

T H E N E W S L E T T E R O F
T H E Z E N S T U D I E S S O C I E T Y



W I N T E R / S P R I N G 2 0 0 6

View of Mt. Fuji from Mt. Dai Bosatsu



Yamakawa Roshi performing *Dai-Hannya*



View from inside the *Genkan* of Shogen-ji



Roshi stands on top of Mount Dai Bosatsu



Tenzo utensils



Roshi points to his name plaque from 50 years ago

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Published twice annually by
The Zen Studies Society, Inc. Eido T. Shimano Roshi, Abbot

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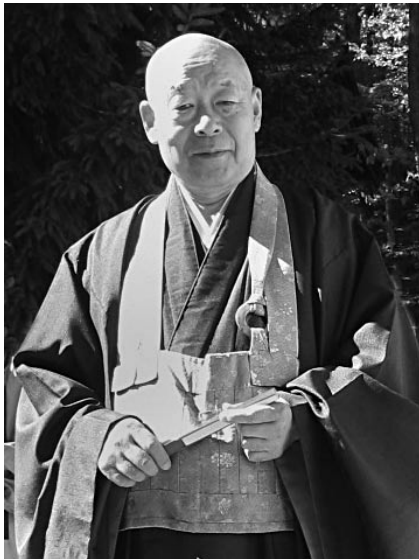
Editor: Seigan Edwin Glassing; News: Aiho-san Y. Shimano, Seigan Edwin Glassing, Fujin Zenni, Jokei Megumi Kairis; Graphic design: Banko Randy Phillips; Editorial Assistant and Proofreading: Myochi Nancy O'Hara; Teisho Transcription and Editing: Jimin Anna Klegon; Final Editing: Myochi Nancy O'Hara

Photo Credits: Junsho Shelley Bello (pp. 2, 5, 35, back inside cover-center, back cover); Renji Ellen Darby (pp. 7, 9, 12, back inside cover-top right, bottom left,); Seigan Edwin Glassing (pp. front inside cover- all images except top left, 18, 20, 25, 26, 27, 32); Soshin Anne Hughes (pp. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17); Aram Kailian (pp. 11, back inside cover-top left, bottom right); Banko Randy Phillips (pp. front cover, front inside cover- top left, 19, 22, 23, 24, 29, 30, 31); Jim Spencer (p. 8)

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Teisho on *Rinzai Roku The Book of Rinzai Jishu: Ascending the High Seat Chapter 14*

By Eido Shimano Roshi
Golden Wind Sesshin, Day 6
September 30, 2005



Someone asked, “What is buddha-devil?” The Master replied, “Your one thought of doubt is the devil. But if you grasp the true meaning of the ten thousand unborn dharmas, if you understand that Mind is like a phantom, that not even a speck of dust, not even a single dharma exists, that everywhere is the purity – this is buddha. But buddha and devil are two aspects. One is pure, one is defiled. According to this mountain monk’s view, there is no buddha, no sentient being, no past, no present. One who attains it, attains it instantly. No time is required, no practice, no realization, no gain, no loss. Throughout the day, there is no other Dharma. Even if there were a Dharma to surpass this, I dare say that it would be like a dream, like a fantasy. This is all this mountain monk teaches.

“Followers of the Way, the one who at

this moment in front of my eyes is shining alone and clearly hearing my teaching, this one dwells nowhere, penetrates throughout the ten directions and is completely free in the three realms. Goes into the state of differentiation, and is not affected by it; in an instant, pierces through the Dharmadhatu. On meeting a buddha it is a buddha, on meeting a patriarch it is a patriarch, on meeting an arhat it is an arhat, on meeting a hungry ghost it is a hungry ghost. This one travels everywhere through every land, influencing sentient beings yet never apart from One Mind. Each place is pure. Light penetrates through the ten directions, and the myriad dharmas are one.”

“Followers of the Way, the resolute student of Dharma knows that at this moment there is nothing to do. Only because you don’t have enough faith in yourself do you search outside, thought after thought. Having thrown away your head, you seek it ceaselessly. Even the Bodhisattva of Complete and Sudden Enlightenment goes into the Dharmadhatu and manifests his body. Heading to the Pure Land, he dislikes the secular and delights in the sacred. Such a fellow is still attached to giving and taking, and holds on to the concepts of purity and defilement. But the teaching of the Zen school is not like this. It is revealing right now. No time is required. This mountain monk’s teaching is just medicine for a corresponding sickness. Ultimately, there is not a single dharma that has substance. See things in this way and you will be a true renouncer of home. Having relinquished your household, you may spend ten thousand golden coins each day.”

“Followers of the Way, don’t say, ‘I understand Zen, I understand the Way,’

after being prematurely acknowledged by some ‘Zen masters.’ Even if you can speak eloquently, it is creating nothing but hell-karma. If you are a true student of Dharma, you ignore the mistakes of the world. You desperately apply yourself to attain genuine insight. When you attain genuine insight, then indeed that’s all.”

Having sat for the past six days and having just heard Master Rinzai’s teisho on this beautiful Golden Wind day, it seems that nothing needs to be added. However since some people may not get what Master Rinzai is trying to teach us, I will have to speak. Today, I will speak addressing the senior students. Junior students, pay particular attention, otherwise you will be simply confused.

Most chapters in *Rinzai Roku* begin with someone asking a question related to the previous chapter. At the end of the previous chapter a buddha-devil appeared and therefore to clarify the meaning of it, someone asked Master Rinzai, “‘What is buddha-devil?’ The Master replied, ‘Your one thought of doubt is the devil.’” Doubt is the devil. In front of Ryutaku-ji there is a big plaque written by Master Hakuin which says, “The Great Doubt Hall.” The zendo is the place where we should have doubt. But that doubt and this doubt are different doubts. Master Hakuin’s great doubt means digging, ceaseless investigation while Master Rinzai here is talking about the negative doubt.

“But if you grasp the meaning of the ten thousand unborn dharmas...” This is a typical Chinese expression. Unborn means interdependent. In other words, no one, no thing can exist all by itself. This seems so obvious and because it is obvious we forget and think that we are independent, free from anything, that we owe nothing. Big mistake!

“...if you understand that mind is like a phantom, that not even a speck of dust, not even a single dharma exists, that everywhere is purity – this is buddha.” Purity here does not mean lack of dirt or dust. The true meaning of purity is that our heart is pure and through that pure heart we see that everything is glittering, literally glittering. Even now, at this moment, everything is glittering. This is buddha. If you can see things this way, that is buddha.

“But buddha and devil are two aspects.” One is considered pure, one is considered defiled. However, “According to this mountain monk’s view,” (this is important) “there is no buddha, no sentient being, no past, no present. One who attains it, attains it instantly. No time is required, no practice, no realization, no gain, no loss. Throughout the day, there is no other Dharma.”

We have completed reading and recitation of *Diamond Sutra* today. I have listened to the dialogue between Buddha and Subhuti and chanted the sutra literally innumerable times but each time I always find something new. In yesterday’s part Buddha said, “Subhuti, it is the same concerning bodhisattvas. If a bodhisattva announces, ‘I will liberate all living creatures’ he is not rightly called a bodhisattva.”

We say, “Shujo muhen seigan do.” The translation of it is: “However innumerable all beings are, I vow to save them all.” If a bodhisattva announces, “I will liberate all living creatures,” if someone says, “Shujo muhen seigan do,” he is not rightly called a bodhisattva. Why is this so? It’s because all living creatures are already liberated. All are DONE. To say on top of it, “I will liberate all living creatures” is called presumptuous.

From a matured student’s point of

view, to say “Shujo muhen seigan do,” is absolutely unnecessary. However from a new student’s point of view, it is absolutely essential. I will tell you why. Some of you are familiar with Dogen Zenji’s *Shobogenzo*. There is a saying at the beginning of the chapter called *Bendowa*. A quick translation reads as follows: “*Although this Dharma is rich or abundant in each person, it is not actualized without practice. It is not experienced without realization.*” Similarly, Master Rinzai says, “*You desperately apply yourself to attain genuine insight,*” then you will know that this Dharma is fulfilled in each person. But unless you actualize it through practice, unless you experience the realization, the incomparably profound, and minutely subtle, subtle Dharma cannot be testified. I say, “minutely subtle, subtle,” and it is literally minutely, indeed subtle, amazingly, perfectly arranged by... [throws the hands up].

In another part of *Diamond Sutra* Buddha said, “*Let no one say that the Tathagata cherishes the idea ‘I must liberate all living beings.’ Allow no such thought, Subhuti. In reality there are no living beings to be liberated by the Tathagata.*” Again, all are already liberated. And this is not a concept, this is the truth. But beginners of the Way don’t see it; therefore “*You desperately apply yourself to attain genuine insight. When you attain genuine insight, then indeed that’s all.*”

Master Rinzai speaks about the importance of actual practice only twice. This is directed to the beginners. On page 57 of the new translation he says, “*Followers of the Way, he who is a renouncer of home ought to practice the Way. Take this mountain monk, for example. In the past, I studied the Vinaya (precepts) intensively, and I also investigated the sutras and shastras (shastras are commentaries on the sutras). Later I realized that these*

were mere prescriptions for medicine, and superficial descriptions. Eventually, I relinquished them all, searched for the Way and started to practice Zen. Later I met outstanding teachers (such as Obaku, such as Daigu). At last my Dharma eye became clear, thus I could discern all kinds of teachers under heaven and tell the true from the fake. This discerning eye was not with me when I was born from my mother. But rather, after extreme discipline (extreme discipline!) and ceaseless investigation, one day, all of a sudden, I could clearly see who I am.” Master Rinzai tells a new student about his own practice experience, “This is what I did, and so you should do this too. I guarantee the result without fail.”

In another place Master Rinzai said, “*Virtuous monks, do not spend your days in vain. When this mountain monk did not have any clear understanding, my mind was utter darkness.*” He was just as you are now, his mind was utter darkness; “*but I did not spend my days in vain. With burning belly and turbulent mind (with burning belly and turbulent mind!) I searched for the Way rushing around. Later I gained some understanding and at last today I can talk to you like this. I advise you, followers of the Way, do not practice for the sake of clothes and food, look how quickly the world passes. A good teacher is very hard to meet, like the udumbara flower (which blooms once in a thousand years).*” “*With burning belly and turbulent mind.*” In this sense, Rinzai and Dogen are saying the same thing: unless you practice and actualize it, you cannot see this Dharma.

In another place in *Diamond Sutra*, Buddha says, “*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.*”

He is DONE.

Some of us think that we may have a good heart, but many delusions. If somehow this delusion part can be operated on and removed, then we think only the good heart will remain. Thus we may become a Buddha. Rationally, it makes sense. But that’s not the way things go! [laughs] Even an exceptionally good surgeon cannot do this kind of operation. “Doctor, could you please operate on me I have lots of delusions? But please remove only the delusion part, I still have a good heart so do you think you can keep that inside?” You visit hospital after hospital, doctor after doctor, and no doctor will accept you. If there is some great doctor, he may say to you, “Well, patient, I love you.” That’s all. [laughs] No sarcasm there. There is no sarcasm. “I love you.” And no need for a logical explanation, like: “Because you are originally ... a loving being.” Just: “I love you.” This is a wonderful statement. Nobody can be hurt hearing it. Hundreds of thousand of times you’ve heard it and yet still people don’t say it enough, [whispers] “Alright. I love you. I love you. I love you.” This is a wonderful statement, especially if uttered sincerely with the understanding that this Dharma is already in every one of us and we are already enlightened. This is no other than Hakuin’s “sentient beings are primarily all Buddhas.” That’s Hakuin’s way of saying, “I love you.” This is the real meaning of his words. Perhaps with some exotic eastern flavor, but essentially what he is saying is, “You are o.k., as you are Mu.”

Consequently, “*there is no Buddha, no sentient beings, no past, no present. One who attains it, attains it instantly. No time is required, no practice, no realization, no gain, no loss. Throughout the day, there is no other Dharma. Even if there were a Dharma to surpass this, I dare say that it would be like a dream, like a fantasy.*” This brings to mind another famous

passage from *Diamond Sutra*:

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,
a bubble in a stream,
A dewdrop, a flash of lightning
in a summer cloud,
A flickering lamp,
a phantom, and a dream.”



“*Followers of the Way, the one who at this moment in front of my eyes is shining alone and clearly hearing my teaching, this one dwells nowhere (which means pervades all over), penetrates throughout the ten directions and is completely free in the three realms. Goes into the state of differentiation...*” such as the wind, a flower and the rain. When it goes into a flower, it is a flower. When it goes into the wind, it is the wind. It does not become the wind, it IS the wind. When it goes into a fragrance, like the Misho incense, it IS the Misho incense. This is differentiation, millions of kinds of differentiation. When it goes to Tenzo-

san's food it is a delicious lunch... *"and is not affected by it. In an instant pierces through the Dharmadhatu. On meeting a buddha it is a buddha, on meeting a patriarch it is a patriarch, on meeting a matriarch it is a matriarch, on meeting an arhat it is an arhat, on meeting a hungry ghost it is a hungry ghost."*

Kanzeon Sutra, in Chapter 25 of Lotus Sutra, specifies thirty three conditions in which Kanzeon Bodhisattva appears. [chants the first few lines in Japanese] Here we have exactly the same thing: on meeting a rich man it (Kanzeon) is a rich man.

"This one travels everywhere through every land influencing sentient beings." "Sensitive" sentient beings though. Otherwise, someone may think, "Oh, this is Misho incense, it must be expensive." Yes! It is certainly one aspect of the truth. One inch cost x amount of dollars. And then it turns into smoke, it becomes ungraspable! But, I feel it is worth burning. Someday, maybe one person, two persons, or three, or hopefully four will come to the realization that this is not a matter of being expensive. This Misho incense purifies the atmosphere and thus purifies one's heart. It purifies past regrets, present anxieties, future worries. All these are purified. There are many kinds of incense, some of which can give you a headache. But here at DBZ, we've been using the new students' money to buy this kind of incense.

"Light penetrates through the ten directions, and the myriad of dharmas are one."

Followers of the Way, the resolute student of Dharma knows that at this moment there is nothing to do. It is already DONE! Fundamentally DONE!

"Only because you don't have enough faith

in yourself..." or you don't have enough practice. Practice brings faith, practice brings conviction and self-confidence. Simon is now doing Ino [sutra leader]. At first it was awful! [laughter]The next day it was slightly better. [more laughter]By now...well - not yet, but maybe one month from now, it will be sort of acceptable. One year from now – O.K. And Tomoaki will play the mokugyo [wooden drum] without missing a beat. All this comes from experience. It's not enough just to read instructions on how to strike the mokugyo, how to strike a gong, or read what the best way to make a good sound is. It is a simple thing, experience tells us it is simple the angle with which you strike: bong! And the sound becomes either dull or transparent. Which one is better, goes without saying. *"Only because you don't have enough faith in yourself (you don't have enough practice), do you search outside, thought after thought,"* book after book, instruction after instruction – this will take you nowhere! Pain, pain, pain is not an instruction! Each second is kh! kh! So precious! Why do you complain?

"Having thrown away your head you seek it ceaselessly. Even the Bodhisattva of Complete and Sudden Enlightenment goes into the Dharmadhatu and manifests his body." He is the one who thinks that through his own joriki power, his own efforts he can get to the Pure Land; this kind of person is called Bodhisattva of Complete and Sudden Enlightenment.

"Heading to the Pure Land, he dislikes the secular and delights in the sacred." Dislikes the pain and delights in peace. Sounds familiar?

"Such a fellow is still attached to giving and taking, and holds on to the concepts of purity and defilement. But the teaching of the Zen school is not like this. It is revealing

right now." "IMA" means "now". "KOKO" means "here".

"No time is required. This mountain monk's teaching is just medicine for corresponding sickness." For a healthy person no medicine is necessary.

"Ultimately (ultimately!) there is not a single dharma that has substance." This is an important sentence. *"See things in this way and you will be a true renouncer of home. Having relinquished your household, you may spend 10,000 golden coins each day."*

"Followers of the Way, don't say, 'I understand Zen, I understand the Way (I understand Buddha-Dharma) after being prematurely acknowledged by some 'Zen masters.'" Or, after attending one, two, three, or four sesshins, don't say, "I understand Zen, I understand the Way, I understand Buddha-Dharma." Don't say that, shut up! I too have been talking now for one hour or so.

"Even if you can speak eloquently, it is creating nothing but hell-karma." Soen Roshi once said something to me while we were reading together Dante's *Divine Comedy*. At the description of hell, Roshi said, "Taisan, without fail you and I will go to hell." At that time I did not understand the *real* meaning of his words. But now... this is so very precious to me, so I would like to keep it private.

"If you are a true student of Dharma, you ignore the mistakes of the world." You ignore what she said, what he said, how he judged, etc. etc. Instead, *"You desperately apply yourself to attain genuine insight."* You desperately apply yourself. Dogen says, "Although this Dharma is fulfilled in each person, it is not actualized without practice and it is not experienced without realization." This

Dharma is fulfilled in you; therefore you desperately apply yourself so that you attain genuine insight and can see this Dharma. "This Dharma, incomparably profound and minutely subtle, is hardly met with even in hundreds of thousands of millions of eons. We now can see this, listen to this." Now and always, always we are seeing this.

"When you attain genuine insight, then indeed that's all," DONE! as far as truth is concerned. You may ask, "What is a relationship between genuine insight and social problems?" You don't have to worry about that until you come to this point, then: IT will tell you what's next. For now, *"desperately apply yourself to attain genuine insight."*

The next chapter, naturally, will start with someone asking, "What is genuine insight?" and Master Rinzi will answer that question. But for this we have to wait until next teisho.

Sesshin has not ended yet. Sitting gives you confidence. Confidence gives you peace. Peace gives you broadheartedness and clarity. So let's sit, sit, and sit!



Dharma talk on *Mumonkan, Gateless Gate* Case 19: Nansen's "Ordinary Mind is the Way"

By Roko ni-Osho Sherry Chayat
Golden Wind Sesshin, Day 2
September 26, 2005



Today we have the meeting of Nansen and Joshu—nobody meets nobody, as Emily Dickinson put it. What a pair they are: two of the greatest Zen masters of Tang dynasty China. We are told that both were enlightened at quite a young age, after both had studied the vinaya, the sutras and shastras, had realized that someone else's words could not do it, and had plunged into unwavering zazen practice.

Nansen, after a deep experience of This, went off to live in the seclusion of a deep mountain, where he spent more than 20 years being "nobody." But even though he was so thoroughly nobody, as is often the way, people found out about him, and considered him somebody indeed. So Joshu sought him out, as did other great Zen teachers like Obaku and Tozan. There are many wonderful encounters that have been handed down to us between Nansen and Joshu. The one many of you are familiar with is

"Nansen Kills the Cat," Mumonkan Case 14, but here are a couple of others that exemplify Nansen's ordinary mind.

One day, Nansen said to his monks, "My Master Baso said, 'This Mind is Buddha.' However, I would not say that. I would say, 'Not Mind, Not Buddha, Not Things.' Am I mistaken?" Joshu, who was among the assembly, bowed and walked away. Another monk followed him and asked, "What did you mean just now when you bowed and left?" Joshu said, "You'll have to ask the Master." The monk went to Nansen and asked, "Why did Joshu behave that way a moment ago?" "He understood my meaning!" Nansen exclaimed. Mumonkan Case 27 presents Nansen's "Not Mind, Not Buddha, Not Things."

Another story: Joshu, when he was living at Nansen's monastery, was responsible for keeping the fire. One day, he set fire to some wood and locked the door from the inside. Smoke billowed up. He shouted, "Help! Fire! Help! Fire!" All the monks came running. He shouted, "If anyone can say a word of Zen, I will open the door." Sounds familiar, right? What did Nansen say while holding the cat: "Speak! Say a word, and I will save the cat!" Here, too, no one could answer Joshu, and the fire continued to rage. Nansen simply passed the key to him through the window, and Joshu opened the door.

Thus we see Nansen's wonderful ordinary mind at work. It's so natural. But ordinarily, our ordinary mind doesn't work so well. Often we feel the need for a flashlight, so lost in the darkness of ignorance are we. Sometimes the mind is just stuck, not at all natural; so caught

up in the useless clutter, wondering "What should I do, how should I respond, which way should I go?" And when we hear "ordinary mind," we're sure it must be different from the self-absorbed, anxious, self-doubting, blaming mind we're all too familiar with. Perhaps we feel overwhelmed by the unruly circumstances we perceive as our ordinary mind: suffused with embarrassment with how badly our zazen is going, sleepiness overtaking us, pain we can't deal with, cold, fear it will get worse. And what we really feel is, "What's the way out?" Never mind "What is the Way?"

And we forget that the way out is the way in.



This word "Way" of course comes from the Chinese *Tao*, in Japanese, *Do*—as in kendo, chado—the way of swordsmanship, of tea. When Joshu came to see Nansen he was not a mere beginner. He had already had, we are told, some insight. Indeed, the question, "What is the Way?" comes from having had some opening. We ask the question because we have been jostled out of our complacency, our ignorance. "What is the Way?" We may phrase it differently: What is my life all about? Why am I here? What is the way in? How can I find some inner pacification? How can I find my way?

I think the devastation of hurricane Katrina can be understood as a wonderful metaphor for our practice. If we really look honestly at our lives, we see the fears we all have of opening to what is terribly chaotic. Because of such fears, sometimes spiritual practice can be misused. A kind of closing down can ensue, a closing the door on what is inconvenient to see. Perhaps we can't bear the pain of seeing what's there, and after years and years of it, things have solidified into a nice smooth impenetrable surface. Zazen may be looking good; we may be feeling nothing. But this is not what the buddhas and ancestors taught! It's interesting, though: when we can't open the floodgates ourselves, life has a way of making it happen. Sometimes it's a personal disaster and sometimes it's something wonderful—falling in love! Heart opens! But usually, in sesshin, we have to let the levees be breached, and let the flood waters come crashing through—and all that formerly hidden stuff is revealed. Like with the hurricane: everything that had been safely flushed down and sanitized came washing up. In order for us to even begin asking the question, "What is the Way?" we have to look at our own shit. This is practice!

In the New York Times Sunday magazine a few weeks ago there was a wonderful article by Dr. Abraham Verghese about going down to help some of the displaced and injured people who were suffering such terrible trauma in the wake of the hurricane, and he wrote of his realization that "The years have shown that there is no armor. There never was. The willingness to be wounded may be all we have to offer."

This willingness to be wounded is very precious to keep in mind. It's so tempting to try to keep a lid on it, whatever it is; to keep the difficult things

So we might say, these words are merely a name. These words have no form, no sound, odor, taste, touch, or any quality. Just listening without any comment, we find the Way vast and boundless. Golden wind revealed, revealed. Everything is being revealed when we are not trying for it, when we are just, just THIS.

Mumon comments: “Nansen dissolved and melted away before Joshu’s questions. He could not offer a plausible explanation.” Coming from this ordinary mind, there is no teacher and no student. And yet, here are the teacher and the student, interacting. The teacher knows the right time to use words, to come from oneness to differentiation; knows when the student is ready to hear. It’s not a matter of explanation. “Even though Joshu comes to a realization, he must delve into it for another 30 years before he can understand it.” Thirty more years—sudden realization, nothing left to prove—and yet, 30 more years, 30 more years, and again 30 more years. After Nansen’s death Joshu went on a pilgrimage, deepening, always deepening his understanding, and it wasn’t until the age of 80 that he began teaching. He lived until the age of 120.

This koan ends with the famous and very beautiful verse:

*The spring flowers, the autumn moon
The summer breezes, the winter
snow...*

All of these phenomena take place in the most natural way. Sometimes not such lovely things occur, also in the most natural way: spring floods, autumn hurricanes, summer forest fires, winter avalanches! These too are natural, ordinary mind. Experiencing tears, experiencing joy just as it is, without thinking, “Oh, this is not how it’s supposed to be,” but opening our

arms to it, opening our hearts to it. To live in accordance with the Way means: I love you! I embrace you as me, as One! To have this loving spirit guiding us: this is what is holding us on this beautiful mountain, supporting us in this vast universe. The verse continues:

*If useless things do not clutter your
mind...
—if you don’t get caught up in
preferences—then indeed,
Every season is the best season.*

Every sitting, no matter how painful, is the best sitting. To have this feeling makes sesshin, makes life, so enjoyable, in the midst of whatever it is. We may strongly feel, “I don’t like it!” But even this “don’t like” is ordinary mind. So don’t erect any barriers of seeking after it, or pushing it away, of knowing or not-knowing. We all have enough barriers. Let them go, let them be blown away by this Golden Wind, let them be seen as the insubstantial mists they really are, and let us all continue on this one ordinary-mind Way.



Dogyo-ninin (We Two Together)

By Soshin Anne Hughes



taught and spread Shingon Buddhism; he built a monastic center at Mount Koya; and being a gifted calligrapher and poet – emperors asked him to write for them – he published many texts on Buddhism. In 828 he opened the School of Arts and Sciences, a private school that accepted all students, no matter what their social status or how much money their family had. It was the first school in Japan to provide education for all. Until then there was only one Government College, but it was for the sons of nobles, not for the children of commoners. And he provided free meals for both teachers and students. At first he received much opposition to such a school, and his response was a quote from Confucius: “All within the four seas are brothers...” Legends and stories still abound about Kukai’s travels and activities and he has taken on an almost mythical status among the people of Japan.

Kukai, popularly known as Kobo-Daishi, was a charismatic and influential priest of the Shingon Esoteric sect of Buddhism in eighth century Japan. Born on the island of Shikoku in 774 to parents in the local gentry, Saeki no Mao began his studies at fourteen and became a scholar in Chinese classical culture. In 804 when he met a Buddhist monk and was introduced to the sutras, he renounced his studies, became a monk, and went to China to study Esoteric Buddhism, eventually taking Dharma lineage from his great teacher Hui-kuo. By the time he returned to Japan his reputation was well-established. He interacted with nobility and commoners alike; he forged a friendship with Emperor Saga; he reconstructed the Mannoike reservoir on Shikoku Island, which gave him a reputation for finding and sustaining water, rivers and springs; he

When I visited To-ji (Eastern Temple) in Kyoto in 1998, I learned that in 823 Kukai had been presented with this temple by Emperor Saga. It had already been standing for nearly 30 years when this gift was made, but there were many unfinished buildings. Kukai built a Lecture Hall (Kodo) and supervised the carving and installation of many statues. Fourteen of the twenty-one statues that exist today date from that time. And the famous pagoda, the symbol of Kyoto, was begun under Kukai’s guidance. While I was admiring these statues, a monk there encouraged me to visit Shikoku and experience the real thing. That plus Eido Roshi’s spiritual vision that has guided all of us at the zendo, gave me the courage to plan my pilgrimage to Shikoku.

In the tradition begun by Kukai’s disciples and followers, every year more than 100,000 people take the pilgrimage

to Shikoku Island, the smallest of Japan's four main islands, to visit its eighty eight temples. This pilgrimage takes a circuit of 750 miles around the island. Many of the temples are along the coast, several are inland, but most of them are on the top of mountains, some over two miles in height. Since it is a circular journey, one's pilgrimage can begin at any of the eighty-eight temples; but the usual pattern is to begin at temple number one, Ryozen-ji, Temple of Vulture's Peak, and finish at Okubo-ji, the eighty-eighth temple on the route. All eighty-eight temples have names, but the pilgrims refer to them by their number. Legend has it that the first twenty-three temples in Tokushima awaken Faith; the next sixteen temples in Kochi provide Religious Discipline; the twenty-six temples of Ehime bestow Enlightenment; and the last twenty-three temples in Kagawa lead to Nirvana.

The first pilgrim to Shikoku was named Emon Saburo. One day Daishi came to his home in Ehime-ken begging for food. The wealthy Saburo pushed him away. Next day, Daishi asked for food again and Saburo treated him even worse. This same thing happened for seven days. On the eighth day Saburo flung Daishi's bowl into his face breaking it into eight pieces. Daishi never returned, but the eight sons of the wealthy Saburo died one after the other in eight days. This made Saburo realize what a selfish life he had been leading; he gave all his possessions away and went searching for Daishi. He walked around to the eighty-eight temples twenty-one times, searching and searching. When he finally found Daishi he collapsed and begged for forgiveness. Kobo-Daishi placed a small stone in his hand and Saburo died peacefully. Temple fifty-one, Ishite-ji (Temple of the Stone Hand), recalls this story. The wife of Lord Ikitoshi Kono gave birth to a son, but the baby could not open his left

hand. Three years later, the chief priest of Annyo-ji was called in and through prayers succeeded in opening the child's hand, whereupon a stone fell out. On the stone was written: 'Incarnation of Emon Saburo.'

For many centuries the pilgrim traveled on foot, the only means of getting



around. These days most Japanese go by car, train, taxi or on one of the many available bus tours. Only about 1,000 pilgrims each year travel on foot. A bus tour to all eighty-eight temples takes less than two weeks, while the average pilgrimage on foot takes about fifty days. On one of my treks I met a twenty-year old who completed the circle in thirty days. It took me four years. From 1998 to 2004, most summers I would head off to Japan to spend a few weeks traveling on foot visiting Kukai's temples.

Why does anyone in this day and age go on foot around Shikoku? Each of the pilgrims I met had their own story. One man had lost his job, which he thought he'd have for life, and was making his pilgrimage to discover at age fifty-four what was next for him. I ran into him several times along the way, and again at our journey's end at temple eighty-eight. After forty-nine days of pilgrimage, he had come to the realization that his family was wonderful, but that he'd spent too little time with them. His plan was to seek out work that would enable him

to spend more time with his wife and children. Another pilgrim was a recent college graduate. Many of his classmates had gone off to Australia or Hawaii to celebrate school's end, but he wanted something more fulfilling than just lying on the beach. His classmates thought he was crazy. But by the time he reached the last temple, he had a strong desire to do something with his life; and decided to apply to medical school. Although his grades were poor, he believed in Daishi Power, which enabled him to complete the circuit in thirty days, while carrying a heavy load on his back. He inspired everyone who ran into him.

Walking alone, day after day, in the midst of solitude and the beauty of nature is an unbelievable experience. It has been said that a pilgrimage is "the journey to know the self completely." The poet-monk Santoka wrote, "When you travel, you truly come to understand human beings, poetry and nature." And T. S. Eliot expressed it this way:

*"We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time."*

Only on Shikoku are pilgrims called *henro*, which means to be far away; the Chinese character for *hen* has the religious meaning of spreading the light far and wide. Each temple on Shikoku has a main hall, *Hondo*, where the temple's principle image is enshrined, such as Dainichi Nyorai, Shakyamuni Buddha or Jizo Bosatsu. There is also a second building called Daishi Hall (*Daishi-do*) in which a statue of Kobo-Daishi is enshrined. At each of these halls a pilgrim puts a slip of paper into a box. On this paper, which contains prayers for peace, happiness and prosperity and a picture of Kobo-Daishi, you write your name



and address and any special thoughts and prayers for relatives, friends or yourself. The color of this paper is white for one's first four pilgrimages; green for the fifth and sixth; red for the seventh to the twenty-fourth; silver for the twenty-fifth to forty-ninth; and gold for fifty or more pilgrimages. Then you put some money in the offertory box, ring a bell overhead, and bow. Most pilgrims recite the Hannya-shingyo Sutra and the special mantra of the honzon; for example, if the chief deity is Jizo, then you would recite: *On ka ka kabi sa ma ei sowa ka*. As a memorial of one's visit, pilgrims have their record books, *Nokyochō*, stamped in red at the temple. On the temple grounds high in the mountains, one is surrounded by the natural beauty of birds and wild flowers. Statues and gardens complement the raw beauty and there is always a huge statue of Kobo-Daishi, and quite often one of Kannon Bosatsu or Fudo Myo. On the special garments that many *henro* wear, are the words:

Dogyo-ninin, two people together. It's hard to explain, but you never feel alone. You truly feel that Kukai is with you at all times.

There is no begging for alms or takuhatsu on the part of the henro. From the time of Daishi up to the present, the practice of Japanese people to offer food or money or other gifts to henro, without being asked, gives them the opportunity of sharing in the pilgrim's journey. And the henro, in turn, may not refuse whatever the offering is. His or her response is 'Thank you very much.'



Whenever this happened to me, it was an unforgettable part of the journey.

On one such journey, in the ryokan in Tokushima, when I would return to my room at night, tired and eager to collapse into a hot tub, almost as soon as I entered my room there would be a gentle tap on the door and two or sometimes three ladies would enter carrying tea and desserts. They would sit down and want to hear all about the temples I had been to that day. They could not take off a whole day to go up to a mountain temple, so they got vicarious pleasure from my tales. Their appreciative responses to my stories immediately revived me, and they'd ask which temples I planned to visit the next day. In the morning, at the desk, would be written instructions from them with hand-drawn maps indicating the best way

to reach my planned destination. Those drawings were quite beautiful, written with different colors and in elegant handwriting. I wish I had kept them.

Another time I had taken a bus to go to temple number sixty-one, Koon-ji (Temple of Incense Garden), and from there planned to walk to the next three temples before returning for the day. On the bus trip I got distracted gazing out at the rice fields and the towering mountains in the distance. Too late I realized that the bus had passed my starting point. I ran up to the bus driver and when he told me the next stop was not until temple sixty-two, Hoju-ji (Temple of Wealth & Happiness), my heart fell. Those temples were very far apart and the idea of walking in ninety degree heat from sixty-two, back to sixty-one, and then back again to sixty-two, to continue on to temples sixty-three and sixty-four seemed overwhelming. I went back to my seat, disgusted with my lack of awareness. As soon as I sat back down an elderly lady from the front of the bus came over to me and handed me something wrapped in white tissue. "Ganbatte kudasai," she said. "Don't give up." I realized it was money from a stranger, but before I could thank her, she got off the bus. I could only bow to her from the window. She must have thought that I needed the money. I never spent it; and I carried it with me to all the temples I visited. Whenever I thought of giving up, I remembered that money wrapped in white. It felt like an obligation to not give up. It inspires me even to this day.

Sometimes walking along a highway – not all the temples are reached by mountain paths – storekeepers would come out to offer tea or ice cream. And among the henro themselves, whatever they had, they shared with each other: half a piece of fruit, some candy, or

even a book on the life of Kobo-Daishi. And it wasn't only adults who were so compassionate and helpful. When I got off the train to go to temple seventy-nine, Tenno-ji (Temple of Emperor), the station master told me to go left for two blocks, then make a right until I came to the third light and then make another right. I did that, but in the heat I had forgotten whether he had said make a right or a left. While I was trying to recall, two young boys on bicycles stopped and asked me where I was going. When I told them, they asked if they could go along with me; I was never so overjoyed as at that moment. They got off their bikes and walked with me until we reached the temple. They were eighth grade classmates and the most delightful companions. At that moment I truly felt "Dogyo-ninin," We Two Together.

The last temple on the circuit, number eighty-eight, is Okubo-ji or Temple of a Large Hollow. The night before my planned visit there I returned to my room quite late, but worked out how to reach the temple and was very pleased; it was a fifteen minute walk from the train station. When I got off at Nagao-cho it was very hot, but I thought nothing of it. However, after fifteen minutes I saw no mountain and of course no temple. I kept on walking and walking for about an hour, under a burning sun and still no sign of mountains. By now I was alone in rice fields, no one in sight, until I saw someone hanging up laundry. I ran over to her, and asked her for directions to the last temple. She looked at me strangely, I thought, and invited me into her house. She unrolled a huge map, pointed to where we were, at the bottom, and traced out a road that reached up to the top of the map. Then she got out another huge map and continued to move her finger until she arrived at the top of that map and finally to the eighty-eighth temple. I

was horrified at how I had miscalculated, and asked her to call a taxi. "No, no," she said, she would drive me there. Henro or no henro, I refused, but thanked her and asked her again to call a taxi. She refused and insisted I get into her car. She would not call a taxi. I had no choice but to get into her car. We had a very moving time together, laughing along the way on a drive that took almost an hour. It was another unforgettable memory of the eighty-eight temples and Dogyo -ninin.

I'd like to close with a quote from Oliver Statler: "...this Shikoku pilgrimage is the only pilgrimage I know of that is essentially a circle. It has no beginning and no end. Like the quest for enlightenment, it is unending."



Diary of Our Pilgrimage 2005

By Seigan Ed Glassing



Oct. 3rd

Our journey begins. First, a short morning sit and chanting at New York Zendo with all of our group members: Eido Roshi, Fujin, Doshin, Entsu, Yayoi, Banko, Saiun and me. Aiho-san and Katsuro graciously serve us formal tea. Eido Roshi tells us that preparations for this auspicious event have taken two years. A great amount of thought, energy, time and money from many generous people have gone into making this trip possible. He talks of the teacup he was given when he was a monk attending the 600th ceremony for Kanzan Egen Zenji 50 years ago. He speaks about how lucky is his karma, to be attending twice in one lifetime. He speaks of his friendship with Tani Kogetsu Roshi, Dai Bosatsu Zendo's connection with Shogen-ji; and the fact that each of us who are going have practiced at Shogen-ji. All of these things culminate in this

one event. This pilgrimage is more than the commemoration of Kanzan Egen's passing 650 years ago; it is an honor hardly met with and a Dharma debt we are all repaying with our bodies and minds. Aiho-san then spoke, echoing his words, saying that we monks are the offspring of Eido Roshi and Dai Bosatsu, and so, we should carry ourselves with dignity and strength. Soun and Renji help by driving us to the airport. With some anxiety, excitement, and anticipation about what's next, we board our 777.

Oct. 4th

The flight is thirteen and a half hours; we fly over Canada, Alaska, and the Bering Strait; over the International Date Line and into tomorrow. The sun accompanies us throughout the trip. As we land in Narita Airport in the afternoon the sky clouds over. Myoyo-san Tanaka greets our party and helps gather our bags; she will accompany us throughout our trip. She, along with Roshi, will help us with logistics – train tickets, directions, hotels and taxis. Myoyo-san's quiet manner and charm are like a Bodhisattva's. Going through immigration Entsu encounters problems. Unfortunately, he is sent back home because of visa problems. We continue on to Tokyo with disappointment for him and hope that the rest of our trip will go well despite this setback.

Oct. 5th

Today we are to visit Engaku-ji, Soyen Shaku's monastery and the place where Ven. Nyogen Senzaki, and D.T. Suzuki practiced. 6:30 AM wake up. Breakfast. As I was asked to be Eido Roshi's inji for the trip, I do my best to attend him. An hour train trip to Kamakura. Outside our train window we see a King-Kong-sized

Kanzeon statue sitting on a mountain. It is a gray and rainy day today. We are dressed in formal monk traveling gear. We walk up the stone steps to the entry gate; a fellow dharma brother from Ryutaku-ji greets Eido Roshi. We walk through the grounds of the monastery surrounded by fog and bamboo groves. Waiting to greet us on the top of a set of stairs is Yokota Roshi of Engaku-ji. He and Eido Roshi bow to each other and he leads us to a dark cave within which is a huge stupa dedicated to all the past masters of Engaku-ji including Soyen Shaku. The pagoda is so big it takes up most of the space. Only one candle is lit; Yokota Roshi leads a Great Compassionate Dharani and dedication. We enter the Dharma Hall where Ven. Nyogen Senzaki and D.T. Suzuki years ago sat listening to Soyen Shaku's teishos; it is more intimate than you might think. We are warmly offered formal tea with the fairly young Roshi. It begins to rain heavier now and after our tea we say our goodbyes and take our leave.

An eight-minute walk takes us to a temple called Tokei-ji. This was Soyen Shaku's temple and is smaller than Engaku-ji but just as beautiful. We meet the Osho's son who is preparing for Bodhidharma Day. Entering the immaculate cemetery, which has flowers on every grave, we come to the official burial site of Soyen Shaku Zenji. We chant Great Compassionate Dharani



and offer incense; each of us is moved. Eido Roshi reads a few poems from his newly republished book *Like a Dream, Like a Fantasy*. The poems he chooses are deeply personal homages from Nyogen Senzaki to his beloved teacher Soyen Shaku. Only a few steps away we come to D.T. Suzuki's grave. His smaller stupa is covered in green moss and is humbly situated in the midst of the cemetery—nothing special. The fog and mist surrounding our group casts a dreamlike quality to the afternoon, somehow very fitting. The rest of the day we spend on trains traveling from Kamakura to Minokamo, the small city close to Shogen-ji. Memories flood back as I recognize places on the train where I did *takuhatsu* (begging for alms) seven years ago.

Oct. 6th

Shogen-ji Sesshin. As I am the inji, Fujin, the next senior monk in line, goes to Shogen-ji at 10:00 AM to attend a meeting for sesshin schedule. The rest of us arrive at Shogen-ji an hour later. We are all formally dressed in monk traveling garb, complete with *ajiro* (straw hat), *tabi*, *waraji* (rope/straw sandals) and our black *kanban bukuro* identifying us as coming from Dai Bosatsu Zendo; Beikoku (America) is written in kanji on the front. At the entrance gate I shout "*Tanomimasho!*" and immediately it's answered with "*Dohre!*" by the Shikaryo. This is the traditional greeting on entering the monastery. We are shown our rooms and our seats in the zendo. All of us, including Fujin and Yayoi are seated in the middle/back of the main zendo. This is a surprise, as nuns are usually separate from the zendo monks and join later on in the day during sesshin. Banko and Saiun will sit with other lay people from America, Europe and Taiwan in the Dokusokutsu, a building not far away. I accompany Eido Roshi and wait in

the inji's quarters while he meets with Yamakawa Roshi. That afternoon sesshin starts. Tomorrow, three simultaneous dokusans will be going on, Eido Roshi at one bell, Yamakawa Roshi on another and of Doryu Oki Roshi of Tokugen-ji, in Nagoya, on the third. Jet lag is starting to hit. I am glad that I brought caffeine lozenges with me. I iron Roshi's robe and try to sleep.

Oct. 7th

4:00 AM wake-up. Didn't sleep very well. A taxi drives Eido Roshi, Doryu Oki Roshi, his inji, and me to Shogen-ji. We arrive at 5:30 AM; the sesshin participants have been awake since 3:30 having completed morning service, morning tea, breakfast and some zazen. Eido Roshi prepares for dokusan; he will be seated in Boun-tei, an old building (said to have a ghost) surrounded by beautiful gardens. At 6:00 AM sharp it is still rather dark out when the bonsho rings three times. I hit the kansho bell at the same time as the other bells, and each has a different sound. There are so many monks that come for Eido Roshi's dokusan that there is not enough time for him to see all of them. Dokusan ends as it began: three bonsho bells and three strikes of the kansho. Mid-morning teisho by Yamakawa Roshi; Eido Roshi is in attendance. There are over 120 people doing sesshin. Tai-u Zenji (who runs the Rinzai Zen Temple in Los Angeles) is the jikijitsu in the main zendo. Junju Zenji, another monk from my days at Shogen-ji, is the jisha. Un-ryu Zenji, my brother monk from Denmark, is the head tenzo. It is very impressive to see so many monks and lay people from all over the world and so many temples under one roof. I see many returning monks that I had practiced with years ago. They are all quick to show me pictures of their children and wives telling me what happened to them after leaving Shogen-

ji. Afternoon dokusan again was packed.

Oct. 8th

Takuhatsu day at Shogen-ji. After morning service, breakfast, and dokusan all the monks gather together at 7:30 AM to get into groups for alms begging. It is a rainy day, but takuhatsu is going to go forward. There will be three areas nearby the monastery to which the three groups will go. The Dai Bosatsu Zendo contingent is assigned to join with monks from Tokugen-ji and Heirin-ji. There are



twenty monks all in a line; this style of takuhatsu is called *renpatsu*. We walk down the many steps to Ibuka, a small village below. The stone steps are very slippery as we walk in our waraji. At the bottom of the steps we start chanting "HO" (Dharma) in a long breath. It is quite impressive to hear so many monks chanting together. From time to time a person will run up to us and give us a bag of uncooked rice or some money. After about an hour and a half we have a sarei tea break at Zentoku-ji, a temple nearby. We are given a cup of tea and sweets. Before we leave the temple the Osho shows us a relic; it looks like bone, but it is the remnants of the actual *shukin* (belt) that Kanzan Egen wore. Fascinating. It is so exhilarating to do takuhatsu again, it brings back so many memories. I look behind me at Fujin, Doshin, and Yayoi I see smiles on their faces; they must be feeling the same thing in their hearts.

Upon our return to Shogen-ji we

unload our rice and money, wash our feet, and prepare for lunch. Today will be the much-anticipated *udon-sai* (udon noodle lunch). Famous throughout all Zen monasteries, the monks are served heaps and heaps of noodles. Before lunch there is dread and nervousness exhibited by the monks from the other monasteries; Shogen-ji has a reputation for being strict and *udon-sai* is no exception. Doshin and I wind up being on the same team sharing a bucket of noodles with two other monks. It begins. After only two buckets of noodles the other two monks have had it, they slow down their eating to one noodle at a time. Doshin and I however are still okay, but I insist that Doshin slow down and let them share – after all, it is a teamwork event. Three buckets later and almost thirty minutes of continuous eating, it ends. When finished, everyone shares their battle stories about how many buckets they ate. It seems that the Shogen-ji monks, including the Dai Bosatsu monks who trained there, came out on top. As *udon-sai* go, we all agree that it was not as bad as some that we have encountered. It is hard to explain *udon-sai* and its reasoning. I have heard different stories: one of them is that serving noodles to monks is an offering to recompense them for their hard efforts in sesshin; as such, they must not and cannot refuse an offering. Another version is that monks temporarily become the embodiment of spirits of family ancestors, and by providing food for them, the spirits are appeased. Another is that monks are eating for all the beings in the six worlds. Whatever the reason, it is tradition to eat lots and lots of noodles.

That afternoon, dokusan with Yamakawa Roshi, Zuiryo Roshi, and Kokeizan Roshi. I wait in line for Yamakawa Roshi, but there are just too many people, so I don't get in. I manage

to see Banko and Saiun briefly; they are doing okay, they said that they heard our "HO" all morning! Dokusan ends; one sit, then *banka* (afternoon chanting) followed by *yakuseki* (supper). There is a short rest before returning to the zendo at 5:30 PM. The Kaihan (evening han) starts dokusan again; this time I skip Yamakawa Roshi's line and run to Zuiryo Roshi. Yayoi is already there. We both get in. The only thing I remember is that he rang me out holding the bell like a town crier. Above his head! Then he said in English: "More Direct!" Good advice. The rest of the evening: periods of zazen punctuated by *junkei*. As is the custom at Shogen-ji no one asks to be hit with the *keisaku* (stick), they just hit you. Tai-u stalks with the stick like a lion hunting for prey; the victims are those foolish enough to sleep. Some did. WACK-WACK, WACK-WACK. Later, Doshin and I agree that his stalking seemed to cast such a spell that it was putting us to sleep; it took everything in our power to keep our eyes open.

Oct. 9th

4:00 AM wake-up. Morning service at Shogen-ji; with no lights except for two candles, it makes the entire morning feel as if we are still sleeping. With lightening fast chanting it is nearly impossible to read the Lotus sutra in the dark. Breakfast. Dokusan. Once again I don't get in. The morning is spent doing *teihatsu* (shaving our head), zendo/ground cleaning and *kaiyoku* (bath). Lunch. In the afternoon *sosan* (mandatory dokusan) with Yamakawa Roshi for our Dai Bosatsu group. Eido Roshi arrives for the last teisho of the sesshin; I attend to him once again. After teisho, there is *Dai-hannya*. *Dai-hannya* is one of the most intriguing chants and to those who are unfamiliar, it can be very shocking. At least twelve wooden cabinets are placed in front of the roshis and monks;

inside are sutra books of the entire six hundred volume Tripitaka. At a signal from Yamakawa Roshi, the entire sangha explodes with shouting: *DAI-HANNYA-HARAMIKYO-TONOSANZO-GENJO-BUJO-YAKU* and the monks unfurl the books like an accordion. The sutra book is 'aired out' three times to the right, and three times to the left. According to tradition, merely flipping the pages in



this way provides as much merit as if one had read each book in its entirety. After each book is waved it is slammed down on the table and another sutra book is started with another *DAI-HANNYA...* shout. This lasts for perhaps ten minutes and is absolutely mesmerizing. A Segaki Service is performed. The monks return to the zendo for Setsuryo (sesshin ending ceremony), "*Hannya-shin-gyo*" is shouted at the top of our voices. The roshis meet after the ceremony and have dinner together. I am helping the injis again. That night there is a performance by a theater group dramatizing the life of Kanzan Egen Zenji. I am so high, and so-o-o-o tired from sesshin that the play seems like it is all in slow motion.

Oct. 10th

6:00 AM; late wake-up. A photograph of all the participants is taken in front of the Hondo. Solemnly, the bonsho is rung to signal the end of this auspicious gathering – first seven times, then five, then three times. As it rings, monks from each of the respective monasteries

line up dressed in formal traveling gear and leave Shogen-ji by walking down the stone steps and out of sight. The tenzo gong follows the bonsho in the same sequence; then finally the han. It is very quiet and an odd sense of finality echoes throughout the grounds. Sesshin is over, and this great event has come to a conclusion. Now preparations begin for Kaisanki, the founder's day.

Oct. 11th

All Day we prepare for Kaisanki, the biggest event of the year at Shogen-ji, honoring Kanzan Egen Zenji; over one thousand people will be attending tomorrow. Late afternoon there is a formal pre-chanting ceremony celebrating the eve of Kaisanki. Various chants are performed including Dai-hannya and the beautiful Ryogon-shu. Ryogon-shu gyodo (walking chanting) is extremely moving, almost hypnotic. The sangha stands as the ino starts the Ryogon chant in a deep melodic voice. The roshis then lead the monks in a slow mazelike single file path that crisscrosses the Dharma Hall this way and that. We stop with hands in gassho between each section of the chant. Preparation for Kaisanki continues for the rest of the day.

Oct. 12th

Nine roshis, hundreds of oshos, priests and monks are dressed in their most formal robes. Purple, gold, black, green, silver, and yellow; there is an ocean of colors and people. Kimono clad women, shakuhatchi flute players, children, lay people; CEOs from various companies, all converge at the Hondo. At last, this is the event that Shogen-ji has spent years preparing for. Everyone has done a superb job of making Shogen-ji beautiful, including reconstruction of whole buildings. Most of the Shogen-ji monks work behind the scenes though during the

ceremony; Dai Bosatsu monks join them. For this reason, none of us really get to see the Kaisanki event in its entirety, rather when we have free time, we see it off the sidelines. The *hokku* (dharma drum) sounds, people settle down in their seats. The oshos and priests walk single file into the hall, the guest roshis are next, followed by the last person, Yamakawa Roshi. He is dressed in the most formal robe, a dazzling fluorescent orange. The ceremony is solemn. The



retired grand master of Urasenke Tea School offers a bowl of tea; shakuhatchi flute music is performed. And then the most spectacular Ryogon-shu gyodo I have yet seen at Shogen-ji. The ceremony ends in the early afternoon. Everyone is served a delicious catered boxed lunch of *shojin-ryori* (vegetarian food). The day concludes. Our group takes its leave of Shogen-ji with feelings of sadness and joy. This evening we spend at Suimeikan, one of the most famous hot spring hotels in Japan. We bathe in the healing waters and have our first dinner with Eido Roshi after sesshin. All of us share our sesshin experiences with great laughter, happiness and joy.

Oct. 13th

We travel on trains most of the day through an extremely mountainous landscape. We arrive at Enzan (Salt Mountain City) in Yamanashi prefecture and are greeted by our gracious hosts Mr. and Mrs. Iwata, friends of Eido Roshi.

We are to stay as guests in their home tonight. On the way to their house, however, we take a detour and drive up an enormous mountain overlooking a sunset valley. From here we walk into a wood and visit a huge rock. This rock was the very rock that the Zen Master Bassui Tokusho Zenji sat on in zazen. We are in awe. Tomorrow we will visit the temple he founded, Kogaku-ji. That evening, we gather together and perform a chanting ceremony dedicated to the Iwata ancestors. They, in turn, offer us a splendid feast with Japanese delicacies hard to believe. Mr. and Mrs. Iwata's hospitality is heartwarming.

Oct. 14th

It is a picture postcard day. In formal monk robes we visit Kogaku-ji. Soen Nakagawa Roshi was ordained as a Buddhist monk here. *Mud and Water*, a collection of letters and famous talks by Bassui Zenji, was written here. It is a rather large temple, like Shogen-ji, and spread out under the mountains. We arrive to find Myoyo-san and her son waiting for us. We are then led inside Kogaku-ji and served tea with Miyamoto Roshi. He speaks to us about Bassui and his history. A layperson is also present; it turns out that his grandfather knew Soen Roshi and was friends with him. The layperson has brought many old shikishi to show Eido Roshi; written on them are numerous calligraphies by Soen Roshi. When we finish tea, we visit the *Hatto* (a special building in some monasteries which acts as a separate Dharma Hall). Here we chant *Namu Karatano* for Master Bassui.

We pilgrims from DBZ have come to the final stop on this odyssey – Dai Bosatsu Toge (peak). This turns out to be the climax of our trip and one that, looking back now, is a day I shall never forget. We drive in several cars accompanied

by Miyamoto Roshi and several of his monks to Mount Dai Bosatsu. It is a long winding road, which keeps climbing up and up. This place is the real root of the Dai Bosatsu Mandala, which Roshi has spoken about so much. Soen Nakagawa Roshi came here many times, always a few months at a time, to do solitary retreat. It was here that he conceived the idea of having an International Zendo composed of lay people and monks alike. It was here too that he forged his historic friendship with Ven. Nyogen Senzaki through letter writing. We arrive at an old-style rustic house in the woods. It is called the 'hut of the three worlds'. We



meet the master caretaker of the house and of Dai Bosatsu Toge, Mr. Masuda. He leads us to the back of the house and to our amazement a staggering view of Mt Fuji appears. Eido Roshi leads the entire group in one of the most moving Great Compassionate Dharanis and dedicates it to Tozu Kaisan Mitta Kutsu Soen Zenji Dai Osho, and to Tozu Innen Kaisan Choro-an Nyogen Zenji Dai Osho. With Namu Dai Bosa chanting, we each offer incense. Then out of a fairytale, a picnic feast has been prepared for us in the house. Sandwiches, rice balls, vegetables, tea, and even a little beer to toast Kanpai Soen Nakagawa Roshi! We all thought it couldn't get any better. And then it did.

Having finished our informal meal, the Master offers to drive us to the top. Limited space in his vehicle only allows Eido Roshi, Fujin and me to go. The rest

decide to hike up. It is a roller coaster ride. If I thought the scenery before was breathtaking, this completely blows me away. The top of Dai Bosatsu Toge is sparse; only an old pagoda, a stupa, and a small headless Buddha statue stand as sentinels. Near silence engulfs us, punctuated only by the wind. We are utterly alone; it feels as if every single being in the six worlds is watching: gods, titans, men, demons, ghosts and animals. They hold their breath as we take a few steps; then suddenly Mt Fuji rises like a behemoth above the mists of the horizon. Our jaws gape open...wow! We stand watching Fuji-san; Fuji-san stands watching us. Eido Roshi then shouts a thunderous KWATSU! I am speechless. I feel like I am bearing witness to something magnificent, something that should perhaps be private. The circle is now complete; from Soen Shaku, Ven. Nyogen Senzaki, and D.T. Suzuki, to Soen Roshi, to Eido Roshi. From this great peak in Japan to Los Angeles, and still farther to a temple in New York City and a monastery by Beecher Lake, in the Catskills, The Dai Bosatsu Mandala.

That evening we celebrate a superb farewell dinner in Tokyo hosted by Myoyo-san. Next day our group will disperse. Doshin, Yayoi and I will return to America. The others will stay on for a few days before returning. Being our final meal together it is a mixture of happiness and sadness. All of us speak one by one of our gratitude and of how much this trip far exceeded anything that we could have dreamed of. We toast to Eido Roshi, to Yamakawa Roshi and to all who helped us on this journey: Myoyo-san, and Maiku; our brothers and sisters who took care of NYZ and DBZ, especially Aiho-san, Shokan, Renji, and Jokei. And to all those who were unable to travel with us in body, but were ever present with us in spirit. Gassho.

Dream?



By Fujin Zenni

Upon unpacking my suitcase and carrying it up to the attic, I realized our trip to Japan wasn't a dream. Even the beautiful photos and the souvenirs we brought back have this dream-like quality, not to speak of the time we spent there. I had never envisioned traveling to Japan with Eido Roshi and a few dharma brothers and sisters. While preparing to leave, only Eido Roshi seemed to realize the significance of what was going to unfold. The rest of us just made sure we didn't forget anything.

After landing in Narita, the dream started. First, it was nightmare-like, as we were hoping for a miracle to happen to Entsu after immigration stopped him. Then the dharma took over, and we just proceeded from one event to the next, as if carried by Roshi's lifetime of practice. We all became men and women of *buji*, with literally nothing to do! To say "Thank you" or "Unforgettable" doesn't quite convey my feeling. Listening to my brothers' and sisters' reports, I can only join them in saying that it will take me another few years to fully digest the impact of this pilgrimage.

In any case, it will remain a landmark for the rest of my life. My heart goes out to Aiho-san for her continuous support of Shobo-Ji and to Shokan and Renji for their unconditional dedication to DBZ while we were away.



My Impressions of the Pilgrimage to Japan

By Doshin David Schubert



First, I deeply bow to Eido Roshi and Aihosan, as well as Yamakawa Roshi, Myoyo Tanaka, Maiku Michael Weissert and Mr. and Mrs. Iwata for their immeasurable generosity and careful preparation, which made this momentous pilgrimage possible. Thank you for this precious Dharma gift, which I will share with everyone for the rest of my life and beyond.

As Roshi commented at the site of Soen Roshi's retreat on Dai Bosatsu Mountain in Japan, "THIS is the root of Dai Bosatsu Zendo." The entire journey took us all back to the essence of our Rinzai Zen practice. We literally walked in the footsteps of the venerable Zen patriarchs, Soyen Shaku, Kanzan Egen, Bassui, Soen Roshi and innumerable bodhisattvas. Every place we visited was saturated with such powerful Dharma energy that it left, even me, speechless. To be able to chant and offer incense at such spiritual places was an opportunity that is hardly ever met with, even in countless eons. The image of Eido Roshi beneath an umbrella in the warm falling rain reading the words of Nyogen Senzaki from "*Like a dream, Like a Fantasy*" at Soyen Shaku's grave site, will never escape my being.

How was it possible that we DBZ unsui would be attending sesshin at Shogen-ji together? At the risk of sounding egotistical, I felt so proud to be able to represent Eido

Roshi and all that he has done to train us so diligently. I felt his inspiration throughout sesshin and during the entire trip, and repeatedly wondered what my life would have been like if karmic circumstances had not allowed me to meet him and his Dharma teachings. To return to Shogen-ji galvanized my original one-year of practice there. So many things gained clarity. As we attended ceremonies that honored Kanzan Egen Zenji and Shogen-ji's anniversary, the beauty and grace of this practice took on a greater depth, and my heart grew heavy with gratitude. Through this pilgrimage I was able to reaffirm my connection with Yamakawa Roshi and the monks of Shogen-ji, and for this I am thankful.

After sesshin we traveled many miles by train, venturing further and further into the high mountainous country. I will never forget my first glimpse of Mount Fuji, as I jumped to the other side of the bullet train to look out the window. When we arrived we were greeted by the kindest people, Mr. and Mrs. Iwata, who hosted us that evening. They took us to a huge rock that Bassui used for Zazen. At dusk, amidst the sound of crickets, we made our way through the forest to stand beneath the mammoth boulder. This was a dream! I was so impressed when Banko climbed the rock and assumed a Zazen posture. That sparkling energy possessed us all at that moment; this is it!

The next day we traveled to Kogaku-ji and shared tea with the gracious abbot. The sunny skies were my heart, as we left and began ascending Dai Bosatsu Toge. Never, never would I have expected to be standing where Soen Roshi stood, looking at distant Mount Fuji and chanting the Great Compassionate Dharani! We all manifested the DBZ mandala at that moment.

Needless to say, the impressions that this pilgrimage left are still wonderfully resounding in my heart.

Japan Trip October 2005

By Yayoi Karen Matsumoto



The trip to Japan was great in many ways, beginning with a good start and a warm send-off from Aiho-San at Shobo-ji.

Since returning from my half-year training at Shogen-ji in 2003, whenever I reflected back on the experience I felt appreciation mixed with some dread. But during this revisit to the monastery, on the occasion of the grand memorial anniversary of Master Kanzan Egen, I was filled with a happy, light-hearted feeling. Being in the company of Roshi, Seigan, Fujin, Doshin, (and at the beginning Entsu), and Saiun and Banko, had a lot to do with this. Also, the atmosphere at Shogen-ji was like a festive sesshin. It was good to see my old classmates and senior monks. Even the previously mean bosses were light-hearted and friendly. So the training experience was rounded out with a warm, human aspect. It was also interesting to be with the monks from guest monasteries, each group having its own character. Although takuhatsu was one of the highlights of Shogen-ji

life for many DBZ monks, it was one of the challenges for me. But this year, the takuhatsu was enjoyable, chanting, Ho-o-o-o, and walking with my brother and sister monks.

There was a humorous aspect to the pick-your-own-dokusan-roshi arrangement. Twice each day dokusan was offered with a choice of three roshis. Each visiting roshi did two dokusans during the sesshin. Everyday the menu of roshis would change. At the beginning of the Shogen-ji sesshin, I didn't have much interest in sampling dokusans, seeing no need to window shop for roshis. It also seemed to be a confusing proposition to do dokusan with so many. But by the second day, I thought, "Why not?" After going to both of Eido Roshi's dokusans, and unsuccessfully waiting in Yamakawa Roshi's line, I decided to check out some of the other ones, sometimes not even knowing which line was which, thinking, "How about this line?—Sure!" Once when we quickly got settled in one of these dokusan lines, a monk turned his head back to a fellow monk and asked, "Where is this?"

My first new dokusan was with the Kokeizan Roshi. As soon as entering his space, there was a feeling of sensitive delicacy and quiet. He talked in a very quiet and mellow voice. I had to become quiet too, just in order to hear him. This went on for a good many moments. Then he asked me a question. I hadn't understood a word of anything he had said! I had to tell him that I didn't understand much Japanese. He seemed to understand that. Then he continued speaking at length anyway! At the end, he rang me out.

I decided that for the next dokusan, which turned out to be with Zuiryo-ji Roshi, I would let him know from the very start that I could only speak a little

Japanese or Nihon-go; thinking that he would then speak back in very simple terms. This worked very well, and I was able to hear his dokusan much better. He also gave me a hint, which was helpful for the next dokusan-roshi – Yamakawa Roshi.

Fujin and I were secretly laughing till our sides split about my nervous meetings with these new roshis. (Later we learned that it wasn't so secret, that others had heard us.) We joked that seeing Matsumoto Roshi would definitely be a must – he and I share a surname. Unfortunately time ran out. I wish I had gotten in the swing of this whole movement earlier; it was all over too soon. But maybe it's more interesting to leave the enso circle open-ended.

All in all, the multi-roshi-dokusan experience was like entering a pool of roshi-consciousness embodied in different locations. Each different and each the same.

During the second part of our trip we followed the Soen Roshi connection, which took us to Enzan and Master Bassui's Kogaku-ji, and to Dai Bosatsu Mountain. We were greeted by the gracious hosts Mr. & Mrs. Iwata, and Mr. Fujiwara.

We were taken to the woods and saw and touched the rock formation that Master Bassui of Kogaku-ji sat on to practice zazen. Banko was the only one of our group who climbed to the rock seat and took the zazen posture. We visited Kogaku-ji where Soen Roshi was ordained as a monk. It had a sense of simplicity and quiet; not pretentious, not bright. I began to appreciate Master Bassui. Just as earlier in the trip at Engaku-ji (monastery of Soyen Shaku, teacher of Nyogen Senzaki and D.T. Suzuki), we were served tea and sweets by the monks and met the Roshi. I appreciated his mini Dharma talk saying that although nowadays intellectual understanding was popular, without a

clear and moving experience, the Dharma would be lost. I got that feeling again that dedicating one's life to the dharma was well worth it. Then we visited the actual retreat hut where Soen Roshi practiced on Dai Bosatsu Mountain. There was still farther to walk up the mountain. When the Kogaku-ji Roshi heard that none of us would walk up Dai Bosatsu Mountain because there was no one to guide us, he shook his head. I read it as something like, "What's wrong with you, where's your spirit? You came all this way and won't walk up the mountain?" It turned out that, kindly, Mr. Fujiwara was willing to guide some of us up the mountain, so we followed. Agile and lithe Saiun and Mr. Fujiwara were in the lead with Banko and me in the rear, short of breath. I thought of Roshi, Fujin and Seigan taking it easy in their car ride up the mountain, later to take the same ride myself – a rocky ride from hell, leading to heaven. Anyway, we got there to the top, and what an awesome view of Mt. Fuji. Dai Bosatsu Mountain: as Roshi calls it, the root of DBZ!

The hospitality of our many hosts was humbling: Yamakawa Roshi and the Shogen-ji monks, the roshis and monks of Engaku-ji and Kogaku-ji, Mr. & Mrs. Iwata, Mrs. Myoho Tanaka, not to mention my DBZ Japan Alumni. In advance, Eido Roshi had seen to it that the planning and the many details of the trip were taken care of. All the transitions and parts of the trip went smoothly. And there were so many others who gave their time and energy to make this trip happen.

I had been thinking for a while that I would like to go to Japan with Eido Roshi and my Dharma brothers and sisters. Now it has happened. The practice aspect was great and so too was the human Dharma connection of it, all working together. Beautiful and heart-warming!

Nine Bows,
Yayoi

Sesshin at Shogen-ji By Saiun Atsumi Hara



Banko and I had a tremendous opportunity to participate in a sesshin at Shogen-ji for the occasion of the 650th anniversary of the passing Kanzan Egen in October. It was a three-day sesshin and had included in the program such activities as Dai Hannya, Takuhatsu (samu for lay people), Udon-sai and teisho. We were told that because this was a "ceremonial" sesshin, it was different from the usual sesshin at Shogen-ji. Although it was "lighter" than usual, it was hard enough for me to do. The experience also made me realize how much Eido Roshi modified the Japanese traditional way of sesshin to fit all non-Japanese Zen practitioners (ordained or not doesn't matter).

Let me give you some examples.

Sozarei

During Roshi's opening remarks at Sozarei and the Jikijitsu's announcement of the officers, the Jisha's warnings and

the sesshin exhortation, we had to be in the position of the "greeting prostration" (kneeling down, bent over, the forehead to the floor). We held this flexibility-testing position for over ten minutes several times.

Meals

Outside of the Zendo, there are no cushions. We had to sit cross-legged directly on the hard-wood floor.

Zazen

Immediately after each meal, we did zazen. There was no break in between. I had a hard time to get my breathing right with a full stomach. One time at breakfast I tried not to eat too much because of this, but I was too hungry to do samu way before lunch! If there were two sits, there was a brief break which we could not figure out if we could stand up or rest since nobody changed their position. Almost all of us ended up sitting two sits straight through.

Kinhin

Kinhin (walking meditation) is a separate activity done twice a day. There is no kinhin after a long sit, teisho or morning/evening services. Kinhin, therefore, is not the time to go to the toilet.

Toilet break

From the beginning (3:30am or 4am) until samu (i.e. morning service, breakfast and dokusan), there was no break. It was about four hours. Actually as far as I remember there was only three times when we could go to the toilet. During dokusan time, however, almost everybody went to dokusan (we had eight roshis who gave us dokusan), even the Jikijitsu. Therefore there was nobody watching the people who remained in the Zendo. It seemed free to go to the toilet

anytime or to get up and stretch your legs. At DBZ, we are not allowed to go to the toilet during dokusan but there is a break between the two sits.

Morning and evening services

Lay people were not provided sutra books. There was no announcement of which sutra we were to chant. Even if you had a sutra book, you could not read it because there was no light. Even if you had memorized the sutra you were to chant, it was almost impossible because they chant the sutras about five times faster than we do.

Cushions

There are no zabutons or zafus in the Zendo. There is a futon which they fold back on itself in a certain way (Shogen-ji's way) to sit on. There was no easy way to arrange the height that is right for you. I could never get my right posture to sit, actually, which made me so tired. Moreover, as I told you before, there is no cushion for meals, services, teisho and dokusan line. You have to sit cross-legged for the first three, and seiza in the dokusan line directly on the hard-wood floor.

Keisaku

You are not allowed to request to have keisaku. It is not used to help release tension or aid in concentration but simply as a means of punishment.

Samu

Actually only during samu, you can stretch and relieve your body.

So you can see that there are many differences found between Shogen-ji and DBZ. DBZ's way makes much more sense for your physical body; such as having kinhin each after a long sit, services and teisho, a break after each meal so that food can be digested and we

can sit on a zafu while eating, chanting or in the dokusan line. When the physical body is treated right, you can go into your heart/mind.

Also we have to realize that DBZ is aimed not only for ordained but for lay people too. At Shogen-ji, there was no translation for foreigners, lay students had to be in the dining room before the meal gong, and in the Hondo (Main Hall) before the gong for services or hokku for teisho. No announcement of the sutras to chant was given (at DBZ we are even told the page numbers!!).

When I think about physical ability and the treatment of lay people for sesshin, I have to say that Shogen Monastery (and probably most Zen monasteries in Japan) are aimed only for young Japanese monks (not even nuns). DBZ's way is far away from "Japanized" or "Shogenized." It is very user-friendly.

I am very appreciative of Eido Roshi's modification for us. I am also deeply grateful that I could have an opportunity to experience a sesshin at Shogen-ji so that I could re-realize the many good points of DBZ. Thank you, Eido Roshi, and thank you, Yamakawa Roshi.

Gassho



Mandala Memories

By Banko Randy Phillips



First of all I would like to thank Eido Roshi, Aiho-san and Yamakawa Roshi for offering me this great Dharma opportunity. There were countless others that also helped make this trip possible and I owe each of them a debt of gratitude.

The memories of this experience are varied and many. Some that come to mind:

Following Roshi at breakneck speed through a crowded Japanese rail station (with seconds to board a train) is an experience in itself. Leadership at a trot, but also faith that the troops will do what is asked of them!

Running to dokusan with size 8 *kinhin zori* (Japanese-style slippers) - my shoe size is 13. We were told that we had to wear the supplied zori when running to dokusan (unless you had your own, which I didn't). The place that Eido Roshi gave dokusan was a good block away from where we sat zazen. I never got in to see him.

The incredible beauty and grace of Yamakawa Roshi doing eighteen formal prostrations dressed in the most gorgeous brocade I have ever seen.

Having dinner with Roshi and 7 other Roshi's at Gero Onsen. Looking over the 140 tatami mat room filled with Roshis, Oshos and injis I could just barely make out Roshi in the distance! But his bearing, Zen presence, graciousness and the respect shown by those around him are images I will never forget. Nor the food!

Since there was no translation of anything said or done (other than some zendo rules) all of the foreign participants to the sesshin (from Taiwan, Switzerland, and the US) were very hungry for any information they could glean about what was going on. Saiun would offer impromptu (after-the-fact) translations of Yamakawa Roshi's teishos and the play we saw about Kanzan Egen. When it became known that there was a book of his previous teishos available in Japanese and English everyone was asking, "when are we going to receive it?!" When they were finally distributed the sheer joy on their faces was a sight I will never forget. Our work on these books, after all, was why Saiun and I were fortunate enough to attend this very special function.

When we stayed with the lovely Mr. and Mrs. Iwata-san Saiun and I stayed in a very modern California-style house. We got up early and helped them prepare breakfast for all the others who were in other of their houses nearby. Mrs. Iwata opened up a box of recently delivered *matsutake* mushrooms the likes of which I have never seen. Then she asked me to cut them up. Saiun had to help my shaking hands cut up this box of the rarest (and most delicious) mushroom Japan has to offer. Their generosity to and love of Roshi were such a pleasure to behold.

Trying to sit zazen at Shogen-ji. The way the practice is setup at Shogen-ji the order of importance is: samu, takuhatsu and zazen. I was allowed a small stool to sit on which is a major concession here (which I am thankful for). The general pain of sitting on the floor with no cushion everywhere else you went made getting back to the difficulties of doing zazen something to look forward to! But the atmosphere in the zendo when dokusan was in progress was very lax and disturbing. The people who went to dokusan would trickle in as they finished; some people who stayed used the time to walk around and take it easy. I didn't come all this way to "get out" of zazen. The second night Yamakawa Roshi visited us through the main door of the zendo and "inspected" the troops. There was a subtle shift in atmosphere and it was the first real sit of the sesshin for me.

My dharma brother and sister traveling companions. There are vignettes of all of them whom I love dearly: Doshin with his new found peace at the place that was so hard on him, Yayoi's telling of her hilarious dokusan adventures, Seigan with all of the pressure of being inji "two and a half hours at dinner in seiza!", Fujin's happiness and ever present grace at the top of the world with Roshi, Saiun's bewilderment and gratitude at the sheer scope and depth of everyone's generosity towards us.

The concretization of this Dai Bosatsu Mandala. I guess it started on one hand with all that I have read about this so-called mandala. But on the trip it started with the stupa at the founders cave in Engaku-ji (honoring Soyen Shaku and Nyogogen Senzaki among others), the dank smell of a cave, incense, and an echo that all have heard when they chanted there. Then at the museum at Tokei-ji (where Soyen Shaku's grave is located) there was a scroll picturing the demons of zazen (about 10 feet long), a scroll by Soyen Shaku in Pali, and one of the most beautiful matched

pairs of Buddhist statues I have ever seen (a Jizo and a Kannon of like size and posture.) Then trudging up the path behind Shogen-ji with Saiun, following beautiful stone trail markers of Bodhisatvas' that eventually lead to Kanzan Egen's shrine. Then having dokusan with Yamakawa Roshi. Then on to Bassui zenji's rock and the temple that he built, Kogaku-ji. Soen Roshi enters the picture here in my mind and feeling. He was ordained here and he probably worked on the main koan of this place: "Kore nan zo? (What is this?) Then on to Soen Roshi's meditation hut on the side of Mount Dai Bosatsu. This is where it really starts to "gel" for me. This is the place where Soen Roshi sat zazen (in nature) and did samu. He wrote some poems here, he got some enlightenment here, he got some ideas here of spreading Dharma to the West, and stared at one of the most beautiful views of Mount Fuji in Japan. Nyogogen Senzaki read his poems, Eido Roshi eventually helped spread the dharma to the west. "Started" by a guy sitting "alone" and doing zazen - the power to change the world. Then on up the mountain by foot (pant, pant!) with Yayoi-san and Saiun (an occasional glance over her shoulder to see if I was still afoot.) There at the top is Roshi with Seigan and Fujin sitting in a small café-hut, with smiles all around. A blue sky without a cloud. And Roshi. This is it. This is the Dai Bosatsu Mandala become complete for me.

Words, of course, cannot express my gratitude, but I send a heartfelt "Thank you" to all who helped make this life-changing experience possible. I do vow to do what I can to support this wonderful Mandala and hope that all can see it complete in their own way; the power to change the world.



DBZ News:

Spring Kessei 2005

Spring Kessei 2005 began on April 8th with the following returning residents: Rev. Fujin Butsudo Zenni – Shikaryo and Inji (Roshi's Attendant), Jokei Megumi Kairis – Office, Jisha and Open Space Coordinator, Jushin David Seaman – Jokei. New students joining the sangha included Tomoaki Sasaki, Simon Manzer and Matt Klein.

Summer Work-Exchange 2005

DBZ saw a very busy summer this year, packed with Open Space retreats, Intro to Zen weekends, and special events such as O-Bon. Joining our residents to help out this summer were: Rev. Ippo Keido Zenji, Shiun Valerie Foote, Jimin Anna Klegon, Reiun Steve Hartstack, Bunan John Flaherty, Shofu Steve Lakeman, Denshin Bruce Ackland, Yuho Carl Baldini, Tentetsu Jericho Blum, Shoen Hisako Inoue, Shinju Naoko Umitani, Sean Law, Benjamin Mayock, Emi Yabuno, Steve Dahlem, Heather Gallagher, Pian Shu, John Lynch, Erin Roycroft, Manu Sassonian, Pascale Burkart, Susan Pope, Karen Remmler, Johanna Schwartzbeck, Rafal Wiczorkowski, Maya Klegon, Fred Forsythe, Jim Spencer, Keith Wilson, Jenna Woginrich and Laura Andrews.

Samu Weekends at DBZ

This year, DBZ conducted three Samu Weekends during the warm spring months, where sangha members come and spend a weekend here at DBZ, volunteering their time and their efforts to join residents in work practice on the mountain.

The primary focus of our Samu practice on these weekends is gathering, preparing and stocking firewood to fuel DBZ's wood-burning furnaces throughout the cold winter months. With cooperation and assistance from New York State's Department of Environmental Conservation, we worked with Forestry officials who identified decaying or dying trees that needed to be cut down in order to help the forest sustain itself. Thus, this winter we were able to heat the monastery entirely with firewood gathered from trees on our property, and did not have to purchase any wood from outside sources. Most importantly, the wood is harvested in a manner that is ecologically beneficial and helps to preserve more than 1200 acres of forest on Dai Bosatsu Mountain.

Coordinated by NYZ member Soun Joe Dowling, Samu Weekends are free of charge, and are a great way to gather and practice together as a community, in a lighthearted and casual atmosphere, both inside and outside of the zendo.

Thank you to Soun and the following participants, who helped make Samu Weekends a success: Daiden Chuck Young, Daishin Pawel Wojtasik, Koge Eileen Danville, Keiun Claire Dacey, Somon Terrence Truta, Jimin Anna Klegon, Koju Agung Hertando, Shoen Hisako Inoue, Shinju Naoko Umitani, Junsho Bello, Yanti Hertando, Kevin Murphy, Noel Rodriguez, Laura Trevino, Seema Christie, Jocelyn Perry, Eric Smith, Elaine Tucker, and Keith Wilson. Also, to Yuho Carl Baldini, for introducing fellow Aikido practitioners Robert Savoca, Terri Rzeznik, Valia Napadaylo, and Sam Geller to practice here at DBZ. Special thanks also to DBZ caretaker Tamcho Bruce Aldrige, whose year-round effort and support is invaluable.

Please stay tuned to our 2006 calendar, and look for postings on the bulletin board at Shobo-ji for dates of future Samu Weekends at DBZ. If you have any questions, or would like more information, please e-mail Soun at joedwl@aol.com.

Kark-Hassinger Wedding

In June, Dai Bosatsu Zendo was very pleased to host the wedding of Jesse Hassinger and Aimee Kark. Eido Roshi officiated at the ceremony, which was charged with beauty, emotion and flair. Nyogetsu Ronnie Seldin set the mood with a lilting, yet dramatic performance of the shakuhachi (Japanese bamboo flute), and then the bride and groom exchanged self-penned vows. Following the ceremony was a delicious wedding feast, meticulously planned and prepared by Rev. Entsu Jodo Zenji. The DBZ sangha wishes Jesse and Aimee the best of luck and a lifetime of happiness.

Many thanks to Roko ni-Osho and Dori Urch (mothers of groom and bride respectively), who helped tremendously in the planning and coordination of this special event. Special thanks also to all the work-exchange helpers (including many of Roko ni-Osho's students from Hoen-ji) who graciously offered their time and assistance in pulling everything together: Chimon Bill Mitrus, Doshin David Schubert, Jisho Judy Fancher, Jikishi Celia Oyler, Fugan Sam Gordon, Julia Gordon and Jackee Chang.

O-Bon 2005

For the third year in a row, O-Bon Festival was stormy and exciting. Wind, clouds, and rain (and even a blackout!) all contributed to the drama that began with the welcoming fire and concluded with the bonfire after the floating of candlelit lanterns on Beecher Lake. A power outage helped to set the mood as Eido Roshi conducted the Dai Segaki service by candlelight. On Sunday, guests awoke to a beautiful morning; the clouds had parted to reveal a crisp, clear sky.

This year, as has always been the tradition, Aiho-san blessed us with her cheerful presence and extraordinary culinary abilities, lovingly preparing a traditional Japanese feast, with assistance in the tenzo from Rev. Seigan Fudo Zenji and Seizan Tomoaki Sasaki. With more than 130 total guests in attendance, this was our biggest O-Bon to date.

Summer Sesshin in Zurich

This August, Eido Roshi once again visited Switzerland to conduct sesshin with the Rinzai Zen Gesellschaft community, coordinated by Rev. Shokan Undo Zenji at the Stiftung Felsentor zendo and retreat center in the beautiful Lucerne countryside. Many participants from all over Europe gathered to attend, and the sesshin nen was strong. This summer also marked Roshi's first visit to the new Shogen-dojo location in Zürich, where he performed a dedication ceremony to celebrate the opening of this beautiful and spacious new place to practice zazen.

Fall Kessei 2005

Fall Kessei 2005 began on September 8th with the following returning residents: Rev. Fujin Butsido Zenni – Shikaryo and Inji (Roshi's Attendant), Jokei Megumi Kairis – Office and Open Space Coordinator, Jushin David Seaman – Jokei, Seizan Tomoaki Sasaki – Assistant Tenzo, Zenchu Simon Manzer – Jisha. New Kessei students this fall include

Chimon Bill Mitrus, a student of Roko ni-Osho who joins us from Hoen-ji temple in Syracuse, Junsho Bello – Office Assistant, Stefan Streit – Assistant Jisha, Andrea Feiler – Assistant Tenzo, Erin Roycroft, Darin Carnie, and Fred Forsythe. Part-time Kessei students included Alan Davies from New York City, and Russ McDougall, a Holy Cross priest who is a friend of Brother Bernard, and traveled from Uganda to join us for six weeks.

Finally, we were happy to welcome back senior ordained Rev. Renji Meido Zenni and Rev. Shokan Undo Zenji, whose cheerful attitudes and strong practice supported the resident sangha here for a month while Roshi and Fujin were traveling in Japan.

Jukai 2005

On November 5, the last day of Harvest Sesshin, a Jukai ceremony was performed for nine of Eido Roshi's students. Roshi spoke about the fact that taking the precepts and becoming Buddhist is not about don't, don't, don't, but rather do, do, do! For example, he said: "we hear 'don't kill', but we have to look at it from another point of view, 'do' kill... what do we kill? Kill thoughts in zazen, kill delusions, and kill ignorance in your practice. By doing this your life will transform."

The following students took Jukai and received the following names:

Shelley Bello	Junsho	Shining Purity
Alicja Borowska	Jonen	Always Nen
Agung Hertanto	Koju	Universal Principle
Brian Holeman	Daisen	Great Spring
Hisako Inoue	Shoen	Supreme (Dharma) Connection
Simon Manzer	Zenchu	Zen Universe
Tomoaki Sasaki	Seizan	Holy Mountain
Stefan Tessler	Genkai	Fathomless Ocean
Naoko Umitani	Shinju	Heart Jewel



DBZ Fundraising 2004 and 2005

Our November 2004 fundraising effort was very successful, and generated a total of \$69,889.49. DBZ used these monies for additional repairs to the roof of Beecher House, repairs to our furnace & heating system, maintenance of our gravel road, repairs to the stonework on our front entrance, repairs to our snow-plow, and assistance in funding Eido Roshi's three book projects. Our deepest gratitude goes to the many Sangha members who so generously support the Dharma and keep our practice alive through their kind contributions.

Last year was the first time we offered sangha members the option of donating a fixed amount on a regular basis by setting up an automatic payment program for credit card donations. This convenient option was well-received, and will be offered again for our 2005 fundraising program. We thank you in advance for your continued support, which enables us to sustain our two beautiful places of tranquil refuge for generations to come.

Scholarships Available for Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kessei Students

The NOK foundation, lead by an anonymous New York Zendo member is offering scholarships to DBZ prospective Kessei students. If you are interested in participating in Spring or Fall Kessei 2006, call or email Dai Bosatsu Zendo for more information. A limited amount of scholarship will be given to Zen students based on motivation. Eido Roshi would like to express his gratitude to the NOK and for its ongoing support to both New York Zendo and Dai Bosatsu Zendo. Scholarship funds will allow young students to experience three months intensive Zen training, which can become a turning point in their lives.

Dai Bosatsu Zendo is planning to create a "scholarship fund" to help students with low income to attend Kessei or even sesshin. If you are able to help sponsor students, please call or email the office. Tel: (845) 439-4566; Email: office@daibosatsu.org.

New York Zendo Shobo-ji News

Repairs and Painting

This spring, repairs were made on New York Zendo's roof and interior; water damaged closets and walls were repaired and painted and the jisha closet floor was replaced. Through the kindness of Dr. Cunningham Rundles Ward (our neighbor who helped get Shobo-ji's back garden refurbished) our entire back wall and chimney have been repainted a cream color. This work was done during the warm days of November, and, synchronistically, the natural altar where Jizo sits grew a halo of mushrooms decorating the garden for the autumn season.

Segaki Service

New York Zendo celebrated its annual Segaki Service attended by thirty-three people. A chanting service was held for the deceased and a special meal was prepared by Aihosan Yasuko Shimano. Eido Roshi spoke of the difficulties of being born in the six realms and how zazen and chanting helps ease the suffering of all beings.

Senju Kannon

In the spring of this year, Eido Roshi donated two statues of Senju Kannon, the thousand armed, thousand-eyed, Kanzeon to New York Zendo Shobo-ji. Kanzeon in this form represents the Bodhisattva's multitudinous powers to save all sentient beings. Both statues now flank the main altar Buddha of Infinite Light and Life.

Upcoming Events

New Years Eve

New York Zendo will host its annual New Year's Eve Celebration and chanting on Dec. 31. Two sats will precede a Dharma Talk by Eido Roshi, which will be followed by chanting Enmei Jukku Kannon Gyo 108 times. During the chanting, each participant will strike the gong and offer incense. A party will follow on the second floor, featuring traditional Japanese New Year's food and drink. Please call for more information or to register. 8PM to 2AM; doors open at 7:15. Members: \$20; non-members: \$30.

Interim and Opening Teisho 2005

Eido Roshi will give the last Teisho of 2005 on Thursday Dec. 15; all are welcome to attend. From Dec. 16 to Jan. 3, New York Zendo will enter its winter interim period; therefore the Zendo will be closed. It will re-open with the first Teisho of 2006 on Wed. Jan. 4th.

Zen Studies Society News

New Publications from the Zen Studies Society

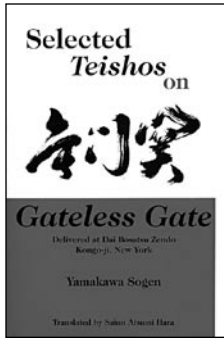


After more than four years of exhaustive efforts, Eido Roshi's new translation of the *Rinzai Roku*, *The Book of Rinzaï*, has come to fruition. Truly a landmark achievement, Roshi's new version is the only English translation of this seminal Zen text currently in print. Beginning in spring 2005, all of Eido Roshi's teishos delivered during sesshin at Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji have come from this important classic work. Eido Roshi received many letters of congratulation and encouragement. One of these came from Prof. Kenneth Inada, a Professor who taught at the University of Hawaii while Eido Roshi was attending school there.

Dear Roshi Shimano,

About a week ago, I received your translated work, *The Book of Rinzaï, The Recorded sayings of Zen master Rinzaï (Linji)*. I have read it now and must commend you for doing a marvelous translation for the Westerner based on your own deep Buddhist studies and experience. Very few Zen Masters have your unique background and I am happy that you finally accomplished your lifetime dream and goal. Your work must be considered to be a valuable contribution to the whole genre of American Buddhism!

Prof. Kenneth K. Inada.



We are also pleased to announce the publication of *Selected Teishos on Gateless Gate* by Yamakawa Sogen Roshi, translated by Saiun Atsumi Hara. Released to commemorate the 650th anniversary of Kanzan Egen Zenji's (the spiritual founder of Shogen-ji Monastery in Gifu Prefecture, Japan) passing, the book contains teishos delivered by Yamakawa Roshi to Western audiences while at Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji in New York. Sangha member Saiun Atsumi Hara translated these teishos from Japanese. She also composed this book with the help of Eido Roshi and Banko Randy Phillips. A Japanese version was published by Tankosha Publishing Co., Ltd., Japan, and is also available at both zendos.



More than twenty-seven years since its last pressing, the long-awaited new edition of *Like a Dream, Like a Fantasy: The Zen Teachings and Translations of Nyogen Senzaki* is now available from Wisdom Publications. Edited and with a new introduction by Eido Roshi, *Like a Dream, Like a Fantasy* collects many of Nyogen Senzaki's talks, essays, and poetry into one fascinating volume that offers an intimate, in-depth look at one of Western Zen's earliest pioneers.

All three of these titles are available through the DBZ Monastery Store and at NYZ Shobo-ji store. Please call DBZ at 845-439-4566, NYZ at 212-861-3333 or e-mail office@daibosatsu.org for more information or to order.

Kanzan Egen Zenji 650 Year Memorial Service and Sesshin at Shogen-ji
 In October, Eido Shimano Roshi was invited to attend the six-hundred and fiftieth Memorial service of Kanzan Egen Zenji at Shogen-ji in Gifu Prefecture, Japan. Eido Roshi was one of nine roshis attending, giving dokusan to over 120 sesshin participants. This was Eido Roshi's second time attending Kanzan Egen's memorial service; he attended fifty years ago as a practicing unsui at Ryutaku-ji. A magnificently colorful and austere service was officiated by Yamakawa Sogen Roshi. This was the culmination of a short sesshin in which monks from Shogen-ji, Tokugen-ji, Heirin-ji, Zuisen-ji, Zuiryo-ji Myoko-ji, Rinza-ji, Kokei-zan, and Dai Bosatsu Zendo sat. Eido Roshi was also accompanied by Banko Randy Phillips and Saiun Atsumi Hara as well as monks: Seigan Ed Glassing, Fujin Attale Formhals, Doshin David Schubert and Yayoi Karen Matsumoto, all of whom practiced at Shogen-ji. In addition to the events at Shogen-ji, through Eido Roshi's connections, the group also visited the graves of Soyen Shaku and D.T. Suzuki at Engaku-ji, and Tokei-ji. They also visited the temple founded by Bassui Tokusho Zenji, Kogaku-ji. The climax of the trip was a pilgrimage to the famous Dai Bosatsu Toge, a mountain pass overlooking Mt. Fuji. This Dai Bosatsu Toge is where Soen Roshi practiced his solo retreats and where the friendship between Ven. Nyogen Senzaki developed; it is the root of the Dai Bosatsu Mandala.

This trip was made possible through the support of the Sangha and the many people who took care of both zendos in Eido Roshi's absence. Special thanks to Aiho-san, Shokan, Renji, and Jokei for their continued running of New York Zendo and Dai Bosatsu Zendo while the group was away.

Dai Bosatsu Zendo 2006 Calendar

JANUARY

Sat-Sun	Dec 31 - 1	New Year's Celebration
Fri-Sun	13-15	Winter Weekend Sesshin

FEBRUARY

Wed	15	Parinirvana Day
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MARCH

TBA		March –On Sesshin
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APRIL

Thu	6	Spring Kessei Begins
Sat-Sun	8 – 16	Holy Days Sesshin
Fri-Sun	21 – 23	Intro to Zen
Fri-Sun	28 – 30	Samu Weekend

MAY

Fri-Sun	19 – 21	Intro to Zen
Sat-Sun	27 – Jun 4	Memorial Day Sesshin

JUNE

Fri-Sun	9-11	Samu Weekend
Fri-Sun	23 – 25	Samu Weekend

JULY

Sat-Sun	1 – 9	Anniversary Sesshin
Mon	10	Spring Kessei Ends

AUGUST

Fri-Wed	4 – 9	Summer Samu Sesshin
Sat-Sun	12 – 13	O-Bon

SEPTEMBER

Fri-Sun	8 – 10	Intro to Zen
Tue	12	Fall Kessei Begins
Sat-Sun	23 – Oct 1	Golden Wind Sesshin

OCTOBER

Fri-Sun	13 – 15	Intro to Zen
Sat-Sun	28 – Nov 5	Harvest Sesshin

NOVEMBER

Thu-Fri	23-24	Thanksgiving Celebration
Thu-Fri	30 – Dec 8	Rohatsu Sesshin

DECEMBER

Sun	10	Fall Kessei Ends
Sun-Mon	31-Jan 1	New Years Eve Celebration

New York Zendo 2006 Calendar

JANUARY

Sat-Sun	Dec 31-1	New Year's Celebration
Wed	4	Opening Teisho by Eido Roshi: Winter/Spring Training Begins
Sat	7	Japanese Dharma Class
Sat	28	New Year's All Day Sit

FEBRUARY

Sat	4	Parinirvana All Day Sit
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MARCH

Fri-Sun	10-12	Soen Roshi/Yasutani Roshi Weekend Sesshin
Sat	18	Japanese Dharma Class
Sun	19	Parinirvana All Day Sit

APRIL

Sat	1	Japanese Dharma Class
Wed	19	Teisho by Eido Roshi
Sun	23	Spring All Day Sit

MAY

Fri-Sun	5 - 7	Gempo Roshi/Ven. Nyogen Senzaki/ Kengan Goto Weekend Sesshin
Sat	13	Japanese Dharma Class

JUNE

Wed	7	Teisho by Eido Roshi
Sat	17	Japanese Dharma Class
Sun	18	Summer All Day Sit

JULY

Sat-Tue	1-4	Closed for Independence Day
Sun	23	Segaki All Day Sit
Mon-Sat	24-Sep 5	Closed for Summer Interim: Spring Training Period Ends
		Open only Wed/Thu: Aug 23/24, 30/31

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

Sat	2	Japanese Dharma Class
Wed	6	NYZ Fall Training Period begins: Teisho by Eido Roshi
Fri-Sun	15-17	NYZ 38 th Anniversary Weekend Sesshin

OCTOBER

Wed	4	Teisho by Eido Roshi
Sat	7	Japanese Dharma Class
Sun	8	Bodhidharma All Day Sit

NOVEMBER

Fri-Sun	10-12	Soen Shaku/Kaigen Weekend Sesshin
Thu-Sat	23-25	Closed for Thanksgiving

DECEMBER

Fri-Fri	1-8	Rohatsu Week: 1 sit added
Thu	14	Fall Training Ends: Teisho by Eido Roshi
Fri-Wed	15-Jan 3	Winter Interim, Zendo Closed
Sun-Mon	31-Jan 1	New Years Eve Celebration

