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Opposite page: Gen (phantom, illusion, fantasy) brushed by Gempo Yamamoto Roshi, carved by Myoyo Tanaka

Rinzai Roku: Anroku (Record of Pilgrimages)

Chapter 10:

Eido Shimano Roshi

The Master visited Bodhidharma's stupa. The priest in charge asked, "Sir, do you want to pay your respects first to the Buddha or to the Patriarch?" The Master replied, "Neither to the Buddha, nor to the Patriarch." The priest said, "What's the grudge between the Buddha, the Patriarch, and you?" With a flick of his sleeve, the Master turned and left.

At last the Golden Wind is blowing today. Like our internal condition, it took us seven days to wait for this beautiful day. This morning we concluded the reading of the Diamond Sutra, so let me read two or three phrases. The Buddha said:

*Who sees Me by Form,
Who seeks Me by Sound,
Wrongly turned are his
footsteps on the Way,*

For he cannot perceive the Tathagata.

"...If anyone says that the Tathagata comes, or goes, or sits, or lies down, he fails to understand my teaching - because the Tathagata neither comes from anywhere, nor goes to anywhere. Therefore he is called the Tathagata."

"...Subhuti, someone might fill innumerable worlds with seven treasures and give all away in gifts of alms, but if any virtuous person awakens the thought of Enlightenment and takes even only four lines from this Sutra, reciting, using, receiving, retaining, and spreading them abroad and explaining them for the benefit of others, it will be far more meritorious."

"...In what manner may he explain them to others? By detachment from appearances, by abiding in real truth."

*...So I tell you:
All composite things
Are like a dream, a fantasy,
a bubble, and a shadow,
Are like a dewdrop
and a flash of lightning.
They are thus to be regarded.*

*...and so you should
Think in this way of
all this fleeting world:
As a star at dawn,
as a bubble in a stream,
A dewdrop, a flash of lightning
in a summer cloud,
A flickering lamp,
a phantom,
and a dream.*

Throughout the recitation, the Buddha repeats "these four lines" time and again. In this translation the last two verses are the translation of the "four lines" referred to. If this is understood, no more talk is necessary. But, as long as we are gathered here let me begin the *teisho*. Incidentally, there is a difference between a *teisho* and a Dharma talk. *Teisho* means to carry "It," and to point "It" out to the public ("It," meaning the essence of the Buddha-Dharma); while a Dharma talk is to speak about or to explain the Dharma. Today's main theme is from *Rinzai Roku*: Master Rinzai went to Bodhidharma's grave to requite the beneficence of the Dharma.

As an introduction, let me say that, with the readiness of time, New York Zendo Shobo-ji was dedicated on September 15, 1968, and Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji was opened July 4, 1976. At that time, what I thought was "to requite the beneficence of the Buddha and the Patriarchs" - who carried this tradition from India to China, to Japan, and to the United States - was to make pilgrimages to karmically-related temples. I organized a group for our first pilgrimage - about 20 of us went to Japan. We attended sesshin at Ryutaku-ji and various other temples. In 1981, another pilgrimage to China took place. We carried incense and visited such places as Bodhidharma's temple, Shorin-ji, Rinzai's pagoda, and Joshu's pagoda and cypress trees. Also, we went to Tendo-zan where Dogen Zenji practiced.

I particularly remember when we reached Rinzai's pagoda... I asked all the pilgrims to do zazen. Then, burning incense, we chanted *Tei Dai Dempo* [lineage chanting]. While we were chanting the Patriarchs' names, and when we came to Rinzai Gigen Zenji, I cried. This was my pilgrimage, as of 1981. I thought



of how this Buddha-Dharma began in India and was transmitted from teacher to student - now, this is Rinzai Gigen Zenji's pagoda. It is quite an overwhelming feeling as a Rinzai Zen monk.

In today's text, Master Rinzai, after completing his practice under the guidance of Obaku, began his own pilgrimage. Naturally he wanted to requite the Dharma beneficence which he had received from his teacher, Obaku. Obaku had received it from his teacher, Hyakujo. So, Rinzai went to Bodhidharma's stupa. By the way, the temple where Bodhidharma stayed, or where he sat for nine years, is called Shorin-ji, but the stupa is located at Jorin-ji. So, Bodhidharma's stupa and Bodhidharma's zazen place where he met the Second Patriarch are in two different places.

The other day, on my birthday, Fujin called me from Shikoku, Japan. While we were talking about this or that, I asked her, "Where are you now?" She said, "I'm ending in Kochi prefecture and it's hot. It rains a lot, and from the place where I'm calling you to the next temple is about 53 kilometers." My guess is: that would be from here to Monticello. So Fujin said, "I have to walk two more days to reach the next temple." This is her practice, and she is ready to do that. Also she wrote me a card:

Dear Roshi,

I wish you all the best on your birthday - not the day, because it is during sesshin - but the entire year and many more to come (at least 10 more years!). Today I met the old lady who cornered Tokusan. She didn't try to grill me on the *Diamond Sutra*, but she gave me *tenjin* [a snack] at the moment I needed it most.

And then she sent me to the mountain where I suffered for two and a half hours on rocky paths with my worn-out *waraji* [sandals]. Every day I sweat from the core of my marrow. Everything gets wet, including my *shukin* [belt]. My face, hands, and feet are getting darker from the sun every day, but inside it feels like a clean waterfall is running through my heart.

Have a great sesshin.
Gassho,
Fujin Butsudo

This is Fujin's pilgrimage.



Nowadays, the sangha at DBZ is sort of "well-behaved" compared to old days. But I'm keenly aware that each one of you carries a big bag containing rebellious seeds. Every single day you are standing at a forked point: to be rebellious, or to be obedient.

Getting back to Rinzai... so at last Master Rinzai arrived at Jorin-ji, where not only the temple but also the stupa of Shakyamuni Buddha and of Bodhidharma is located. The priest in charge, thinking this was just a mere visitor to the grave, asked, "Do you want to pay your

respects first to the Buddha or to the Patriarch?" When we go to Sangha Meadow (DBZ's cemetery) we make three offerings: incense, water, and our heartfelt chanting. This temple priest who was taking care of Bodhidharma's grave thought that this pilgrim, Rinzai, came in the manner we do. The temple priest had incense and water ready, and he asked which stupa first, not realizing "Rinzai" is just merely a name. The one who came was a True Man without Rank, or the True One without a Name - or, more comprehensively, the one who came was Mu. That Mu is completely united with Shakyamuni Buddha, totally united with Bodhidharma. He, in the name Rinzai Gigen pilgrim, was not an ordinary pilgrim.

Years ago, when I was at Bodh Gaya in India where Shakyamuni Buddha was enlightened, and where there is a huge pagoda and a big Bodhi tree, I saw many Tibetan pilgrims doing prostrations using their entire body on the ground to pay their respects. But Master Rinzai, in this case, was not like other pilgrims, with an ordinary way to pay respect to the stupa. It was an extraordinary way - even though it looks as if what he did was quite rude, not at all respectful. When he was asked, "Sir, do you want to pay respect to the Buddha or Bodhidharma?" Rinzai replied, "Neither! Not the Buddha, not the Patriarch." At that time, Master Rinzai's state of mind was Buddha himself, nothing superfluous, nothing deficient - was Bodhidharma himself, nothing extra, nothing lacking.

Some of you can be completely identical with Mu. To shout Mu is just like chanting a sutra. To go into the depth of Mu, to

melt into Mu, and to realize that Mu was not said by Joshu when asked by the monk if a dog has Buddha-Nature, to realize that Mu has been before Joshu, even before the creation of this planet, or even prior to heaven and earth. And that Mu will continue after the destruction of this universe. Literally, it is beginningless and endless. Once you understand this, it is no longer necessary for you to say, "Mu."

For the Shikoku pilgrimage everyone wears a kind of vest that says "*dogyo ninin*," even though he or she is walking alone. *Dogyo* means "practice together"; *ninin* means "two individuals." One individual is Kobo Daishi (the founder of the Shingon school of Buddhism as well as the founder of the route of the 88 temples). The Pilgrim is not alone, but two. This is not at all meant in the sentimental sense. Particularly in the case of Rinzai, who came as a True Man without Rank, without Name. Buddha came to Bodhidharma's stupa. Bodhidharma came to Bodhidharma's stupa. So, naturally, he said to the priest, "Not the Buddha, nor the Patriarch." This must have been a really strong *keisaku* to this priest in charge. Of course, the priest in charge did not get it. And he asked, "What grudge is there between the Buddha, the Patriarch, and you?" Is Buddha your enemy? Is Bodhidharma a foe to you? It is not at all at that level. And next, what he did was to flick his sleeve: "phssheet..." said nothing, turned, and left. This was Rinzai's pilgrimage. This is a living Patriarch. And this is the best way to pay respect, to requite the Dharma beneficence. To requite the beneficence is to realize *this*, to become *this*. Furthermore, to realize that all composite things, including Rinzai Gigen Zenji,

including you all, all composite things are like a dream, a fantasy, a bubble and a shadow, are like a dew drop and a flash of lightning. The realization of these four lines, and the actualization of these four lines, is the best way to requite the Dharma debts that we all owe.

Of course, none of us ever met Bodhidharma face-to-face in the ordinary sense: Rinzai - no; Hakuin - no; Soyen Shaku - no. At least I was lucky enough to meet and serve Gempo Roshi and Soen Roshi, and I once met Nyogen Senzaki. And I knew Yasutani Roshi. The generation is changing, so for you, what you could do is at least to think deeply what intense nen is behind Dai Bosatsu Mandala - simply, mysteriously uncanny Dai Bosatsu Mandala.

Whether you believe it or not, let me say it anyway: I think we were together at Shakyamuni Buddha's time, at Bodhidharma's time, at Obaku's time, at Rinzai's time, and at Hakuin's time. Each sesshin, I think, is a reunion. We are reunited to practice: not for the sake of each one of you, but for the sake of the un-namable. And if that is understood, today's koan has great meaning for you. The old problem of modern man is only to think, "What can I get in return for this time investment, this energy investment?" No, no, not at all an investment. You should be grateful to be able to attend this reunion. When you look at it that way and when you understand it that way, you have no choice but to feel awe toward the Dharma.

He who knows the Dharma, feels awe toward the Dharma. Sesshin continues...Hai! ❖

Hekiganroku, The Blue Cliff Record

Case 53, "Hyakujo and a Wild Duck"

Shingeshitsu Roko Sherry Chayat Roshi

Engo's Introduction:

The universe is not veiled; all its activities lie open. When one does not linger on the road, each experience offers a potential way out. When one's every word is devoid of egocentricity, at every point one has the power to kill others. Tell me, where did the ancient worthy come to rest? See the following.

Main Subject:

When the great Master Baso was out walking with Hyakujo, they saw a wild duck fly past. Baso said, "What is it?" Hyakujo said, "It is a wild duck." Baso said, "Where is it now?" Hyakujo said, "It has flown away." Baso gave Hyakujo's nose a sharp twist. Hyakujo cried out with pain. Baso said, "How can it fly away?"

Setcho's Verse:

*The wild duck. What? Where?
Baso has seen, talked, taught, and exhausted
The meaning of mountain clouds
and the moonlit sea.
Hyakujo didn't get it, saying, "flown away."
Flown away? No! He is held fast.
Speak! Speak!*

This Rohatsu concludes what we might call Nyogen Senzaki Memorial Year, in which many significant events have increased awareness of this extraordinary pioneer. Although we consider him the first patriarch of Zen in America, during his lifetime he was truly inconspicuous-

indeed, not known at all, save for a few devoted students. He would be really surprised to hear the way people praise him nowadays. He might say, "No, no. It's not about me." He did say, "My ideal life is to become one useless mushroom. My wish is to be like a lone cloud floating freely in the blue sky." He also said, "Those who digest Zen well should do their work in the world without displaying any trace of Zen."



When we were in Seattle for Genjo Osho's transmission ceremony, Eido Roshi put it unforgettably: "Who was Nyogen Senzaki? Nobody. What did he do? Nothing. Where did he go? Nowhere. Nowhere, and that is why he is remembered 50 years later:" Nowhere, now here, everywhere.

In compiling and editing *Eloquent Silence*, I was particularly moved by the poetry he wrote while imprisoned at Heart Mountain Internment Camp in Wyoming. I was born during those years; here is a

poem Nyogen Senzaki wrote on October 3, 1943, when I was one day old:

*Autumn came naturally to the exiled life.
We commemorate again
Bodhidharma, our Patriarch.
Four ways of conduct,
as he taught us to practice,
Were carried by us,
during past twelve months.
The seeds of Zen were planted deep,
And covered well with earth.
Who knows and who cares what will
happen to-morrow in this tricky plateau?
Before long, cold clouds may cover us,
and snow-storm may visit us,
With no effect to our equanimity.*

Following this verse, he typed in "Bodhidharma's Four Ways of Conduct":

1. Requite hatred with lovingkindness.
2. Live within the law of causation.
3. Avoid unreasonable desires.
4. Make Dharma the standard of life.

Nyogen Senzaki wrote his poems in beautiful calligraphy, and then typed his own translations on each sheet, using a little typewriter that belonged to his disciple, Ruth Strout McCandless. Just recently I received a long message from her son, Duncan, who helped make these poems available to us. He said "Congratulations and thanks. I have such a warm feeling about the book, and I find I am so emotional about that period, the war, and the injustices perpetrated on Nyogen Senzaki and all those others."

A few weeks ago, I received a letter from Lawson Fusao Inada, poet laureate of the State of Oregon and professor emeritus

at Southern Oregon University, after he came across a copy of *Eloquent Silence*. He told me that when he was a child, he was sent away with his family to an internment camp. Not long ago, he was driving through Cody, Wyoming, and stopped at the Buffalo Bill Cody Museum. There he came upon a collection of stones. On each one was a word written in brush-work-by Nyogen Senzaki. In response, Professor Inada wrote a poem called "Picking up Stones", (read poem on page 14) which was inspired by this poem in *Eloquent Silence*:

*No spring in this plateau-
Having sleet and rain every day.
Timid hills sprinkle green by themselves
Whenever they meet the peeping sun.
All in sudden, the summer came.
Days are too hot to stay home.
The evacuees go out in the field,
Wearing their light dresses once again,
And pick up tiny flowers of the wild
While they search, curious stones
of ancient ages.*

June 1945

In his Introduction to "Hyakujo and a Wild Duck," Engo tells us, "The universe is not veiled; all its activities lie open." An early translator of Zen texts, R. H. Blythe, put it this way: It's an open secret. This universe is an open secret. "When one does not linger on the road, each experience offers a potential way out." Sitting here together on this fourth day of our One Rohatsu Day, each experience, each sitting, offers this way out of the cage that we alone have constructed for ourselves. The key is in our hands.

"When one's every word is devoid of egocentricity. . ." It often seems that every

word conveys nothing but egocentricity. The thoughts that arise during zazen: why are they so troublesome? Because of this. We heard in the *Diamond Sutra* this passage by Subhuti:

World Honored One, having listened to this teaching, I receive it and retain it with faith and understanding. This is not difficult for me, but in ages to come, in the last 500 years if there are men and women coming to hear this teaching who receive and retain it with faith and understanding, they will be persons of most remarkable achievement. . .

This passage is about us. Here. "In the last 500 years." If we receive and retain it with faith and understanding, we will be persons of most remarkable achievement, and why? Because we "... will be free from the idea of an ego-entity, free from the idea of a personality, free from the idea of a being, and free from the idea of a separated individuality." In a word, free. If our every thought is free of egocentricity-of the delusion that we are separated individualities-then, "at every point, one has the power to kill others."

This statement may remind us of Joshu's famous response when he went to check out the two hermits: "free to kill, free to save." To be able to kill the way Baso kills Hyakujo in this koan! To be able to kill our egocentricity, all our deluded thoughts. To be able to cut off our life at the root, as we heard Master Hakuin tell us on the first night in his *Rohatsu Exhortations*. Soen Roshi was a poet, and he loved to play with words. One of his favorite puns was

his name for these Catskill Mountains. Always he would say, "Cut-Kill! Cut-Kill! Cut, Cut, Cut-Kill!"

The scroll to the left of the altar is Soen Roshi's calligraphy "Death!" This Great Death is what we are here for: to cut through all the bonds that hold us. These self-inflicted bonds cause us, in turn, to entrap, imprison, and enslave others. Because of our own egocentricity, we are dangerous, each one of us! So the work that we are doing here, this kind of killing, is essential. Shido Bunan Zenji put it this way: "While alive, be a dead person, thoroughly dead, and all will be well." To die this great death: we are here at this Rohatsu Sesshin for no other reason. When we die this way, we really live. My father, just before he went to war in 1941 at the age of 23, wrote in his journal, "Thoughts for Remaining Happy: Death is not the worst thing that can happen to a man, it is just the last." He was killed in 1945.

Of course, we have great fear of death-although Woody Allen said, "I'm not afraid of death, as long as I don't have to die." Somehow the process of dying is scarier. In a way, our fear of death is fear of life.

It seems to me, looking at my own mistake-filled life, that we have this great fear of life because we fear making mistakes and being corrected; we fear exposure. This is really upside down. Instead of having deep appreciation for being corrected, so that we can understand, learn, and get on with it, we have fear: "Oh, now everybody is going to know I was asleep in the

zendo, WHACK WHACK, oh, they're going to know how poor a student I am, oh, this is terrible." This is fear of living. Cut! Let's get out of our own way, that embarrassed way, that half-life of looking over one's shoulder and worrying, "What if they find out how unworthy I am?" When we cut through this fear, then we can act when action is called for, spontaneously and appropriately, and we can refrain from acting when non-action is called for.



In today's exchange, we have two of the greatest masters of the great Tang Dynasty. Baso Doitsu Zenji lived in the eighth century and had many, many students, and 139 Dharma heirs. His way of teaching, as you can see in this case, was quite startling, vigorous, physical; indeed "astonishing the heavens and shaking the earth." This kind of Zen spirit is what was passed down from Baso to Hyakujo to Obaku to Rinzai: our wonderful line. Baso figures in many koans: "This Very Mind Is Buddha," and "No Mind, No Buddha," "Baso and the Hundred Negations," and, when he was dying, "Sun-faced Buddha, Moon-faced Buddha."

Hyakujo was one of Baso's foremost successors. This koan shows his initial awakening. Many years later, in another exchange with his teacher, Hyakujo had a profound enlightenment upon hearing Baso roar, "KWAATZ!" He said, "I was deafened for three days." Hyakujo is known for his dictum, "A day of no work is a day of no food." He is also known for codifying monastic standards in a text called "The Pure Rules for Zen Gardens." Monks and laypeople, then and now, we are all flowers in a Zen garden.

In India, just as the narrator relates at the beginning of the *Diamond Sutra*, Buddha walked among the townspeople holding his bowl, received whatever was given, and took his meal. With Hyakujo's emphasis on daily work, raising food and grounds keeping became an important part of the monastic schedule. Still, takuhatsu-the ritualized going out to walk and chant in the villages and towns, humbly receiving whatever is given, continues. In certain countries today, particularly in Southeast Asia, monks and nuns still depend entirely on whatever people put into their bowls each day. Recently in Burma, there was an uprising. It was led as a non-violent plea for democracy by the Buddhist monks. Others joined in, and incidents of violence occurred; soldiers began shooting the demonstrators, who were in some cases members of their own families, and monks. What did the monks do in response to this aggression? They turned their bowls upside down. What a devastating statement in that Buddhist country: we cannot accept anything from you.

So Master Baso was out walking with Hyakujo. In those days, and today, too, if we are awake, dokusan happens not just in the dokusan room, but all the time. Hyakujo was Baso's attendant for 20 years, so I imagine they had many such walks, and many such dokusan. Master Baso saw a wild duck fly past. He asked, "What is it?" Of course he had seen wild ducks before, they were hardly an endangered species in Tang dynasty China; I'm sure that Hyakujo knew that Baso knew that it was a wild duck, so what was he really asking with this question, "What is it?"

What did Hyakujo do? He exposed himself, saying, "It's a wild duck." He gave a straightforward, unpretentious response. Hakuin Zenji's comment on this was, "Hyakujo said, 'Wild duck.' 'The straightforward mind is the site of enlightenment.' This is the same as 'What is that sound outside? The sound of raindrops.'"

This two-word response is on one level merely a description of conventional reality. Baso was hardly asking for that when he asked, "What is it?" Wild duck is only the name given to it. As Buddha says in the *Diamond Sutra*, "Words cannot explain the real nature of the universe."

What about those pebbles of Nyogen Senzaki's? Imagine! There on that plateau, walking in all kinds of weather, picking up a pebble and bringing it back to the room he shared with a family, writing one word on it, and then putting it back where he had found it. What is it? And then others going out and seeking such pebbles, their very seeking a manifestation of their

homesickness, and feeling somehow assuaged by coming upon a pebble, perhaps with the word HOME on it. What is it?

Of course, when not used descriptively, words can indeed convey the essence. Think of Joshu's "Cypress tree in the garden." That's it. What is it? Cypress tree in the garden.



Hyakujo was most likely giving a simple, honest response when he said, "It's a wild duck," but doing so, he gave himself up to be taught. It was as though he stuck out his neck: go ahead, cut off my head. Cut off my not-yet understanding. It is such an important aspect of Zen practice to be vulnerable-not to pretend we understand when we don't, not to try to figure out what the correct reply would be, not to project that we are experts. Just: "It's a wild duck." And thus, "the site of enlightenment" is activated.

Baso said, "Where is it now?" Hyakujo said, "It has flown away." Baso prodded Hyakujo. What is it; where is it, NOW!

And Hyakujo said, "It has flown away." "Ga-te, ga-te, paraga-te, parasamga-te"-Gone! Gone! Did he understand this? Did he understand that traceless blue sky? Or was it merely a conventional statement: Well, there was a wild duck there a minute ago, and now it has flown away. Or was it that Hyakujo had some glimmer of that tracelessness, but was still caught up in his own attempt at answering correctly? In any case, he said, "It has flown away," and Baso pounced! Immediately he discerned Hyakujo's condition and engaged it, grabbing his nose. TWIST! "Ouch!" Hyakujo cried in pain.

Baso said, "How can it fly away?" And at this, Hyakujo was enlightened. What is It? Where is It? How can It? In another passage of the *Diamond Sutra*, Buddha says, "The Tathagatha neither comes from anywhere nor goes to anywhere." Where has It come from? Where could It go?

In his commentary, Engo says, "When teachers of our school help people they must make them penetrate through. You see that Hyakujo didn't understand, that he didn't avoid cutting his hand on the point." As I said earlier, he stuck out his neck; he was willing to be killed. He continues,

Baso just wanted to make him understand this matter. Thus it is said, "When you understand, you can make use of it wherever you are. If you don't understand, then the conventional truth prevails." If Baso hadn't twisted Hyakujo's nose at that time, the conventional truth would have prevailed. It's also necessary when encountering circumstances and meeting conditions to turn them around and

return them to oneself; to have no gaps at any time is called "the ground of nature bright and clear."

"When encountering circumstances and meeting conditions to turn them around and return them to oneself . . ." In Eido Roshi's teisho we heard the koan in which Master Joshu says, "It's my fault. It's my fault." How rare, this kind of practice, to be able to say without a trace of manipulation, "It's my fault." What is more often the case? In every circumstance, every condition, how expertly we throw it back at others, blame others-throwing our shit out there, and indeed the shit hits the fan! In that koan, the question is asked, "Why cannot anyone see Joshu? He's known far and wide, why can't he be seen?" It reminds me of an old Jewish tale about a rebbe [master]. Someone comes to him and says, "In olden times, people were able to see the face of God. How come, nowadays, no one can?" The rebbe said, "Because nowadays, no one bows low enough." People are looking for God in the heavens instead of bowing, face right in the earth, bowing, bowing, humbly bowing, "it's my fault."

Engo continues with a follow-up story:

When Baso went up to the hall the next day, as soon as the sangha had assembled, Hyakujo came forward and rolled up the bowing mat. Baso immediately left his seat. After he had returned to his abbot's quarters, he asked Hyakujo, "I had just come into the Dharma Hall and had not yet spoken; why did you roll up the mat right away?" Hyakujo said, "Yesterday, I had my nose twisted by you,

Teacher, and it hurt." Baso said, "Where were you keeping your mind yesterday?" Hyakujo said, "Today, the nose no longer hurts." Baso said, "You have profound knowledge of today's affair." Hyakujo then bowed and returned to the attendants' quarters, crying. One of his fellow attendants asked, "Why are you crying?" Hyakujo said, "Go ask our Master." The attendant then went to ask Baso, who said, "Go ask Hyakujo." When the attendant returned to ask him, Hyakujo laughed loudly. The attendant said, "You were just crying-why are you laughing now?" Hyakujo said, "I was crying before; now I am laughing."

Engo concludes, "Look at Hyakujo after his enlightenment! Turning smoothly, he can't be trapped. Naturally he's sparkling clear on all sides."

This reminds me of a passage in *Eloquent Silence*, in Nyogen Senzaki's commentary on Case 12 of the *Blue Cliff Record*. Nansen had just passed away. One of his lay disciples, Officer Riku, approached the coffin and laughed. The attending monk reprimanded him severely for his impolite manner. The officer said, "What should I do?" The monk could not answer. Then the officer wept for awhile. When Chokei heard about this anecdote, he said, "Laughter is good. Why cry?" Nyogen Senzaki commented, "Each action is correct at the moment, if there is no gap between thought and action."

Let's look at Setcho's verse in today's koan...

"The wild duck!" About this, Hakuin says, "'The wild duck' is 'Buddha.'" Wild duck, everywhere! Flying, flying up, springing up! What is it? Where is it? Where does it go? "Baso has seen, talked, taught, and exhausted. . ." Hakuin Zenji comments, "Baso had a conversation with Hyakujo after having seen into the depths of his mind." Whose mind? The vast emptiness of Mind-no such thing as his own mind.

"The meaning of mountain clouds and the moonlit sea." This line is quoted from a poem by Zengetsu, Hakuin tells us, adding, "He poured out his heart and guts," referring to Baso. He gave everything he had to his student, for one purpose: to wake him up. But "Hyakujo didn't get it, saying, 'flown away.'" Hakuin: "Even though Baso told everything, Hyakujo didn't understand; it was he who flew away, not the duck."

"Flown away? No! He is held fast." Hakuin comments, "Baso grabbed him by the nose just as he was about to fly off." Maybe Hyakujo thought, "I'll show how my mind is so like the vast sky, with no trace." Maybe, but Baso saw into his mind, and grabbed him just as he was about to fly off.

"Speak! Speak!" There are many Zen koans where a sudden twist, often literal, becomes the trigger for enlightenment. Gensha stumbled upon a stone, hurting his toe; the pain was so severe that he passed out, and when he came to: Aaaaaahhhh. Gutei's attendant, in terrible pain from having his finger cut off, heard Gutei call him, and at last understood for

himself this One-finger Zen. Master Hakuin was deeply, deeply absorbed in his koan, doing takuatsu, when out from the house where he was standing came a woman who evidently had no use for such begging monks. Taking her broomstick, WHACK WHACK WHACK! Hakuin, down for the count, was revived, and Oh! Now I see! Ummon, trying to go to Bokushu for dokusan, had the door closed in his face again and again, and finally, trying to make sure he didn't get the closed-door treatment again, stuck his leg in the door, and Bang! His leg caught in the slammed door, broken. At that moment, great enlightenment.

So you may say, how come I am in so much pain, and I am still sitting here without even a glimmer? As Roshi said the other day-one of his favorite phrases-"with the readiness of time." On this midpoint of the One Day of Rohatsu, we know that it's not simply a matter of hanging around and waiting. We must have fierce determination! We KNOW it's going to be a hard struggle, but we must have the courage to engage it, not shrink from it.

I was thinking about this in the light of the unprecedented election of our new President, Barack Obama. Eido Roshi reminded us that it was exactly 100 years between President Abraham Lincoln's "Emancipation Proclamation" and Martin Luther King, Jr.'s speech at the March on Washington of 1963. There were so many eventful and terribly painful struggles during those years of marching and demonstrating for Civil Rights. I remember once

being on a Freedom Ride, and having stones thrown at us. Why? We were walking, Black and White together, and in the South at that time, that was a good-enough reason to be stoned. (Not the kind of stoned Dylan sang about later!) I was at the March on Washington, and Odetta sang a song that expresses not only the Civil Rights struggle, not only so many people's struggles for liberation today in Burma and in Tibet and all over the world, and throughout history; it reflects our own struggle right here in the midst of Rohatsu. It goes like this:

"Oh, freedom, oh, freedom,
oh, freedom over me.
Well, before I'll be a slave,
I'll be buried in my grave,
and go home to
my Lord and be free."❖



Picking up Stones

Lawson Fusao Inada

Poet Laureate, State of Oregon

Nyogen Senzaki,
the erstwhile Zen teacher
(he had no degrees,
didn't call himself "master"),
while interned in Wyoming
(he didn't call himself
"internee" either),

went about gathering pebbles
and writing words on them-
common words, in Japanese
with a brush dipped in ink.

Then, he'd return them
to their source, as best he could,
the ink would wash,
and no harm was done.

However, several residents, likewise
elderly with nothing better to do,
observed his practice
and set about collecting
the Sensei's stones.

It became a kind of game
to pass the time,
to seek and find-
like an "Eastern eggless hunt."

And even in the confines of camp,
possibilities were endless-

for Senzaki, without having to resort
to trickery, would simply
scatter his gathering,

and it was difficult to tell
which was which:

"his" pebbles, just plain pebbles,
or those which, in his hands,
had remained mute,
dictating silence. . .

And it was an amusing sight
to see these old people
shuffling about in dust,
mud, snow, sleet-
sometimes even crushing
ice with their feet-

with their eyes to the ground,
bent on pursuing the old man's path,
giving everything close inspection,
pausing occasionally
to smile, exclaim, even laugh,

and essentially going around
putting rocks in their pockets. . .

Still, as they put it,
this place was perfect for pebbles,
so rich with rounded stones,
some of which reflected
the colorful proximity of Yellowstone
itself, likewise ministered
by their government;

moreover, pebble-searching
had resulted in enlightening
arrowhead finds,
inspiring some elders
to try their hand
at chipping obsidian
in this land
where the buffalo roamed. . .

Eventually, in respectable homes,
some of those stones
assumed resting places
on special mantles and shelves-
worthless souvenirs, certainly,
of only sentimental value,
for although the rocks
may speak to some
of distant days,
of generations past,
like mini-milestones,

they're still just anonymous rocks
with faded words on them:

MAKE TEACHING
HOUSE SCENT
GREED YOUNG
SEED LEAVE
NOTHING EVERYTHING
CHANGE EAST
PRAY PARENTS
UNIVERSE SHINE
LISTEN RESPECT
KNOWLEDGE MIND. . .

And as for Senzaki,
he died in obscurity,
an old dishwasher
with few friends,

resting, perhaps,
among headstones
in Los Angeles,
a city-Zen, of sorts,
of the earth,

one who spoke
broken English

and wrote
on some stones:

WHILE LEAVING
OTHERS ALONE.



*Permission was kindly granted by
Professor Inada to print this poem,
which was published in his book
Drawing the Line by
Coffee House Press,
Minneapolis, 1997.*

Hekiganroku, The Blue Cliff Record

Case 66, "Ganto Laughed Loudly"

Genjo Marinello Osho

Engo's Introduction:

Adapting himself adroitly to circumstances, displaying the spirit to capture a tiger; attacking now from the front, now from the flank, planning to seize the rebel; combining light and dark, holding fast and letting go; dealing with deadly serpents-this is the master's task.

Main Subject:

Ganto asked a monk, "Where are you from?" The monk said, "From the western capital." Ganto said, "After the rebellion of Koso had been suppressed, did you get the sword?" The monk said, "Yes, I have got it." Ganto stretched out his neck before the monk and let forth a great yell. The monk said, "Your head has fallen." Ganto laughed loudly.

Later, the monk visited Seppo who said, "Where are you from?" The monk said, "From Ganto." Seppo said, "What did he say to you?" The monk recounted the story. Seppo gave him 30 blows and drove him out.

Setcho's Verse:

*Since the rebel was suppressed,
The sacred sword has been restored;
Why the laughter, the master knows.
Too small a reward, the 30 blows;
One gains, one loses.*

On this our last full day of Summer Sesshin, we almost had teisho a half-hour early. Genko sent the inji upstairs with the



unenviable task of telling the Abbot that he was a half-hour early [laughter]. ["Did she get 30 blows?" asked someone.] If she had gotten 30 blows for that, this would not be a Teisho.

We all make mistakes and are, from time to time, distracted. Ideally we should be humbled, rather than humiliated by such a revelation. When we feel humiliation, it is nearly always left over from some childhood trauma that is stimulated by current circumstances, most often some sort of error on our part. The extent that we feel humiliated is probably directly proportional to how much baggage we're carrying from our own troubled childhood. Alternatively, to the extent that we feel simply humbled by an error and say, "Oh, that's right," then this is probably a good measure of how well we have processed or digested our childhood traumas. The inji said, "Do you intend to have teisho early?" And I said, "No, there's no need to have teisho early." That's it. No more need be said.

We think that, in the process of so-called mastery, we're going to become someone we're not, or that we'll realize something that will change us. We may believe that we will in some permanent way transcend our monkey mind, get forever past personal history, or never make a mistake again. And, of course, all this is impossible! We'll never be without our childhood, our monkey mind, or what we call our bumpkin nature.

What our Zen practice does do for us is help us realize that we are so much more than our bumpkin nature. In the readiness of time, we begin to come to terms with the vastness of our True Nature - just as our chant "Opening this Dharma" says, "This Dharma, incomparably profound and minutely subtle, is hardly met with even in hundreds of thousands of millions of eons." In other words, your True Nature is incomparably profound and minutely subtle. I say, "your" but I don't mean "your" as in possessable by your sense of ego identity. It will never be yours in that way. When I use the word "your" in this case, I'm referring to what Zen Master Rinzai called, "That One Shining Alone" which is never yours but always present. You couldn't take a breath without it, and without True Nature there would be no investigation of it. But it will never be yours; it can never be mine. The more aware you become, the more you realize there's no one at all! True Nature is not a "someone," it has no separated self-hood. It's not a someone or a something. It has no form, let alone a name.

As we begin to turn our lives over to this puppet master that has no separate personality, then no one starts to do more

and more everyday work. No one at all chopping vegetables... no one at all swinging the keisaku... no one at all sweeping the floor... no one at all gardening... no one at all folding laundry... no one at all in deep conversation. We get a hint of this when we're in samadhi. For example, I suspect that most of us have experienced riding a bike when "no one" is riding. There's just the motion of bike, body and environment. There's no one controlling the experience! The experience is just "happening." Or perhaps you have felt this way when watching a movie or reading a good book. If you really disappear into the movie or the book, there's no one watching or reading anymore. There's no personality, no separated selfhood. The so-called "you" has become totally absorbed in the story that's being told. This is so, even though the story on the screen or in the book is just a dream and a phantom. In the depth of listening, writing, chopping, or sweeping, no one's directing the show! This "no one" is the same as what Zen Master Rinzai refers to as the "true person without rank or position."

For those who have practiced Aikido and have done *rondori*, where there are many attackers at once, when freely responding to each approach, there's no one to be caught. There's no time to think, the apparent barriers between self and other drop away, attacker and responder flow seamlessly together. Actions become so smooth they are more like a reflex. This unthinking action in Zen is called "no action" or *buji*. And yet, even though this kind of action becomes nearly a reflex, it is built on the skillfulness learned while practicing endlessly on the mat in Aikido,

or from falling and failing many times before getting the hang of riding a bike. There's something very profound and subtle going on in this development.

We think of ourselves as a separated selfhood. That's definitely our sense. However, if we examine ourselves more closely, we realize that we're multiple personalities, not a single personality. For example, close investigation will reveal a whole troupe of characters, like a troupe of monkeys in a tree. Each one seems to have its own distinct personality. Which one is the real you? Well, it depends on the moment or the time of day as to which one, outwardly, is moving this body or monkeying around. In this inner troupe, there are many different ages, genders, characters and archetypes. But, at the base of all these inner personalities, there's a root that gives rise to them all. This root is incomparably profound and minutely subtle but not a personality. It has no ego identity. It's not a separated selfhood.

As we wake up or become more aware of our root, then more of our life becomes directed by the root rather than by one of the monkeys in the tree. The monkeys don't disappear; they simply have less control. At the root there is no self at all; however, this root manifests in myriad forms and countless personalities. If you're not aware of your inner troupe of personalities, you have multiple personality disorder [laughter]. If you are aware of them, good. Someone said to me, "Well, but I don't understand them all yet. I don't know who all these characters are, there are too many." You don't have to know

them all. However, it's good to become familiar with at least a few of them [laughter]. And you do have to feed them regularly. They're quite demanding. You can feel them jumping up and down inside of you. "Give me attention! Give me attention! I want a turn! Let me drive!" Some of them think they're real special. Some of them think they're inferior. But they're all just monkeys! And there's nothing wrong with this troupe of personalities, but, as I've said before, it's not great if they're driving the car, running your life. They easily make a mess of things, and do so repeatedly. It can be quite humbling when they get a hold of the car! But it doesn't need to be humiliating, just humbling.



It may be that through this process of Zen practice that you are disappointed that it is not you who is the master. Look out for the monkey that wants to take credit and claim that they're in charge and that they have achieved satori! "Yes, I have achieved satori," says one of the monkeys. How ridiculous! We all have this root; it's impossible not to have it. There isn't anything to celebrate about having this root. In fact there is no one to celebrate or

treasure satori; if there is someone to treasure it, then it is no longer satori. After a flourishing rondori, where all comers are accepted and released, there should be no one taking credit. It's not you who did it.

You've heard me talk before about the Barry Manilow song that goes, "I Write the Song that Makes the Whole World Sing." I write the song. [A clap of thunder is heard.] That's right, thunder! John Lennon in his last interview before he was assassinated was asked, "Where do the songs come from?" And he said, "I don't know." That's so much closer to it! Bodhidharma was asked by Emperor Wu, "Who do you think you are?" and said, "I know not." No one is a separated personality, and we cannot know the vastness that is exposed at this realization. When someone says, "I built a great bridge or building or wrote a wonderful symphony," that's not it! "I had a wonderful idea," that's not it! A great idea may have indeed come to you, and you may be very grateful, but don't think that you are great for having it. Just because one of the monkeys grabs on to it and says, "See? See how great I am?" No one should take credit for a true insight; yet, someone usually does - just a monkey playing. When you have a great realization, it's not you.

Ganto asked a monk, "Where are you from?" The monk said, "I've come from the western capital." Ganto said, "After the rebellion of Koso had been suppressed, did you get the sword?" Now at this time, at the close of the Tang Dynasty, at the end of the ninth century, the emperor was taxing heavily, trying to stay

in power. Koso led a rebellion, and it's said that a sword fell from heaven for him to use in the rebellion. The rebellion was eventually suppressed. But Ganto is saying, "Do you have this sword of heaven?" This is Ganto's way of asking, "Have you experienced satori? Do you have mastery? Can you snatch the sword from General Kan? Have you recovered the sword from the rebel Koso?"

The monk said, "Yes, I've got it!" Anyone who says, "I have enlightenment" does not have enlightenment. It's not yours or mine to have! It's something that bubbles up - this realization, sense of power or mastery - it may come through you but it's never yours and an insight is never complete. A good insight always reveals more questions than it answers. So, if you're looking to be the master - forget about it!

But we can turn ourselves more and more over to That One Shining Alone, the One that is no one at all. That One is incomparably profound and minutely subtle. So subtle because it has no personality. It's not an aspect or archetype. It's not a monkey in a tree.

I have no doubt that this monk had a genuine insight; yet, when the monk says, "Yes, I've got it!" we see that a monkey in the tree is proclaiming, "That satori is mine! This is my awakening, my kensho! I must be great and I am complete."

You know, when Einstein had the insight that gravity warps space-time, which is at the core of the Theory of General Relativity, he truly saw something clearly about reality. It's a fantastic insight.

However, I doubt that even when he won the Nobel Prize in Physics he thought, "Oh, those insights are mine. I invented warped space! I must be great!" It's not his. No one should take credit for it; however, many insights did indeed bubble up in the so-called human vessel named Einstein. It is not difficult for me to conceive of warped space and have a sense of it; perhaps this is true of most of us. However, just because I can conceive of warped space, this is of little significance. On the other hand, each of us has the potential to intuit, as Einstein often did, something of the true nature of the universe, and this is why we are all called primarily Buddhas. However, having insights into the nature of reality doesn't make us a Zen master. Seeing reality clearly is simply seeing reality as it is.

So, Ganto, hearing the monk say, "Yes, I've got it," stretched out his neck and let forth a great yell, "AHHHH!" The monk said, "Oh, your head is cut off." And Ganto let loose a big laugh. Implying to the monk, "Just right! Just so! My head's cut off. Your sword's so great! Your enlightenment is so sharp that it's cut off my head!"

I'm sure the monk felt as though he'd had this wonderful conversation with Ganto - Ganto laughed and was good hearted - he laughed so hard, his head rolled. After this encounter the monk goes to meet Seppo. Ganto and Seppo are Dharma brothers; each was a student of Tokusan. From Seppo comes Zen Master Ummon. Ganto and Seppo are very close; both are quite mature masters. Seppo said, "Where have you come from?" The monk said, "I've

come from visiting Ganto." Seppo said, "Well, what did he have to say?" The monk recounts the story. Immediately, Seppo grabs his keisaku and gives him 30 blows and drives him out. Poor monk! I'm sure he was feeling humiliated. Any time you're feeling grandiose or anytime you're feeling humiliated, you're one of the monkeys. It's just monkey nature to feel grandiose or to feel humiliated, ashamed and inferior. This monk's realization, real as it may have been, is far from mature.

In Case 13 of the *Mumonkan* [*Gateless Gate*] we find a story about Tokusan, Ganto, and Seppo. Seppo was older than Ganto by a few years but did not come to maturity until after Ganto. Once the two of them were traveling together and were overtaken by a snowstorm and were forced to spend a few days by a wayside inn. Seppo, as usual, sat arduously in zazen during the break, even though they were snowed in. Ganto asked Seppo about his understanding. "You do such strong zazen. Tell me something of your understanding," says Ganto to Seppo. Seppo answered that, for all of his zazen and years of training, he had not yet realized deep peace of mind. Ganto said, "Oh, I thought you had already realized it but, since you say otherwise, let me ask you this: what use is there in learning from other people's lectures and the sutras? It is what you produce from the bottom of your mind that moves heaven and earth." At this, Seppo suddenly had his Great Awakening.

Seppo did great zazen. He was the tenzo (chief cook). He was older than Ganto but had yet to come to deep peace of mind.

Ganto said in effect, "I think you're still looking for True Insight outside of your root mind. You're looking to what the sages and Sutras and Zen Masters of old have to say about the Dharma. Trying to learn the truth from all those monkeys, yours and theirs, is useless. There are so many! Don't you know that what really moves heaven and earth comes from the bottom, the root, of your Mind." True insight can only arise from the root; you will never find it by trying to find the one true branch or monkey. That which animates heaven and earth comes from the root. It has no personality. It has no form, let alone a name. It's incomparably profound. True Nature is minutely subtle and is the vast void, beyond measure - you'll never know it as a finite personality. It is not a person or a personhood. Upon hearing this, Seppo reached deep peace of mind. He transcended the need to look elsewhere. He realized that True Nature is already fully revealed. In other words, there is no truth to find. Mind is the source of all insight, but to attach to the idea of Mind is to be lost once again. In this moment of deep realization Seppo became confident of this non-personality, this No Self. [At this moment a great clap of rolling thunder is heard in the zendo.]

A few years after this account, Ganto was murdered. As I said, during the fall of the T'ang Dynasty, there was great unrest and there were bands of bandits who went around looting. And even though Ganto was in a remote temple, the bandits came and - looking for something worthwhile to steal - found nothing of great value. The bandits were so angered by this, perhaps

thinking that Ganto was hiding the goods from them, that they murdered him, stabbed him with a dagger. At this moment, it is said that Ganto let out a huge death scream, "AHHHHHHH" that was so loud and curdling that it was heard for leagues. Many centuries later, this account troubled Zen Master Hakuin. Hakuin couldn't understand how such a great master could let out such a curdling scream. In fact, it was around investigating this question of Ganto's death that Hakuin had his great awakening and came to his deep peace of mind.



This life is but a dream, but sometimes it hurts like hell. And when Ganto was stabbed, I'm sure one of those monkeys screamed his head off! Quite natural! Entirely natural, nothing to be ashamed of. Nothing wrong, nothing in error. Just huge death scream.

Upon having his own realization, when Hakuin's own troop of monkeys was quiet, he reported, "After all these centuries, Ganto still lives."❖

Hekiganroku, The Blue Cliff Record

Case 1, "Emperor Wu Questions Bodhidharma"

Zenrin Robert Lewis Zenji

Engo's Introduction:

Seeing smoke beyond a hill, realize at once that there's fire. Seeing horns beyond a wall, know it's an ox. Given one corner, be clear about the other three. And catch the least difference at a glance... Patch-robed monks are as used to these things as they are to tea and rice. But: Coming up in the East and going down in the West, opposing and going with, being lenient and contrary, and giving and snatching away... All these become free and easy with the streaming grind cut off to perfection. Now tell me: Who is it that is that way, and when? See Setcho's entangling climbing creepers.

Main Subject:

Emperor Wu of Liang asked Bodhidharma, "What is the first principle of the holy Truth?" Bodhidharma said, "Being empty, there is no such thing as the holy truth." "Who is it that's answering me?" "There's no telling." The emperor could not follow him. Bodhidharma thereupon crossed the River into Wei.

Later, the emperor told all this to Shiko and asked him about it. Shiko said, "Can Your Majesty tell now who that man was?" The emperor said, "There's no telling." Shiko said, "That was the Mahasattva Kannon, the bearer of the Seal of the Buddha's Mind." The emperor, regretting not following up, was about to send an envoy after Bodhidharma to invite him back. Shiko said, "Don't give the order, Your Majesty, that sends out an envoy

to go and get him. Even if the whole country's people went, he still wouldn't turn back."

Setcho's Verse:

*The holy truth: emptiness
How to go about discerning
the point of this?
The one answering- who is he?*

*Repeating the answer, he (the emperor)
said that there's no telling.
It was for this that he (Bodhidharma)
crossed the River under cover of darkness.
How to escape the
thorny brambles growing rampant?*

*Even if the whole country's people went
after him, he wouldn't come back again.*

*After so very many years, it's pointless to
look back on it.
Give this looking back a rest!
A clear breeze the world over
-what limit could it have?*

*The master (Setcho) looked back and forth,
saying, "Is The Patriarch here again?"
He answered himself.
"He is here.
Call him to come
and wash this old monk's feet."*

This first case of the Blue Cliff Record deals, appropriately, with the meaning of Zen-expressed as: why The Patriarch (Bodhidharma) came from the West (from India to China).

We habitually assume that we know what "know" means, but- for instance, there are what are called discriminative knowing and discriminative thinking, which means thinking in terms of dichotomies, pairs of opposites -doing things like finding out, knowing, by comparison and contrast. This phenomenal world is packed with pairs of opposites, and not only pairs, but things will be opposite in various ways. Discriminative thinking makes for wonderful engineering, but that's not going to solve all our problems. So then what is nondiscriminative thinking-how do you get beyond this? Is there even such a thing as knowing things nondiscriminatively? Well, in that next room, in the zendo, we've been doing quite a bit of what you might call nondiscriminative thinking-thinking outside the box. It's liberating, like taking to the air, leaving land and sea behind.

The "Introduction" starts out with examples of discriminative knowing. Notice the verbs: "realize," "know," "be clear," and "catch"-all forms of "know." In the monastery, the training gradually sharpens these talents. For instance, "Seeing smoke beyond a hill, realize at once that there's fire." We've had fires here, and it's very useful, when you smell smoke, *not* to assume that things are all right-that kind of thing. Or: "Given one corner, be clear about the other three." Confucius said, "If I hold up one corner and a man cannot come back with the other three, I do not continue the lesson" -meaning that the student must do it himself, and not depend on the teacher to do it. He should start to catch on.

These, and discriminative knowing generally, are "tea and rice matters"-things that the monks are massively used to. Those outside the monastery may find them remarkable, but those inside become thoroughly trained in them. And yet these things are curiously fixed, unchanging: There's no life to them. It's just: "There it is." As if to say, "I can see so well. So what? Can I move?"

But, by contrast, "If you can cut off your streaming grind"-the crowding currents, the streaming attachments and delusions, the obsessions and blindness-thoroughly and completely, then what happens? "Coming up in the East *and* going down in the West," appearing here *and* disappearing there, so others aren't sure where you went, who you are, where you live, where you belong. "Opposing *and* going with." For example, the Zen master is terrifiably angry at you, and you, you're-ducking. And so the next time you're seen by the Zen master, you see the Zen master, you're cowering again, you're expecting more. And it's gone without a trace! You're not just forgiven, it's over; the situation is gone. "Being lenient *and* contrary, and giving *and* snatching away."

All these "*and*"s are transitions from one thing to its opposite or, more exactly, to one of its opposites. Cutting off "the streaming grind" is not just some kind of moral imperative. It liberates you, so that you can actually move. And be contradictory, not at the same time, but at two different times: make those "*and*" transitions. Then who are you? Are you this, or are you that? -which is liberating, like taking to the air. This is moving, changing. The other was fixed, unchanging. We're used to the unchanging. How about-changing?

“Now tell me,” the “Introduction” continues, “Who is it that is that way?”-give me an example-“and when?”-a situation in which this sort of thing is appropriate. Show me it happening. Well, for that, “see Setcho’s entangling climbing creepers”-his words, coming from him because he’s chosen this koan.

Emperor Wu, the first emperor of Liang, was always a devout Buddhist. He ate only one meal a day. He was kind, learned, economical and diligent, but unable to keep his officials from robbing the people. He kept the precept against killing most strictly, even having the sacrificial animals made of bread dough. So his efforts were ineffective. The Liang dynasty, in southeast China, on the sea, lasted just 55 years. All five of Wu’s successors ruled only briefly. So the arrangements he made didn’t last either. It’s almost like let’s-pretend. Very elaborate let’s-pretend.

Bodhidharma arrived in south China, in this Liang country, by sea in about 520. From *Tei Dai Dempo* we know that he’s the first patriarch of Chinese Zen. “Emperor Wu of Liang asked Bodhidharma”-and even before he says it, Engo comments on what he’s about to say: “This fool”-that’s the emperor-“is taken in by mere talk.” His question is, “What is the first principle of the holy Truth?” And “the holy Truth” means the ultimate truth of Buddhism. Are we impressed? He’s taken in by impressive words like these. “What is the first principle of the holy Truth?” Engo replies: “What it is-is a hitching post for asses” - asses meaning the asinine. They get attached to it. They’re easily trapped with fancy words.

(Engo, about a century after Setcho published this book, and Hakuin, about six centuries after that, added comments that I quote so often here that I mostly cite them simply as: Engo: “...” and Hakuin: “...”)

Answer: “Bodhidharma said, ‘Being empty’-and let me invite you to take that as, it *all* being empty-“there is no such thing as the holy truth.” And you could split it up: “the (a unique thing),” “(a) holy (thing),” and “(the) truth”-there’s no such thing as any of the three of them. And yet there is nothing lacking. It’s just that it, it all, is differently organized-than that: The way it fits together and works together is not that way. You don’t need “the holy truth” in order to work with it or understand it. Or, better, to live it.

When Bodhidharma arrives, before the dialog in this koan, the first question that the emperor asks him is: “I’ve done all these things.”-like the sacrificial animals of bread dough and so on-“What is the merit?” -the happiness generated by doing those things. Bodhidharma’s answer was, “No merit.” Zero. Engo: “He”-Bodhidharma, having newly arrived, and seeing what’s going on in Liang-“was thinking about how many uniquely wonderful things there were going to be there” -all the ornamental deeds the emperor has done. And his question about the first principle of the holy Truth sounds like a uniquely wonderful thing too. And maybe Bodhidharma’s answer will be too. He may even stay and become yet another one in the emperor’s collection of uniquely wonderful things. It gets crowded. Bodhidharma came from the water, by sea, right into the fire!-the fire being this constant barrage of uniquely wonderful things.

Speaking of Bodhidharma’s answer: “Being empty, there is no such thing as the holy truth”-Engo says that it’s all over. That’s it! Do you get that feeling?-that there’s a kind of finality in it. And, he says, “This is exceedingly clear”-*exceedingly* clear-almost more than we can take.

The emperor is trying to cope. He says, “Who is it that’s answering me?” It’s not like him or the situation for him to mean, “Who has the unmitigated gall to answer me this way?!” He’s genuinely puzzled: He hears, in Bodhidharma’s answer, a paradox: “The truth is there is no truth. Is that the truth?”-in which the first sentence contradicts itself. The emperor is trying to “track the words,” Hakuin says. I would call it logic-chopping. He wants to know who it can be that answers him by contradicting himself in one sentence. It doesn’t make sense in the conventional way that the emperor is used to and that we are used to.

The emperor can’t handle it. He’s compelled to keep trying; he can’t give up and declare victory. It’s impossible. (Really?) Engo: “He sure is groping for it without finding it.” Groping for it.

To the question: “Who is it that’s answering me?”-Bodhidharma answers, “There’s no telling.” It’s not just “I don’t know,” or, “You don’t know.” He’s saying that there’s no way anyone can know-meaning, there’s no discriminative knowing: knowing in terms of opposites, comparisons, and differences. That won’t work for, “Who is he?”

There’s something peculiar about this book, and it’s coming from Engo and Hakuin. There’ll be someone worthy of respect, like Bodhidharma-and in their



comments, they will slander him. Being published, those false insults are libel. Engo's reaction to that answer, "There's no telling": "Yuck!" Hakuin's: "C'mon, get to the point, eh?" -which sounds like a rude, yet reasonable, negative reaction. Well then, if you put that in your mind and think, "OK, he's not getting to the point." Well, maybe he is: Maybe "There's no telling" is the point. And so then try going back and reading what has been said by who-and see: Is this the point of that. First he said, "... Being empty, there's no such thing-" and now, asked, "Who answers this way?"-he says, "There's no telling." What has that got to do with it? Well, remember in the "Introduction" Engo says, "Now tell me, who is that way?" Who? "And when?" Here we are at who and when, courtesy of Engo and Hakuin.

"The emperor could not follow him." It's not just that he didn't get it; he couldn't follow it. It's moving, it's alive. This is not about knowing, it's about being light-footed of mind-so that you can move with it rather than get stuck. OK, can *you* follow Bodhidharma? You've got these things he said. Where is he headed? Don't say it's impossible or makes no sense. Just try. Where is your mind going? Maybe where he's headed is the important thing. It's not a question of what is so and what is not, but of where we are going-with this. Engo says that it's important in another way: ("The emperor could not follow him.") "But what a crying shame!" Engo again: "But we're getting some inkling of him, after all." -some inkling of who he actually is, from this. Hakuin: "Even more than if he'd pretended to know" -that he could tell who he himself was.

The emperor couldn't follow him, so

"Bodhidharma crossed the River," which is the mighty Yangzi River, "into Wei." There's this legend, which can't be true, that Bodhidharma crossed that river with one foot on a reed and the other foot hanging in the air, going across that way on the waves. My best guess is, that means: That's a really big river, next to impossible for Bodhidharma to get across.

Wei was ruled by the Topa family, and they were nobody: They came from a small "tribe" in the vast hordes of horsemen of the northern steppe who attacked China. Nobody paid any attention to them. But lo and behold-to everybody's surprise, they are dominating China north of the Yangzi. Not quite ruling, but calling shots. This Wei dynasty lasted for about 150 years, and the Topa family, the rulers, were mainly killing each other off in a struggle for power. This is where Bodhidharma went! The obvious question is: Why?

Hakuin says that Bodhidharma crossing the Yangzi into Wei, "was escaping from lonely desolation. Each step brought pure breeze to life." A friend told me that New York City is the loneliest place on earth. Packed with people, none of whom know you. There is that aspect to the City. In another way, Liang, where Bodhidharma is coming from, is also lonely. Crowded and lonely. It's packed with "uniquely wonderful things," but none of them are effective, none of them have staying power. Which is desolating. Hakuin goes on: "Each step" that Bodhidharma takes brings "pure breeze to life." You may have had this feeling on your trip from the gatehouse up here to the monastery -that feeling that each step you take is stirring up pure breeze. It's a feeling, not rational. Each step brings pure, clear breeze to life.

Here's Engo and Hakuin ganging up on Bodhidharma again-giving us the chance to investigate opposites of what they say about him. Engo says, "What a wild fox bogey." In China and Japan, the fox is deceptive. It comes on as a human being. And when you've become intimate with this being, you find out that you hadn't the faintest idea of what it is: a fox, sly and clever. Engo: "He can't escape his crowning disgrace." Hakuin: "Having failed to deceive the emperor;"-Deceive? Bodhidharma? Ah, c'mon now-"he's so deeply ashamed that he runs his hand through his hair." Shaven-headed Bodhidharma does!

Engo: "Coming and going back and forth between the East and the West." Sounds like "The meaning of the coming (of Bodhidharma) from the West (from India to China)"-but somehow more complete. But what does "coming and going back and forth" mean? Hakuin rubs it in: "Uncertainly,"-this is Bodhidharma who's uncertain, not knowing where he's going. This is a problem if you do something like leaping from India to China without knowing where you're going, not only the geography, but the culture: the culture shock is formidable. "Uncertainly, not knowing where he's going, and then coming this way, still uncertainly." Bodhidharma wandering around, "coming and going back and forth between the East and the West." I don't know what that means. I doubt that it means anything. But it has *nothing* to do with Bodhidharma. And that's the point.

But then what is its opposite? What are Engo and Hakuin actually pointing toward? You might think they're pointing out that Bodhidharma has a *fixed* purpose

in coming from the West. But Rinzai said, "If he'd had a purpose he wouldn't even have been able to save himself." When a monk asked Joshu for the meaning of Bodhidharma coming from the West, he said, "The oak tree in the garden" -the oak that the monk who asked sees through the window.

After Bodhidharma is gone, the emperor consults with his right-hand (Buddhist) priest, the one he trusts most: "Later the emperor told all this to Shiko and asked him about it." Shiko ("ko" is a title) is a priest who is not who he's cracked up to be. But later, with honest commitment and hard work, he will get real. In fact, he will end up following Bodhidharma across the River into Wei and training under him, becoming his Dharma heir. For now, though, he veers between giving good counsel and providing "uniquely wonderful" confusion.

Engo: this asking Shiko is "a poor child"-the emperor-"thinking of an old debt"-the Dharma. Shiko says, "Can Your Majesty tell now"-do you know now, later, having thought it over-"who that man was?" Shiko is bringing the emperor (and us) back to Bodhidharma's "There's no telling." The emperor's response is to try to deal with the koan posed by Bodhidharma: He repeats his answer, "There's no telling" -an exact quote. Bodhidharma is there, back again, even though he's gone!

But Shiko has another answer: "That was the Mahasattva Kannon, the bearer of the Seal of the Buddha's Mind." That's all very impressive, but Kannon-compassion-is everywhere, while Bodhidharma is gone. Confusing. The Seal of the Buddha's Mind

is *inka*, the physical evidence of the transmission-but to Shiko then, it was simply the transmission of the Dharma. This is the kind of answer you would expect from Shiko, because, Hakuin says, "his title, rank, and reputation probably don't fit his actual situation." So he's given to these fancy answers that don't really fit. And confuse.

"The emperor, regretting not following up, was about to send an envoy"-into Wei, hence an envoy, not just a messenger-"after Bodhidharma to invite him back." He misses him; they miss him. Hakuin: "Hey! Look! *Yourself* as Bodhidharma!" Well, is there for you no such thing-no such thing as the holy truth? Is there no telling who you are? And have you ever done anything like going from India to China?

Engo: "There's really no hanging on to him"-Bodhidharma. But the emperor thinks that he's just lost the chance, and that it was, in Hakuin's words, "a near miss" -that he'd almost got Bodhidharma to stay, but now he's gone. Hakuin, sarcastically: "Yes, like a child catching a grasshopper." Bodhidharma like a grasshopper. Well, India to China-and in that dialog you can see the leaps, the emperor unable to follow him. So, Bodhidharma as grasshopper-courtesy of Engo and Hakuin.

Shiko said, "Don't give the order, Your Majesty, that sends out an envoy to go and get him. Even if the whole country's people went, he still wouldn't turn back." Here Shiko is in complete agreement with Bodhidharma. He wants him back too, but he sees that there's no way. Engo: "He"-

Shiko-"isn't aware of the glorious light shining forth from under his feet." Hakuin: "Aware of it, what to do under your own feet? Tread firmly: Don't let your attention be scattered."



Setcho's Verse begins: "The holy truth? Emptiness!" -tasty medicine compounded with pure poison. Hakuin: "Taking it cures disease," and "It was already too late to avoid this long ago." Question: "How to go about discerning the point of this?" - What does it have to do with me, us, you? It moves, it's alive. Engo: "Too late, you've missed it-slipped up without even realizing it." Answer: "The one answering-who is he?" -Who are you, really? Where did you come from? What is the point of you, and this, your life and so on? Hakuin: "This is Setcho's poison-painted drum." -Who hears it dies the Great Death-of delusion and attachment, not of life itself. "Repeating the answer, he"-the emperor "said that there's no telling." It's as if he can get the end of a rope, a rope in time rather than space, but can't continue it.

"It was for *this* that he"-Bodhidharma-"crossed the River under cover of darkness." *This*: To help the emperor keep with his own insight: that there's something about this "no telling"-staying with that koan, which is Bodhidharma. Here again Engo and Hakuin put down Bodhidharma. Engo: "He"-Bodhidharma-"is no bodhisattva. Oh no, not him!" He wouldn't be caught dead being a bodhisattva. Hakuin: "Running away in the night is not done in the best families of the Western Heaven (India)." Bodhidharma *left home!* "How to escape the thorny brambles growing rampant?" They are the controversy. And we're knee-deep in it.

"Even if the whole country's people"-even if all of us-"went after him,"-looked back on his story, studying it and trying to figure it out-"he"-Bodhidharma-"wouldn't come back again." So: "After so many years, it's pointless to look back on it." Why? Engo: "Where is he at?" Hakuin: "Where has Bodhidharma gone? Look, at your feet -"a grasshopper deep in the mountains!" "Give this looking back a rest!" -because that'll get you stuck.

"A clear breeze the world over-what limit could it have?" Hakuin: "That is Bodhidharma, fully there in the straits (tight places) and the sea lanes (vast, open), clear on each grass-blade tip and on each and all things." Then, having finished both his *teisho* to his assembled monks on the main subject and his verse on it, Setcho goes into action: He looks back and forth among his students, scanning with sharp glances-and he says, "Is The Patriarch here again?"-meaning, is Bodhidharma here again, has he come

back from ancient China to Setcho's China? He answers himself: "He is *here*. Call him to come and wash this old monk's"-Setcho's own-"feet."

Now let's make some connections about "feet": Remember, Hakuin: ("This"-Bodhidharma crossing the River into Wei-"is escape from lonely desolation.") "*Step by step*, the pure breeze comes to life." And, ("Shiko said: 'Even if the whole country's people went, he still *wouldn't turn back*.'") And, Engo: "He (Shiko) is not aware of the glorious light shining forth from under his feet." Hakuin: "Aware of it, what to do under *your own feet*? *Tread firmly*: Don't let your attention be scattered!" And, Hakuin: (In the emperor's mind,) "losing the chance and letting him"-Bodhidharma-"go was certainly a near miss. Yes, like a child catching a *grasshopper!*"

The expected thing for Setcho to do would be to go and wash Bodhidharma's feet (after all that traveling). But, Hakuin says, Setcho "breaks the stereotyped pattern." So what is Setcho saying? Well, here's a hint. Engo: "He's doing things on the spur of the moment." Is he? "Still, we get some inkling of who he"-Setcho-"actually is." Remember that, "some inkling of who he is"? It was said about somebody else-or was it really somebody else? Hakuin: "Yes, but he (Setcho) has few redeeming merits." Remember Bodhidharma's very first answer, "No merit"? He has few redeeming merits. Merits?

So is it clear-the meaning of the coming from the West?❖

Ame ni mo Makezu

Fujin

Although Dai Bosatsu Mountain does not have a physical “gate,” at the entrance of our driveway, there is a gatehouse and a carpenter's shop. Since its opening in 1976, “gatekeepers” have successively embodied the caretaking of the facility and the sangha. Some left behind many things to take care of, while others left the place greatly improved upon - like any one of us who tread this mountain path. For most, the title of “care-givers” would be more appropriate.

Peter, who was our care-giver for two years until last April, worked tirelessly and wholeheartedly to tend to the aging buildings and paths. His unconditional and joyous spirit has been greatly missed since his departure.

Stefan Heringa succeeded Peter as our current care-giver and Zomu [the monastery post responsible for maintenance of the buildings and grounds]. His passion for Japanese architecture and carpentry, his deep appreciation of the culture in general, and his strict work ethic have already made him a pillar of our community after only a few months of residency.

Recently it came to our attention that, spiritually speaking, the gatehouse has been a neglected area of the mountain compared to the Zendo building and Joraku-an (Beecher House). It was decided that as soon as Stefan had settled in, we would perform a purification ceremony and give the gatehouse an official name. A date was set.

The day prior to the ceremony, I asked Eido Roshi if he had decided on a name. He hinted that he was still thinking. In the meantime, I had been thinking about enshrining a Buddha or protecting image at the gatehouse. Years ago, someone had given me a metal statue, saying they had no idea which figure it was. I searched and found out it was Kokuzo Bosatsu, or “The Bodhisattva of Endless Space.” As my room already had an altar and little space, I started to move it to different

places but never felt any were its home. The time had come, I thought, to officially enshrine Kokuzo Bosatsu. It seemed appropriate for the occasion, since Stefan was born in the Year of the Ox, and Kokuzo Bosatsu is considered to be the protecting figure of that sign.

Simultaneously, an old student of Roshi's named Koku (same character as Kokuzo) had signed up for Summer Samu Sesshin after a ten-year absence.

The day we were to perform the ceremony, I asked Roshi once more about the name. Not knowing any of the preceding factors, he said, “I have been thinking about Koku-an: 'Universal Hut,' or 'Endless Universal Hut.’” When I reported to Roshi the two other “Koku events,” he made the name definite.

In the afternoon we all walked down in our robes to Koku-an, and waited for Roshi and his attendant to arrive. Along the way, a car passed which was heading up the mountain. The driver gave a friendly wave, but no one recognized him. When Roshi arrived, the unknown driver was sitting in the car. I asked Roshi, “Who is that person?” Roshi answered, “Koku!” Unbeknownst to any of us, Koku had decided to come to sesshin one day early - and here he came just in time for the ceremony. In addition, Peter came that afternoon, on short notice, and was delighted to join in the purification ceremony at his former home. When it rains on Dai Bosatsu Mountain, it pours!

Finally, though last year's newsletter mentioned his arrival, I must more fully introduce Kyu-san, who has become a part-time resident and the full-time gardener of the monastery. Kyu-san originally came to DBZ in July 2008 to offer a resting place in Sangha Meadow to his late wife, Sumiko. Ever since, he has been transforming the mountain - planting flowers, bushes, and trees all over the grounds. He took it upon himself to reactivate the vegetable garden situated a mile down the driveway from the Zendo building. As it was hard for him to put off work until the planting season, which starts in June, last February he made many kilos of miso. And in celebration of the New Year, he provided us

with countless mochi [rice cakes] and mochi-making parties.

Kyu-san is 78 years old and a source of great inspiration to all who meet him. No matter if it

is raining or sleeting, windy or freezing, sunny or humid, Kyu-san leaves the monastery at dawn, spends the whole day working in the garden, planting seeds, building fences... and returns by 8:00 PM. Every day. ❖

Be not defeated by the rain

by Kenji Mitazawa

*Be not defeated by the rain.
Nor let the wind prove your better.
Succumb not to the snows of winter.
Nor be bested by the heat of summer.
Be strong in body. Unfettered by desire.
Not enticed to anger.
Cultivate a quiet joy.
Count yourself last in everything.
Put others before you.
Watch well and listen closely.
Hold the learned lessons dear.
A thatch-roof house, in a meadow,
nestled in a pine grove's shade.
A handful of rice, some miso, and
a few vegetables to suffice for the day.
If, to the East, a child lies sick:
Go forth and nurse him to health.
If, to the West, an old lady stands
exhausted: Go forth,
and relieve her of burden.
If, to the South, a man lies dying:
Go forth with words of courage
to dispel his fear.
If, to the North,
an argument or fight ensues:
Go forth and beg them stop
such a waste of effort and of spirit.
In times of drought,
shed tears of sympathy.
In summers cold,
walk in concern and empathy.
Stand aloof of the unknowing masses:
Better dismissed as useless,
than flattered as a "Great Man."
This is my goal, the person
I strive to become.*

雨にもまけず 宮沢 賢治

雨にも負けず 風にも負けず
雪にも、夏の暑さにも負けぬ
丈夫な体を持ち
欲はなく
決していからず
いつも静かに笑っている
一日に玄米四合と
みそと少しの野菜を食べ
あらゆることを自分をかんじょうに入れず
よく見聞きし わかり そして忘れず
野原の松の林の陰の小さなかやぶきの小屋にいて
東に病気の子供あれば 行って看病してやり
西に疲れた母あれば 行ってその桶の東をおい
南に死にそうな人あれば 行って憎がなくなってもいいと言ひ
北に喧嘩や訴訟があれば 行ってつまらないからやめると言ひ
日照りの時は涙を流し 寒さの夏はおろおろ歩き
みんなにデクノボーと呼ばれ
ほめられもせず 苦にもされず
そうゆう者に わたしはなりたい



Built to Last

Zuiho Myodo

Of the many skills and great enthusiasm that Stefan Heringa has brought to his new job, perhaps most impressive is his talent as a designer, architect, and artisan with a particular expertise in Japanese forms and carpentry techniques. He has executed several constructions around the grounds with intense dedication - working submerged in swampy water up to his thighs, amidst swarms of biting insects, working in the rain and well after dark when necessary to complete a project by a self-imposed deadline. Moreover, the completed works show a true artist's eye for detail and overall effect.

At the east end of Beecher Lake, Stefan replaced a network of deteriorating bridges with a beautiful new structure. The new bridge - a traditional Japanese style of bridge called *yatsubashi* - zigzags through the marshy area, presenting different views of the picturesque environs with each turn. Approaching the bridge from the north side of the lake, several vistas reveal the beauty of the structure as it is situated within the larger tableau. Approaching from the south, the curve suggested by the meandering bridge elegantly continues the natural curve of the path that leads to it through the brush. Eighty cedar posts driven deep (some as far as five feet) into the mud and ultimately resting on rock or gravel give the structure its unquestionable stability and solidity. Many *samu* [work practice] participants and work exchange students devoted many hours preparing the materials

for this project. Zuiho assisted Stefan throughout the endeavor, and Jokei contributed in the final stages.

Prior to this undertaking, Stefan replaced two other bridges on the south side of the lake with simple yet elegant and sturdy spans. Gently arched and utilizing the same beautiful materials, they are attractive pieces on their own. More importantly, though, these structures represent his vision of the near-future for the path around Beecher Lake: he plans to steadily replace the mish-mash of old decaying bridges with sound structures of a unified style.

His most recent creation stands in the woods across the road from Sangha Meadow, overlooking the stream that spills down from the outflow at the foot of Beecher Lake. A little hut, reminiscent of a *koshikakemachiai* - the "waiting arbor" to which guests at a *Chado* [Way of Tea] gathering arrive and await the host's greeting - might be the first structure atop the mountain that a sharp-eyed visitor to DBZ would encounter. The simple, unobtrusive form sits naturally amidst the trees, at first glance noticeable only for its starkly contrasting dark and light woods and white wall panels. This monochromatic composition immediately confirms the vestibule as not separate from, but as an outpost of the monastery building itself. Upon closer inspection the detailed craftsmanship - the traditional *hafu* [an extremely subtle and elegant arching of the roof line], the feet that the posts stand on, the finely worked

Sitka Spruce lattice windows, the incorporation of an existing large moss-covered rock into one of the walls of the structure - all testify to Stefan's outstanding gifts and diligence. Furthermore, he developed and worked on the project in secret, unbeknownst to the rest of the community - including Roshi!

A common design element within each of these structures is the use of *yakizukuri* - wood that has been scorched and naturally treated leaving a rich, lustrous, dark finish that shows off the natural beauty of the wood's grain and helps to resist weathering and slow deterioration. Stefan first learned this technique from a carpenter in Japan who said that it could

only be done with Japanese cedar. However, through experimentation he found that the process obtained beautiful results with other woods such as the hemlock and larch that had been used in the construction of a now-abandoned barn near Koku-an. By salvaging much of the wood for these projects from this site, in true Zen spirit, Stefan has taken materials that appear to be worn and useless and, through his heart and mind, has breathed new life into them. Everybody is grateful for the contributions to this community that he has already offered, and we eagerly look forward to seeing the fruits of his imagination beautify and enhance the property in the years to come. ❖



Joraku-an Oil Spill

Shinkon Peter Glynn

Every autumn at Dai Bosatsu Zendo we winterize our guest house, Joraku-an, and prepare it for the long cold months of inactivity. This past year the building was closed from October to May. During the month of May, we began the usual preparations to ready the house for the Open Space season.

After initial attempts to start and test the furnace failed, we called Suburban Propane to clean and service it. The Suburban technician isolated the problem and recommended that we replace the fuel lines running from the underground oil tank. After considering this recommendation, we felt this would be the right time to retire the old underground tank and install a new above ground tank.

Peter Lombardi began the installation of a new 330-gallon tank in the shed adjacent to the house. Stefan put in new fuel lines to the furnace and hot water heater, and finished the tank installation on May 29. We contracted Luzon Environmental Services to empty the old underground oil tank and transfer the fuel to the new tank.

At the beginning of the following week, Stefan noticed that a patch of grass between the house and Beecher Lake had what appeared to be traces of fuel oil. We immediately called Luzon to ask for their assistance in determining the extent of the problem, and notified the New York

Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC). Luzon began the work to clean up the oil spill, while we investigated the source of the problem. They removed the old underground tank; we dug up all the old oil lines that extended from the tank to the furnace and hot water heater. We found that the copper connectors on

the old line had deteriorated and separated enough to allow oil to escape. The oil had seeped into the soil, mixed with water, and drained to the Joraku-an basement. From there a sump pump propelled the water and oil via a drain pipe to an exit point down the hill, near to Beecher Lake.

To remediate the soil contamination, Luzon excavated over 50 tons of lakefront soil and installed oil barriers in the soil and at the lake's edge. The heavy equipment, labor, consultation, soil transport, and soil treatment resulted in disbursements of over \$41,000 by September.

The spill was a wakeup call regarding the danger of underground oil tanks. Stefan recently completed installation of a new above ground tank in the monastery basement. With Luzon's help, we are in the process of decommissioning the 30-year-old underground tank next to the monastery. We are also removing an underground gas tank from in front of the garage. In addition to the monastery tanks, two underground tanks at the gatehouse will be replaced with safer above ground tanks in the next month. These planned changes will add an estimated \$15,000 to our incurred expenses, bringing the project total to over \$55,000 for 2009.

Ed Hinchey, who hails from the Syracuse area, is a geologist and a partner with Environmental Resource Management. He has been an invaluable adviser to DBZ throughout this oil cleanup project. He has worked with us to identify priorities and manage different aspects of the project, including serving as liaison to the vendors to develop plans and determine the best course of action. We are very grateful to friends such as Ed and all of our sangha members who have responded to our call for help with generous donations and support. ❖

Cha Zen Ichimi

Zuiho Myodo

This year proved to be the Year of Tea at Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji and New York Zendo Shobo-ji. Each temple had the honor of hosting a Grand Master of *Chado* [the Way of Tea], who came to offer ceremonial bowls of *matcha* [powdered green tea] to the Buddha. Additionally, this summer marked the return to DBZ of the Friends in Tea conference, a gathering of Tea devotees and professionals.

On May 7, Nyogen Senzaki's memorial day, in the midst of the sesshin now dedicated to him, Sen Soushu, the *lemoto* [Grand Master] of the Mushakouji Senke school of Tea, visited DBZ to perform a *kencha shiki* [tea offering ceremony]. This ceremony is one of the most formal Chado procedures and is most often performed at Buddhist temples or Shinto shrines. About 30 students and followers from both Kyoto and New York accompanied and assisted the *lemoto*. After making the offering to the Buddha, Eido Roshii briefly introduced the Tea Master, who then gave a short talk on the basic connections between Zen practice and the practice of Chado. Following the talk, the Mushakouji members served sesshin participants a bowl of matcha and a Kyoto-made sweet, and afterwards joined us for a traditional *jihatsu* lunch.

The *lemoto*'s son and successor-to-be, Sen Souku, who visited the monastery for several days about one month before the May event, assisted his father at DBZ and performed the same offertory ceremony the following month at NYZ. On June 18th, *Wakasosho* [lit. the Young Master] Sen Souku made the tea offering and delivered a lively lecture on the history of Tea and Zen. Over 50 participants attended. Yuriko

Kuchiki kindly and adeptly served as translator for both father and son. Sangha members Ryouan Yasuko Hara, who is a teacher in the Omotesenke Chado tradition, and her husband, Zensho Martin Hara, were instrumental in arranging these events.



Earlier in the same week, about 30 students of the Way of Tea from various schools and traditions journeyed to DBZ and gathered at Joraku-an for several days. Called "Friends in Tea," the event included formal Chado practice and seatings, informal discussions and gatherings, workshops on different handicrafts and skills related to hosting a Tea gathering, and much more. Eido Roshii gave a talk on Tea scrolls that was very well received by the group. A selection of his latest calligraphies, one of which he kindly donated to the group for display during their event, hung on the walls of the monastery dining room and nearby corridor. As the scroll is of central importance in the overall theme and feeling of a Tea gathering, many of the conference participants took home one of Roshii's works (including the one mentioned above) to display in their own tea rooms. Roshii was invited to be the main guest at a *chakai* [Tea gather-

ing], and the group served the DBZ residents and work exchange students a bowl of tea on another occasion. The group's organizers, including Chika Bettina Mueller, a longtime student of Eido Roshi's and friend to DBZ, presented Roshi with a lovely tea bowl crafted by a New York-based potter who makes pieces in the traditional Shigaraki style. The event proved greatly successful as both guests and hosts shared in the reality of *cha zen ichimi* ["Zen and Tea are of one flavor"].

Most recently, another lemoto - Soujitsu Kobori of the Enshu School - visited New York and ceremonially offered tea to the Buddha at NYZ. His father, Souke Kobori, had come to DBZ in 1986 in celebration of the monastery's 10th anniversary for the same purpose. On that occasion, the former lemoto made a gift to DBZ of the tea utensils which were used as part of the *kencha* ceremony. The son used these same utensils this time around, both at NYZ and the night before at a demonstration at the Japan Society. About a dozen people, including the lemoto's wife and several senior instructors, journeyed all the way from Tokyo for the occasion. They were joined at NYZ by about 25 sangha members and friends. The ceremony, again, included sutra chanting and culminated with Eido Roshi placing the special bowl of tea before the Buddha. After the ceremony, Roshi and the lemoto shared some words before the Enshu "guests" took on the role of "hosts," serving tea and sweets to all the participants. The Enshu contingent and Shobo-ji participants again switched roles, as NYZ served the guests a special lunch. It took the effort of many people to make this event a success: notably, Sumiko Ito, of the Enshu School, and Aiho-san, with the assistance of Seigan, Jokei, Giun, and Zuiho. ❖

Sesshin in Poland, 2009

Kozan Piotr Roszczenko

This August, Eido Roshi returned to Poland for the second time since 2002 to conduct a five-day sesshin. A number of Dharma brothers and sisters from the DBZ sangha joined him, including, Ekyo Urszula Sapeta, Jimin Anna Klegon, Daishin Pawel Wojtasik, and myself, as well as Jonen Alicja Borowska, who lives in Poland, and former ordained residents of DBZ Banzan Jerzy Szczepkowski and Jiun Ewa Tarasewicz. It was a heartfelt meeting between the different generations of practitioners.

The sesshin took place in the countryside outside the town of Kazimierz Dolny, three hours from Warsaw. The octagonal design of the building that housed the zendo produced a particularly intimate effect: regardless of where one sat, one could see each of the other 22 participants sitting, and vice-versa. Banzan served as *jikijitsu*, an officer position he filled over a decade ago at DBZ, and Jiun as *jisha*. Jimin translated during *dokusan* and Roshi's *teishos*. Daishin held the *ino* post. I served as Roshi's *inji*, with help from Ekyo. And Eido Roshi himself led the *Diamond Sutra* chanting.



Roshi's *teishos* helped to create a particularly charged atmosphere. He spoke about Bassui's training, Soen Roshi's strenuous solitary retreats, and the need to sit deeper and deeper "until everything transforms into great darkness." Many participants felt inspired to sit *yaza* [after-hours *zazen*]. They were beautiful nights for sitting. The dogs of the countryside howled mournfully while a warm wind blew through the zendo.



After sesshin, Roshi, the DBZ contingent, and a handful of other participants took a cruise down the scenic Vistula River, enjoying the sights of weeping willows and castle ruins on the riverbanks. The outing provided a wonderful release from the strains of sesshin. Before leaving Kazimierz Dolny, Roshi painted the *han* [the wooden board that is struck to signal dawn and dusk] for the octagonal zendo. He gave the space the name *Kosho-an*, after the respective Dharma names (Maezumi lineage) of the caretakers Darek and Hania, who worked so hard to meet the needs of a DBZ-style sesshin.

The following day Roshi returned to Warsaw. Many Dharma friends convened for a farewell dinner at the home of Ania

and Jarek, two sesshin participants. Maria Malewska, a Zen teacher who resides in Poland, traveled many hours by train to meet Roshi. A slideshow of old photos from the first Polish sangha made for a nostalgic evening. I delighted in seeing photos of Ekyo and Jimin from the 1970s alongside many other Polish faces. Many of these individuals practice to this day and have scattered all over the world in pursuit of practice, relocating to the United States, Japan, Korea, Thailand, and elsewhere.

Roshi continued his travels the next morning, on to Switzerland to conduct his annual sesshin there. The DBZ contingent said their goodbyes and prepared for their own journeys in Poland, reuniting with family and friends. As we split up, everyone involved sensed the preciousness of this pilgrimage.

It was inspiring to see the natives of Poland, those unaffiliated with DBZ, participate in sesshin. Though they were unaccustomed to the sesshin form, they possessed raw enthusiasm. Sesshin was a matter of grave importance for them. One woman, whose daughter had recently passed away, sat the nights with her daughter's photo under her *zabuton*. She would glance at the photo before each sit. Clearly this opportunity to sit sesshin meant the world to her. Afterwards, she thanked Roshi profusely, as did many others.

For the Polish people, where Dharma centers and sanghas are not as structured as in the United States, nor are teachers as numerous, Roshi's visit nourished many individuals' practices. A deep longing for Dharma was satisfied. And Poland waits eagerly for Roshi's return. ❖

No Teachers of Zen

Soun Joe Dowling

Adapted from a Dharma Talk at
New York Zendo Shobo-ji

Three of the most well-known phrases in Zen are the basis of and inspiration for this presentation:

Every day is a good day.
A day without work is a day without food.
There are no teachers of Zen.

Taken together these make a kind of progression: going from having the right attitude, to making a real effort, to realizing that no one is responsible for our karma but ourselves. As “students” of Zen, the last one in particular, may leave us with many questions. At least, though, we know we can solve any problem over time since resolute breathing clears it all...

Let's begin with "Every day is a good day." Attributed to Ummon, a monk who lived in ninth century China, I wholeheartedly agree with this ancient and famous Zen saying. Now that I've matured a bit and stopped blaming others for my problems, I know that "attitude is everything."

Almost every day we hear someone - maybe even ourselves - saying, "I'm having a bad day;" or, "It's one of those days." The implication is that somehow, somehow fate or god or whatever has conspired to ruin a particular day, that everything will lead to some kind of failure. As a teacher I have heard this over and over again, usually from a student who is not ready for a quiz or does not have the paper that is due.

"I'm having a bad day" says, "It's not my fault"; it screams, "Don't blame me," and it asks, "Will you give me a break because I need it?" It's really an all-purpose excuse, a cop-out. Saying, "I'm having a bad day," sets oneself up for failure: a self-fulfilling prophesy is set in motion. If someone says and believes that he is having a bad day, then of course he will have one.

But just the opposite is true. In fact, every day IS a good day, provided that we have the right attitude, a positive one. Now, say that my car broke down, or I just lost my wallet, or even worse, someone near and dear to me has gotten very sick or died. In Zen we continue to say, okay, but every day is still a good day. How can this be - how can it be a good day if someone close to me has just died? The Zen answer is: death is a part - an essential part - of life. Is it tragic that someone has died? Well, it may feel tragic, and we might rightly feel sad and bereft. But, no, it is not really tragic in the sense that it is unexpected or unnatural because death is a part of life. Every thing and everyone who is alive and has lived, will die - that is an incontrovertible fact. If someone or some thing does not die, it never lived. So while Zen does not negate personal sadness nor find fault with the grieving process, Zen also does not mystify death or make it into something unnatural. It's as natural as birth. Zen teaches us to accept the inevitability of our own deaths; this is the first koan for many of us...

What does "Every day is a good day" mean in terms of Zen practice? In essence, I think it means: attitude is

everything, or don't take a bad attitude and then blame others for your problems.

I once heard Swami Satchitananda say, "Everything takes a little time and some practice." He meant that the first step on a spiritual path is to have a change in attitude. We have to make day-by-day decisions as to how to use our time productively - how we use our time reflects what is important to us. I initially had to overcome years of cynicism and skepticism, especially in regards to things spiritual, before I could attend to and care for my body and my mind. Through yoga and the related sangha, I came to appreciate daily practice. I began to work on *prana yama* - breathing practices - which I still find very beneficial in preparation for zazen.

A Zen practitioner faces the same dilemma on a daily basis - that is, finding the time, the place, and most importantly the will to sit without moving for a set period of time (for my practice usually 45 minutes twice daily). We cannot accomplish this with a bad attitude, blaming others or fate or god for some perceived obstacle. When we find ourselves wavering or in a self-pitying mood - which can happen quite easily - we remind ourselves that a positive attitude will lead to positive results.

Thus, to be on the Zen path, first we have to master the attitude game and reject our own moodiness and self-pity. This is the initial barrier to cross. In doing so, yes, every day is a good day.

"A day without work is a day without food," is attributed to Hyakujo, the eighth

century Chinese Zen Master. At first glance, this statement seems pretty harsh - like saying, "If you don't work, you can't eat," or, "Do your job, or else..."

But let's step back a bit and take a look at the nature of work and the nature of food. Let's take rice, for example. Rice is the staple food for much of the world, especially in Asia. I learned when I was living in China that some people there eat rice three or more times a day - rice gruel for breakfast, rice with the midday meal, more rice with dinner, and possibly a rice cake with the afternoon tea!



Once I took a trip with Xiao Lin, one of my students at the South China University of Technology, to visit a cartoon studio way on the other side of our city, Guangzhou. After a memorable day, we arrived back on campus, where we both lived, a little late for dinner. There was some food left for us but no rice; it was all gone. This was no problem for me, but I could see in Lin's nearly teary eyes that he was devastated. To him, rice was more than just food; it was THE essential food. With no rice, he felt he was missing out on something indispensable.

Rice, I think, is a symbol not only of all food but also of the fruits of our labor, all work. What does it take to be able to eat a bowl of rice? Well, first of all someone, somewhere had to prepare the soil and irrigate the land in the specific way rice cultivation requires. Then someone, somewhere had to plant, tend, and harvest this rice. Then someone, somewhere had to bring this rice to market where another someone had to set up shop and sell this precious grain to the consumer. Then, of course, someone else (maybe a mother or father) had to wash and prepare the rice for cooking, so finally someone (maybe you or me or Xiao Lin) could eat it.

All this effort, all this preparation for just a simple bowl of rice. So when Hyakujo says, "A day without work is a day without food," he is implying that work is indispensable to human survival because without work there would be no essential sustenance, no life, no existence.

Another perspective is that food is what we really need and work equals that effort which will bring it to us. In Zen terms, once we have changed our attitude and have decided to be on the path, to become a follower of the Way, the next ingredient necessary is effort. We must make a good effort to sit in zazen posture on a regular basis; we must develop a regular practice and find a teacher to guide us along the way. We must exert ourselves each time we encounter the cushion, with each breath, especially with each resolute exhalation into the hara [the lower abdomen].

The promise of Zen is that if we sincerely do this, over and over, again and again, a sense of understanding will gradually

accumulate within us. Over time we can come closer and closer to answering the essential questions: What is This? Who am I and what is my karmic role in this lifetime? As long as the effort is there, the practical nature of Dharma reveals a way for all of us, no matter what. So, yes, a day without work (effort) is a day without food (what is essential).

"There are no teachers of Zen," declared the great ninth century Chinese master Obaku Kiun Zenji. He was a Dharma heir to Hyakujo and the teacher of Rinzai Gigen Zenji - the founder of our Zen lineage. The first question, then, is: how could Obaku say this when he himself was, in fact, one of the fiercest Zen teachers of his day?

There are, I think, at least two answers to this question: one takes a Fundamental perspective, the other are more direct and practical one. From the Absolute point of view, we can say "there are no teachers of Zen" because in the strictest of Zen terms, there is no such thing as Self and Other. In Zen there is no dualism, no complicated reality, no multiple and myriad manifestations. In Zen there is only one essence; all thoughts of the many, of Nature's "10,000 things" as we humans see them, are illusion. In fact, responding to the assertion that the purpose of Zen was to polish all the dust off of the Mind's mirror, Hui Neng, the Sixth Patriarch, wrote:

There's never been a single thing;
Then where's the defiling dust to cling.

Obaku said it this way:

The Void is fundamentally without spatial

dimensions, passions, activities, delusions, or right understanding. You must clearly understand that in it there are no things, no men, and no Buddhas; for this Void contains not the smallest hairsbreadth of anything that can be viewed spatially; it depends on nothing and is attached to nothing. It is all-pervading, spotless beauty; it is the self-existent and uncreated Absolute.

So in looking at it in this mind-boggling way, we see not only are "there no teachers of Zen," there is also no individual existence, no so-called physical reality, in short, nothing but the primordial Void.

The description of the young Rinzai's first encounter with Master Obaku may help elucidate this less startling and more direct meaning of "There are no teachers of Zen." (This is part of a story we in the Zendo are very familiar with.) When Rinzai first took dokusan - a private meeting - with Obaku and asked, "What is the essence of Buddha-Dharma?" he was met with a blow of his master's stick not once, not twice, but three times.

When Obaku says, "There are no teachers of Zen," he is saying something very basic about Zen practice. No one can teach us about the ultimate reality of this existence: we can only experience it directly and intuitively for ourselves. So, while Eido Roshi is the abbot and spiritual leader of both New York Zendo Shobo-ji and Dai Bosatsu Zendo, as a Zen master he tries to get us to see the truth about our own Zen in our own ways. This is the radical freedom of Zen practice - not even the greatest of Zen masters can tell an individual that such and such is the Truth. Only the individual sitting alone in his own zazen can intuitively come to realization.

Many of us come to Zen fleeing the dogmatic and controlling ideologies of our birth religions. In our Zendo we come together to sit and face the wall. Yes, as a sangha we do support and encourage each other. But in a real sense, each of us must travel the lonely path on our own, and each of us has to arrive at the answers to our questions in our own way. Originality of thought is not only encouraged here - originality is the only way, the Zen way. Often when we meet with Roshi in dokusan, we are sent away to rethink our answers because our responses are derivative; they are unoriginal, taken from others and superimposed upon our own karmic paths, and thus not really valid. It is the teacher's job to keep us on an authentic path; it is the student's job to keep following this genuine individual path, no matter what.

So, a teacher may guide us on the path, but true insight can only be achieved through intuitive comprehension of reality as it is, arising from within ourselves. Rinzai put it even more dramatically than Obaku:

Followers of the Way, if you wish to have a viewpoint that is in accord with the Dharma, it is only necessary that you not be beguiled by others. Whether you meet them within or without, kill them right away! When you meet the Buddha, kill him! When you meet a patriarch, kill him.

By "killing," Rinzai meant detaching oneself from dependence on authority figures, whether people or ideas, in order to achieve genuine spiritual liberation. We voice the same conviction each morning service when we chant "Atta Dipa," Shakyamuni Buddha's final instructions to his disciples:

Know!
You are the Light itself
Do not rely on others
The Dharma is the Light
Rely on the Dharma
Do not rely on anything
Other than the Dharma

When a thousand years ago Obaku said, "There are no teachers of Zen," one of his own students immediately objected, saying in essence: how can this be true since we can all observe that there is at least one great teacher sitting here before us? Obaku cannily answered: "Please note that I did not say there is no Zen. I merely pointed out that there are no TEACHERS."

Let me bring this presentation to an end, by citing Rinzai once more. In Chapter 11 of the *Book of Rinzai*, as translated by Eido Roshi, the Master says to us:

You must not be deluded by others. If you want to act, just act. Don't ever be intimidated. You students nowadays don't get it. What is the disease? The disease is a lack of self-confidence... Because you students of Dharma don't have enough confidence in yourselves, you search outwardly.

In our lives, in our Zen, confidence is the foremost thing that each of us must manifest to be successful. It is more important than good looks or exceptional talent; it's more valuable than money or possessions, and it can't be bought or faked. Each of us must develop this trait because we are not born confident. Though we may start with youthful optimism, this is not confidence; it is innocence. Sadly, over time

most of us slowly lose this optimism due to the hardships of life or because people (our own parents, uninspiring teachers, our peers) disappoint us and take the wind out of our sails.

Yet, I repeat, we must gain confidence if we are to succeed. With confidence, we will take chances and put ourselves out there for the benefit of others. Most people, fearing failure or lacking will, live their lives hiding out, avoiding reaching out, refusing to put themselves on the line. With true confidence, there will be no fear of failure - unexpected results, rather than being blows to the ego, simply become chances to correct and change.

With a true Zen sensibility - being confident any place, any time, anywhere - we are sure to know what to do and when to do it. This confidence comes from within; it is the inside, the real Self that is cultivated in Zen practice and training. By sitting quietly and focusing on the breath, by letting go of all thought, by penetrating into our own guts, we discover who we really are and what it is we are supposed to do.

Zen practice trains us to step outside our busy lives, to ask karmic questions of ourselves which might otherwise be obscured by the flow of everyday life. Zen does not stop time, but doing zazen puts us into a different mindset within the flow of time. In zazen we can see things in their proper context. No one - no teacher nor parent nor friend - can give us the answers we seek. The answers must come from our own intuitive understanding, deep inside of us, in a place that sitting in zazen helps us to reach. ❖

New York Zendo Shobo-ji News

Kencha Shiki by Two Great Tea Masters

This year New York Zendo was honored on two separate occasions by visits from renowned Tea Masters from Japan. Each travelled to Shobo-ji to offer a bowl of tea to the Buddha. On June 18, Tea Master Sen Souku, who is the son of the Grand Tea Master of the Mushakouji Senke Tea School, conducted a *kencha shiki*, or "tea offering ceremony." After whisking a bowl of powdered green tea, he gracefully placed the offering before the "Endless Dimension Universal Life" Buddha. Over 50 sangha members and friends participated in the ceremony by chanting the *Heart Sutra*. Afterwards, the young Master delivered a very lively lecture in Japanese on the history of Tea and Zen. Yuriko Kuchiki provided translation. On the morning of October 23, the Grand Tea Master of the Enshu School, Soujitsu Kobori, also performed a *kencha shiki*, offering a bowl of whisked powdered green tea to the Buddha. After chanting and a few words by Eido Roshi and Master Kobori, the Tea Master's students kindly served tea and sweets (brought specially from Japan) to all in attendance. Following the tea service, New York Zendo served Master Kobori and his students an elegant *bento* [boxed lunch].



Farewell to Mr. Yamada

On April 18, 2009, Mr. Hisashi Yamada, the retired Director of the Urasenke Tea School of New York, passed away at his home. A longtime friend of Eido Roshi's, their friendship spanned over 40 years. Eido Roshi, assisted by Aiho-san, Seigan, Fujin, Shinkon, and Giun, conducted the *tsuya* [funeral service] in addition to a memorial service at the Riverside Memorial Chapel. Many from the Japanese community attended. Roshi also conducted a 49-day service for Mr. Yamada. We pray for his peaceful Nirvana.

Encouragement to Mrs. Fumiko Hosoda

In honor of Mrs. Fumiko Hosoda, a longtime Shobo-ji supporter and friend to Eido Roshi, a concert was held at the Wajima Restaurant on September 6, 2009. Roshi and Mr. Kiichi Hosoda, Mrs. Hosoda's son and the owner and chef of Wajima, arranged the event. The Hosoda family, their friends, and sangha members from NYZ gathered in support of Mrs. Hosoda, who has been enduring an extended illness this past year. Fujin and Mariko Anraku offered their musical talents, performing a set of pieces highlighting flute and harp. Shobo-ji sends its best wishes to Hosoda-san for her continuing health and peace of mind.

Painting and Renovations

Being an old building, New York Zendo requires regular and yearly maintenance. This year the Zendo's kitchen, along with the library bathroom received fresh coats of paint. Genkai Stefan Tessler, our hardworking Zomu, replaced light switches and plumbing fixtures, and performed some minor roof repairs. In August during the Summer Interim, Yuho Carl Baldini and Seigan painted the Garden Zendo heating units. For their work, we are very grateful.

Thursday Night Beginners Night

For the past 20 years, every Thursday night, sangha members Kokan Jim Borowiec and Curtis Gatz have served as dedicated officers. Kokan has led the introductory class, and Curtis has steadily held his post as jikijitsu. We sincerely thank them for their practice, generosity of spirit, reliability, and decades of service.

Every Thursday New York Zendo is open to the public for an introductory class in zazen [Zen Buddhist meditation]. No prior experience is necessary. The basics of zazen: posture, breathing, and concentration are taught, as well as bowing, chanting, and walking meditation. No reservations are necessary; the doors open at 6:15 PM. Please arrive before 6:55, the program is from 7:00 to 9:00. There is a \$15 door contribution for the program. Twice a month, a Dharma talk is given on Thursday evening. Please see our website for current talks or pick up our monthly New York Zendo schedule found in the Zendo foyer.

Tai Chi Tuesdays

This past fall New York Zendo introduced an optional Tai Chi class on Tuesday evenings after one period of sitting. It has been a great success, with over 18 students attending. Curtis Gatz, a practitioner of Tai Chi for over 30 years, teaches the class. Tai Chi is the practice of "The Great Ultimate." Its aim is to develop chi, our primal energy force (the functioning of which is described by the theory of Yin and Yang). By integrating breath and movement, our mental and physical aspects of chi manifest and are utilized. As a supplement to zazen practice, Tai Chi increases energy, releases and transforms negative mental and emotional aspects, develops a positive force, and achieves inner unity by harmonizing body, mind, and spirit. The class consists of various soft Chi Kung techniques, with breath-work as a foundation. Yang Tai Chi long form and Yang Tai Chi short form are taught, progressing to soft and fast Wu-style Tai Chi and the Yang long form - push hands. No reservations are necessary, all are welcome. Doors open at 6:15 PM and the entire program runs from 7:00 to 9:00.

New Membership Rates

For 20 years New York Zendo's basic membership rate has remained at \$50 per month. Operating costs for the Zendo, however, have increased, especially our insurance premium. This year alone, the cost for insuring our building was \$13,000. In order to meet this need and higher gas and electric rates, we have increased our monthly membership fee by \$10. Therefore, the basic monthly fee beginning in January 2010 will be \$60 for a single person and \$90 for a couple. We would especially like to thank those who have been generously contributing more than the standard amount for their continued support. New York Zendo is very proud of its strong membership and entire sangha.

Weekend Sesshin

Sesshin is an opportunity for students to intensify their practice and to deepen their zazen. Sesshin literally means "to collect one's mind" and is an essential part of Zen training. The silent retreat includes zazen, chanting, and vegetarian meals. Eido Roshi presents a daily teisho [a formal talk given on a Zen text], and offers dokusan [private meeting] twice a day. An orientation is given for new students. Weekend Sesshins begin on Friday evening and continue to Sunday afternoon. Reservations are required. Because of the intensity of sesshin, students are encouraged to first attend at least one All-Day Sitting.

All-Day Sitting

A one-day sit is held six times a year from 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM, doors open at 8:15. All-Day Sits follow the same schedule as sesshin, with chanting, zazen, and dokusan in the morning, followed by a traditional jihatsu-style lunch, and a teisho or Dharma talk in the afternoon. The day concludes with chanting and prostrations. All-Day Sits are a good opportunity for students who want to intensify their sitting, and prepare themselves for a Weekend Sesshin.

Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji News

Winter Interim 2008 - 2009

The year began with a surge in the resident population at DBZ, as several interim residents joined the sangha for the New Year's Eve celebration and the first part of January. Matthew Leavey, Caroline Savage, Kaity Cheng, Juri Nishio, and Noemi Pfluger all spent the opening weeks of 2009 practicing with the residential community, and Shogo Wada remained with us after Rohatsu 2008 until returning to Japan partway through January. Also, after sitting Rohatsu at DBZ, Sister Thin Nghiem rejoined us just before the close of 2008 and spent another several weeks as an interim resident before departing in February to visit other practice places in this country and abroad. This interim period also brought exciting news for one of our long-time residents: on February 24, Seizan Tomoaki Sasaki learned that his application for permanent U.S. residency - that is, a "green card" - had been approved. Congratulations, Seizan!

Spring Kessei 2009

Led by Eido Roshi, the Spring Kessei began on April 3. Uncharacteristically, no first-time kessei students joined for this training period - everyone was returning for at least their second kessei. The somewhat small but relatively experienced kessei group was Fujin Butsudo, Jokei Kyodo, Shinkon Wado, Tenrai Gudo, Giun Kendo, Zuiho Myodo, Seimu Jodo, Seizan Tomoaki Sasaki, Kozan Piotr Roszczenko, and Andrew Gregory. The proportion of ordained to lay students was another unaccustomed feature of this kessei. Near the end of May, Jikyo Tairo joined us from Hoen-ji to complete the final month of kessei, making the ordained students the majority. After the ordinations of Zuiho and Jodo in June, there were eight ordained students in residence, significantly outnumbering the three lay students. One notable addition to the lay community, though, was Stefan Heringa, who began his tenure midway through the training period.

Midori Goto visits DBZ

World-renowned violinist Midori Goto had wanted to visit Dai Bosatsu Zendo for many years. However, due to her busy schedule of performing, teaching, and traveling across the globe, she never had the chance. This May the karmic opportunity finally presented itself, and she, with two of her students, came to DBZ. We felt so honored to have her simply as our guest,



yet she was resolute in her wish to join the residents in our practice, sitting with us and even eating jihatsumeals! Of course, her enthusiastic students did the same. Her "samu," moreover, was something extraordinary. As a spiritual offering to the Buddha, she gave a powerful performance, expertly and soulfully playing a violin sonata by J. S. Bach. To call it a "performance" or "recital" actually understates the fact. We witnessed an intense, emotional, and expressive outpouring of *nen*. Each dynamic note contributed to a seamless amalgam of passion and virtuosity. We are so grateful to Midori-san for sharing with us her unique and intimate offering. Special thanks must also go to Mr. Katsuo Takeda, who was essential in coordinating this unforgettable event.

Ordinations

On June 3, Gempo Roshi's memorial day, Dai Bosatsu Zendo sangha, family, and friends gathered to witness the ordination of two resident students, Myodo Matthew Perez and Seimu Tina Grant. Both migrated to DBZ from Seattle, where they had been practicing under the guidance of Genjo Marinello Osho at Chobo-ji. Eido Roshi conducted an elegant, simple ceremony, formally acknowledging their commitments and officially ordaining them as Buddhist priests. Myodo received the name Zuiho, "Auspicious Phoenix," and Seimu received the name Jodo, "The Way of Tolerance." Genjo Osho traveled from Seattle to attend the ceremony and "see them off" as they embark on their spiritual journey. He offered both strict advice as well as kind encouragement. We wish Jodo and Zuiho the best and vow to support and uphold their training at DBZ.



Misogi Practice at Joraku-an

On July 28, Kotaro Hiruta Sensei, head of Ichikukai Misogi Dojo in Tokyo, came to Dai Bosatsu Zendo to dedicate the new *kamidana* [Shinto shrine] in the Joraku-an zendo, thereby inviting genuine misogi practice to take place on this Mountain. He was accompanied by his students, Anekoji-san, Kuchiishi-san, Adam Sorkin, and Yuho Carl Baldini, as well as members of Brooklyn Aikikai. *Misogi-no-kokyu-ho*, a Shinto practice, purifies the body and mind, and trains the hara [tanden] through deep exhalations and vigorous chanting, mostly the syllables, "To ho ka mi e mi ta me!" Early the following morning, as the sun crested the ridge, Hiruta Sensei, dressed in the traditional garments of a Shinto priest, dedicated the *kamidana*. Afterwards, nearly three dozen people - including Eido Roshi, the esteemed guests, and DBZ residents - performed the first misogi practice in front of the new altar. The *kamidana* - complete with the traditional salt, water, and sake offerings - replaces the Buddha statue as the main item of reverence in the zendo. Over the course of several months, Yuho, Ryugan Robert Savoca Sensei, and other members of Brooklyn Aikikai, and Andrew Gregory of DBZ wonderfully refurbished the room's woodwork in preparation for this event, and to make the space more suitable as a place for practice. Thanks to the karmic interactions between DBZ, Ichikukai Dojo, and Brooklyn Aikikai, misogi practice has the chance to sprout on Dai Bosatsu Mountain. Outside of Japan, it is practiced only at Hiruta Sensei's residence near Edwards, New York and at Brooklyn Aikikai's dojo. So it is quite special that DBZ can act as a refuge for this unique spiritual tradition. Fittingly, the old zendo of Joraku-an - the epicenter of so much spiritual energy 30 years ago - will once again serve as a place of intense practice.

O-Bon

More than 90 people gathered at Dai Bosatsu Zendo for this year's beautiful Dai Segaki and O-Bon. Together we offered our chanting and our fond remembrances to our departed family members and loved ones. Once again, beautiful weather and a humbling starscape blessed the occasion as we floated lanterns across Beecher Lake. Aiho-san directed preparations for this year's feast, with the assistance of Seigan, Seizan, Yusen Junko Fujii, Ryota Hikima, Junko Kawakami, Lann Ikeno, and Khin Tint. Stefan led the Zomu team, taking care of the welcoming fire, the rental boats, the torches, and a formidable O-Bon fire. This year, former kessei student, Talia Lugacy, made a special offering. She, with collaborators Tom Noonan and Alison MacLean, filmed the entire O-Bon event. They captured beautiful video and still footage of the Dai Segaki service and the floating of the lanterns, which Talia worked doggedly to edit into a film presentation. At the beginning of October, she presented a preliminary version of the film to Eido Roshi in honor of his 77th birthday.

Switzerland Sesshin

This August, Shinkon had the pleasure of accompanying Eido Roshi to his annual sesshin at Stiftung-Felsentor retreat center. Shokan Urech Osho hosted 25 sesshin participants from all over Europe. The route to the mountain retreat winds its way through Switzerland's captivating natural beauty. The pilgrims' journey included a train ride from Zürich, followed by a boat ride across Lake Lucerne. Next, a tram carried them high above the lake, offering breathtaking views of the surrounding mountains and countryside. They concluded the trip with a 10 minute walk from the tram's terminus to Felsentor. Steeply graded pastures and imposing boulders surround the zendo and living quarters; the sound of cow bells comes from all directions throughout the day. The surrounding garden and the oak woodwork in the zendo space compliment each other beautifully and are a perfect setting for zazen. Roshi's teishos focused on Bassui's, "What is This?" Shokan served as jikijitsu, and Shinkon as inji. Longtime students Goho Stephen Rossi and Joyo Catherine Brenner filled the ino and jisha posts, respectively. Thierry Boudewyn, who resided at DBZ for the 2008 Fall Kessei, was gyorin. The participants sat well and, in true Swiss-German form, worked together to create a very orderly and focused sesshin atmosphere.

Samu Projects and Improvements

As most readers know, an essential part of our lives at Dai Bosatsu Zendo is samu - work practice. The work that we engage in varies greatly: one-time projects, seasonal chores, indoor work, outdoor work, etc. Of the countless projects embarked upon and completed throughout this past year at DBZ, several stand out as noteworthy.

Shortly after his arrival, Stefan led work crews in making some improvements at Sangha Meadow. In the cemetery, they refurbished the Shimano family grave, removing sod and replacing it with white rock, as is traditional in Japanese cemeteries. They also removed two rhododendrons that were not thriving in the overly wet soil conditions at the plot which were replanted near Koku-an (flanking the large sign at the entrance to the monastery grounds, where they seem much happier). The beauty and simplicity of the new gravesite is striking. Additionally, the crews added fresh gray gravel to the walkway that runs the length of the



cemetery between the family plots. They then gave a similar facelift to one of the main footpaths in the meadow, replacing a trail of bark chips that became rutted and muddy every time it rained. Several inches of gray gravel now create a beautiful visual effect and greatly improve the walkway during and after rain showers.

For many years, a large contingent of unwanted guests have made the attics of Joraku-an their semi-permanent home: little brown bats! The problem had thus far only been dealt with in a piecemeal and occasional fashion. This year, though, Shinkon directed the daunting task of ridding the house of the vermin entirely, and sealing it off to prevent their return. Most of the DBZ residents and many work exchange students contributed to this great effort: plugging gaps at the seams of the roofline, removing the accumulated guano, and dousing the attics with enzymatic repellent. The project, which was truly a communal effort and stretched out over the course of months, was completed at the beginning of the summer. So far, periodic re-examinations of the attics have found no bats and very few traces of them.

After a particularly harsh winter and several years relying exclusively on in-house maintenance, we deemed it necessary this summer to call in a professional to improve the condition of our road. Rick Barnhart had worked on the road in the past. Again, he and his crew did an excellent job filling holes, leveling out ruts, stabilizing the driving surface, making for a drastically safer and more comfortable drive up the mountain. They cleared the drainage ditches that run the length of the road as well, which should curtail the impact of rain and snow-melt on the driveway. Furthermore, Rick met with Stefan and Shinkon to give them instructions on how to properly maintain the road, to keep it in the best possible condition and to prevent the need of his services again for several years.

Having given many years of good service, both the old, red dump truck and the blue Ford pick-up were deemed ready for retirement. We hoped to find a single truck that could take the place of both. After much searching, Shinkon and Stefan made a trade for a brand new, fire engine-red Chevy Silverado. The new truck has a reliable and powerful dumping bed - a feature that is particularly helpful in dealing with the many loads of firewood we handle throughout the year. It has the heavy-duty strength and stability needed for handling the snow plow throughout the winter. And everyone who drives it agrees that it is a much more comfortable ride than either of its predecessors.

Summer Interim Residents and Work Exchange 2009

As usual, Dai Bosatsu Zendo was a busy place during the summer guest season this year. The DBZ residents are grateful for the contributions of several dear and familiar bodhisattvas who spent time on the Mountain this summer to help with the work of hosting our larger guest groups. Heartfelt thanks must go to Denshin Bruce Ackland, Yusen Junko Fujii, Ryoju John Lynch, Manu Sassoonian, Lann Ikeno, Pascale Burkhart, Junko Kawakami, Ben Mayock, and Diane Grimes. Without their spirit of generosity and volunteerism, DBZ would not be the same. DBZ also enjoyed the presence of two interim residents this summer. Daniel Edelman, a young man who has practiced at Daiyuzen-ji in Chicago, joined us for a couple of weeks, including the Summer Samu Sesshin and O-Bon. Also, many years after her first visit to the monastery, Yukiko Matsui traveled from Japan for a second stay at DBZ, joining the resident sangha for most of July and August.



Eido Roshi's 77th Birthday

According to Japanese tradition, the celebration of one's *Kiju*, or 77th birthday, is a particularly special occasion. *Ki* means "joy"; *Ju* means "longevity." Thus, the 77th year is considered to be extra joyous. At the end of a beautiful Golden Wind Sesshin, we held a surprise celebration in honor of Roshi's *Kiju* birthday. Aiho-san came up from New York City, as did several Shobo-ji members and other sangha friends. What's more, a few conspirators hatched a secret plan, and a very special guest came to offer Roshi and the

sangha her own unforgettable gift. Ms. Mariko Anraku, associate principal harpist for the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, quietly tiptoed in the night before and was sequestered in an undisclosed location overnight. The following morning, our musical fugitive arranged herself and her instrument in the dining room to await the moment of action. When Eido Roshi entered the room, expecting only the usual post-sesshin celebratory meal, Mariko-san plucked the opening notes to "Happy Birthday." Roshi was indeed surprised and commended us for being so "discreet" and for being able to "deceive his sharp eyes!" After Mariko-san played several specially selected pieces, we all sang a nostalgic Japanese song, "Furusato" ("My Hometown"). Then, Roshi, accompanied by Mariko-san's harp, delighted us with a dramatic performance of his favorite song, "The Impossible Dream." This event marked Mariko-san's "official" debut recital at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. During the summer, she treated the residents to a few informal, impromptu performances (including some beautiful duets with Fujin!). This, though, was the first organized event featuring Mariko-san and introducing her talent to a broader group of sangha members. We wish to express our gratitude to Mariko-san and everyone who helped to make this such a memorable occasion!

Jukai

On the final day of Harvest Sesshin, November 7, Eido Roshi performed a Jukai ceremony, bestowing Dharma names on four Dharma students. These students swore to uphold the ten basic ethical precepts of Buddhism and received a Dharma name as a symbol of their determination to continue their practice as Zen Buddhists for the rest of their lives. We congratulate them all on this occasion of rebirth and look forward to practicing with them more formally and intimately in the years to come.

Teruo Tokuda	Shōku	"True Sunyata"
Yasumitsu Takeuchi	Hōgen	"Dharma Eye"
Isamu Takahashi	Dōken	"Polish the Way"
Brent Lyman	Baishō	"Shining Plum"



Misogi Practice in Japan

Immediately after Harvest Sesshin, Shinkon and Kozan traveled to Japan, to the Ichikukai Dojo in Tokyo, to take part in Shogaku Shugyo (first-time misogi intensive). Shogaku Shugyo devotes four days to ceaseless training. There is no work practice nor any other practices beyond misogi. Very simple meals (brown rice and barley, miso, an umeboshi plum, pickles, and hot water) are served three times a day. At night, the practitioners sleep on the tatami in the dojo. Only first-timers undergo Shogaku Shugyo; the other students attend to spur on the novitiates. In addition to Shinkon and Kozan, Fujin, Ryugan Sensei, and Kate Savoca of Brooklyn Aikikai went to encourage the first-timers. It was quite an auspicious meeting for the five travelers, with powerful *nen* blooming in the dojo!

Fall Kessei 2009

The 2009 Fall Kessei began on September 16 with a spirit of sincerity and optimism. Nearly all the Spring Kessei students remained in residence for the Fall Kessei and were joined by several first-time kessei participants. Residents Jokei, Shinkon, Tenrai, Giun, Zuiho, Jodo, Seizan, Kozan, and Andrew were joined by second-time kessei student Gyoshin Rogetsu and first-time kessei participants Denshin Bruce Ackland, Ryoju John Lynch, Jishin Elizabeth Robson, and Caroline Savage. Stefan began his first full kessei period as Zomu. In addition, four part-time students bolstered the morale of the training period. Zenmu Daisei committed to traveling to DBZ from her home in Saskatchewan for each of the three sesshins during kessei. Journeying from her home in Tokyo, Wakana Nomura resided at DBZ for most of September and returned for Rohatsu Sesshin. Shaun Smith joined the resident community just before Harvest Sesshin and stayed through the close of kessei. Also, Matthew Criss resided at Koku-an with his cousin, Stefan, for several weeks, acting as an assistant to the Zomu. Matthew took on many of the least glamorous jobs around the property with an admirable attitude, and we are certainly grateful for the labor he contributed.

Many readers may be wondering about the notable absence of one name from the above lists. This autumn, Fujin returned to Japan to continue the famous 88 Temple pilgrimage on Shikoku Island. She began this pilgrimage two years ago but had only two weeks to walk. This September, she resumed where she left off, traveling entirely by foot, devoting over four weeks to following the legendary footsteps of Kobo Daishi, the founder of Shingon Buddhism. She has now made her way through three of the island's four prefectures.

After spending nearly a month on the road doing her own independent "sesshin in motion," she participated in a more traditional sesshin of stillness at Shogen-ji temple in Gifu Prefecture. Following a special visit to Tokyo (see above, "Misogi Practice in Japan"), she journeyed to Taiwan for a zazen retreat with Denchoku, a brother monk from Shogen-ji. Although Fujin's presence was greatly missed this kessei, evidence of her unwavering care for the training of students at DBZ continued to manifest through the spirit of the many students who have been guided by her example. We joyfully welcomed her back to conclude the fall training period with us with great verve and determination!



N E W Y O R K Z E N D O S H O B O - J I

2 0 1 0 E V E N T S

JAN	Dec 31-Jan 1 7 9 30	Th-F Th Sat Sat	New Year's Eve Celebration Winter/Spring Training Period Starts, Opening Teisho Japanese Dharma Class New Year's All-Day Sit
FEB	20	Sat	Nirvana All-Day Sit
MAR	19 - 21	F-Sun	Soen/Yasutani Roshi Weekend Sesshin
APR	11 17 22	Sun Sat Th	Buddha's Birthday All-Day Sit Japanese Dharma Class Teisho
MAY	13 15 30	Th Sat Sun	Teisho Japanese Dharma Class Nyogen Senzaki All-Day Sit
JUN	10 12 18 - 20	Th Sat F-Sun	Teisho Japanese Dharma Class Gempo Roshi/Kengan Osho Weekend Sesshin
JUL	11 12 - Sep 1 14, 15 21, 22 28, 29	Sun W,Th W,Th W,Th	Segaki All-Day Sit, Spring Training Period Ends Closed for Summer Interim, except for Open Open Open
SEP	2 4 10 - 12	Th Sat F-Sun	Fall Training Period Starts, Opening Teisho Japanese Dharma Class 42nd Anniversary Weekend Sesshin
OCT	7 9	Th Sat	Teisho Bodhidharma All-Day Sit (with Roshi)
NOV	11 13 19 - 21 23 - 27	Th Sat F-Sun Tu-Sa	Teisho Japanese Dharma Class Soyen Shaku/Kogetsu Roshi Weekend Sesshin Closed for Thanksgiving Holiday
DEC	1 - 8 11 Dec 31-Jan 1	W-W Sat F-Sa	Rohatsu Week - One Sit Added each Evening Fall Training Period Ends, Teisho (9:00 AM - 12:30 PM) New Year's Eve Celebration

DAI BOSATSU ZENDO KONGO - JI

2010 EVENTS

JAN	Dec 31 - 1 15 - 18	Th-F F-M	New Year's Eve Celebration MLK Jr. Weekend Sesshin
FEB	14	Sun	Parinirvana Day
MAR	10 - 14 24 27 - Apr 4	W-Sun W Sat-Sun	March-On Sesshin Spring Kessei Starts Holy Days Sesshin
APR	9 - 11 16 - 18	F-Sun F-Sun	Intro to Zen Weekend Samu Weekend
MAY	1 - 9 20 - 23	Sat-Sun Th-Sun	Nyogen Senzaki Memorial Sesshin Intro to Zen Weekend (Extended)
JUN	4 - 6 11 - 13 26 - Jul 4	F-Sun F-Sun Sat-Sun	Samu Weekend Intro to Zen Weekend Anniversary Sesshin
JUL	7 30 - Aug 4	W F-W	Spring Kessei Ends Summer Samu Sesshin
AUG	7 - 8	Sa-Su	O-Bon
SEP	3 - 6 15 17 - 19 25 - Oct 3	F-M W F-Sun Sat-Sun	Samu Weekend (Monday Optional) Fall Kessei Starts Intro to Zen Weekend Golden Wind Sesshin
OCT	14 - 17 22 - 24 30 - Nov 7	Th-Sun F-Sun Sat-Sun	Intro to Zen Weekend (Extended) Samu Weekend Harvest Sesshin
NOV	12 - 14 25 - 26 30 - Dec 8	F-Sun Th-F Tu-W	Intro to Zen Weekend Thanksgiving Celebration Rohatsu Sesshin
DEC	9 31 - Jan 1	Th F-Sat	Fall Kessei Ends New Year's Eve Celebration

