

# cloud-hidden friends letter

193,

ISSUE #7, JAN. 1984



*Fu Shan  
Landscape*

The "Cloud-Hidden Friends" are a small non-sectarian religious correspondence group. "Our pages are your letters", so we ask as our "subscription fee" that you write us a letter now and then. Letters should be in the spirit of the Dharma. Our emphasis is a universal one, and we would stress practice more than mere belief.

We look to Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki and Alan Watts as our honorary founders. Although they are usually associated with Buddhism in general, and Zen in particular, their spirit was a free-ranging and universal one, including Christianity, Hinduism, and Taoism etcetera. Their Dharma then seems to somehow belong equally to us all, going quite beyond the confines of Zen.

Thomas Merton might be another example of the kind of spirit we have in mind. In his later years he commented that he could see no contradiction between Christianity and Buddhism, and that he "had determined to become as good a Buddhist as I can".

Our phrase "Cloud-Hidden" is taken from the title of a book by Alan Watts. He in turn borrowed it from a ninth century Chinese poem by Chia Tao. Lin Yutang translates it as follows:

#### SEARCHING FOR THE HERMIT IN VAIN

I asked the boy beneath the pines.  
He said, "The master's gone alone  
Herb-picking somewhere on the mount,  
Cloud-hidden, whereabouts unknown."

CHFL, 753 44th Avenue,  
San Francisco, CA 94121

Tel 416 231-0670

John H. Boyd  
3 Canterbury Rd.  
Islington, Ontario  
Canada M9A 5B2

Dear Friends:

Marian Mountain recently sent me some back copies of your Cloud-Hidden Friends Letter, and I find your whole concept of an ongoing spiritual letter forum quite interesting. Reading through these collections of letters, I am particularly struck by the recurrence of our endemic concern or preoccupation with the nature of our relationship with, and our degree of attachment to, any teacher, master, guru or authority figure, whose guidance we may have encountered, in either past or present moments.

For quite some time now I have become increasingly aware of the limits and boundaries that we are constantly placing upon and around ourselves, by the very simple act of seeking to put labels on ourselves. All labels, titles, badges of office or uniforms we employ in order to define and uphold our sense of being (who we are) - no matter how minimally applied they are - are ultimately counter-productive to our full experience of personal freedom and our sense of oneness. All our attempts to externally define who we are, carry within them a hidden cause of bondage - as do all structures of dependency or allegiance, as well as those abetted by all our authority figures and their teachings. At a certain level of "immaturity" it may be necessary to avail ourselves of these dependent/helpful/paternalistic relationships, as indispensable stepping stones on our own development pathways - childhood would be an obvious example.

However, the ultimate question is whether or not it is possible to claim a full and complete independence - to in fact graduate - following such strongly bonded relationships, as seem to inevitably occur between master and disciple? My personal experience and observation leads me to conclude that most "students" never really graduate - that they are left with a vestigial and somehow unconscious inability to totally and unconditionally let go of their guiding mentor's hand. The final and complete severance of that spiritual/psychic/emotional "umbilical", is then the next great obstacle to be transcended before graduation is possible, and few would seem to be capable of total non-attachment to these previously helpful teachings and criteria.

I am not a Zen Buddhist, nor do I walk under any banner, or wear any ideological, philosophical, religious or political label. Some would say that in divesting myself of all labels, all systems of ideology or belief, all dogmas, doctrines or teachings, that I am in fact donning the very label of having no label! That I am creating a belief system out of holding no belief system!

Perhaps it is very important at this point to realize that it is only when we can manage to discard all labels, that we can in fact embrace all labels! That in knowing our nothingness we become everything! That personal significance can only be born when we make contact with our deepest sense of insignificance! Paradoxically the gateway to a genuine experience of oneness, only reveals itself when we can risk discarding all allegiances, ties or dependencies to all systems of thought - completely, totally and unconditionally! For example there can be no possibility of experiencing and fully entering the true "brotherhood" of mankind, so long as we are identified by, or seek refuge within the infinite number of divisive labels in common use, labels defining territory, tribe, nation, political affiliations or religious beliefs. All these labels are powerful instruments (though they often come disguised by innocence) of separation - of maintaining the great existential split between subject and object - the "I-Thou" split that so directly locks us all into a lifelong search for our lost sense of completeness. It thus seems that we keep ourselves endemically split/divided/alienated by the very "mechanisms" that we employ to ostensibly define our sense of identity, purpose, meaning or security. A truly double-edged sword!

It is this framework that suggests to me that most people who have come up through any particularly strong or well-defined school/system/training/ or methodology for seeking enlightenment - including Zen Buddhism - are trapped within,

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and limited by, the very system of thought or being that has brought them so very far! And my suspicion is that the next major quantum-leap in human consciousness (the unity-consciousness that Ken Wilber talks about), may very well come about as a result of "graduating" beyond the confines and limits that are inherent in all systems of thought- all dogmas, creeds or belief systems. All systems of thought place serious limits upon our potential for being or becoming who and what we are, and they prevent us from fully entering the experience of oneness- from becoming oneness, and experiencing the true magnitude and beauty of that state of unity-consciousness.

Finally may I point out that the fear and anxiety (ontological fear and anxiety) associated with letting go, or wearing no labels whatsoever, or of not being attached to any system of thought, or embracing any doctrinaire set of beliefs, always carries within it the awesome threat that we might experience ourselves as non-being or non-existent, which is itself one of the great illusions - for there is in fact a whole new dimension of "beingness" awaiting us beyond the fear of non-being!

I would then very much welcome any criticism or debate regarding these remarks.

Yours in friendship and oneness,

John H. Boyd

An autobiographical post script:

Most of my professional life has been spent in the fields of education, art, and psychotherapy. Having for all intents and purposes "dropped out" of professional work structures- in 1973 - I have been devoting my time to running a one-man handyman service, writing, speaking, conducting workshops in some branch of human development, co-directing a rural retreat, hosting some "New Age" type of T.V. programs, and generally participating in numerous endeavors that are related to lifestyle changes, voluntary simplicity and the awakening of human consciousness.

Currently I am trying, among other things, to establish a rural renewal center, where we can address ourselves to the needs of such groups as teachers, doctors, social workers, nurses etc., who are coping with some of the major pains of the great process of social transformation that is taking place- "rustout" and "burnout" types of problems! I am also writing a book on the relationship- the very profound relationship - that exists between love, fear, and identity.

I have grown a family of three kids, and am 57 years old/young.

My wife's name is Eileen!

J. B.

### Three and More--Or One

Three at a table in Cafeteria,  
two men, one woman,  
others at nearby table.  
"But why do you live such extremes?"  
she says. I look at her calmly.  
"Five men who had the faith," I say,  
"could change this world  
from top to bottom,  
inside out and outside in."  
Guy from the next table pipes up:  
"One man who believed enough  
in what he was doing--

who really believed--  
could do it in five days," he exclaims!  
We look over astonished.  
He has a big grin on-  
he's obviously a three-in-one:  
fool, clown, holy man.

Addendum:  
for purposes of this poem,  
"men" are women too.  
You don't talk about it, you do it!

Norman Moser

1961

Joe Lawrence Lembo  
P.O. Box 99444  
San Francisco, CA 94109

Dear Cloud-People:

I was recently in a Chinese gift shop and noticed a simple string of beads hanging near the cash registrar. For some reason I was attracted to them and asked the shop owner if I could examine them more closely.

He took them down and explained they were Buddha Beads, i.e. seeds from the Bodhi tree. I was delighted and took five dollars out of my wallet and was ready to purchase them, until he told me they cost \$35.00. "Thirty-five dollars!" I exclaimed. "If I give you thirty-five dollars I'd be broke -- then I'd REALLY be like the Buddha!"

The reason I mention this story is because I'd like to talk about money and spirituality.

All-too-often many so-called, "spiritual leaders" have more money than God! It seems to me that a real spiritual person wouldn't need 22 Rolls Royce's -- he or she would walk.

I'm not shooting arrows at any particular sect, as I have good friends of all faiths. But I cannot buy the concept of "sell everything you have and give it all to me." Jim Jones tried and look what happened.

I make it a point not to attend many of the super spiritual seminars. Why? Because there are always too many chiefs and not enough Indians. The tee-pees have now turned into large suburban homes with magnificent views and the closets are well stocked with liquor and cocaine. Artificial Messiahs!

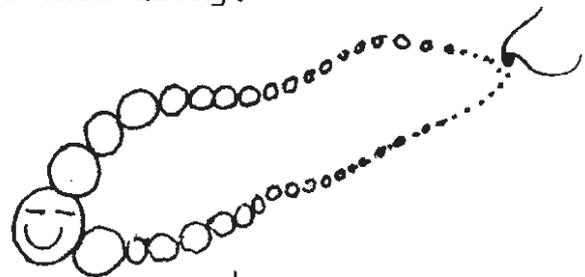
I'd rather experience life/philosophy first hand. The street is my UNIVERSE-ITY!

Last summer my mother was here for a visit and we were sitting with Marion Saltman on the S.S. Vallejo in Sausalito discussing Zen. My mother said: "Zen is good if you have money in the bank!" I'll never forget that statement. It just seemed so funny and so true. When you have lots of money, and no worries, then your mind is atpeace (or is it?)

Tashi deleg,

*Joe*

P.S. If anyone has an old pair of Buddha beads they'd like to sell for \$5.00 -- please send them along.



Dear Bo-hoes at the warm Clouds(hidden) House:

These are surely hard times (John Handy's new band's called, Hard Work), & at times they seem almost totally heartless, bloodless, etc, there is such cruelty/violence/noncaring: people outa touch w/theyselves w/nature, & in this atmosphere the Cloud-Hidden Friends Letter is an oasis indeed. Here there is not even writers/editors competing for space or egos. I have enjoyed every word, in recent issue espec. ole writin-pal Joel W., Joe L. Lembo, the wonderful crezzy juxtaposition of the original eptaphs w/the new, fresh Oxherding pictures by R.M. Pirsig, & longtime pro acquaintance Gary S.'s opus.

In fact it is Gary's sweet letter that prompts me to finally git out paper & typer &, twixt teachin/writin/childraisin & otha chores of work & joy, get done this letter long promised to Ananda Claude. I came into Zen via Master DeNeal Amos' homey group c. '58-9 not more'n a year or so after I'd hit the ole Bayside & more on that in a lil minit. First, that partly explains how Claude & I met a few months back over in San Fran. Seeing his ferst beeg Ho-bo letter in Amos' similar Newsletter, goin on/off since 58, which started our own initially localized beeg Cloud-Hidden blast in ferst issue (reprinted from DeNeal's N-Letter, so to speak), I called Ananda Claude on the ole voicebox & we amazed that we both knew DeNeal from late 50s but did not specifically recall each other, nor did we pronto recognize each other on first meeting, or again meeting, at his house. At any rate we did meet, talk, I offered some poems & short prose & we had much delight & as I say, good warmth, insights too, & recently I even at last made my ferst Friday night meeting. They really reminded me of the Friday nights at DeNeal's house, though his were justa trifle more casual. We sat on the floor, mosly cause there wasn't any furniture to speak of xcept mebbe cushions or pillows. At ferst we didn meditate or anything, we were sorta feeling our way, & quite a few in that original dozen or so did not develop further into Buddhism or art/poetry or the like. Many, however, have kept the thread of that original coming together, like kids testing the water at swimming holes, & built on it & allowed it to inform them, help them grow & help them perhaps work up a bit of grace or magic or humour they may or may not've had much of to start with.

We liked so much that Zen counsels ye, look inside, fren, yer problem may be something ye created w/yer own mind, or heart, or heartlessness, whatever. That, to wit: whatever's in the world, is in you, too. So ye don needa go lookin fer the Buddah elsewhere, in the temple, in the ZENcenter, haw, in anyplace but right w/ye, why ye carry the Buddah w/ye if ye only knew it, brutha. It's not outside yet it IS outside. Got it? It's everywhere, but where ye look hardest, & yet lightest too, w/all th grace & humour ye can find, is right inside. Which way's yer tail aswishin, Sr. Burro, eh, eh, eh??? Ho-har! It also helps ye not to take yerself too seriously just when yer saddest, most frustrated at career helplessness, no gal, or whatever happens to be the problem occupying ye at a given moment. Hell, it's only a life, a moment, a joke, a gal, a love affair (or lack of one), nuthin ain the end uv th worl, & another new moment cojes up ever 60 seconds. Zen just won't let ye org the hook of yerself, yer B.s. (everbod got it), yer pretenses, yer dogma if ye have any left. Zen asks, got problems, eh? Welcome to th clubo? humanity, pal. & th pernt is, whaddaya doin about it, eh? Laugh, dance, sing, joke, work, climb, sweat, laugh again. Laugh hardest at yerself! "Ye have to risk yerself ever 30 days," says Amos, or thereabouts.

These days w/the faster pace, robotized computerpeople, random violence etc, hereabouts, Zen helps me so much to keep it light, but steady, keep

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my sense of joy & humour & pleasure, however little at times, keep my warmth & flow about me, rekindle my magic at times, keep s l o w e d down, Mose, to a human's pace, or as poet Joel Oppenheimer says, observe the triumph of nature over art w/the mouse in the papers bottom of the garbage pail.

But our original sense of it was not quite like that. Sure, we wanted to resolve the duality, & find, as Amos always said, our Original Face. But we also took the same hit Gary did, of discipline, of work. But not Jobwork unless yer really into that. (I'm doin it now outa simple/plain necessity, another thing altogether.) The work w/the joy inside, that is. The thing yoo were really meant to do, that ye love w/ALL yer heart & canNOT do without. We worked hard, at our studies at SF State, we wrote & cussed & laughed & loved hard (but light'n easy too). We were at first reading Jung, Fromm, Suzanne Langer, others, others, & then, willy-nilly, someone stumbled onto ferst Suzuki then Watts or vice versa, & voila! we were home, & knew it at once. I/we devoured ten or twelve, or more, of their books, & have never been the same since, because if you take the stuff seriously, it profoundly changes yer life to where ye can't go back to the same Bullshitting fool ye once were, altho ye may retain a bit of the "fool, clown, Holy Man all at once," as I say in the last poem in me own ferst collection poems'n songs. And of course, as a writer, when Gary & Ginsberg, Neruda, Ferlinghetti burst onto the scene, to add to ~~me~~ our great loves of previous recent decades a la Miller, Min, Faulkner, Lawrence et al, many of us in writing were once again perplexed, confounded, at same time delighted. It was another new beginning for us, in our times, in our own voices, just the way we talk, eh? And I've never regretted this profound influence on my life & werk, greatly loved these folks, & if my so-open love was not as much returned by certain of these same folks ~~me~~ even to Watts, Gary, etc, it diminishes my respect for their work 'n lifestyle not l whit to this day.

To this day I never met Watts, tho did try once, Santa Fe, c. '70-1-- he got away faster'n I could get to him. I ferst met Gary c. '58-9 at a SF State reading he did, & was at once astonished, perplexed, & as I say, delighted, & still from time to time run across him, tho we have never become as deepdown friends as I would perhaps have liked. I still dig his werk, have read everthang he eva writ, I guess. Perhaps we'll make it yit, l o these days. But no matter. If not, there's still much joy & work in my work, my art (poetry, fiction, plays, essays), my 4½-year-old son (who instinctively dropped to his knees when he met Gary few months back, which reminds me that seeing Gary's aura once almost frightened me outa my wits til I reflected on what it was) & occasional other pals, romancing, etc.

The thing that so delighted me about Watts' writing is that it's so wonderful, so charming & graceful & insightful & funny, yes, humourous, & witty in the best possible way. Suzuki is a bit witty or delightful at times too, but a bit more of a recluse, a philosopher, a scholar, the truly wise man, eh? Watts, like meself I hope, is just a bit of a goofy guy fulla fun & jokes & wit on'noff, not ever line acourse. Lotta folks have sd to me that Gary's not so much a great writer, (he even disowns the moniker) as a great guy, a true original, crusty & salty, yet sorta sweet too. And if I read my reviewers aright, they say something like that about meself too in calling me a Zenbum, an outlaw/revolutionary, middle-aged Pan and such like.

Okay folks, got some chores to do, so gotta go. Sure was fun, tho, & y'all keep 'em comin, y'hear. Me joys & pleasures are gettin mighty few & far between nowadays. This, y'all, me too, is one of 'em. Hang in thar. Or, Keep on Truckin as the kids say now.....Yorn, Norm

199,  
Robert C. Finch  
P.O. Box 219  
Basile, La. 70515

## LETTER ONE

Dear Friends:

Once again, I greet all Friends, in the spirit of giving a little to our meeting in the Letter, and receiving also from each of you, your words.

I have been meditating on the Earth, as of late. I have been seeing the illnesses of mankind, and animals, be they spiritual, mental, and physical. These are the symptoms of an ill Earth. So what is the illness? I would have to put name where it belongs, and I do name it as mankind in a malignant form. The problem rests with mankind's failure to properly deal with its technological advantages. I do not mean pollution per se, but the destruction of species, habitats, ecological niches, and the like... It is so easy for us to get in a car, and drive, and forget about the beings we kill, running over and colliding with insects, animals, and even people. We have forgotten, or never even learned the power of technology, and yet children are desirous to obtain these powers, to play with them. The hopeful conclusion is that an equilibrium will occur when children play havoc with the world through technology. And technology will then be forgotten.

As the Earth does get clogged up with pollution, the biologic world will manifest many symptoms. I cannot help but think of the great plagues of Europe, with people fleeing from war, lived in cramped cesspools, called cities, in much the same way as the squatters moving in on cities around the world today, because of war. The lesson to be learned, especially by the U.S. is that even though we do not have a war, within the boundaries of the US., that the masses will converge to a place where there is no war, and carrying the threat of disease, and starvation, as well as a long list of social ills.

So what is the cure? I suppose that each of us should have regard for environment. This Letter is is an antibody to Earth's illness, in that it is a concern for a spiritual environment. Though the plagues of mankind, the vices, seem to be quite long lived, so are the virtues. And perhaps in recognizing that evil cannot thrive without exploiting the living, and that a house divided cannot stand, then eternal goodness within us can overcome the ills of the world, through patience, and non-violence.

## LETTER TWO

Whom is Alan Watts? Is he That which each of us searches for within our own lives? Did he live a life which taught those around ? Is he to become a deity?

Joel W. I enjoyed DANCING UP THE MOUNTAIN. In my early climbing days, I called it FLOWING UP THE MOUNTAIN. #2 brings me home to a time when I was on an expedition through the highest quadrangle

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in the US, which is above Bishop, CA. Leaving treeline far behind, we were strung out on an end moraine with a gentle slope. About 30 long feet away from myself, was a rock just perfect for resting on. And so I saw myself inch my way to that rock. Soon I caught up with myself and sat down too. And so as you wrote, "Guess it was you I followed up here!" Has a unique meaning to me. Y.M. Do you "see" where you are going? Or do you take off in any and all directions in Sangsara's Six Realms? You asked me many questions. Can I not do the same? I am Kharod-Beregt.

Wisdom and Knowledge being opposites, it is important to remember that people in Sangsara go round and round. Knowledge is of Sangsara. It tends to diversify, classify, differentiate, segregate... (Even seeking common word origins is of knowledges realm) Therefore your movement/growth is incorrect. Movement/growth is actually modification through the Realms of Sangsara. As you accelerate through the different Realms, remember that a moving object gains mass. The faster you move, the greater your mass. That's ego-mass! Bro Einstein told us  $m = m / \sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}$ . To All My Cloud-Hidden Friends. I am wearied of the BIG QUESTIONS, at this time. I see them as the framework holding together the karmas of Sangsara's Realms. Therefore, why should I pursue THEM?

To Ananda. I am grateful and thankful, to have you as a Noble Friend....

LETTER THREE

Revelations in the Realm of the Gods, and the Realm of Mankind, have overtaken me, since last I wrote. Contemplating on the Bodhisattvic Mind, when time allows such pleasure, I wrote a poem while still thinking of such:

SHINE, Shine, great Bodhisattvic Mind...  
The world awaits to see Supreme Beauty,  
Through its eyes so dark and blind.  
SHINE, Shine, great Bodhisattvic Mind.

SHINE, Shine, great Bodhisattvic Mind...  
Dispelling ignorance-Set all minds free.  
O Noble Friend, YOU are SELF ENSHRINED.  
SHINE, Shine, great Bodhisattvic Mind.

In the practical Realm of Mankind, while achieving the Great Liberation (Nirvana) through knowing the Mind (mind), I learned a lesson on old habits. If one makes a habit of achieving spiritual goals, then one will continue such a habit in old age. Again a small verse:

Its difficult to change old habits,  
So enter the Path very early.  
Early in life, and early in the day:  
Grasp the Mind, and set it free.

May each of you gain strength, in overcoming the self-generated clouds of ignorance. For just as I, and Yoti, are not the roles we preform, so the Messiahs and Buddhas are not the roles they preform. Be Beautiful. Be Strong.

Unity in All

Robert C. Finch

Tim Aston 201.  
 Box 76  
 Heriot Bay, B.C.  
 Canada, VOPINO

Dear Ananda & Ho Boes:

After every issue of the CHFL I become inspired and immediately sit down and tune a tome of sorts and then in my disorganization misplace until it resurfaces. Comes time to re-write, the real inadequacies prevail, (this comma here a period here, is this a complete thought or am I just insane). But now, to press on, Since C.H.F.L. #1 and original manifesto, we tried to realize a true attitude of practice knowing there are others out there and sooner or later we're all going to meet and share face to face True Dharma as we have come to know ourselves, existent with years of Dharma now in the west. This is like another problem I've had, What does it mean to be a Buddhist in the West with very little tradition behind us and what did our teacher mean for us to transmit not just teacher to teacher but for those of us to become lay persons. Know what I mean? an example: I took the first precept Not to Kill to heart and for years refused to own animals even though my family (the children) begged to have horses, cats, dogs etc. chickens and every warm thing that they saw, yet I'm the religionist and no is the answer to this kind of unsolvable problem. Until one day it just sort of occurred to me "Animals are for children not for Buddhists" and my doubts just seemed to disappear with such a simple direct insight into respect for life, the meaning of the first precept. Now maybe I can start to work on others!

I'm Mr. Mom these days as my wife, Jean, is in Sacramento taking advanced teacher training and I'll join her there in Dec. for one month. Learning to cook, finally, and during the day I'm remodelling the basement of the island's Heritage church. Next month, I believe, we'll be having meditation practice there.

In the Dharma

Tim

### Life in the Provinces

Mrs. Simpson's cow lost her bells  
 but the bull found his way home  
 anyway--only a day or so late.  
 You still hear the train over the hill  
 and the goats always jump the fence  
 when you aren't looking--  
 oops! there goes the cabbage again!

The dogs are too damned lazy  
 to even bark, the cats  
 even wag a little slower,  
 the trees make the slowest kind of dance,  
 the children dance like moonbeams,  
 and out on the porches or lawns sit  
 old men and pretty girlish things too--  
reading, if you can believe that.

Life in the provinces. Widows weep,  
 the churches are full, one-night stands.  
 The Fords sit high on their rears  
 and blast the last good year I got  
 clear to Kingdom come!  
 You hear planes, tractors, plows,  
 power mowers too.  
 It's kind of a mess here sometimes,  
 always a circus somewhere--  
 might try the Laundrymat--  
 but it's also great fun  
 out here in the ole Zen bush.

Norman Moser  
 Carrboro, N.C.

2021

Lorin A. Paull  
Zenraku-an  
4692 E. Arkansas Ave.  
Denver, Co 80222

Dear Cloud-hidden ones:

Seeking solice one day last summer following my enforced resignation from a well liked job, that of Chaplain at a large metropolitan general hospital, I wandered into the book shop of a long time Nyngmapa friend. A certain book called out to me. That book was Marian's The Zen Environment. It was mysterious at first. Figures seemed to break through the mist. I leafed through the pages. Names began to leap out at me: Suzuki Roshi, Katagiri Sensei (now Roshi), Tasajara and Haiku-an. This author, I decided could be no other than the woman in whose home I had sat several times during the summer of 1968. I paid the clerk and left the store with the book.

Returning home I read the book from cover to cover without stopping. This was indeed the woman whom I had met precisely 15 years earlier almost to the day. I had written her at her home in Los Altos a few times following my visit and learned that she was on her way to study in Japan. I had heard no more. I sat down and whipped off a note to her publisher. Last Saturday's mail brought a fat envelope from Big Sur. Enclosed was a copy of Cloud-Hidden Friends and an invitation from Marian to join in the hike. I am replying with the following autobiographical sketch.

On the Trail of the Wily Dharma

or

The Hunter Becomes the Hunted and Visa Versa

Before beginning to write I did the I Ching. I received SUN, the gentle, Number 57, Success through the small. It furthers one to have some place to go. ( You bet, do you have somewhere in mind? ) It furthers to see the great man. (C.K. America is so full of them at the moment, did you have a particular one in mind ?) Winds follow one upon another: the image of the gently penetrating. ( Is there a better description for the Dharma?) This was a truly auspicious beginning for what is to follow.

Let me introduce myself. I am an Episcopal priest living in Denver, Co. At the moment I am "at liberty". I do not have a parish, nor am I working as an assistant. In my last situation I took a stand related to personal integrity which led to my termination. At present I am at home writing, making Cha No Yu bowls and doing some part time religious activities. I am also involved in Sumi painting and abstract oils.

Last winter, while home recovering from surgery, I got interested in raku ware. I was fascinated by the simple process. First came tea bowls, then other utensils. I read of a small temple on the island of Shikoku called Zenraku-an. I fell in love with the name and had a chop carved with the Kanji on it. The other day I asked the owner of the neighborhood Mandarin restaurant to read it for me. His version was San Low An. It sounded to me like the name of a peninsular commute station. It means, he said, Temple of Happy Prayers. Either that or the Japanese hut of pleasant meditation, expresses where I am just now.

I am not going to launch into a theological apologia on behalf of the Christian tradition vs. Buddhism so be patient. My tendency towards "imprecise" thinking and not rightly distinguishing the correct approach seems to get me in trouble on both sides. ( I learned once that there is "a right way, a wrong way, and the Navy way".) I have also heard that where there are three Jews involved in a discourse, you are likely to have four opinions. Is it not possible then that there is more than just a Buddhist and/or Christian orthodox view of the universe. From my experience with the various Gurus and Senseis I have met, there are as many "orthodox" positions in Buddhism as there are in Christianity. For the most part, your orthodoxy depends on where your parents or grandparents emigrated from whether it be Athens, Warsaw, Leningrad, London, Kyoto, or Rangoon ( to name only a few possibilities.) We tend to throw in with the old "hometown" gang or cross swords with them. All faiths, even Zen, have been invoked on behalf of victory.

I am a third generation Bay Area person. My G.G. grandparents arrived in San Francisco from Boston in 1850. They moved to San Jose after the birth of my grandfather a few years later. They had Chinese servants from whom my grandfather picked up tales and artifacts which he later shared with me. He learned to make flutes and other toys of bamboo and produced them for my amusement.

My father's family arrived from England twenty years later and went right into the gold fields. They settled in San Jose about the turn of the century. Dad introduced me to Japanese culture at an early age. He took me with him to visit farmers in Santa Clara Valley when he installed irrigation equipment for them. In the late '30s he joined in the construction of the Jodo Shinshu Temple in San Jose. Most of the building was shipped pre-fab from Japan and assembled by local carpenters and tile setters. My father introduced the western mystery of electricity to the building. The San Jose Temple remains today the only thoroughly Japanese edifice among the Shinshu temples in the mainland U.S.A.

Pearl Harbor and the internment followed a short time later. I was busy in high school trying to be a thoroughly middle-class American youth. The Eastern virus was not eradicated. It simply lay dormant for the next few years. While in the Navy I had hoped to get to Japan, but as luck would have it, my entire Naval career was spent in San Francisco.

The next few years saw me in Palo Alto on the "Farm". By this time I was headed for the Episcopal ministry. Certainly there was a great deal of promise to be expected from that especially when aided by a diploma from Stanford. This was not to be a sure thing, however, because somewhere along the line I met a professor from Tubingen: Dr. Fredrich Spiegelberg. (Caution: Danger Ahead!) This man's classes in comparative religion were always packed. Why shouldn't a person headed for seminary take one or two? I jumped in with both feet. I read all of D.T. Suzuki that I could get my hands on. I met Nyogen Senzaki from L.A. He did a tea ceremony one afternoon for class. I also heard about a Father Alan Watts who was located at Seabury-Western Seminary (Episcopal) in Chicago.

In the fall of 1950 I packed up and went to Washington D.C. to Seminary. On the way I stopped off in Chicago to meet Father Watts. They told me he had just left for California. (Always, whereabouts unknown!)

On the walls of my room in the seminary dorm, I hung pictures of Gandhi (acceptable), Schweitzer (Fine!), Kwan Yin (Are you sure?), and Han Shan and Shih-te (Really now!) After one or two debates with Faculty members I cleaned up my act and stowed my "China Town souvenirs" (actually reproductions from the Freer Gallery in Washington.) The East Coast and the South were about as unfamiliar a place as you could imagine. Californians were looked upon as some sort of semi-civilized tribes-people. San Franciscans were preferred over Los Angelinos who were only a cut or two above Texans. Texans always had more money than either sort of Californian and really didn't give a damn for the East or what anyone thought of them. They didn't have to adapt. They were whom they pleased to be!

One of the professors had taught in a church college in Japan before the war. His school was located next to a Zen Temple. He was not the least impressed saying that the monks were only concerned with ritual and the gathering of alms. (Odd thing for him to say!) They were given "to the contemplation of their navals rather than social justice!" He was idealistic as well as knowing nothing about Zen. I decided to let myself be convinced. My love affair with the orient underwent another re-mission and I was ordained in Grace Cathedral three years later (thirty years ago last summer.)

However, returning to California, I found a high school chum who had joined the Soto Zen Temple in San Francisco and was a student of the Roshi who proceeded Suzuki Roshi. He invited me to attend with him a few times and I did. He disappeared mysteriously just prior to his departure to study in Japan. I never heard from him again.

Time passed. Eleven years and three different locations in two other states later brings us to 1968. That summer my mother died of a stroke back in San Jose. I returned home with my family for the first time since my hajira. There I tried to find solice with my "own people". Most of the men whom I had known in seminary

were long gone or away on vacation. I looked to other clergy with whom to share my grief, but found no one who wanted to look at death with me. It was hard to take. I had done the same with countless other people, but I could not find a priest of my own church to share with.

I remembered the Roshi I'd met years before and went up to the old Zen Temple looking for him. One Saturday morning shortly before ten, I knocked at the door of the living quarters on the second floor of the temple. A small man in black robes, shaved head, fresh tabi and zori opened the door. I did not know who he was, but from the vestments and facial expression I knew that I was face to face with the real thing: an honest to God Zen Master! I didn't know what to expect from him next. I stammered along trying to explain what I was doing there. I imagine that I looked like some kind of an apparition standing there at 6'1" and 190 lbs. all dressed in black with my "dog collar" on.

I expected him to do something out of the ordinary. I hoped he'd stop the barrage of words from my mouth. Perhaps he would put one of his zori on his head or shout: "HO!" or "Kwatz!" He just stared up at me in disbelief. (Was this a black demon, a hungry ghost or a hold up?) He invited me in finally and bid me to take a seat. I said facetiously, "Now, I suppose you are going to ask me to have a cup of tea!" He raised his voice and shouted to someone in the back in Japanese. Mrs. Suzuki replied "Hi!" and appeared a couple of minutes later with a tray of tea things. He said something to the effect that he didn't know what to tell me about dying, but he could tell me about zazen. I sat on the floor. He arranged my position, straightening my back and shifting my head. Then he explained that he was due at a flower arrangement class he was teaching for the ladies of the Japanese congregation and asked to be excused.

My brother-in-law had attended a teacher's workshop at Tasajara some weeks before. He told me about the conversion of the old resort to a Zendo and advised me to check it out. I took off the next morning for Carmel Valley without reservations. I arrived at the height of the guest season. The place both was and was not what I expected. There was the Zen aspect, but mostly the place seemed like a small, expensive (to me) semi-oriental Holiday Inn, a kind of spiritual dude ranch. I was overstimulated at the time anyway. I was looking for the Original Shao Lin Temple, Shangri La or Eihei-ji. There was no room among the guests so there was no question of staying anyhow. However I was allowed to sit with the students at the evening service. I dined upon peanut butter and saltines and spent the night out in my sleeping bag. I awoke the next morning before dawn. I heard the dawn drum and started down the mountain. The sunrise was the most glorious I'd ever seen. I drove out of the hollow where the buildings sat and photographed the sunrise from a high place on the road. Then I photographed the sun striking the Zendo. I have never been back.

During the following month I was to meet Katagiri Sensei (now Roshi) who helped me deal more directly with my death and dying issues. I also met Marian Mountain while sitting several times at her home at Haiku-an.

Back in Colorado I began a Zendo in the basement modeled from photos of Haiku-an. I sat with my wife and sometimes my kids joined in. My life seemed to take a more positive direction. I was ultimately invited to work in Diocesan Headquarters in Denver. I felt that finally things were beginning to take a very positive turn. I was on my way in the church after two or three false starts.

A few months later Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche came to Boulder and some friends invited us to get into that scene. My wife and I drifted into it looking for the support which seemed to be missing in our Church connections. It seemed as though our church connections offered us the opportunity to follow some people who loved the limelight and whose behavior towards people showed great ego. There was a lot of Medieval fal-de-ral and precious little of the spirit of Jesus or Buddha. There were still high hopes left over from the sixties and the last days of the Vietnamese war. The message of the Chicago Democratic convention had not yet struck home.

In the early days when Trungpa first came to Boulder things were simple and

relaxed. The atmosphere was pretty informal. The atmosphere of a Byzantine court had not yet developed. The spirit of Milarepa was flowing through the place. Property and form had not yet occluded the winds from Everest. It was at Karma Tzong that I finally met Alan Watts after missing him twenty years earlier in Chicago. He was a "coyote" in the Native American sense, a shaman, and an Old Fashioned Kainmaker. You could call him a spiritual gadfly, one of God's clowns; or you could call him a religious huckster if you pleased. You could imagine him as a "meat-eating monk" gathering a crowd in Beijing, or selling sheep bones for saints relics at a Canterbury fair. He was a genuine "shape changer".

At Karma Tzong I had many interviews with Chogyam Rimpoche. He was easy to see because there were no swarms of hangers on to penetrate. He had a quick wit and enjoyed a good laugh. He was also partial to Johnny Walker Red Label. It was a new experience for me to receive spiritual direction from someone who paused every now and then for a belt of Scotch neat. He told me that I was Zen, not Vajrayana. I accepted that with no difficulty. The basics seemed to be all present in Tibetan Buddhism. Still, the enormous cast of gods, goddesses, offerings, mantras, chants and visualizations made the whole thing somewhat top heavy and Baroque for my taste. It was more like a Bavarian wedding-cake church than a tea house. More like an M.G.M. musical than sharing cold rice gruel in a hut with torn shoji.

About this time the subject of Buddhism began to intrude into my ordinary conversation. The "born again" movement had also penetrated our church by this time. Friendliness with people of "cults" such as Buddhism was seen as being friends with Satan. I could not accept or understand such an odd and uninformed point of view. It was Bible Belt Fundamentalism coupled with antique Roman ritual. I was out of my post soon and into an assistant Chaplain's job at the hospital. I was out of the public eye. I loved working with patients. However during the course of eight years this position too was to run its course. Chaplains were considered public relations agents of the hospital administration. Economic considerations came before compassion for patients. The Chaplain's presence was considered for the purpose of legitimizing the status quo. It appeared that convincing patients and families that mistakes, unnecessary (expensive) procedures, and inappropriate behavior on the part of the medical staff or chaplains was my primary task. I was to operate the whitewash brush.

The I Ching said, "It furthers one to have someplace to go and it furthers one to see the great man." I have been searching for the place and the man for months. Several have proved to be an illusion. This is truly a strange Bardo. I do not look upon it as a "job search" but as a spiritual exercise. I am becoming more aware of the energies within as well as those without: what others expect of me and I of them. At the moment it appears that the somewhere is "here" and the great man is the "true self". I have not found anything else that is Sanforized and colorfast yet!

Yours in Gasho,

Lorin A. Paull

Zenraku-an



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The Raging Heart  
(Double Vision)

In this vision  
the tree against  
the shore  
is the Christmastree light  
against the Bay  
or the light bulb  
against the fading day

and the furious red ball  
of the sunset in the trees  
is the filament  
inside  
the bulb  
inside the man

-----  
Running. . . .

Now I see you running  
Now I see you running  
...you cannot stop  
and there is a shadow you cannot understand  
(why does it flick here, not there?--  
why does It act interested in the man  
when your bright shiny self  
not only spurns him  
but passionately negates him,  
opposes, taunts him?  
Or is it the other way around,  
the daylight self spurns  
and the shadow seduces?  
What a mess!  
Something clearly not together,  
video and visuals on different speeds or something

Now I see you running  
Now I see you running  
At first the man tries to follow  
and help with the load of sticks  
you carry almost like a forlorn peasantwoman  
on a backroad in Japan,  
then he sees it's no use,  
he cannot help until the run is finished  
or the shadow and the self merge.  
He stops, sits, bursts into tears,  
chants, reflects, bows head,  
claps hands and bows ninety nine times  
to the Buddha in the mountain  
in the air in the stream in the sky  
in her in himself in the dog in the cat  
and waits to see if she  
comes around the mountain's other way  
face all lit with the triumphant glory  
and wonder of life, love, ecstasy.  
Om ni padme hum. Om ni padme hum.  
Om ni padme hum.  
The jewel is in the lotus  
whether we know it, see it, or not.

1. New Years Greetings to Every One !!! This issue may be getting to you a little late, but you probably have noted that each issue with amazing regularity comes out two or three weeks later than promised. I'm afraid 1984 won't be much different. The next issue then will be out about "the end of Feb."

You may have noticed an occasional mention of Quakerism as a model for us. Sometimes for example we resemble an old-fashioned Quaker meeting, with a big assist from the U.S. Postal Service. The Quaker meeting is mostly silent meditation, with someone now and then feeling moved to speak. Ideally the spirit of it is quite personal, and at the same time relevant to everyone. Canned sermons directed at others seem out of place. The way I would put it most simply is that one should speak from the heart. Also note that the Quakers have a kind of universal and egalitarian spirit, there being "that of God in every one", and they are very apprehensive about having a "hireling clergy".

The "Watts Happening" was held in San Francisco recently, celebrating the 10<sup>th</sup> year of the crossing over of Alan Watts. It was quite successful, with lots of joy, laughs, and hugs.

Those of you who are novice two-finger typists, such as myself, may be interested in my recent discovery. Most typewriters, even old ones, are easily converted to "self-correcting" if they take a conventional red and black ribbon. All you do is buy an inexpensive white and black ribbon instead (Sears etc. have them). To correct you just retype in in white, followed by black.

2. You can order CHFL contributor Norm Moser's books by sending \$5 for 2 books of poetry + \$1 handling ( OPEN SEASON & I LIVE IN THE SO. OF MY HEART), separately at \$3 each. Ye get his book just coming out, EL GRITO DEL NORTE & Other Stories, for \$6 plus \$1 handling. Or, if ye want the entire press '80's Book-series, can subscribe at \$30, netting you books of poems by Hadassah Haskale, Tim Holt & probly others, + beeg ILLUMINATIONS READER, 300-pp. Anthol. 1965-78.

Norm Moser, 2110 9<sup>th</sup> St. #B, Berkeley, CA 94710.

3. Irv Thomas (Issue #3) was kind enough to send a copy of his own home made publication BLACK BART (and The Brigade!). I haven't been so amazed at anything in many a year. A real quality effort, intellectual but in the very best sense. The "Brigade" section is hoping for more participation from subscribers. There is a modest request for a donation as the subscription fee. Black Bart, by the way, was a bit of an outlaw and rebel, which might scare you away, but wait until you see the contents. BLACK BART, P.O. Box 48, Canyon, CA 94516.

4. This "News & Notes" section is intended for, among other things, notes of a more personal and intimate nature. In this respect it is getting a little thin. Yellow Mouse however has been boldly leading some kind of way in this. Ordinarily his more personal notes have appeared in the main section. However in this issue, I have taken the liberty of including his notes in this section, as a kind of example and experiment, hopefully opening some new horizon. Surely we need more feedback from each other. More personal level correspondence is beginning to happen, but we need even more of it.

Anyway, here goes from Yellow Mouse:

MARIAN POURER, the ewer amongst us who pours out herself and the water of the spirit to us all - BUT BE CAREFUL ABOUT THROWING PERILS BEFORE SWINE. Your last paragraph is full of "I" and "me". Don't try to edit. LISTEN: I have one comment: Look carefully at your paragraph, hear yourself saying it and: WHO?, WHO?, WHO?.

YELLOW MOUSE: Instead of the culturally determined definition of "yellow", just ask yourself where, when and how, with what parameters and what percentages and probabilities, the experience of "YELLOW" occurs in nature. Then you might have a chance at determining the anthropological usage of "yellow" in the world.

2081

TO BRO FINCH, ULF:

VIOLENCE = VIOLARE = VIS: force - physical or some other force  
doing some actual physical injury or effect  
from the root WEI: vital force  
= WIROS = VIROS = VIRILE = VIS: force  
= VIOLARE: to treat with force  
= VICE, VICIOUS, VITUPERANCE: to abuse  
= WITHER, WIZEN  
= WAITH, WAITHANIAN: to hunt and plunder:  
to pursue and find or catch  
= WIR = WIRE; THEARA = THREAD  
= VIRAE: bracelets; WITHIG: wirey  
as distinguished from:

ACTION = ACT = ACTUS, ACTUM: the process of action; the thing done  
from AGERE: to drive or to do, including ACTUAL: that which  
pertains to an act or thing done (completed)  
from verb AG: to drive, do, act, conduct, lead  
envoy: he who has been sent THUS to be worthy  
a train or column (a moving forward)  
NOT to be confused with AD-GRESS (to step - forward)  
a pursuing THUS a grabbing or seizing  
distinguishable from VIOLENCE as not the result of force  
AG-RO: a driving into the fields, = to the place where cattle graze  
or the place where we drive or tend cattle  
or where we go in order to work or ACT

The mere fact that we exist, are here on earth, in BE-ing, gives to us (WHO?) the capacity to act - and act we do and will. But not all acts are violent. (All violence is action, but the converse does not follow). Where do we draw the line between action and violence. The gray area is vast. So, in the gray area, the distinction must be SUBJECTIVE. Buddha speaks for himself.

My buddy, Jackson, in Phila. in a luncheon conversation once, told me that I "have it all wrong. It's like this" and he grabbed my face with his hand over my nose and mouth. He released me almost instantly and said: Now, I have one more breath than you do - I'm one ahead of you."

The formulation of the concept "violence" is and must be a meaningful step in the continuum from "inaction (not passive" to actions, good and bad."

CHF #5: Johnnay Walsh:

"Man, by nature, is a dualistic creature." In American, we say "ambivalent". On that East-West stuff: Just which way do we face when we turn East? We have turned our back on the West. We cannot face both ways at once. The answer to the dilemma lies in the limitations inherent in the question. We all suffer the paradox of "wanting our cake and wanting to eat it, too." And we must refer to some other frame of reference for the answer.

Incidentally, tyhe love-hate thing is best seen on a circle in which love and hate are next to each other and opposite indifference:

Your last line: "Without 'them', there would be no 'us'."  
"Them" is distinguishable from "us" ONLY IF, AS, and WHEN we say so.  
Can you see "me" in "them"? In all, there is ONLY the beloved.

FINCHY, BABY: you are talky as me:

In your 7/8, 5th paragraph: I must protest (?): Wisdom is a "selfish" concern. 209,

And in your second last paragraph about Man at the center of the universe: In a culture of guilt (original sin), man desperately needs the idea that man IS the center of the universe. In order to move on then, we need a NEW belief in OKness. And yes, I need the COMFREY.

In your 7/27/, 3rd, about the present "employment scheme". It is slavery, for "they" have fashioned this culture to allow only one WAY to obtain your bread and that is by having a job. There is no other concept (other than "job") available to think about this subject. We are forced to join the bureaucracy wherever we turn. That WAY is NOT the MIDDLE WAY OR THE TAO OR THE WAY OF THE CROSS or "THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIGHT".

And your 2nd last para on the non-repeatable actions of our lives, no matter how they seem (to us) mechanical and automatic. GREAT! Thanks!

To JLL out there in lembo: In your big para on Non-attachment, you say there really is no Self. Re-read that paragraph and at its end ask yourself THE question: WHO?

Watts: - for so long as there is something to prove, some ax to grind, there is no dance." Read: for so long as there is some external force which directs the organism, there is, by definition, no possibility of freedom of choice. I love your Haiku: 3rd: who was the photographer? 5th: the message is inside like the light in us: are we then a bottle without a message?

To Mano Meru: So we need teachers? The Christians say we have the bible and that's all we need. (Obviously, not if we can't read it.) When I first went into the courtroom, it took me a year to find out how ignorant I was. I knew chapter and verse of the (legal) scriptures. I was lucky for here and there - everywhere - experts, people with eyes and ears and who saw and heard with them came forward to be my guide. Without them, I would still be an expert-specialist who knows nothing. I am promoting the idea that "I can learn something from everyman I meet. And I include those of the female persuasion, too.

Breck, you wreck, you turned me on: Here's a trialog: You say that Ananda wants to be friends with everything. Don't just accept his judgement. You are not a slave. Bow to him because of his acceptance and thus bow to the inevitable - in him. Bow to both his own self-interest in his own self image (not altruism - and doubt the value of that, too). Then dig into your own self-analysis so that you might understand the truth of his dogma.

5. It is our intent to come out with about six CHFL issues a year. Current issues are available upon request at no charge. To be on our subscription list, send us a letter for our pages. For back issues, a contribution of a dollar or two is requested. Last year's issues are also available in stapled together form for \$10.

We try to publish everything we receive. Letters should be of a reasonable length. We will type them for you if you find such too difficult. Single-spaced with at least 3/4" margins is requested. It is presumed we will forgive each other a few typing errors since perfectionism could easily paralyze us.

It is hoped that our letters will somehow help us to open our hearts to each other, and deepen our sense of the Dharma. Hopefully in this way too, more than a few deep friendships might develop.

Ananda Claude Dalenberg, Clerk