



Wind Bell

PUBLICATION OF ZEN CENTER

Volume IX No. 2 Summer 1970

CONTENTS

- 3 LECTURE Shunryu Suzuki Roshi
6 HANDS Robinson Jeffers
8 THE CIRCUMAMBULATION OF MT. TAMALPAIS
10 TASSAJARA CALENDAR, HERBAL & BESTIARY
 Tim Buckley and Frances Thompson
13 ABOUT THE GARDENS AT TASSAJARA Frances Thompson
15 TASSAJARA ROCKS Sterling Bunnell
17 LECTURE Richard Baker
22 AT HOME Ronn Patterson
25 ZEN PRACTICE AND WORLD CHANGE Diane di Prima
28 SMOKEY THE BEAR SUTRA

Edited by Tim Buckley.

Cover drawing by Ron Allen. Sumi-e on the back page by Taiji Kiyokawa.
Drawings on pp. 10-12 by Frances Thompson.

The poem "Hands" copyright 1929 and renewed 1957 by Robinson Jeffers.
Reprinted from *Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers*, by permission of
Random House, Inc.



Alain Crockin

LECTURE

Shunryu Suzuki Roshi — 1/25/70 (edited by Tim Buckley)

I think most of us study Buddhism like something which was already given to us. We think what we should do is to preserve the Buddha's teaching, like putting food into the refrigerator; that to study Buddhism is to take the food out of the refrigerator whenever you want it—it is already there. Instead, Zen students should be interested in how to produce food from the field, from the garden, should put the emphasis on the ground. If you look at the empty garden you won't see anything, but if you take care of the seed it will come up. The joy of Buddhism is the joy of taking care of the garden, and our effort is to see something come out of the ground. That is why we put the emphasis on emptiness. Emptiness is the garden where you cannot see anything, but which is actually the mother of everything, from which everything will come.

All of us have Buddha Nature and the teachings which grow from Buddha Nature are the same. So, actually, the teaching of different schools of Buddhism do not differ so much, but the attitude towards the teaching is different. When you think that the teaching is already given to you then, naturally, your effort will be to apply the teaching in this common world. For instance, Theravādan students apply the teaching of the Twelve Links of Causation* to our actual life, to how we were born and how we die; but the Mahāyāna understanding is that the original purpose of this teaching, when Buddha told it, was to explain the interdependency of different beings.

Buddha tried to save us by destroying our "common" sense. Usually, as human beings, we are not interested in the nothingness of the ground. Our tendency is to be interested in something which is growing in the garden, not in the bare soil itself. But if you want to have a good harvest the most important thing is to make rich soil and to cultivate it well. The Buddha's teaching is not about the food itself but about how it is grown, and how to take care of it. Buddha was not interested in a special given deity, in something which is already there; he was interested in the ground from which the various gardens will appear. For him, everything was a holy being.

When you become an officer of Zen Center you think that you are some special person. That is a very un-Buddhistic idea. Each one of us comes out of the ground of Zen Center, so it is the ground which should be taken care of. If the ground is good, then naturally good officers will appear. An officer is one who appears from the group—not some special person. Anyone of you could be an officer.

Buddha said, "If people are good, then a good Buddha will appear." This is a very interesting remark. Buddha did not think of himself as some special person. He tried to be like the most common person—wearing a robe, going begging with a bowl. He thought "I have many students because the students are very good, not because of me." Buddha was great because his understanding of emptiness, and his understanding of people, was good. Because he understood people he loved people, and he enjoyed helping them. Because he had that kind of spirit, he could be a Buddha.

*1. ignorance 2. will, life-force 3. mind 4. name-and-form 5. six senses 6. contact 7. acceptance 8. love 9. attachment 10. being 11. birth 12. death



David C. Perlatto

HANDS

Inside a cave in a narrow canyon near Tassajara
The vault of rock is painted with hands,
A multitude of hands in the twilight, a cloud of men's palms,
no more,
No other picture. There's no one to say
Whether the brown shy quiet people who are dead intended
Religion or magic, or made their tracings
In the idleness of art; but over the division of years these careful
Signs-manual are now like a sealed message
Saying: "Look: we also were human; we had hands, not paws.
All Hail
You people with the clever hands, our supplanters
In the beautiful country; enjoy her a season, her beauty,
and come down
And be supplanted; for you also are human".

—Robinson Jeffers



Tim Buckley



Judy Frisk



Jim Buckley

CIRCUMAMBULATION OF MT. TAMALPAIS – BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY, 1969

(Since this year's circumambulation will take place after press-time for this issue of the Wind Bell, though before the issue is mailed, we are printing the following account of last year's hike.)

Mt. Tamalpais, in Marin County across the Golden Gate from San Francisco, was considered a great center of energy by the Indians who lived near it; a magical place, visited alone for fasting and seeking a vision. Many whites, perhaps learning from the Indians, have long held Mt. Tamalpais to be the spiritual center of the San Francisco area.

In the early fifties, Gary Snyder hiked on the mountain often, gradually finding a favorite way—a fifteen mile route that followed park trails up from Muir Woods, cut across high meadows, then wound westward around the mountain and finally up the East Peak, the highest point on Mt. Tamalpais. From there he descended once more to Muir Woods, completing a clockwise circuit. He made this hike many times with Jack Kerouac. In the fall of 1965 Gary, with Allen Ginsberg and Phillip Whalen, made the first formal circumambulation of Mt. Tamalpais, chanting *mantras* and *daranis* at stations along the way.

Gradually the circumambulation has grown to be a custom. In 1969 the leadership was handed over to Neville Warwick, organizer and teacher of the Kailas Shugendu, a group of *Vajrayāna* students in San Francisco under the spiritual leadership of Lama Anagarika Govinda. The group practices "mountain meditation", mountain climbing integrated with chanting *sūtras*, *daranis* and *mantras*, climbing nearby mountains once a week. Their practice is based largely on that of the traditional mountain yogis of India, Tibet, China, and Japan where the *Yamabushi* sect, an extension of the esoteric *Shingon* sect, continues such practices today.

On April 8, 1969 about a hundred and fifty hikers followed Dr. Warwick and his group of twenty students up the Muir Woods trail, concentrating, as they had been instructed, on the active side of nature—the force evinced by the plants and trees in their growing, by all life-forms in their urge to live, and by the hikers themselves in their efforts to climb the mountain. The group stretched out over almost a mile, climbing up through the lush redwood canyons and out onto the rocky fog-blown slopes of the mountain, then into woodlands again, as warm sunlight supplanted cool fog. The hikers climbed in silence, with a strong and deep feeling for the spirit of the practice, and for Buddha's Birthday itself. They stopped periodically, twelve times during the day, to chant, led by the Kailas Shugendu members who carried *shakujo* (metal rattles), conch trumpets, and *vajra*-bells, and to hear short talks by Dr. Warwick on some element of mountain practice, the Indians of Tamalpais, Buddha's life, on the mantras which were chanted. Emphasis was placed on *Fudo Myōo*, the fierce "guardian of the Dharma", who is known as "The Immovable", an inspiration for hard practice symbolized, Dr. Warwick said, by the great boulders on the mountain.

At lunch time the hikers stopped below the summit and put the food they'd brought on one of the park picnic tables. While they chanted, Dr. Warwick performed a *pūjā* over the food, burning incense and using water from canteens and loaves of home-made bread as offerings. Then everyone ate his fill.

After an hour's break, the group set off again for the summit. From there, after a period of meditation looking out over the rolling green hills, forests and lakes to the Northwest, the sprawling housing developments and super-highways to the east, they descended, heading back down to Muir Woods from the north, now concentrating on the "OM MANI PADME HUM" mantra.

Circumambulation is a practice, found in India in very early times and assimilated from the Vedic tradition by the Buddhists who, before speaking to the Tathāgata, walked around him three times, with their right sides always towards him as a sign of veneration. Later it became a common practice to circumambulate the *stūpas* which were raised over Buddha's relics. In time and through the influence of pantheistic folk traditions, mountains became the foci of similar practices. Circumambulating or climbing mountains, a perennial religious symbol in almost every culture, came to be seen as a metaphorical recreating of the spiritual quest, of the firm resolve and tireless effort necessary to achieve liberation and bring its fruits back into the world for the benefit of all sentient beings. The yearly circumambulation of Mt. Tamalpais takes place within this tradition.

TASSAJARA CALENDAR, HERBAL & BESTIARY – 1969

Frances Thompson and Tim Buckley

(Some trees: Oak—Indians gathered about twenty varieties of edible Acorns around this canyon. Chaparral—Chumise, Sage, Manzanita. Coulter Pines on the ridges, Sycamores along the creek beds. Elegant Madrones, grey bark peeling to pea-green and then to salmon-pink, here and there.)

January — Snow on Chew's ridge closes the road.
Rain every 2-3 days, temperature in the canyon mostly above freezing.

1/19 — Big Rain: 9 days
Creek flooding. Bridge out. Monterey County a "disaster area".
planted daikon.

February — Canyon Wrens sing
lots of Thrushes
Golden Crowned Sparrows
Almond Tree blooms
some lavender Shooting Stars

planting — Snowpeas, Romaine, Butterhead and Leaf Lettuce,
Carrots, Beets and Turnips, Gobo (burdock root).

(Frances— "The peas struggled through the cold & rain
& when it stopped & the heat was upon us they
bolted to seed. Somehow the pea harvest escaped us.
We got a few. Gobo is the easiest crop we grow.
No bugs, no troubles, long roots, the devil
to pull up. Huge leaves, green and splendid.
Everyone asks 'What is that?'")

2/23 — Daffodils bloom

(We harvest Kale, Turnips, Daikon all winter. The Cabbage
came in late, but we have Chard all year 'round.)

March — lots of Shooting Stars
Milkmaids
Nemophila

3/4 — Ground Squirrels sing

3/10 — Plum Tree blooms
very warm

3/19 — Maple flowers out
Larkspur
Wild Hyacinth

planted — Chard, green and red.

Suzuki Roshi: "When it is hot we are hot Buddhas.
When it is cold we are cold Buddhas."

Yoshimura Sensei: "In the West people try to alter their circumstances
to fit their minds. In the East people alter their
minds to fit their circumstances."

cooler

foraging for Miner's Lettuce, Dock, Lambs-quarters.

April - Maple leaves out

4/10 - 34°

Sycamore leaves popping

Lupine

Popcorn Flowers

Fiddleneck (cooked in eggs and soy-sauce, or pickled.)

4/13 - Black Headed Grosbeaks

Owls

Great Horned Owl calls

4/16 - Crickets begin

Maple leaves fully out

lavender Chinese Houses

Wild Lilac

Manzanita blooms

(Snakes, Lizards and Scorpions leave winter nests. Birds
return for a feast of Mosquitoes, all kinds of Flies, Ladybugs
that later come to the swimming pool to swarm and drown, inexplicably.)

May - transplant Tomatoes, Eggplant, Peppers all started in cold-frame.

5/11 - Roshi plants Sweet Potatoes

5/15 - Summer and Winter Squash, Pumpkins, Beans

5/16 - Cucumbers—another plant that likes it here. Harvest all
Summer, eat pickles all Winter.

pick first Lettuce, pull Turnips.

Mid-June - a desert dryness

Scattered on the hills Yucca plants send up
phallic green stalks from the middle of spiked
fortresses, then burst into tall candles of pure
white flowers blazing in the Sun, glowing
under the Full Moon.

7/3 - 106°

(In the Winter there is rarely more than a ten degree difference
between the high for the day and the low; in the Summer there is
rarely less than a forty degree difference.)

Mid-July – A unique few minutes of rain just as kernels of Corn brought from the Hopi village of Hotevilla were planted.

August – plant for Winter—Kale, Chard, Turnips, Rutabagas, Carrots, Daikon

8/15 – Cabbages, Cauliflower, Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts planted in flats because their future home is still growing a cover-crop of Barley.

(Some Animals: Grey Foxes, Bobcats, Deer, Wild Boar, Raccoons, Possums, Skunks, Rabbits, Ground Squirrels, Grey Squirrels, Black Squirrels, Gophers pulling tender shoots down into their burrows beneath the vegetable gardens—one making his home inside a huge Banana Squash all Summer—Mice, Rats, Dogs, Cats, Mountain Lions—big pad marks down by the Creek.)

Early Autumn – dig up a few Sweet Potatoes, harvest Winter Squash, Pumpkins, Banana Squash; Hopi Corn—divided in three parts: a share returned to the Hopi in Arizona, a share saved to plant next year, a share to eat.

Mid-Autumn – Big Leaf Maples turn gold on the hillsides. Bright red: Poison Oak and Virginia Creepers. Marigolds and Zinnias, the last of the garden flowers, bloom red and gold near the shop.

The sky is still a radiant blue but the incandescent blue Steller's Jays are quiet at last.

The Honey Bees stay at home, the hives insulated with straw and tarpaper against the coming cold, and the Carpenter Bees are silent, burrowed deep in cabin timbers.

The Creek flows a little faster.

Thanksgiving – Vegetables, Indian Corn pudding and Acorn bread for dinner.

ABOUT THE GARDENS AT TASSAJARA

Frances Thompson

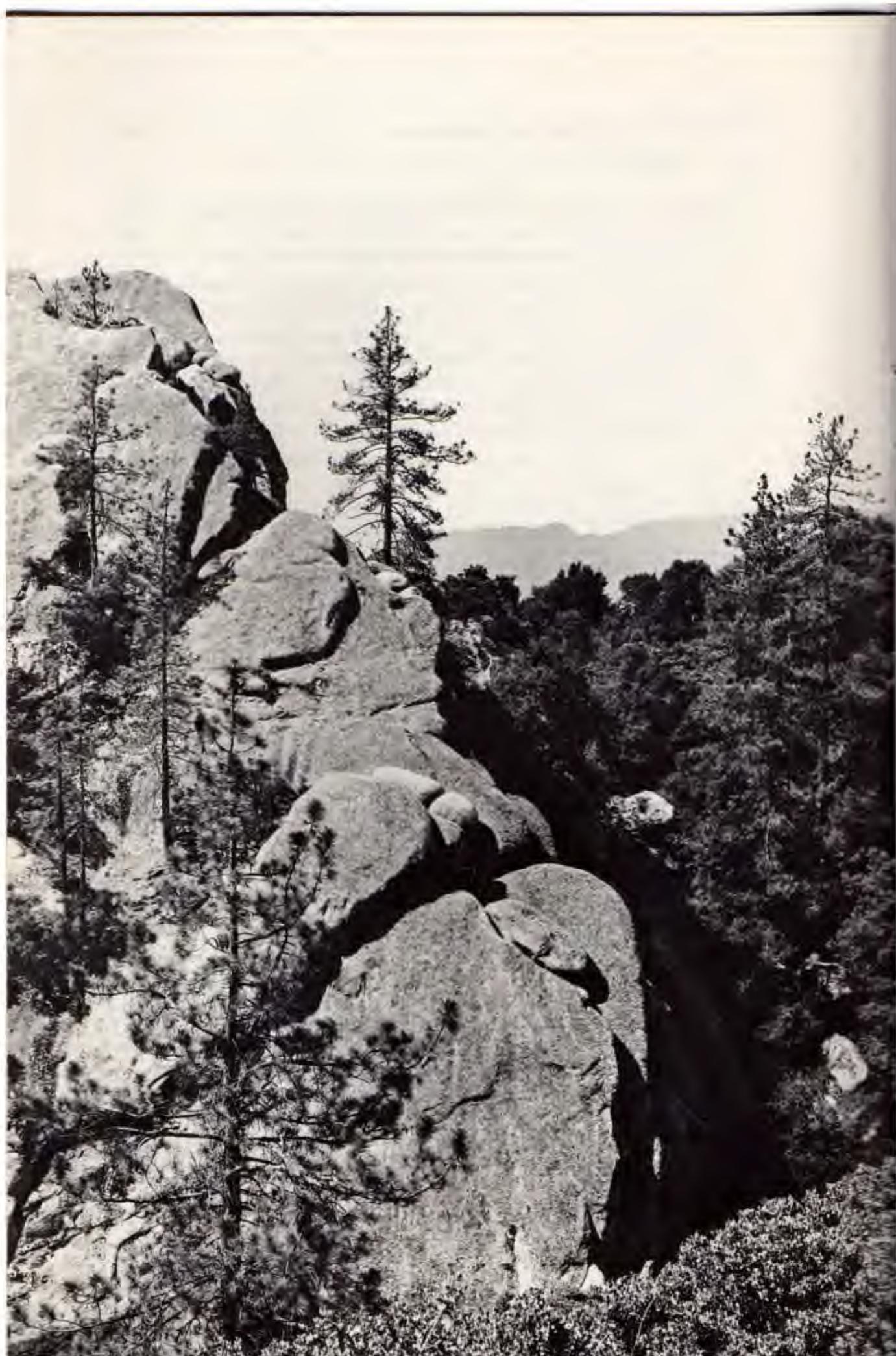
We have one field about 100' x 50', called "the Upper Garden", made over the ruins of the old hotel & out in the sun all year. Apt to dig up old bed-springs & odd junk out of it. Good winter & early spring place.

In a winter's labor last year a sloping field was made into 4 level terraces, each about 35' x 40'. This gets shady when the low sun goes down behind the mountain in winter. This spring we made 2 new, narrower terraces on the hillside above this "Lower Garden". It's sunnier there, and good for grapes, which like it & grow & produce well. Above *that* are fruit trees, each with its own small terrace—plum & pear go in this spring. Then the steep rocks begin and wild takes over & we let it.

We try to rotate crops & not grow the same thing twice on the same land. Each season we leave about half the land fallow, growing barley and vetch as cover crops on it. When planting time nears we spread chicken manure over the grass & turn it all under. Add some bone meal, some phosphorus, and as much compost as we can. Plant a month later. Five years of this might give us some good garden soil. A nursery man in Monterey said, when we began 3 years ago, "You can't grow a garden up there. The winter rains come through that valley & wash out all the good soil & the creek takes it down to Salinas and *that's* where you grow vegetables." The creek outside my window runs brown this rainy February day. He's right. But we're trying anyway. We've had fresh vegetables from the garden every day this year.

Most of the labor and thought and effort go into improving the soil. After planting it's easier, especially in summer when we have ladybugs to help us against the destructive insects. I understand one thing now: it doesn't matter what you do—mulch, or cultivate, or pinch back, or allow to grow out—as long as you're *there*, out among the plants, walking about, everyday, with Taking-Care Mind, with Mind of Growth, Unfolding and Fruition, with Gentle Mind. Roshi says "Book is no good. Love the plants and they will grow for you." Neglect them and they languish, no matter how good the soil. This is so. These are domestic plants, used to the hand of man for ages. They are dependent upon us.

When the new seeds go in in spring I can hear all their tiny voices singing together in the night about their new beginning life. When I pull a turnip I can feel the resistance of each rootlet as the turnip gives up its life to me. When I stick a shovel in the earth there is anguish; the earth feels like soft belly-flesh receiving the cut. Do not think eating vegetables is less bloody than eating cows. It's silvery, quiet blood. We mangle the earth, yet she gives all she can to us. Should we leave her to her own Way and graze the acorns and wild plants as other creatures do? (All beings are sentient but some are more sentient than others—the degree of sentientness being measured by the amount of mess and noise made at the moment of death. . . .)



TASSAJARA ROCKS

Sterling Bunnell

With the emergence of field and quantum theory in 20th century physics, Western thought has had to question some of its firmest assumptions: the fundamental reality of solid matter, the independence of space and time, the separation between subject and object, and the deterministic universe of discrete objects moving in fixed space. From the newer viewpoints, the atom has no essential materiality but is a locus of events in a field. Seemingly solid matter thus results from a pattern of events. If the process could be held at any instant, there would be nothing. Since matter can be conceived of as patterns of events in a spacetime field it is possible, as Whitehead has done, to think of perception and mind as patterns of events in the same field. The essential nature of matter thus appears no different from the nature of mind.

The action of forces, such as gravity and electromagnetism, over a distance becomes more comprehensible as changes in a field in which localized events are occurring.

Discontinuity and persisting form arise from focal energy (events). Where there are centers (which have no real existence except as regions of event distribution) there is attraction or repulsion. Without centers, there is no matter or form. The various states of matter—solid, liquid, and gas—are interchangeable depending on the balance of attractive and dispersive forces between their constituent molecules or atoms. These states change at temperatures where the balance of form (attractive) energy to flow (dispersive) energy shifts.

In crystals, the most fixed form of matter, atoms are held in a three-dimensional geometric lattice by their electromagnetic charges. The characteristic form and cleavage angles of a crystal are a reflection of the arrangement of its atoms. Most rocks are crystalline.

The rocks at Tassajara are memory traces of their long experience within the earth and on its surface. From the Narrows downstream Tassajara Creek flows over a monolithic body of dazzling white granite which cooled slowly from a molten state far underground and now forms the core of the mountains and continents. In various geologic periods over many millions of

years there have been granite mountains here which were gradually weathered away into sand. The sand was carried by rivers into shallow seas, where it settled in horizontal layers on the bottom and was cemented by mineralization to form sandstone. High on the ridge immediately to the west of Tassajara there are long outcroppings of sedimentary rock whose layers are still parallel but somewhat tilted. They were deposited in the ocean during the Oligocene period, about 30 million years ago. The sand grains which make up these sandstone rocks are clearly visible, especially with a hand lens. Farther down the hillsides the sandstone shows metamorphic changes. Heat, pressure, and chemical interaction within the earth have caused the sand grains to disappear as their elements are rearranged into interlocking crystals of feldspar (white and opaque), quartz (white and translucent), and mica (black, flat and shiny). These rocks are becoming granite again, for that is what the sandstone was derived from. Some parallel layering persists, but the metamorphic rocks are grotesquely contorted by movements of the earth's crust. Down the slope are Eocene metamorphic rocks, in which these processes have gone further and at the bottom of the canyon along the creek bed and to the east are metamorphic rocks from the oceans of the Jurassic, when dinosaurs were in their heyday. Though they show sedimentary origin by parallel streaking, these rocks have otherwise become granite and merge with the underlying continental granite (which is unstreaked) at the Narrows.

In these strata, subjected to heat and pressure within earth's body, crystals grow within solid rock space as flowers bloom in air. They, like us and the mountains, are delicate images in big mind.



Tim Buckley

INSIDE-OUTSIDE notes from a lecture at Esalen Institute

Richard Baker 10/28/69

(edited by Tim Buckley)

There is a story of a student doing zazen. The teacher comes by and says "What are you doing?" And the student says "I'm practicing to become a Buddha." A little while later the student looks around and sees the teacher rubbing a tile. "What are you doing?" he asks. "Trying to make this tile into a mirror", the teacher says. One implication is that if you don't know that you are already a Buddha no amount of sitting will make you one. The first *kensho* is a full experience of this fundamental, underlying wholeness, and this is really the first step in practice.

If you say "Who am I?" you're seeking some link with what you might be. In Buddhist terms I think it is seeking your identification with all things, not

just with a group or with a collective unconscious, but with every movement of the cosmos itself; everything at once is identifying you. "Ecology" means, essentially, "linking", and Buddhism is a profoundly ecological way of looking at things. To give you an idea of this ecological kind of thinking, here is something called *Genjo Koan* from a book by Dogen Zenji, one of the perhaps two major figures for Zen in Japan, and one of the major figures in Buddhism:

To study Buddhism is to study ourselves. To study ourselves is to go beyond ourselves. To go beyond ourselves is to be enlightened, identified by all things. To be enlightened, identified by all things, is to free our body and mind and to free the bodies and minds of others. No trace of enlightenment remains. And this no-trace continues endlessly.*

Another aspect:

When a fish swims in the ocean, there is no end to the water, no matter how far it swims. When a bird flies in the sky, there is no end to the air, no matter how far it flies. However the fish and bird do not leave their elements, the air and the water. When the use is large it is used largely. When the use is small it is used in a small way. Though it flies everywhere, if the bird leaves the air it will die at once. Water makes life and air makes life. The bird makes life and the fish makes life. Life makes the bird and life makes the fish.

This is an analogy for practice, enlightenment, everything; total interpenetration of identity, or reality.

If you wanted to have one statement which explained all of Buddhist philosophy, you'd say "everything changes". And when you see that everything changes, you see that everything is in interrelationship, is interdependent. Again, Dogen says, referring to *zazen*:

If we watch the shore from a boat it seems that the shore is moving. But when we watch the boat directly, we know that it is the boat that moves.

In other words, if you watch yourself directly in meditation you find that it's yourself that moves.

If we examine all things with a confused body and mind, we will suppose that our self is permanent. But if we practice closely and return to our present place, it will be clear that nothing at all is permanent.

This kind of thinking emphasizes interrelationships, or we can even say fields. You are creating time and space each moment. The universe is an infinite number of centers, and each of us is one of them. So we are creating the universe each moment. Your actual life is you now, and what you choose for the next moment is your actual life forever. This is not preparation. Are you actually doing what your inmost nature wants? How can I convey to you the immediacy and freedom of this now—this universe you are about to make as beautiful as you want your life to be. Why don't you just give up now! I'll enjoy it too. As Dogen says, "The bird makes life, water makes life." Each of us is creating the universe each moment. You are free. It emanates from you. The question of "Who am I?" is not a question of you alone, but of your relationships with, realization of, and inclusion of the Whole. But you really do not have to do anything, just smile and be at one with what is manifesting as you and everything.

* translated by Kazuaki Tanahashi with Robert Aitken

A simultaneous step in Zen practice is to begin freeing yourself from karma, to stop creating karma. By karma we mean, generally, hang-ups, or something like that. I think basically karma means forms. As long as you're creating karma you cannot get free from it, because you're producing it faster than, or at the same rate at which you can destroy it. To stop creating karma can be as simple as not taking pencils from work, or not treating people in a negative way. You may say, "Not all karma is bad." But the idea of "good" karma is misleading. It may help your life if you have much good karma, but it is not being free. That is why Bodhidharma answered the Emperor's question about the merit attained through good works with, "No merit!" How to do everything fully now is the point so that, as is said in Buddhism, "cause seals cause" (cause cause is more accurate than cause *and effect*). This means that in each act you create the universe, it means that you have not tried to accumulate or possess something through your activity and thus left the dishes unwashed. If the act is complete, the dishes are all put away. This is the level at which Zen practice begins—by washing the dishes, by hanging up your coat. This is the life in a Zen monastery. It is the most immediate level or way in which you can begin your practice. It is not different from finding yourself free and whole and present in each moment.

Karma is sometimes called "attachment". People usually think of attachment in its simple sense, like attachment to status or money, success or sex, things like that. Actually, I think that a more basic kind of attachment is the way in which we, on an immediate level, respond to things. Just as in the problem of hanging up your clothes or washing the dishes, on all levels of activity you will find many problems or resistances or interferences. In your thinking and doing you will find your culture and your language interfering by giving you definite ideas about things that are supposed to exist, that are presupposed to exist like time and space, inside and outside, up and down, consciousness and unconsciousness, good and evil, past, present, and future, etc. Such things do not exist. They are just categories to help us think about and explain things.

Most of us think "Well, there's of course up and there's down, there's inside and there's outside." Actually, those distinctions don't really exist. For example, I was walking along a few years ago, going back to the warehouse where I was working. I had a cigarette package or a candy wrapper in my hand, and as I was going over some railroad tracks I just threw it down. I walked a couple of steps and then I had a kind of flash, a funny feeling. On the first level it was "I threw that down there and it's not going to be cleaned up. It'll just sit there. I ought to throw it down on the floor of the warehouse where it'll be cleaned up." And I immediately realized that the problem was that I had an idea that there was an outside where you're free and an inside where you behave a certain way. And I saw that there is no such thing as outside-inside. There is no natural or un-natural. It was quite a big experience for me.

One thing you find when you go to Japan is that they have very different distinctions about what inside and outside are, what up and down, time and space are. Different ways of thinking about things that are so basic that the

Japanese people end up having a different kind of mind, a different kind of game, from us. The way they put things together, the way the information comes from the environment and is organized in their own being is rather different from the way we organize our experiences, our information. So the question of how you free yourself from karma is, on a more basic level, how do you free yourself from your own society? How is your society catching you? How is your language catching you? And how do you make the forms of your society, the forms of your thinking, of your desires, of your own being, of your own universe (wholeness), become your own practice, an expression and realization of Buddha nature, of formlessness, of your own enlightenment?

When an individual is trying to break through, shall I say, to a deeper level of consciousness in the context of a traditional society, he is trying to find his own way. But when a society is in transition, as I assume Western society and perhaps the whole world is, what is happening in society is trying to manifest itself in the individual; and what is happening in the individual is one way of changing the society. So we are both caught by and at the same time freeing our society too if we can free ourselves. Society too must see its original face. But the only way to practice is to turn your attention to what you are actually doing.

If it is possible for there to be so many forms, so many variations of "inside" and "outside", then it means that the mind is really quite free from "inside" and "outside", that you can manifest in your own activity what, in Buddhism, is called Great Function. Now, when the sun shines on the ocean its light actually penetrates the whole ocean. But when you look you only see the reflection in one place. Our activity should be like that. When you really do one thing with complete attention, and your awareness is completely in that one thing, your activity penetrates everywhere. Your practice, your every activity should express the formlessness that makes everything possible. Great Function is activity greater than just your own ego: your ego can cover everything. When they say "kill your ego", they really mean that your ego covers everything, that you're identified by all things. This is enormous freedom.

One of the easier ways to "break through", to rediscover your identity with all things, is to practice zazen. Our practice must extend beyond some idea of a "universe", because that word only names the physical material aspects of the whole. So Buddhism uses phrases like "mind only" or "consciousness only" or "awareness" or "emptiness" in order to suggest the larger dimensions of reality. But these terms are misleading too. They will lead you to look for something. The whole point of zazen is to know what the universe is through our own being. It's really the short-cut and easy way. When you sit still, finally your consciousness fills your body. When it fills your body it is very easy to be aware of the consciousness around you. In fact, finally your consciousness doesn't seem to be limited to your body. It seems to extend to birds, sounds, or whatever happens. Dogs barking can be barking inside of you. When you have that kind of center it is very easy to sense the interrelationships between things, to know that you *are* the whole, and to realize what your responsibility is.



Tim Buckley

AT HOME

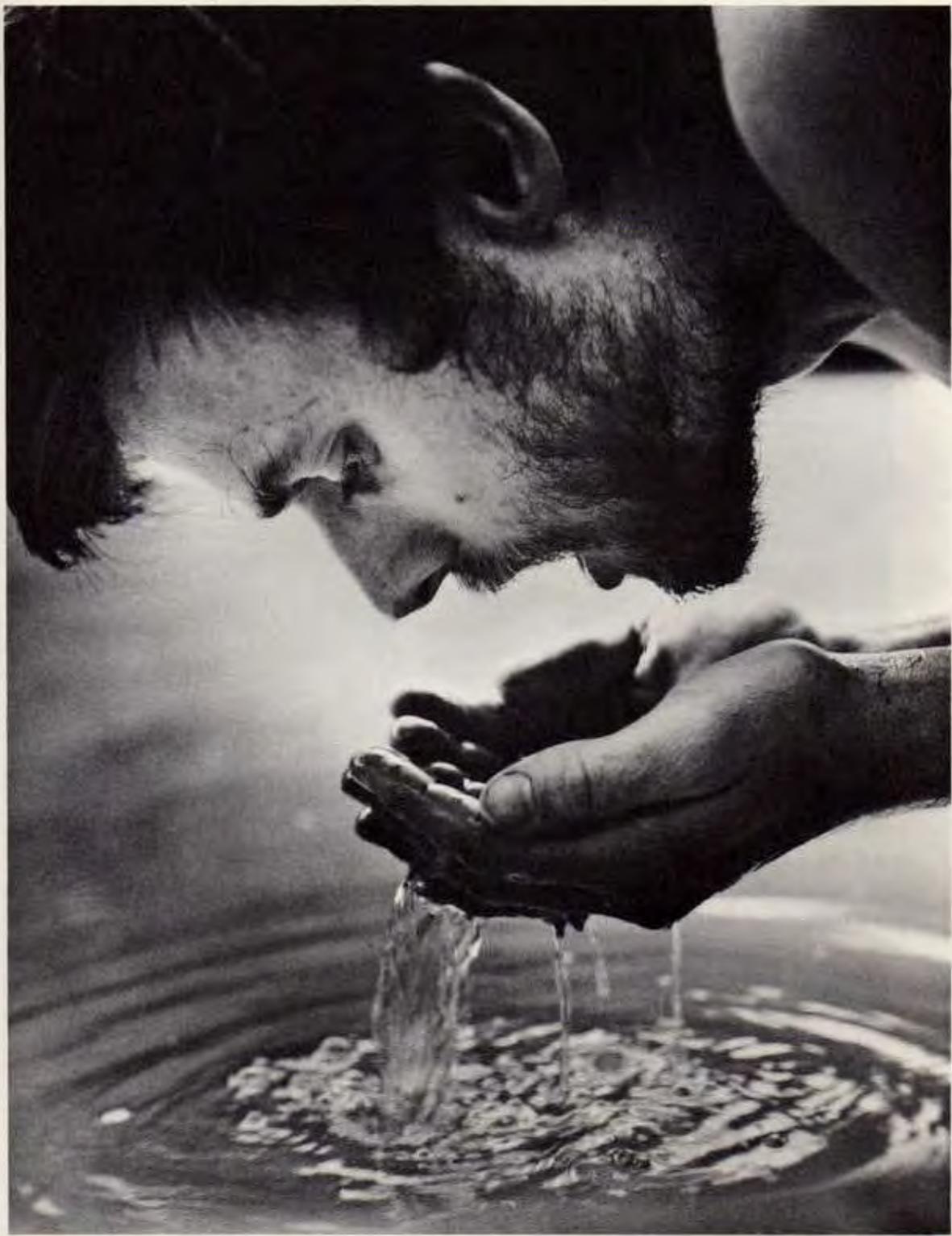
Ronn Patterson

Each day, as the garbage in our dumps and lives gets deeper and deeper, new solutions to our environmental crisis are suggested until the weight of the solutions is almost as great as the garbage. These solutions generally advocate either a social/political change or a technological approach. The problem is divorced from the individual. But the nature of the problem and its solution rest firmly *with* the individual. The environmental crisis came about because man—each of us—has been living out of harmony with nature, with ourselves. One of the greatest contributing factors has perhaps been our cultural assumption that we are separate from nature, from others such as grasshoppers, hippopotamuses, and people, and even ourselves.

It is in the experience of oneness—or of “ness” without even the one—that we can ultimately hope to find our solution. We must fully appreciate that the garbage, pollution, and ugliness in the environment is but a reflection of the garbage, pollution, and ugliness in our minds. The environment reflects our minds; our minds reflect the environment. To speak of environmental solution through legislation places the cart before the horse. Legislative “solutions” at this point will mean further taxes on the consumer to pay for ineffectual measures to deal with the amelioration of the pollution caused by the virtually unhampered, geometrically expanding power and product producing industries whose purpose is the ever filling of our lives with meaningless “necessities”. Just as it is obvious that technology is not the cause of the environmental crisis, but merely a lever for allowing a much greater expression of our irreverent attitudes toward nature, so too it is obvious that technology cannot be a solution. The real pollution is mind pollution perpetuated by industries, the mass media they support, and we who would support them both by over-consumption and irreverence. Pollution will cease when the mind is full of beauty and the necessities are found within.

To reach this point, the many things we must be concerned about have their focus in just one—our daily life. I cannot find the way for you, and you cannot find the way for me, but, like drinking water together, I can share with you a few of the experiences I have had which I consider related to ecological living—to daily life and my daily practice. Each of the “ideas” I will relate crept quietly into my body, entering either through the hollow of my feet while standing firmly in contact with the earth, or through the hole in the top of my head while I was sitting quietly. Shortly afterwards, I experienced them as a violent shaking of my body and I knew that they had taken me over and that I could only surrender to them. Still later, I rationalized these conquerors with thought, and though I am convinced that these rationalizations are correct, I caution you to not accept the rationalization as a substitute for the real experience.

Several years ago, while standing in the middle of the yard, I was shaken for the first time in this way. I can only describe it as if I were hit by a powerful, violent blow over the head which “said” I *had to garden*. I surrendered and became a gardener. Each day since, I have realized that



Liz Hecker

from the beginning of this world, plants have supported our lives, and that it is fitting that we support theirs. This I call living in harmony with plants. The tending of plants has become a central focus of my life. In this way also, I understand the ancient ones who shared the same house, the same living room with the animals they ate. As the animals supported their lives, so they supported the animals'. As we take this food into our mouth, as it becomes one with our body, it is good to know how it comes to us.

A further experience had to do with excrement and said that it belonged to the mother earth. That plant I had eaten had now become part of me and yet there was this part that was left. This was organic matter useful to soil. In growing, the plant had used up part of the organic content of the soil, and now that I had eaten the plant, I had produced organic matter necessary for the soil. I realized that I should close this vital cycle that I had been breaking for so many years. If I wanted the soil to support my plants, I must support the soil, and give back what was hers.

So, composting also became a way of life. In addition to our excrement, all of the small scraps of unused organic matter were carefully saved to be composted together and returned to the soil. In a short time, this experience expanded to mean the recycling of everything recyclable, and the avoidance of those things which were considered to be unrecyclable. Paper is recycled to produce more paper or burned with the burnable to produce heat and light, and the ashes placed in the garden where the minerals can be reused by the plants. In this way, the garbage carried away from the house has been reduced to one small sack per week. (Except for this burning of paper "trash", the house is otherwise unheated, it being our fortune to live in a mild climate along the coast. Our bed is built on a platform halfway to the ceiling to take advantage of the heat trapped there.)

A related and delightfully sudden experience took place while reaching for last year's telephone directory to place it among the burnables. Since that time I have been using its pages to wipe myself and have found the reading of its pages a fine way to inform myself of the "contents" of our city. I estimate this one book will last my family for three years. (Perhaps this is an indication that the city is too large.)

The wilderness is a temple. There, many years ago, I experienced soap. I drank some water from a stream and shared it with someone upstream who had washed his socks. The experience was one of terrific convulsions that left my body weak. And so, I found out that soap is a biological poison, and determined to use it sparingly. The cleanliness that is next to godliness must be sought internally; soap only poisons the life around it. Soaps containing bactericides such as hexachlorophene I use only by "prescription" for the first-aid treatment of cuts. Others I use not at all. These are the detergents, the washday miracles that remove stains in seconds right before our unblinking, cycloptic, television camera eye. These detergents contain up to forty percent phosphate, and now that all of them are biodegradable, all forty percent is released into the environment where it overstimulates rapid growth which quickly uses up the available oxygen and leads to death and stagnation of our water.

We are each a dynamic ongoing union of the four elements, and should take some time each day at mealtimes or in quiet meditation to celebrate and contemplate; wonder at the nature of this union. Such experience tells me that it is fitting to support the life of air, earth, fire, and water, and that they will support us for as long as is necessary.



Ronn Patterson

ZEN PRACTICE AND WORLD CHANGE

Diane di Prima

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS NO. 10

*These are transitional years and the dues
will be heavy.*

*Change is quick but revolution
will take a while.*

*America has not even begun as yet.
This continent is seed.*

Zen shows us the beauty in all things and helps us to maintain a consciousness of that beauty. It sets off each thing in its discrete suchness: firewood is



Ronn Patterson

firewood and ash is ash. It provides the necessary *space* for us to remain aware of the uniqueness of each moment, each leaf, each individual. That space is within us.

Zen provides us with an aesthetic of discreteness, of separateness, that reveals the sameness and continuity of all things. It is an aesthetic that is available to everyone: it does not depend on luxuries, nor on the inequities that produce luxuries (the little boys of eight weaving silk brocade in Benares), nor on the violation of the planet that has gone on in order to provide the accoutrements of many so-called high "civilizations."

Zen teaches us that life is service, that all things serve each other and we in turn serve all things, and it teaches us reverence: that everything comes to us as a result of this mutual service. Out of this reverence we learn that all things are precious—each grain of rice, each chip of firewood.

There are more human beings on earth today than there have ever been—three and a half billion, and the number is growing. And the earth's resources are depleted as they have never been, by misuse and waste:

forests going through greed
tuna fish, crab, dying from DDT
many species of birds, of fish, of mammal and plant already gone
many others dying out
the precious topsoil (1000 years to make an inch)
washed away in strip mining
blowing away in large machine agriculture
sliding downhill in mudslides
that are the results of floods
that are the result of logging—no trees
hold back rains and melting snows
whole areas becoming desert—streams dry, wells going
because above them reservoirs carry their water
their natural watershed
to large cities hundreds of miles away
the very plankton that maintain oxygen balance in our
atmosphere may be dying from the poisons we have
released into the sea.

On this depleted, overtaxed planet three and a half billion people—hundreds of millions of billions of sentient beings of all kinds, all interdependent—are striving to live. Buddhism reminds us of this interdependence. Zen offers us a practice which makes mutual survival possible. It is the practice of service, of joyfulness, of minimizing need and developing personal hardihood and resource: when heat and cold are truly one to us, we need not push our neighbor away from his fire.

SMOKEY THE BEAR SUTRA

Once in the Jurassic, about 150 million years ago, the Great Sun Buddha in this corner of the Infinite Void gave a great Discourse to all the assembled elements and energies: to the standing beings, the walking beings, the flying beings, and the sitting beings—even grasses, to the number of thirteen billion, each one born from a seed, were assembled there: a Discourse concerning Enlightenment on the planet Earth.

“In some future time, there will be a continent called America. It will have great centers of power called such as Pyramid Lake, Walden Pond, Mt. Rainier, Big Sur, Everglades, and so forth; and powerful nerves and channels such as Columbia River, Mississippi River, and Grand Canyon. The human race in that era will get into troubles all over its head, and practically wreck everything in spite of its own strong intelligent Buddha-nature.”

“The twisting strata of the great mountains and the pulsings of great volcanoes are my love burning deep in the earth. My obstinate compassion is schist and basalt and granite, to be mountains, to bring down the rain. In that future American Era I shall enter a new form: to cure the world of loveless knowledge that seeks with blind hunger; and mindless rage eating food that will not fill it.”

And he showed himself in his true form of

SMOKEY THE BEAR.

A handsome smokey-colored brown bear standing on his hind legs, showing that he is aroused and watchful.

Bearing in his right paw the Shovel that digs to the truth beneath appearances; cuts the roots of useless attachments, and flings damp sand on the fires of greed and war;

His left paw in the Mudra of Comradely Display—indicating that all creatures have the full right to live to their limits and that deer, rabbits, chipmunks, snakes, dandelions, and lizards all grow in the realm of the Dharma;

Wearing the blue work overalls symbolic of slaves and laborers, the countless men oppressed by a civilization that claims to save but only destroys;

Wearing the broad-brimmed hat of the West, symbolic of the forces that guard the Wilderness, which is the Natural State of the Dharma and the True Path of man on earth; all true paths lead through mountains—

With a halo of smoke and flame behind, the forest fires of the kali-yuga, fires caused by the stupidity of those who think things can be gained and lost whereas in truth all is contained vast and free in the Blue Sky and Green Earth of One Mind;

Round-bellied to show his kind nature and that the great earth has food enough for everyone who loves her and trusts her;

Trampling underfoot wasteful freeways and needless suburbs; smashing the worms of capitalism and totalitarianism;

Indicating the Task: his followers, becoming free of cars,



Alain Crockin

houses, canned food, universities, and shoes, master the Three Mysteries of their own Body, Speech, and Mind; and fearlessly chop down the rotten trees and prune out the sick limbs of this country America and then burn the leftover trash.

Wrathful but Calm, Austere but Comic, Smokey the Bear will illuminate those who would help him; but for those who would hinder or slander him,

HE WILL PUT THEM OUT.

Thus his great Mantra:

Namah samanta vajranam chanda maharoshana
Sphataya hum traka ham mam

"I DEDICATE MYSELF TO THE UNIVERSAL DIAMOND
BE THIS RAGING FURY DESTROYED"

And he will protect those who love woods and rivers,
Gods and animals, hobos and madmen, prisoners and sick
people, musicians, playful women, and hopeful children;

And if anyone is threatened by advertising, air pollution,
or the police, they should chant SMOKEY THE BEAR'S WAR SPELL:

DROWN THEIR BUTTS
CRUSH THEIR BUTTS
DROWN THEIR BUTTS
CRUSH THEIR BUTTS

And SMOKEY THE BEAR will surely appear to put the enemy out
with his vajra-shovel.

Now those who recite this Sutra and then try to put it in
practice will accumulate merit as countless as the sands
of Arizona and Nevada,
Will help save the planet Earth from total oil slick,
Will enter the age of harmony of man and nature,
Will win the tender love and caresses of men, women, and
beasts
Will always have ripe blackberries to eat and a sunny spot
under a pine to sit at,

AND IN THE END WILL WIN HIGHEST PERFECT ENLIGHTENMENT.

thus have we heard.

(may be reproduced free forever)

May the merit of this penetrate
To all things in every place
So that we and all sentient beings
Together may realize the Buddha's Way.

Sentient beings are numberless; I vow to save them.
Desires are inexhaustible; I vow to put an end to them.
The dharmas are boundless; I vow to master them.
The Buddha's Way is unsurpassable; I vow to attain it.



ZEN CENTER
 300 Page Street
 San Francisco, California 94102

Non-Profit Organization
 U. S. Postage Paid
 San Francisco, California
 Permit No. 8459



RETURN REQUESTED

ZAZEN & LECTURE SCHEDULE

ZEN CENTER & AFFILIATES	ZAZEN				LECTURES (Including 4 & 9 dates)
	Monday through Friday		Saturday Morning	Sunday Morning	
	Morning	Evening			
SAN FRANCISCO	5:50-7:00	5:30-6:30 8:30-9:15 except Tues.	5:50-10:00	7:30	Tuesday evening 7:50 Sunday morning 8:30
BERKELEY	5:50-8:00	5:45-6:45	—	—	Monday morning
LOS ALTOS	5:45-6:40	7:15-8:00	5:45-9:00	—	Wednesday evening Thursday morning
MILL VALLEY	5:45-6:45	—	—	—	Wednesday morning

- San Francisco and Berkeley zendos open at 5:00 a.m. for zazen practice Monday through Saturday.
- Zazen instruction for new students is given on Saturday morning in San Francisco at 10:00.
- In Berkeley, Los Altos, and Mill Valley lectures are given after zazen, as indicated.
- In Los Altos, a discussion group meets alternate Tuesday evenings at 7:30.
- A five-day sesshin is held in San Francisco beginning the first Saturday of even months.

SAN FRANCISCO	BERKELEY	LOS ALTOS	MILL VALLEY
300 Page Street	1670 Dwight Way	746 University Ave.	Almonte Improvement
ZIP 94102	ZIP 94703	ZIP 94022	Club, Almonte at Jody's
Phone 863-3136	Phone 845-2403	Phone 948-5020	Junction, Phone 388-5835

Zen Center of San Francisco is a non-profit religious corporation under the guidance of Zen Master Shunryu Suzuki. The voluntary subscription price of the *Wind Bell* is \$3 per year.