A week later, she was again serving tea, this time to Yamada Sensei. When he saw the fine lines on the surface of this "perfect" teabowl, he asked Milly what had happened. Milly described the incident of a week ago. Sensei remarked, "All those years and not a crack. Now the bowl has really lived!"

A few weeks later, as Milly was serving herself tea, she dropped the bowl again. Although she was in her late seventies, tea utensils were normally steady in her sensitive hands. An accident was a rare occurrence, and two in a row unheard of! This time, the bowl broke into seven pieces. Again it was mended. The next time Yamada Sensei saw the bowl, he sighed and said, "Now the bowl has lived too much!"

* * * *

THE FINAL BOWL

A tragedy early in Milly's life spurred her to find something deathless in herself. Her first son had been killed by a wolf that escaped from a zoo. Milly told me that two things brought back meaning in her life. One was a meeting with an old Franciscan monk in Gubbio, Italy, who told her the story of Saint Francis taming the wolf. The other was Japanese Tea Ceremony. One ceremony stands out in my mind as an example of her transcendent state of being.

Outside, everything was grey—the clouds, the sky, the city streets. Although it was only four in the afternoon, the tearoom was dark and unusually still. Candlelight flickered against the *shoji*, throwing shadows across the room. Milly served me tea in my favorite bowl, the Korean summer bowl.

It too was dark, like the day. The brown and black glazes running together gave it an ancient quality that was somehow deeply satisfying. "Circles within circles. The wheel of life," Milly murmured as she wiped the bowl.

I asked Milly if it had a name. She said, "Open Shadow."

"What does that mean?" I inquired.

"It is a shadow fading, opening, until it is gone. This is my death bowl. I want you to have it when I am gone."



DON'T, CAN'T AND WON'T: THE PRINCIPLE OF TRUE DHARMA

Closing Talk by Eido Tai Shimano Roshi
10 Day Golden Wind Sesshin 1988

As most of our readers are by now aware, Eido Roshi and Aiho departed New York in March of this year for a one year sabbatical in Japan. Their decision to leave at this time arose simultaneously from the need for rest and revitalization after so many years of service to the sangha and from considerations arising from the death last year of Eido Roshi's younger brother. An additional and no less compelling reason came from the feeling on all sides that a period of independent struggle and growth might greatly strengthen the Zen Studies Sangha and deepen our commitment to the transmission of Zen Buddhism from East to West.

Occurring by Dharma arrangement in conjunction with the 20th anniversary of New York Zendo Shobo-ji, Roshi's announcement that he would be away for one year gave added weight to the consensus among members that it is now that we must finally assume responsibility for our own spiritual growth and for the transmission of the Dharma to America. Last year at the close of the historic 10 day Golden Wind Sesshin at Dai Bosatsu Zendo, Eido Roshi offered as an inspiration these reflections on the nature of Shobo, or True Dharma.

The first 10 day sesshin celebrating New York Zendo Shobo-ji's 20th Anniversary has now safely and impressively concluded. At first I thought a 10 day sesshin must be very hard. But during the last few days our zazen has become amazingly strong and transparent. During these past 10 days all the participants have offered their zazen energy and their thoughts to the Dharma. And as the result, the inevitable result, a few students have come at last to realize what I have been talking about these past two decades. They came with tears and expressed their profound gratitude, saying "thank you." But I want to thank too!

Without you and your devotion toward Dharma, it would be impossible to do such an incredible sesshin. As a Zen Buddhist priest the greatest joy is to hear from students who have testified to This Matter and hear their expressions of gratitude. In idiomatic English we say "It's my pleasure" and "You're welcome." But when I say "It's my pleasure", it's more than idiom. It's *my* pleasure too.

It's been twenty years since New York Zendo Shobo-ji was officially dedicated on East 67th Street of Manhattan Island. My twenty years' service toward Shobo-ji has now safely concluded. But my "care" for Shobo-ji will *never* be concluded. *Shobo* means True Dharma. And whenever I think about True Dharma, I remember one story.

According to legend, when Shakyamuni Buddha entered parinirvana, all his disciples gathered around him, animals also, and because of their grief they cried. And perhaps, *perhaps* that may be true. But according to more reliable record, even

NEWS FROM GIFU

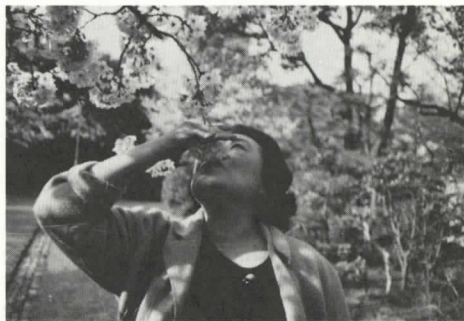
The following are excerpts from two letters received from Eido Roshi this spring. In them he describes the circumstances of his arrival in Gifu and explains his weekly routine at Shogen Junior College, where he teaches as a visiting professor. The college is affiliated with Shogen-ji, a Rinzai Zen Buddhist monastery, the abbot of which (Tani Kogetsu Roshi) Eido Roshi has known for some time.

...The abbot took us to a temple called Ryukoku-ji which means "Dragon Valley Temple." I can't help but think that the Dharma is arranging everything for us: This temple is about 400 years old, but some six years ago the last abbot retired and the congregation thought it would be the most appropriate time to build a new temple. They were waiting for someone to come and live there, but for some reason they couldn't find an appropriate person. So when we came, the temple was brand new; nobody had ever lived here. And there was nothing, literally nothing, in the temple except the altars and Buddha statues and gong and mokugyo. Other than that, there were no cushions on which to sit, no futon on which to sleep, no utensils with which to cook, no plates on which to eat, no bureaus and, of course, no television. No nothing—not even a telephone!

And it seems this is my karma—whenever I start a new life, I start from nothing, literally NOTHING—not even a spoon, not even a chopstick. I had experienced this in New York, and I now experienced it in Gifu. However,

unlike some 25 years ago in New York, the situation now is completely different. Twenty-five years ago I was really alone—there were no relatives, no friends, no nothing—but here I have plenty of friends and acquaintances and, additionally, because they know of me and what I am going to do at the college, the abbot of Shogen-ji, Tani Kogetsu Roshi and others helped us a great deal. Within one week or so, Ryukoku-ji looked like a real temple, and we now also have all the necessities for daily life.

...My life here is quite interesting. Monday morning I get up early—very early—and go to Shogen-ji to attend morning service and zazen with all the students. After breakfast I have tea either in my room or at the invitation of Tani Kogetsu Roshi. At 10:00 I have a class on Japanese culture. Right now I'm teaching about Western civilization and Christianity, from which I hope gradually to reach the quintessence of Japanese culture. The class has about 35 students. Afterwards I have a simple



Aiho Yasuko Shimano on the grounds of Ryukoku-ji at cherry blossom season.

vegetarian lunch with the other professors.

From 1:30 I teach a class in English, using as my text xeroxed copies of the *Rinzai Roku*: I also made copies in Chinese and Japanese so we can make a real comparison. The students' Chinese is not so good, and their English is *certainly* not as good as yours. I guess I am spoiled by your excellent use of the English language. The students here are about 19 years old, though some are 25 and the oldest is 40. So it may be very difficult for them to understand the real significance of the *Rinzai Roku*. I leave the college around 4:30 and return to Ryukoku-ji, where we have plenty of work to do in the vegetable garden.

On Tuesday and Wednesday I have no class at the college. So sometimes I stay at the temple to study and practice and work outside. But because of my unique background, having lived and taught for half of my life in America, many people approach me with great interest and with requests for talks and articles. So when I'm not in class I am often involved with all these unexpected requests. Thursday and Friday I teach once more at the college, and on the weekend we normally go someplace else: like a hot spring. This is more or less my routine at Ryukoku-ji.

About a month ago we had hundreds of bamboo shoots which were beyond our capacity to eat. Right now there are so many flowers and different types of vegetables in our garden. And the farmers nearby bring their harvest from time to time, so we have lots of fresh food to eat. People in this small village are so friendly, which is quite different from New York and Tokyo. So right now we are enjoying our sabbatical very, very much. Still, we keep thinking and talking every day about New York and already, in one sense, we're looking forward to seeing you in August. At that time 15 monks from Shogen-ji will come to Dai Bosatsu Zendo to join our 5-day sesshin. Tani Kogetsu Roshi will accompany them, so he will give a talk too.

So I hope everyone is in good health and is doing zazen regularly. The longer I am away from New York the more I believe how important zazen practice in America is. Keep well and I shall send news again soon.

Gassho,
Eido



ZEN AND THE WAY OF COMPASSION

Report From Dai Bosatsu Zendo

Greetings from Dai Bosatsu Zendo. Spring Kessei has begun, and, although we were concerned that with Eido Roshi on sabbatical in Japan there would be few students, we are, in fact, seventeen in residence with another coming for 30 days and several other students coming for two weeks and shorter periods. This policy—allowing students unable to attend a full Kessei to come for shorter stays and even to visit for a day or a weekend—is becoming very popular. It is a good way to introduce Zen training to those who otherwise might not have begun. It is enriching, not disturbing, our practice. This Spring Kessei is a unique opportunity for us. For we must rely on ourselves, on our mature practice, to guide us—without depending on Eido Roshi's inspiration and personality to light our Way. We're being pushed out of the nest (off the cliff?), you might say.

Holy Days Sesshin was a great success, with 33 participants and clear, strong, vigorous practice. We all felt a special sense of working together to make this, our first sesshin without Eido Roshi, a real embodiment of Rinzai Zen. And somehow it was, as Roshi would say, an impeccable sesshin.

This is an exhilarating and challenging time to be here. This year will be even busier than last for DBZ's Open Space Conference Center. We are booked for every available date, and are already making plans for the 1990 season. The Open Space program was created at DBZ with two goals in mind. The first and most pressing was to help solve the annual financial crisis. We have not yet been able to save money, but we are operating in the black and even have funds for some repairs and improvements. So the first goal is well on the way to being attained. The second goal was to expand the Sangha and student base. Hundreds of new people from many spiritual traditions have already come to DBZ for their first taste of Zen. Many of them have come back to DBZ and have begun serious practice, both here and at New York Zendo. A whole new group of committed Dharma brothers and sisters is participating in the realization of Sangha as an ever growing community through this network that Open Space is helping to create.

A wonderful example of how this can take place is the growing relationship between DBZ and Alcoholics Anonymous. Their three retreats here in 1988 were so successful that this year Boun Nancy Berg is organizing six retreats of up to 45 people each. The AA retreats function within our daily schedule, with the participants eating silent meals with us with jihatsu, joining us for Morning Service and sitting with us if they wish. The resulting growth and dialogue have been enriching for us all. Participants in these weekends who arrived with no real idea of Zen training have returned again and again and now sit regularly at New York Zendo.

Maintaining our strong Zazen practice, we are committing ourselves to the study and practice of basic Buddhist philosophy and psychology—and the practice of the Paramitas and Precepts in our daily lives. In classes twice a week, we investigate how we can become a stronger and more compassionate Buddhist community and what

being a practicing Zen Buddhist in the 20th Century means.

Through this evolving awareness, real balance and a greater understanding of our practice are becoming manifest in our life together. To complement our growing meditation and paramita practice, the study of Yoga Asana and pranayama (Yogic breathing practices), under the guidance of Junpo Denis Kelly and Ranjani Mary Elaine Cobo, is also maturing. A stronger, clearer state of health, supported by an increased awareness of nutrition and food preparation, can already be seen in the minds and bodies of the students here.

So, with the reorganization of DBZ entering its second year, and the new philosophy and economic reorganization firmly in place, we now have the time to reflect on our practice and to give serious thought to the expression of that practice here.

As our practice matures, there comes a time when the question "What next?" naturally presents itself. That question is with us now at DBZ. Being Mahayana Buddhists, we have taken the Bodhisattva Vows innumerable times—To save all Beings. To extinguish all delusions. To master the Dharma. To ceaselessly follow the Buddha's Way. To practice the Paramitas: Charity, Morality (following the precepts), Patience, Perseverance, Zazen and Wisdom. How are we fulfilling these Vows through our actions? How do our daily lives reflect the practice of the Mahayana?

As Mahayana Buddhists, we must develop true insight and learn to act with true compassion. Fixation on the Fifth Paramita, Zazen, to the exclusion of the other five is a deluded view of Buddhist practice. Real practice opens out. It is wisdom and compassion in action. That spirit should manifest clearly, constantly. If compassion in action is present in a society, it will become clearly evident in the actions of that society.

We are not suggesting that there is anything wrong with your personal practice—that any of us are uncaring, shallow or heartless as *individuals*. But we are asking when—how—this personal caring and responsibility is going to manifest itself in our Zen Studies Society.

We think this is a critical time—maybe far more important than we know—for all of us who consider ourselves members of The Zen Studies Society to take a deep, searching, unflinching look at how our Society acts and what it means. A Mahayana Sangha must not—cannot—selfishly turn away from the rest of the world. Wisdom and compassion: True Insight—must act, must go out and save all Beings.

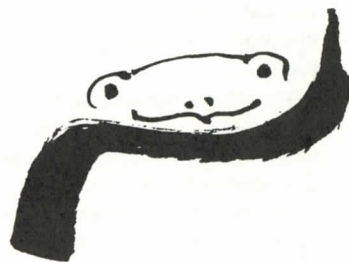


PHOTO: DONCE JOHN HARRER

What *does* our Zen Studies Society do? Who is it that it serves, that it saves? How? What is its vision of the larger society and the world? Eido Roshi, Kuraku, Junpo and all senior members of The Zen Studies Society must come to grips with these questions to truly do our part in the transmission of true Buddhadharma from East to West.

Exciting times here. A new spirit of openness and a greater sense of Sangha. Come. Bring your ideas, your commitment and your practice. This beautiful monastery in these magnificent hard rock maple mountains is your spiritual home. You are more than welcome: Return home soon.

Junpo Denis Kelly
Zenrin Robert Lewis
Donge John Haber



DAI BOSATSU ZENDO

Eido Tai Shimano Roshi, Abbot

HCR 1, Box 80
Lew Beach, NY 12753
(914) 439-4566

1989 PROGRAMS

Monastery Opens	February 15
Spring Kessei Begins	March 15
Holy Days Sesshin	April 1-8
Open Space Conference Season Begins	May 1
Spring Weekend Sesshin	May 11-14
Memorial Day Sesshin	May 27-June 3
Guest House Opens	June 15
Spring Zazen/Yoga Workshop	June 16-18
Anniversary Sesshin	July 1-8
Spring Kessei Ends	July 10
Summer Interim	July 11-September 17
Eido Roshi's 5-Day Summer Sesshin	August 3-8
O-Bon	Aug. 12
Kessei Students Arrive	September 11
Fall Kessei Begins	September 18
Golden Wind Sesshin	September 23-30
Fall Zazen/Yoga Workshop	October 13-15
Guest House Closes	October 23
Harvest Sesshin	October 28-November 4
Open Space Conference Season Closes	November 13
Rohatsu Sesshin	December 1-8
Fall Kessei Ends	December 14
Monastery Closes	December 15

DAILY SCHEDULE

	Kessei	Interim
Wake-up	5:00 AM	5:00 AM
Morning Service	5:30	5:30
Zazen	6:30	6:30
Breakfast	7:30	7:30
Morning Meeting	8:00	8:00
Work Practice	8:30-12:15 PM	8:30-12:15 PM
Lunch	12:30	12:30
Sarei (Optional Informal Tea)	1:30	1:30

DAILY SCHEDULE

	Kessei	Interim
Yoga Class (Optional)	3:00-4:30	3:00-4:30
Supper (Optional)	5:00	5:00
Zazen	6:00-8:30	6:30-8:15
Retire	9:00	9:00
Rest Day	Every Two Weeks	Every Week
Study Evenings	2 Times Weekly	Weekly

FEES

Kessei	First:	\$1500
	Second:	1000
	Third:	700
	After:	500
One Month Kessei* (Incl. 1 Sesshin)		600
Sesshin	Sangha:	275
	Others:	300
Weekend Sesshin		160
Zazen Workshop		100
Room and Board	Sangha:	23/Day
	Others:	25/Day
Guest House:	Single:	65/Day; 390/Week
	Double:	120/Day; 720/Week

There will be a \$15 transportation charge for pick-up from the Livingston Manor bus stop.

*Students may also join Kessei for periods of one or two months. Each month includes a sesshin.

NEW YORK ZENDO

Eido Tai Shimano Roshi, Abbot

223 East 67th Street
(Between 2nd & 3rd Avenue)
New York, NY 10021-6087
(212) 861-3333

1989 PROGRAMS

Spring Training Period Begins	January 9
Zazen Workshop	January 22
Nirvana Sesshin	February 10-12
Yasutani/Soen Roshi Sesshin	March 10-12
Nyogen Senzaki Sesshin	April 28-30
Shobo-ji Day Sitting	May 14
Training Period Ends	June 30
Fall Training Period Begins	August 11
Zazen Workshop	August 20
Anniversary Sesshin	September 15-17
Shobo-ji Day Sitting	October 15
November Sesshin	November 17-19
Zen Arts Sale	December 9-10
Training Period Ends	December 15
New Training Period Begins	January 8

DAILY ZAZEN SCHEDULE

	Morning	Afternoon	Evening
Monday	6-7:30		7-9
Tuesday	6-7:30	2-4	
Wednesday	6-7:30		7-9
Thursday	6-7:30		7-9
Friday	6-7:30		7-9
Saturday	----- Closed -----		
Sunday	9-12:30		

(Arrive 15-45 minutes before any scheduled zazen meeting.)

In addition, a Japanese Dharma class is held one Saturday afternoon each month. Call New York Zendo for further details.

FEES

Weekend Sesshin	Members:	\$45
	Non-members:	55
Workshop	One rate:	25
Shobo-ji Day Sitting	Members:	5
	Non-members:	10

MEMBERSHIP AT NEW YORK ZENDO

New students are required to attend seven Thursday evening meetings before becoming Provisional Members. At that time they begin attending the Buddhist Studies Class which meets each Friday night. Provisional members pay regular dues and may come to any regularly scheduled zazen meeting but must complete one full training period in order to qualify for full membership. Dues are \$35 a month, are payable by the 15th of each month, and are fully tax deductible as contributions to a non-profit organization.

AFFILIATE ZENDO NEWS

Jiro Andy Afable has been made sensei of Kashin Zendo Genzo-ji in Washington, DC. The Zen Studies Society congratulates Jiro on this honor and wishes him the greatest success in his new role.