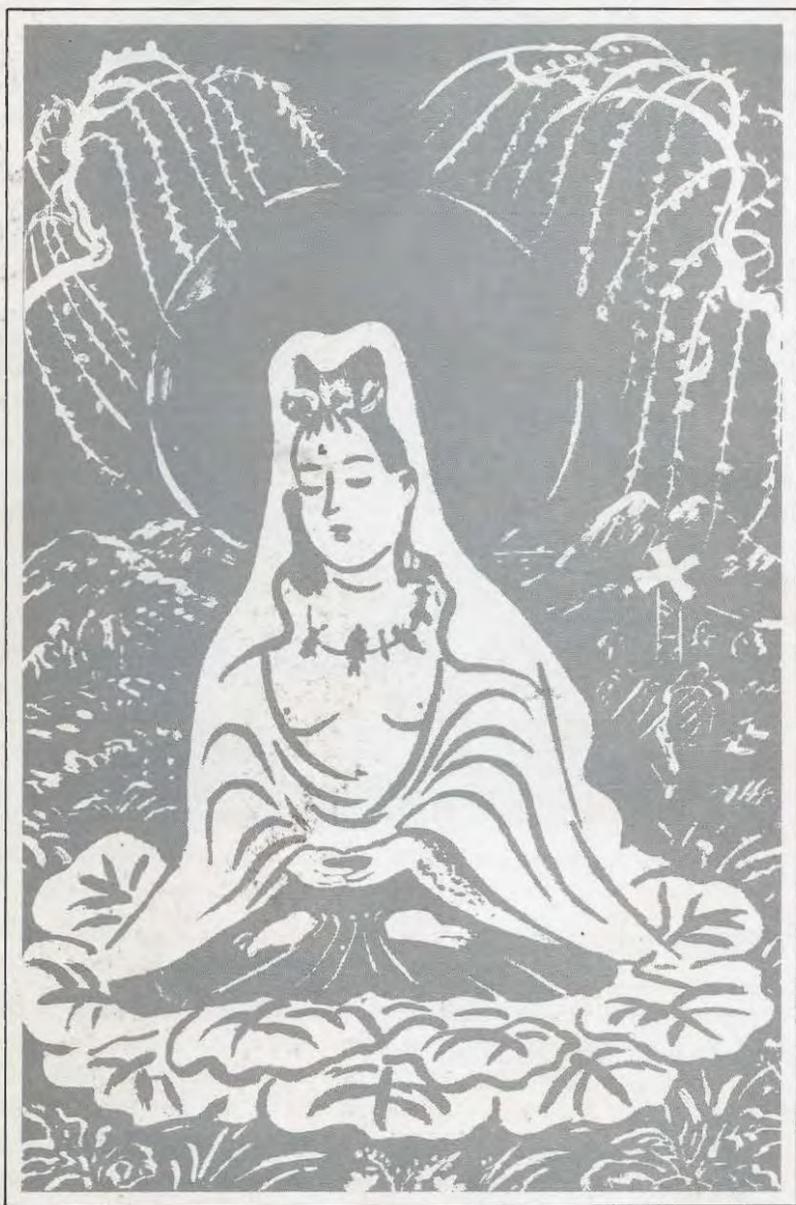


Wind Bell



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LECTURE BY SUZUKI-ROSHI

Zen Mountain Center, 26 July 1971

CASE 61: FUKETSU'S "ONE PARTICLE OF DUST"

ENGO'S INTRODUCTION

Setting up the dharma banner and establishing the dharma teaching — such is the task of the teacher of profound attainment. Distinguishing a dragon from a snake, black from white — that is what the mature master must do. Now let us put aside for a moment how to wield the life-giving sword and the death-dealing blade, and how to administer blows with the stick: tell me, what does the one who lords it over the universe say? See the following.

MAIN SUBJECT

Fuketsu said to the assembled monks, "If one particle of dust is raised, the state will come into being; if no particle of dust is raised, the state will perish."

Setchō (at a later time), holding up his staff, said to his disciples, "is there anyone among you who will live with him and die with him?"

SETCHŌ'S VERSE

Let the elders knit their brows as they will;
For the moment, let the state be established.
Where are the wise statesmen, the veteran generals?
The cool breeze blows; I nod to myself.*

Whether you are a layman or a monk, there is an important point that we should make clear. The point is to put more emphasis on big mind rather than small mind. In this way, more and more, you will develop your buddha mind which is big mind.

When you begin to practice in this way, experiencing big mind, you will feel that you are expressing it toward everything: your friend, your food, your household or your teacher. But actually, if you continue to practice, eventually you will not feel that you have big mind or are developing big mind. So that is called normal.

Big mind in contrast to small mind is not real big mind. Normal is actually the great mind. The reason we have Zen Center is so that we can practice our way and develop our great mind. But if you have the idea of Zen Center too much as an organization, basically there is something wrong. This point should be carefully examined.

There is a koan about Fuketsu Enshō (who was the fourth generation descendent of Rinzai). At one time he mounted the platform and said to his students, "If you pick up one speck of dust, the nation will become prosperous. If you don't, nothing will happen." That is the first part.

Setchō, commenting on this says, taking up a staff, "Is there anyone who will go through birth and death with you?" That is the whole story.

Fuketsu says, if you pick up a speck of dust, the nation will become prosperous. If you do not, nothing will happen. That is what Fuketsu said. Later when Fuketsu died, Setchō Zenji, taking up his staff said, "Is there anyone who will go through birth and death with you?" There is an appreciatory remark by the same zen master Setchō, but I want to explain the first part first.

To pick up a speck of dust means to do something like start a monastery or to start a zen group or zendo somewhere. But he didn't say it just that way. He said just to pick up a speck of dust. In the great universe or in great buddha land, to start a

*Case 61 from Katsuki Sekida, trans., *Two Zen Classics* (New York, Weatherhill, 1977), p. 314.

zendo is just to pick up a speck of dust. Not a big thing. It may be just a small thing; but, nevertheless, if you don't do it, nothing will happen. When he says the nation will be prosperous, he means zen students will prosper.

Many zen students come to Zen Center or go to some other zen center. Is this something meaningful or not? If something good happens, at the same time something bad will happen. Most likely if one good thing happens, ten or twelve or more than twenty bad things will happen. So we should think, when we pick up a speck of dust, whether it is a good or a bad thing to do. But if you don't, nothing will happen (laughing). This is also true. What will you do? Will you pick up a piece of dust or not pick up a piece of dust? Or will you leave everything as it is without saying anything?

Many people choose to let beings suffer, let them go in the wrong direction, saying, "that is not our problem. Let them go as they go: I cannot do anything with you." That is, "we will not pick up any dust." But if you want to do something with them, or if you want to help them, at the same time many bad things will follow. That is very interesting and very real. As Dōgen Zenji said, if you pick up one thing, there is birth and death, enlightenment and delusion, Buddha and sentient beings, and something good and something bad. So we call it Genjokōan. That is our koan to solve, the actual koan we have.

The purpose of Buddhism is not to establish Buddha's teaching, or buddhist groups, but to help people to find their own way when they cannot find their own way. So Buddha gives them some warning: 'If you do not follow the right path, you will be lost.' That is the only reason Buddha left his teaching for human beings. So if all sentient beings follow the right path, there is no need to pick up anything. But some buddhists will make a big mistake. They try to establish something for the sake of Buddhism in its narrow sense.

The real purpose of Buddhism is to bring us to the point where we do not need Buddha's teaching or Zen Center even. Without a teacher we can follow our own way. That is best. That is the goal of Buddhism. The goal of Buddhism is to bring about the right human life where there is no Buddhism. So to develop our human life to the point where there is no need to pick up anything is why we make our effort. And personally, that is why the more we make effort, the more we have trouble. It is because we always try to pick up or establish something in its small sense (chuckling).

If we establish something just to make more trouble, it doesn't make sense. So the most important point of our practice is to always try to do something with big mind. When you do something with big mind, if there is no need to do it, you will not do it. Only when you have to do it will you do it.

Setchō's appreciatory word for that is, "Old men will be unable to relax their eyebrows as they would otherwise." Old zen masters with tense eyebrows will say, 'Ah, silly boys starting Zen Center at Tassajara; they shouldn't do that' (laughing). If we do not start Zen Center, they can relax their eyebrows. They may feel better.

That is Setchō's appreciatory word, and he says, "Tentatively, I will establish the foundation for the nation even though old men may make a face; you must excuse me. Setchō continues his appreciatory word saying, "But wait a moment, where are the crafty officials and great generals now? Only the pure minds blowing over ten thousands of miles know their whereabouts."

The day may come when we no longer need any generals or *shoguns* or zen masters. but in the meantime, to bring about that kind of peaceful situation for people, we will tentatively make some foundation. We will pick up a speck of dust.

This is the actual Genjokoan. It is the most real koan for us. This is what we are doing at Tassajara. We have already picked up something. But some old zen master will make a face, knowing that we dare to pick up something. So again, it is good to fulfill your responsibility and help establish Zen Center; but if there is the slightest idea of self in it, you cannot see Buddha's face. It is no longer with you.

As you like Zen Center so much, you will easily be involved in a kind of self-centered idea. To think about only yourself is a self-centered idea, of course; but to think only about Zen Center is a kind of small mind. Zen Center is just a small speck of dust compared with big buddha land. As Dōgen Zenji says in his *Fukan-zazengi*: "If your purpose in *zazen* misses the point just a little bit, then the separation will be as great as heaven and earth." Then our *zazen* will not make any sense. We should be able to give up Zen Center when it is not necessary. But I can't say when you can resign from Zen Center. I cannot say it so easily. But each one of us should be ready for it.

We should not be proud of our faculties or our personality or our bright smart mind. When you have good practice, that is also the enemy of Buddhism. You should not pursue the buddha way for the sake of change, or for your own personal interest. We should not seek for some advantage in our everyday life. Whether people like what you do or not; if it is necessary, you should do it.

So if you pick up a speck of dust, people may not like it. But if you think it is necessary, you should do it. That is our spirit. You should not do it so that people will admire you or because it will help you lead a successful life in the future. What we are doing is not necessarily what we will be doing forever. It is just a tentative good means to help people. To make the best effort in our everyday life is actually buddhist practice.

The way we extend big mind is limitless. So we say, to establish Buddha's way with defilement. Whatever we do is delusion. Knowing that it is delusion, to do something, to pick up a speck of dust is the bodhisattva's way, and at the same time the buddhist way. So we do not expect anything. Right now what we do seems necessary, but tomorrow we don't know.

We will be happy when people no longer want us. We will be very happy. That is real big mind. We wear robes. The reason we wear robes is maybe in order to take off robes. Unless you put on a robe, you cannot take it off. We wear a robe in the same way that we pick up a speck of dust. Even if it is a speck of dust, we must pick it up. If it is Buddha's robe, there is no reason why we should not wear it.

But Buddha's robe is a problem robe. At any time you can put on the robe. When all sentient beings realize they are Buddha, you can take off the robe. If you wear it with some idea of wearing it forever, since it is Buddha's robe, that kind of idea doesn't make any sense.

Our practice looks very rigid and formal. but the reason we observe such a rigid formal practice is to acquire absolute freedom.

People may say it might be better not to be involved in such a rigid practice. It is very difficult to discuss Buddhism with such people. They do not know Genjokoan, the koan of our everyday life. They do not know that day after day, moment after moment, we are creating bad karma. I have to accept it. Even in Tassajara, we are eating eggs, you know. They are living beings. Eggs are not dead. Each grain is a living being. You are killing them, but you have to eat them knowing they are not dead. We can do it because we choose big mind instead of small mind. Small mind will object on the ground of Buddhist precepts, but big mind will accept things as it is.

So whatever it is, according to Dōgen Zenji, it is a big koan. He carefully picked out the great koan of reality, the great koan of our life. He set up a great stage for human beings. Whatever we do on the stage is Buddha's act which will continue forever. If you have a good understanding of the great koan, whatever you do makes sense. But when you are only involved in small mind, it doesn't make sense. You cannot stay on the stage of the great koan. You are not alive anymore; just moving around in your coffin; the real human being is not there. That is actually Dōgen Zenji's great koan.

Starting from the practice of big mind, the practice will be developed in our activity together, like Zen Center or like Buddha's sangha. We will show a good example to other groups when we really follow Buddha's path and when the meaning of our life is there. In short, we shouldn't be bothered so much by the idea of good or bad. We should be concerned that our practice is sincere and supported by big mind. This is the most important point. If you have this, your mind will be constant and peaceful. By experience we know that after some ecstasy, some discouragement will follow. So if you know that, you know how important it is to have big constant mind, and you can enjoy the effort you make: That kind of mind will always keep you young and happy.

We shouldn't mind so much what will happen in the future, but we should be concerned about this moment. Whether you are happy or not is important. If you are following the right path, the quality of your life doesn't differ from the quality of Buddha's life. Of course, there is some difference in its breadth or in its lastingness or in its maturity; but the quality of practice is the same. As with a fan, whether it is large or small, a fan is a fan, same quality. So our practice may not be so good, but the quality of the practice is the same.

When we are supported by big mind and do not lose our way in small mind, small practice, that is Dōgen Zenji's Genjokoan. It is koan on a big scale where everyone has great freedom from the usual small activity.

So the goal of practice is to not have any teaching or teacher or sentient beings; where there is no Buddhism and no Buddha. But if you think that without any training you can have that kind of life, that is a big mistake. You do not know what you are doing. When you say you don't need Buddhism, then you are either a great fool or a very selfish person. Don't you think so? Maybe a great fool, to be a great fool is better than to be a selfish person. Even though Buddha spoke about freedom, what Buddha meant and what you may mean is hardly comparable. You say freedom and nature, but you don't understand what freedom is and what nature is.

You say nature, but your understanding of nature is not true nature. It is a kind of home-made nature, cooked up in your kitchen (laughing). It looks like nature, but it is not truly nature. True nature may be a nature which will ignore almost all living beings. Human beings will easily be ignored by this great nature. Whether we exist on earth or not is not a big problem.

When we realize our nature, it can be a big problem, but for someone to say that all you have to do is to follow your own narrow view of nature and that is freedom, then, in the same way, you will be ignored by the sun or the various stars in space.

If you realize that you cannot be ignored by the universe even though you are small, then you realize who you are. At the same time, you realize that you are alive because you are supported by some truth. Unless you are supported by some truth and follow that truth, you cannot be free.

Thank you very much.





ABBOT DAININ KATAGIRI-ROSHI, *more usually addressed as HOJO-SAN. A complete issue of the Wind Bell was devoted to him in the Summer of 1971 (Volume X, No. 1).*

ZEN CENTER NEWS

On December 20, 1983, Richard Baker-roshi resigned as Abbot of San Francisco Zen Center. The events which led up to this decision were outlined in the Winter 1983 *Wind Bell*. In his letter to Zen Center students and friends, Baker-roshi said:

I have waited all these months trying to decide what to do because I did not know what to do to fulfill the vow I made to Suzuki-roshi to continue and to develop a place for his teaching which would endure. Now I see that my role as Abbot and leader is more damaging to the Sangha and to individuals than any help I may add by staying. And I see even more that the present situation and any effort I make in it is damaging to the teaching and this is completely unacceptable to me. I want to do what is best for Zen Center and the lineage and the teaching. And I want to do whatever I can to lessen, to end the deep suffering and pain many persons feel. So it is with deep regret and shame before Suzuki-roshi and you that I resign as Abbot and Chief Priest of the San Francisco Zen Center. I resign with trust and hope in your wisdom, in the strength of your future, and in the compassion and intelligence of each of you and of all of you working together. Please heal and help me to heal the wounds I have opened and please end and help me to end the suffering I have caused. I know you can work together to make Zen Center the wonderful place to practice and place to share your lives that I know it can be. Thank you for being patient with me all these months while I absorbed the truth and teaching of this situation. And thank you for being patient with me all these years.

Baker-roshi's resignation was accepted by the Board, and on December 24, Edward Espe Brown, Board Chairman, replied to Baker-roshi's letter:

We are grateful for your fundamental and abiding commitment to the teaching and your courage and confidence in taking this step. We deeply appreciate your invaluable contributions to the founding of Zen Center and the many efforts, often unrecognized, you have made that we can live and practice together. We respect your wish and share your intention to heal the wounds and end the suffering we have all been experiencing, and I hope we can find ways to mutually assist one another in our common effort to practice Suzuki-roshi's way. I offer incense and bow.

On February 28, 1984, the Board voted to give Baker-roshi a year of transitional financial support beginning on March 1, 1984. The Board also invited Dainin Katagiri-roshi of the Minneapolis Zen Meditation Center to be interim Abbot of San Francisco Zen Center for the coming year.

Katagiri-roshi first met Suzuki-roshi at the old Sokoji temple on Bush Street in San Francisco, and Suzuki-roshi invited him to stay in San Francisco and help him with both the Japanese congregation and with Zen Center. Katagiri-roshi was

officially appointed priest for both groups in 1965; after Suzuki-roshi's death in December 1971, Katagiri-roshi left Zen Center and eventually formed his own group in Minneapolis. He has visited us frequently in the last twelve years, often staying for about a week in the Fall and giving lectures on chapters from Dōgen's *Shobogenzo*. So, for older students who knew him in Zen Center's formative years, and for many newer students who have heard his lectures, Katagiri-roshi is an old friend and respected teacher. We are very grateful that he has been able to take time out from his many activities in Minneapolis and throughout the mid-western States, to support and guide us through the coming year of changes and transition. On March 14, Katagiri-roshi was formally installed as Abbot in a ceremony at 300 Page Street in San Francisco.

The opening of the new Sokoji Temple on April 22. Sokoji, the original home of Zen Center, dedicated a new temple. Sixty monks from Japan and many Zen Center students came to celebrate. May the temple continue to flourish in its new home.





180 students gathered together March 11 and 12 at 300 Page Street. Students from Tassajara, Green Gulch and the City Center met to bring about healing within the community and to discuss the future direction of Zen Center. Through frank and heated discussions examining our difficulties, we recognized a mutual appreciation of our practices together.

REBUILDING THE TASSAJARA BATH HOUSE

The charm of the Tassajara Bath House is undeniable and undiminished, but in recent years concern has developed for the structural integrity of the building. Inspection by our engineer Geoffrey Barrett in the Spring of 1983 was conclusive — we would have to replace the roof and the interior walls of the Bath House, soon. The exterior masonry walls were sound and tubs and plunges entirely functional. But the deck and plumbing also needed replacement and the deck foundation required reinforcement. In the Fall of 1983 the deck foundation work was completed; then as a community we began to consider what we wanted in a “new” Bath House and how to go about getting it.

The rebuilding of the Bath House is a major undertaking for Zen Center, and we are currently fund-raising for the cost of the project: \$150,000. Once we have these funds, however, we can do more than replace what exists. They will allow us to extend the building and the decks, to add showers, to tile the plunges and resurface the floors, all the while preserving the openness of the baths and the intimate contact they provide with the mountain valley.

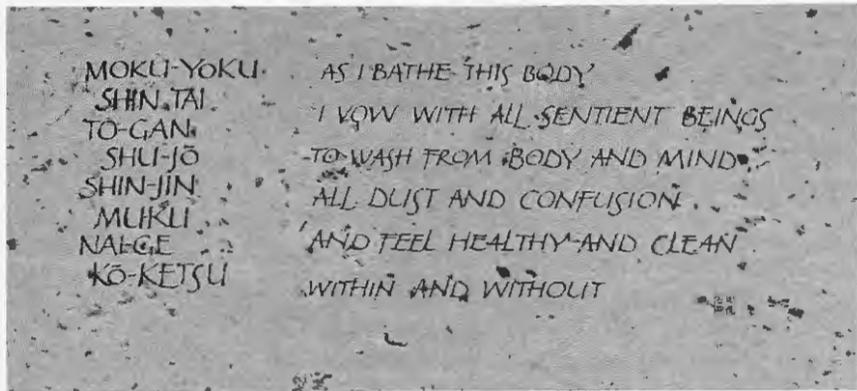
The scale of the project has been decided, but the architectural plans and working drawings are not yet finished. A crew of carpenters will be at Tassajara before the guest season this Spring to add a cedar deck and replace the roof over the plunge. Work will resume in the Fall after Guest Season and, if we keep on schedule, the "new" Bath House essentially should be ready for Guest Season 1985.

When we began this project we contacted an old friend of Tassajara, Marilyn Doyle, who has devoted much time over the last ten years meticulously researching a book on Tassajara history. (The book is complete and she is now looking for a publisher.) She generously provided us with old photographs going back to the turn of the century as well as the following detailed account of the bath's history:

The Bath House and the adjoining reservoir were built in 1906 by Charles and Helen Quilty, the owners of Tassajara, who also financed building the Tassajara road in 1888. As can be seen in old photographs, there were two small rooms upstairs for a masseuse and masseur. The steam room at that



time was a wooden shack erected over the hot springs with a tent covering the creek so people could jump into the water to cool off in privacy. The crossing to the baths was near the stone rooms during the summer months; when the water was high, a temporary bridge was hung across the creek.



In 1927-28 a group of Salinas businessmen, the Tassajara Hot Springs Company, totally remodeled the Bath House. The massage area was enlarged considerably, six private tub rooms were added to the front of the plunges and the concrete steam rooms were built.

Very few alterations were made to the Bath House until a flood in April 1958 washed out four of the private tub rooms on the east end, leaving only the two downstream rooms on the men's side. Later that year the familiar Tassajara Hot Springs legend was painted on the exposed wall by Anne Marie Brunken. In the 1960's, the Becks, then the owners, removed the windows from the front of the plunges to let in light and air, and the badly deteriorated second story was removed soon after Zen Center acquired Tassajara in 1969.

If you would like to help us finance reconstruction of the Tassajara Bath House, you may send a tax-deductible contribution to the Tassajara Bath House Fund.

The following is reprinted from: Monterey County Resources, History and Biography, 1899:

TASSAJARA HOT SPRINGS, California's Greatest Natural Wonder

California is a land of wonders. Her mineral springs alone would make her famous. First among these, and equal to any in the world, it is said, are the remarkable hot and mineral springs in Monterey County called Tassajara Hot Springs. These springs were held in high esteem by the Indian tribes, by their Spanish successors, and our people of today who have seen them say that they surpass anything of their kind. They are situated about thirty-five or forty miles south of Salinas and Monterey. The proprietor of the springs, Mr. C. W. Quilty, of San Jose, has constructed a road of fifteen miles at a cost of about \$15,000, and opened the springs to the world . . .

The drive to the Hot Springs from Salinas or Monterey cannot be surpassed. The journey up the Carmel River, by the sparkling waters which now supply

the great system of water works for Pacific Grove, Monterey, and the Del Monte, presents a change of scene at every rod of road. The road winds through the Laureles Ranch, comprising thousands of acres of gently undulating fields, studded with evergreen oaks . . .

Leaving the Laureles, the road passes through the Tularcitos Rancho. Here also one finds a succession of valleys opening one into the other for miles and crossed here and there with mountain streams, flowing, some into small lakes, others finding their way to the noble Carmel.

Southward rise the Santa Lucia Mountains, now famous for the Los Burros gold mines; eastward lies the great Salinas Valley, yellow with the light reflected from ripening grain; westward, and as though at your feet, thunders the Pacific Ocean against the roughest coast of the whole California seaboard, and northward rests the bay of Monterey, blue in the distance, and bordered with a crescent of white sandy beach stretching far north to Santa Cruz. The road now descends into the great cañon where the Tassajara Hot Springs are located.

It winds downward through great masses of granite, then through snowy limestone, and finally through immense layers of sandstone piled in regular order one on another and ranging from one to twenty feet in thickness. A neat hotel is now being built of this sandstone. Here flow the swift waters of the Arroyo Seco. On its southern bank bursting from their rocky prisons, are the Tassajara Hot Springs. They issue from the mountainside to a height of six feet, their thermal waters falling into the cold stream of the Arroyo Seco. There are about eighteen springs. Some of them spout out great quantities of hot water; from others it wells up in large bubbles, and, flowing down the rocks, leaves many vari-colored deposits of iron, sulphur, lime, magnesia, soda, etc. Some large hot springs rise in the center of the creek, warming its waters. Fifteen feet away are several cold springs of pure and agreeable-tasting water, also a large spring red with the oxide of iron. The temperature of the springs range from icy coldness to a boiling heat. These springs are a sure cure for rheumatism and for all blood, kidney and cutaneous diseases. The results are equally wonderful in dyspeptic, liver, and stomach troubles. The climate is faultless, being mild and dry, fog being unknown. New baths are being added and a fine stone hotel built. The immense water power of the Arroyo Seco will be used in lighting the hotel and grounds with electricity and running small cold storage rooms. These springs and grounds, with all the facilities of the place, water, baths, towels, etc., are open to campers at \$3.00 a week each, reduction being made to families. Boarders will be accommodated at the hotel at \$10.00 a week.

FARMING WITH A PHILOSOPHY

by Mayumi Oda

(From "Letters from San Francisco", a column featured in the *Asahi Evening News*, 5 November 1983)

Recently Green Gulch Farm received a letter from our "sensei," Masanobu Fukuoka. He wrote, 'I was very sad to hear the news of redwood protector Harry Roberts' death. At the same time, I was happy to hear that the Japanese cryptomeria (*Yaku sugi*) seeds I sent you are growing. Just as trees and plants wither, human beings die and live. But life is infinite . . .'

Fukuoka-sensei met Harry two years ago, when he came to the United States and visited Green Gulch Farm. I had the great fortune to observe this meeting of wise men from two different cultures, one an American Indian and the other a Japanese.

Harry Roberts was part Yurok Indian, and trained as a high medicine man. He was also a master fisherman and lumberjack, a turquoise trader, a cowboy, horticulturist and expert in soils and geology. He lived his last five years at Green Gulch Farm, passing on to us what he had spent his life studying and learning. One of Harry's great teachings was that we must open our eyes and believe what we see.

Harry died last year on the day of the Spring equinox. He lay beneath the open blossoms of a crab apple tree, his large nostrils and mouth open like a black hole. In his hands, folded on his chest, he held a small bundle . . . a woodpecker's feather and two dentalia shells wrapped in ermine fur. (Dentalia shells were used by the Yuroks as money to pay the ferryman to take them across the river to the other shore, surprisingly like our Japanese custom of paying six "mon.")

I watched flower petals falling from the tree . . . he's gone, I realized, to the other shore. His death was complete and beautiful to me. Even in death he was teaching us something.

When Harry and Fukuoka-sensei met, they seemed to have been friends for a long time. Harry drove Marigold, his old yellow Ford pickup, to nearby Muir Woods to show Fukuoka-sensei a primeval redwood forest.

Masanobu Fukuoka is a farmer, philosopher and teacher. His book, *The One-Straw Revolution*, is about his life-long quest for natural farming. He is probably better known and respected by ecologists and environmentalists in the United States than in his own country, Japan.

His picture appeared on the cover of *East West Journal* as a "zen farmer." When he was twenty-five, he had a revelation which changed his life: "There is nothing at all, nothing to believe in the world." He resigned his job as an agricultural customs inspector in Yokohama and returned to his home on Shikoku Island to farm.

Fukuoka-sensei writes, "All I have been doing, farming out here in the country, is trying to show that humanity knows nothing. Because the world is moving with such furious energy in the opposite direction, it may appear that I have fallen behind the times. But I firmly believe that the path I have been following is the most sensible one." Many people may not be so interested in reading about farming. But this story is not simply about farming. Who could not be moved by Fukuoka-sensei's way of life! Admitting that humanity knows nothing, this humble farmer returned to the source of the merciful Buddha Field.

This summer, I sketched many kinds of vegetables growing in the garden: cabbage, lettuce, spinach and beets. I am planning to make a children's vegetable book. How many children know how things grow? Can I convey the mystery of growing and the feeling of thankfulness? Gregory Bateson once wrote in a letter to Warren McCullach: "Original sin was the discovery of the planned purpose. And that following this discovery, Adam and Eve expelled God from the Garden. This

"Cabbage", etching by Mayumi Oda



led to the loss of topsoil, etc. The general notion was that God symbolized the systemic and acybernetic nature of the environment which inevitably took vengeance on man's shortsightedness!"

When Fukuoka-sensei went home to Shikoku, he sent Harry a small bodhidharma carved from *Yaku cryptomeria*, which Harry kept at his bedside until his death. Along with the figure came a package of *cryptomeria* seeds. Green Gulch Farm sprouted them and planted about 130 plants on our Arbor Day. It was Harry's last public appearance, and he said, "remember in your thinking that this is a Buddhist community and we are trying to live like one. Buddhism is forever. It is not a crash program for the next five weeks. We are looking at things from the perspective of 500 years. If we make it for 500 years, we will make it for 5,000. We are building for the far future."

The California coast was once covered with redwoods. Harry hoped the Japanese *cryptomeria* would someday cover this damaged and eroded soil and entrusted us with his dream of reforesting the coast.

The Japanese *cryptomeria* are growing on our Green Gulch hillside.



Cryptomeria

MAYUMI ODA is an artist who lives near Green Gulch Farm and comes to the meditation hall for daily practice, often joining in with the work and life at the farm. Green Gulch has provided many subjects for her work in the five years that she has been a neighbor and fellow practitioner. And her work has helped us to see what is before us.

THE MOON

by Dōgen Zenji

Zen master Baoji of Panshan said, "The mind moon is alone and full. Its light swallows myriad forms. Moonlight does not illuminate objects. Objects do not exist. Light and objects both disappear. What is this?"

What is said here is that buddha ancestors and buddha heirs always have the mind moon, because they make moon their mind. There is no mind which is not moon, and there is no moon which is not mind.

"Alone and full" means nothing lacking. Beyond two or three is called "myriad forms." Myriad forms are moonlight, not merely forms. Accordingly, "Its light swallows myriad forms." Myriad forms completely swallow moonlight. Here moonlight swallowing moonlight is called "Its light swallows myriad forms." That is to say, the moon swallows the moon, the moonlight swallows the moon. Therefore it is said, "Moonlight does not illuminate objects. Objects do not exist."

Since this is so, at the moment of awakening others with a buddha body, a buddha body comes forth and expounds dharma; at the moment of awakening others with the universally appearing body, the universally appearing body manifests and expounds dharma. This is nothing but turning the dharma wheel within the moon. No matter whether the yin spirit or the yang spirit illuminates — no matter whether the moon is a fire jewel or water jewel, it is immediately actualized.

This mind is the moon. This moon is itself mind. This is penetrating and comprehending the mind of buddha ancestors and buddha heirs.

Shākyamuni Buddha said to Vajragarbhā Bodhisattva, "When you look at deep water and shift your eyes, the water sways. The eyes of samādhi can turn fire around. When the clouds fly the moon travels, when a boat goes the shore moves. It is just like this."

You should understand and investigate thoroughly this discourse of Buddha, "When the clouds fly the moon travels, when a boat goes the shore moves." Do not study in haste. Do not follow ordinary thinking. But those who see and hear

These two sections are excerpted from "Tsuki" written by Dōgen in 1243 as a portion of *Shobogenzo* ("Treasury of the True Dharma Eye"). Translated by Sojun Mel Weitsman and Kazuaki Tanahashi, and revised with Tensho David Schneider. The translation of the entire fascicle will appear in *Moon In A Dewdrop: Zen Master Dōgen's Writings*, forthcoming from North Point Press in the Spring of 1985.

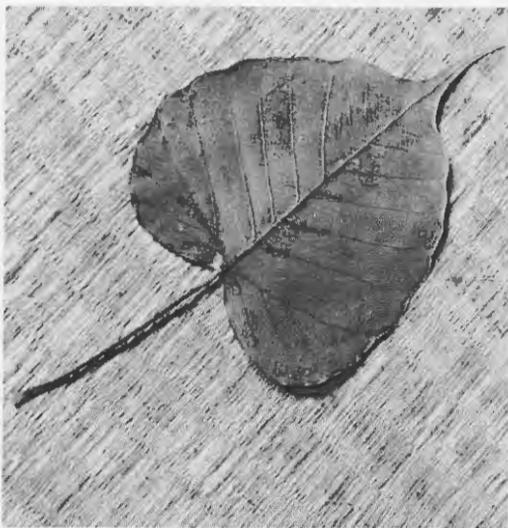
Buddha's discourse as Buddha's discourse are rare. If you study it as Buddha's discourse, round, full enlightenment is not limited to body and mind, or to bodhi and nirvāna. Bodhi and nirvāna are into necessarily round, full enlightenment, nor are they body and mind.

The Tathāgata says that when clouds fly the moon moves, and when a boat goes the shore moves. In this way the moon travels when the clouds move and the shore moves when the boat goes. The meaning of these words is that clouds and moon travel at the same time, walk together, with no beginning or end, no before or after. The boat and the shore travel at the same time, walk together, without starting or stopping, without floating or turning.

When you study someone's movement, the movement is not merely starting or stopping. The movement that starts or stops is not that person's. Do not take up starting or stopping and regard it as the person's movement. The cloud's flying, the moon's traveling, the boat's going, and the shore's moving are all like this. Do not foolishly be limited by a narrow view.

The clouds' flying is not concerned with east, west, south or north. The moon's traveling has not ceased day or night from ancient times to the present. Do not forget this. The boat's going and the shore's moving are not bound by past, present or future, but actualize past, present and future. This being so, "full and not hungry just now" is possible.

Foolish people think that because clouds run we see the immovable moon as moving, because a boat goes we see the immovable shore as moving. But if they are right, why did the Tathāgata speak as he did? The meaning of buddha-dharma cannot be measured by the narrow views of human or heavenly beings. Although it is immeasurable, buddha-dharma is practiced in accordance with one's capacity. Who is unable to take up the boat or shore over and over? Who is unable to see through the clouds or moon immediately?



Bodhi Leaf

You should know that the Tathāgata's words do not make a metaphor of clouds for dharma suchness, of the moon for dharma suchness, of the boat for dharma suchness, of the shore for dharma suchness. You should quietly examine and penetrate this. One step of the moon is the Tathāgata's round, full enlightenment. The Tathāgata's round, full enlightenment is motion of the moon. Not moving or stopping, not going forward or backward, the moon's motion is not a metaphor. It is the actualization of "alone and full."

You should know that even though the moon passes quickly it is beyond beginning, middle or end. Thus, there is first-month moon and second-month moon. The first and second are both the moon. Right practice is the moon. Right offering is the moon. Snapping the sleeves and walking away is the moon.

Round and crescent are not the cycle of coming and going. The moons do and do not use coming and going: go freely and grasp firmly coming and going. Creating wind and stream the moons are as they are.



KAZUAKI TANAHASHI is a talented calligrapher, an expert on Japanese art and aesthetics, a scholar of Chinese and Japanese Buddhist texts, and an accomplished translator. One could say that he is a perfect example of the traditional gentleman scholar; but Kaz also has the knack, shared by so many of the best modern Japanese artists and designers, of producing work that is completely new and up-to-date, but that still reflects in its quality and substance the ancient Japanese artistic traditions. Kaz has written eleven books in Japanese, and so far has produced four in English with two scheduled to appear. *Penetrating Laughter: Hakuin's Zen and Art* will be published by the Overlook Press this year, and *Moon in a Dewdrop: Zen Master Dōgen's Writings* will appear in 1985, published by the North Point Press in Berkeley. On *Moon in a Dewdrop*, Kaz has collaborated with a number of Zen Center priests and lay people to produce some of the best Dōgen translations that have appeared in English to date.



LAMA ANAGARIKA GOVINDA, LI GOTAMI and TURTLE the cat

The following essay on the Siddhas was written by Lama Anagarika Govinda. This essay is a small piece of the work of Lama Govinda and of his artist wife and companion Li Gotami Govinda over the years of their life study and practice of Buddhism. The illustrations are brush drawings by Lama Govinda after ancient Tibetan stone-engravings, as photographed by Li Gotami. This issue of the *Wind Bell* marks Lama's eighty-sixth birthday. We want to express our gratitude to Lama and Li for their great life work which has assisted so many of us along the Buddha's way. Lama and Li have been living here in the Bay Area for some years, giving lectures and providing access to their life experience as teachers and students through sharing their lives with us. We at Zen Center are most fortunate to have them near by.

Happy Birthday to you both. Best wishes for your anniversary. And continued good health and serenity in the days and years to come!

—THE EDITORS

MASTERS OF THE MYSTIC PATH

A thousand years after the Buddha's *Parinirvana* when the religion had become old and had lost its spontaneity — being frozen in monastic rules and regulations which divided monks from laymen (in other words the clergy from the world at large or the scholar from the common man) — there arose a protest from those who had been disinherited from the original message of the Buddha, who had never become monks, never shaved their heads, and who represented the age-old tradition of the *Sramanas*, the peripatetic religious teachers and practitioners who roamed over the Indian subcontinent, following no fixed rules but their own convictions based on inner experience, and representing the highest ideals of spiritual

and physical freedom against a background of organized society and institutionalized religion. They stood outside the pale of caste and creed, opposed the religion of the Vedas, gave birth to a secret doctrine, a revolutionary movement, namely that of the Upanishads. Why were the Śramanas, as their name said, *secret*? Because they taught, in contrast to the Vedas, that man was not dependent on the gods but created his own destiny in the form of *karma*.

But how did this teaching, which with one blow abolished the superiority of the gods and therefore the original power and monopoly of the Brahmins and ultimately the whole caste system, how could it arise? It arose as the culmination of an underground movement which was always present in India from time immemorial, but which was suppressed by the conquering Aryans who had invaded India from the North, and who had invented the caste system in order to protect themselves from being amalgamated and finally annihilated by the teeming masses of the Indian subcontinent. It is only now that we realize that there was a highly sophisticated culture in India before the advent of the Aryan invaders, and therefore before the creation of the Vedic culture. The proof came to light only recently in the excavations of the Indus culture, and particularly in the discovery of Mohenjodaro and Harappa. The great scholars of the last century like Deussen, Oldenberg, Jacobi, Sylvain Lévi, Max Muller, Grünwedel and many others who were convinced that the Vedic culture was the beginning of Indian thought and religion, took it for granted that everything originated with the Vedas and that therefore Buddhism was merely a reform movement of Brahminism or of the Vedic religion, just as Protestantism was derived from Catholicism and as Christianity was a reform movement of Judaism.

All this was very plausible because Buddhism did not abolish all of the Vedic gods, like Indra, Brahma, Sakka, etc.; but the early investigators failed to observe that the Vedic gods remained merely as decorative elements, being deprived of their power over human destinies, just as the ancient local deities of Tibet were incorporated into the Buddha's system as protectors and upholders of the dharma, or as servants of the Buddha and his representatives; or just as early Christianity replaced the local pagan gods by the saints and converted ancient sanctuaries into places of Christian worship. This was a clever and psychologically wise move. The intolerance of later Christians who tried to destroy the traces of other cultures and religions, — and thereby dug their own grave as we see in the present religious revolution — will either destroy or transform all dogmatic forms of Christianity.

The Buddha himself made it be known that the teaching which he propagated was not his own invention but a doctrine proclaimed by previous Buddhas of times long past. Scholars apparently did not take this claim seriously or thought he was referring to the *Rishis* of the Vedas. But a close examination of the Vedas and Brahmanas reveals not the slightest trace of what the Buddha taught. On the contrary, these scriptures are based on the very principles which the Buddha refuted, namely, the institutions of caste and of animal sacrifices which form the main pillars of the Brahmanical system. The very ideas which we regard as typically Indian, such as *karma*, rebirth, *ahimsa*, *nirvana*, *samsara*, *karuna* (compassion),



NĀGĀRJUNA

(Figure 1)

tib.: hPHAGS-PA KLU-SGRUB

the sanctity of sentient life in whatever form we may find it, the free access to scriptures and sanctuaries, the dignity and self-responsibility of Man (according to his deeds): all these were absent in the Vedas. The sacrifices were meant to bribe the gods and to ensure worldly prosperity (like cattle and possessions) and, finally, the dissolution of the individual into cosmic elements. Therefore Yajñavalkya, who had declared that the eyes go into the sun, the hair into vegetation, the bones into rocks, and the blood and semen into the water, the breath into the air, the ears into space, was asked by Arthabhaga: "But where remains Man?" Yajñavalkya took him out of the assembly and told him what was then regarded as a great secret, the doctrine of *karma*.

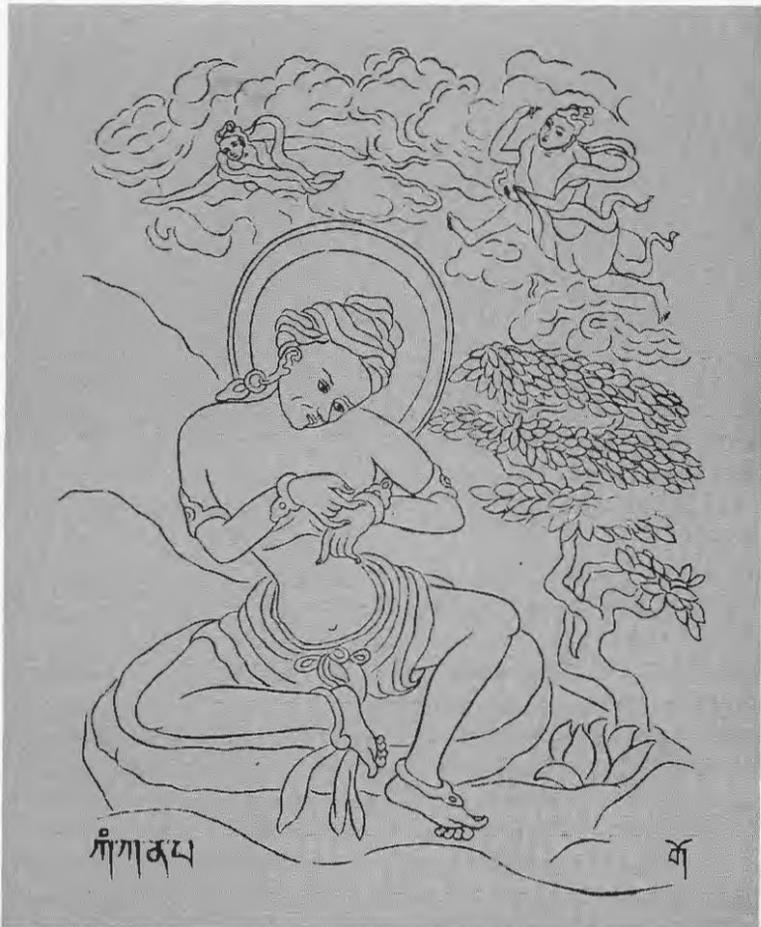
How did this anti-Vedic doctrine, which made gods and sacrifices and the entire structure of the caste system superfluous get into the Upanishads? Only through the influence of the ancient traditions of the anti-Vedic religions of Buddhists and Jains, or by the influences of the Śrāmanas. But who were the Śrāmanas? It seems to be no accident that the Buddha himself called himself the great Śrāmana and that he was recognized by his contemporaries as such. His order was originally not founded on monastic rules but consisted of homeless wanderers, a kind of religious community without any fixed dwellings. Only when dwellings were given to them by rich adherents and the numbers of his followers grew to unmanageable proportions did it become necessary to create certain rules. But these rules were, as it seems, not imposed by the Buddha, but grew out of the necessities of communal life, so that the Buddha shortly before his demise left it to his followers to abolish or to maintain the rules which had been established in this way. Since the majority of his inner circle of followers had in the meantime settled in monastic communities, abandoning the life of wandering Śrāmanas for the greater comfort of established monasteries and vested interests, they voted for maintenance of those rules which secured their dominance over the lay adherents. Even Ananda, one of the earliest disciples and companion of the Buddha (who was emotionally connected with the Buddha), was dismissed from the council that took place after the *Parinirvana* of the Buddha because he had shown some human feelings for his life-long friend, and he was readmitted only after some time.

The whole Buddhist tradition was therefore fixed according to the consensus of monks, and only after four hundred years of monkish rule was it fixed in writing. Therefore, the *Vinaya* — or the rules for monastic communities — were the oldest part of the Tripitaka. Thus the revolt of the Siddhas was an attempt to re-establish the Śrāmana ideal and to restore the liberty of the individual against a privileged class of professional monks and a consolidated, established, frozen society. Buddhism was based on individual experience, neither on faith in theological principles nor in dogmas and popular hearsay. Therefore Saraha sang, “na manta, na tanta, na deo, na dharana” (no mantras, no tantras, no gods or dharmas): “asamala citta”, only the pure mind, spontaneous awareness, can lead to liberation.

In the highly symbolic language of the Siddhas, experiences of meditation are transformed into external events and external events are transformed into experiences of meditation. If for instance it is said of certain Siddhas that they stopped the sun and the moon in their course, or that they crossed the Ganges by holding up its flow, then this has nothing to do with the heavenly bodies or the sacred river of India, but with the “solar” and “lunar” currents of psychic energy and their unification and sublimation in the body of the yogin. In a similar way, we have to understand the alchemistic terminology of the Siddhas and their search for the “philosopher’s stone” and the “elixir of life”. In the center of the stories which deal with the mystic alchemy of the Eighty-four Siddhas stands the guru Nagarjuna whose Tibetan inscription reads *hphags-pa-klu-sgrub* (see Figure 1), who lived around the middle of the seventh century (not to be confused with the founder of the Madhyamika philosophy who bore the same name five hundred

years earlier, although Tibetans are convinced that he is the same man!) Even Padmasambhava is said to have lived both in the Buddha's and in Asoka's time, while others believe him to be a reincarnation of Gautama Buddha and an emanation of Amitabha. From this standpoint you might even nowadays find the living Siddhas of more than a thousand years ago living in Tibet, because there the spiritual succession is regarded as more important than a single lifetime or an historical fact.

So it was said that Nagarjuna in his Siddha incarnation had changed an iron mountain into copper, and it was thought he would have transformed it into gold



KANKANA-PA

(Figure 2)

tib.: KANKANNA-PA



ŚAVARI

(Figure 3)

tib.: SAVARI-PA

if the Bodhisattva Manjusri had not warned him that gold would only cause greed and quarrel among men instead of helping them as the Siddha had intended. The justification of this warning, which from the Buddhist point of view had deprived the material side of alchemy of its *raison d'etre*, very soon became apparent. In the course of the guru's experiments it appeared that even his iron alms-bowl had turned into gold. One day while he was taking his meal, a thief passed the open door of his hut and seeing the golden bowl immediately decided to steal it. But Nagarjuna, reading the mind of the thief, took the bowl and threw it out of the window. The thief was so perplexed and ashamed that he entered the guru's hut, bowed at his feet and said: "Venerable sir, why did you do this? I came here as a

thief. Now that you have thrown away what I desired and made a gift of what I intended to steal, my desire has vanished and stealing has become senseless and superfluous." The guru replied, "Whatever I possess should be shared with others. Eat and drink whatever you like." The thief was so deeply impressed by the magnanimity and kindness of the guru that he asked for his teachings.

But Nagarjuna knew that, though the other's mind was not yet ripe to understand his teachings, his devotion was genuine. He therefore told him, "Imagine all things you desire as horns on your head (i.e., as unreal and useless). If you meditate in this way you will see a light shining like an emerald." With these words he poured a heap of jewels into a corner of the room, made the pupil sit down in front of it, and left him to his meditation.

The former thief threw himself assiduously into the practice of meditation and, as his faith was as great as his simplicity, he followed the words of the guru literally — and lo — horns began to grow on his head! At first he was elated at the success and filled with pride and satisfaction. With the passage of time however, he discovered with horror that the horns continued to grow and finally became so cumbersome that he could not move without knocking against the walls and the things around him. The more he worried the worse it became. Thus his former pride and elation turned into dejection, and when the guru returned after twelve years and asked the pupil how he was faring, he told the master that he was very unhappy. But Nagarjuna laughed and said, "You have become unhappy through the mere imagination of horns on your head. In the same way all living beings destroy their happiness by clinging to their false imaginations and thinking them to be real. All forms of life and all objects of desire are like clouds. But even birth, life and death can have no power over those whose heart is pure and free from illusions. If you look upon all possessions of the world as no less unreal, undesirable and cumbersome as the imagined horns upon your head, then you will be free from the cycle of death and rebirth. Now the dust fell from the Chela's eyes, and as he saw the emptiness of all things his desires and false imaginations vanished, and with them the horns on his head. He attained *siddhi*, the perfection of a saint, and later became known as Guru Nagabodhi, successor of Nagarjuna.

Another Siddha, whose name is associated with the guru Nagarjuna, is the Brahmin Vyali. Like Nagarjuna, he was an ardent alchemist who tried to find the elixir of life (*amrita*). He spent his entire fortune in unsuccessful experiments with all sorts of expensive chemicals, and finally became so disgusted that he threw the formula-book into the Ganges and left the place of his fruitless work as a beggar. But it happened that when he came to another city farther down the river, a courtesan who was taking a bath in the river picked up the book and brought it to him. This revived his old passion and he took up his work again while the courtesan supplied him with the means of livelihood. But his experiments were as unsuccessful as before until one day the courtesan, while preparing his food, by chance dropped the juice of some spice into the alchemist's mixture — and lo — what the learned brahmin had not been able to achieve in fourteen years of hard work, now had been accomplished by the hands of an ignorant low-caste woman! The story

then goes on to tell, not without humor, how the brahmin, who spiritually was apparently not prepared for this unexpected gift of good luck, fled with his treasure into solitude because he did not like to share it with anyone or to let others know about his secret. He settled down on the top of a rock which rose up in the midst of a terrible swamp. There he sat, with his elixir of life, a prisoner of his own selfishness — not unlike Fafner, the giant of Northern mythology who became a dragon in order to guard the treasure for which he had slain his brother after they had won it from the gods! But Nagarjuna, who was filled with the ideals of bodhisattvahood, wanted to acquire the knowledge of this precious elixir for the benefit of all who were ripe for it. Through the exertion of his magic power he succeeded in finding the hermit and in persuading him to part with his secret.

The details of this story, in which the elements of popular fantasy and humor are mixed with mystic symbolism and reminiscences of historical personalities, are of secondary importance. But it is significant that the Tibetan manuscript in which the story is preserved mentions mercury (*ngul-chu*) as one of the important substances used in the experiments of the brahmin. This proves the connection with the ancient alchemical tradition of Egypt and Greece which held that mercury was closely related to the *prima materia*. He who realizes the *prima materia* of the human mind has found the philosopher's stone, the metaphysical emptiness or plenum void which is the basis of the universe. It is the creative void in which all forms are contained; it is not a substance but a principle, the precondition of all that exists — just as space is the precondition for all material things (*Shunyata*).

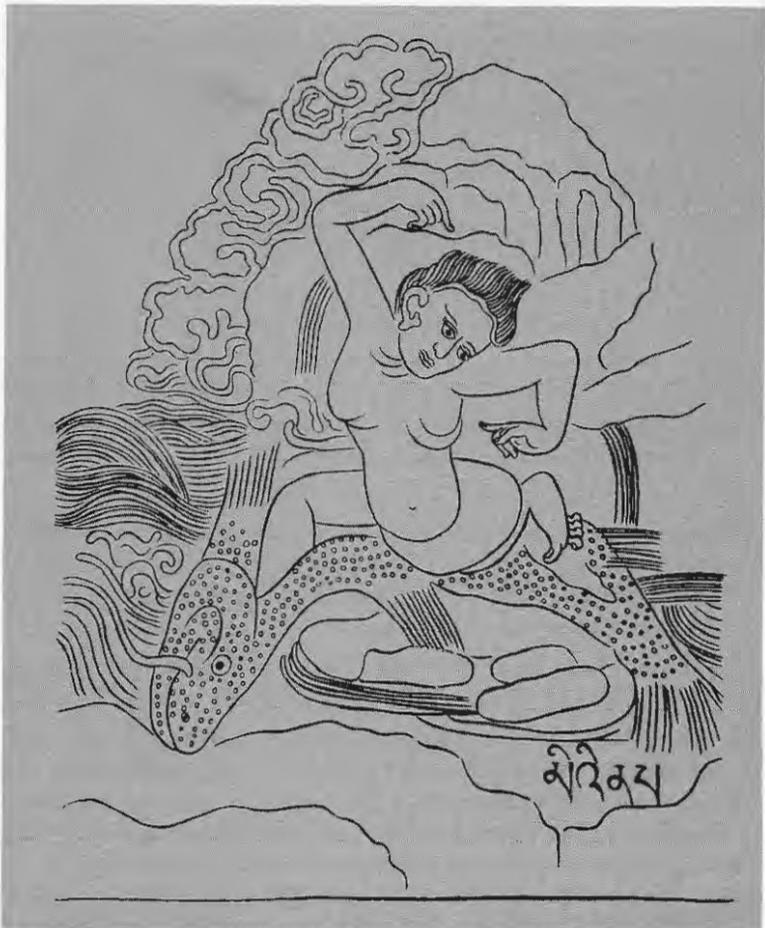
This idea is illustrated in the story of guru Kankanapa, one of the Eighty-four Siddhas (see Figure 2). Once there lived a king in the east of India who was very proud of his wealth. One day a yogi asked him, "What is the value of your kingship when misery is the real ruler of the world? Old age and death revolve life like a potter's wheel. Nobody knows what the next turn may bring. It may raise him to the heights of happiness or throw him into the depths of misery. Therefore, let yourself not be blinded by your present riches." The king said, "In my present position I cannot serve the Dharma in the garb of an ascetic. But if you can give me advice which I can follow according to my own nature and capacity, without changing my outer life, I will accept it." The yogi knew the king's fondness for jewels so he chose the king's natural inclination as a starting point and a subject of meditation, thus in accordance with Tantric usage, turning a weakness into a source of strength — by what you fall, by that you rise! "Behold the diamonds of your bracelet. Fix your mind upon them and meditate thus:

"They are sparkling in all colors of the rainbow;
yet these colors which gladden thy heart have no nature of their own.
The mind alone is the radiant jewel
from which all things borrow their temporal reality."

And the king, while concentrating upon the bracelet on his left arm, meditated as he was told by the yogi until his mind attained the purity and radiance of a flawless jewel. The people of his court, however, who noticed some strange change coming over him, one day peeped through a chink in the door of the royal private

apartment and beheld the king surrounded by innumerable celestial beings. Now they knew that he had become a Siddha and asked for his blessings and guidance. And the king said, "It is not wealth that makes me a king, but what I have acquired spiritually through my own exertion. My inner happiness is my kingdom." Since then the king was known as guru Kankanapa.

The Siddhas, thus, were not "sorcerers" as some European scholars pretend, not knowing that *siddhi* means accomplishment. Otherwise, even the Buddha whose



MIHINA-PA (MATSIENDRANĀTH

(Figure 4)

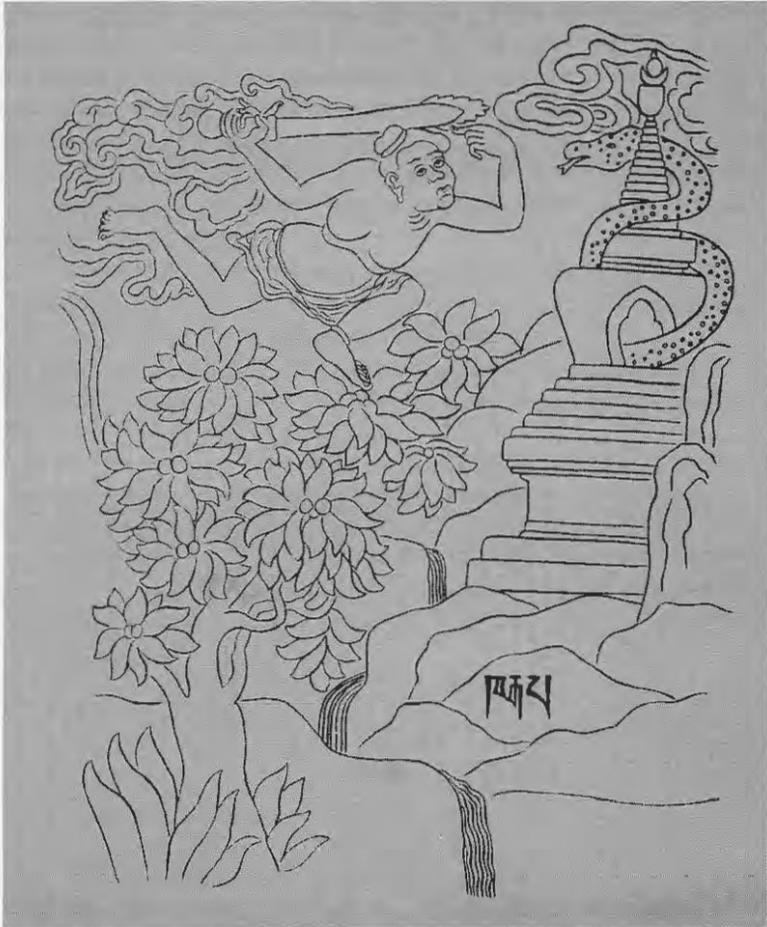
tib.: MINA-PA

name was Siddhartha should have been described as a sorcerer. With the same justification, Christ, who is credited with many miracles, would have been a sorcerer. It is a strange habit to denigrate Buddhist saints to the lowest possible degree and to uphold the same phenomenon in Christianity as a sign of holiness. It is time to show greater respect also to non-Christian achievements. So, for instance, we should not speak of "Medicine Buddhas", implying something like voodoo, or the medicine men of primitive cults, but of Buddha as a great healer of human ills (*Heiland* in German, which means "savior"); and likewise we should not speak of ritual dances as "devil dances" but rather as "mystery plays"; nor of "shunyata" as nothingness, but rather as "no-thingness", the primordial ground of all things and events, the plenum void from which all creation proceeds.

From this point of view, we begin to understand the questions of Kevaddha (in the *Majjhima-Nikaya*), who went into the realm of the gods in order to inquire about the origin of the four elements, earth, water, fire and air. But none of the gods could give him an explanation and referred him to a higher group of beings. In this manner he finally arrived at the heaven of Brahma and he put the same question to him. But Brahma did not want to admit that he did not know the answer. Instead of that he sang his own praises, repeating again and again, "I am the great Brahma, the ruler of all gods, the highest, all powerful, the leader of gods and men, etc . . ." But Kevaddha answered, "Dear Sir, I have not asked you who you are, but where the four elements come to an end." Thereupon Brahma had to admit that he did not know the answer and that the only being capable of answering him would be the Buddha, the Enlightened One. So, he returned to the earth, from where he had come, and asked the Buddha where the elements of which this world is composed would come to an end. And the Buddha answered, "Consciousness is the place from which all elements appear and in which they come to an end," quoting the following important words: "*Viññā-nam anidassanam, anāntam sabbato pabham; eta āpo ca pathavi, tejo, vāyo na gadhati,*" (In the invisible, infinite, all-radiant consciousness, there neither earth nor water, neither fire nor air can find a footing.)

We probably have in this verse the origin of the Viññānavādins, one of the main philosophical schools of Buddhism, who, without denying the ultimate principle of Shūnyatā, maintained that for all practical purposes consciousness was the last instance of human experience, and therefore the most important factor of all living beings. The Yogacarins were therefore the legitimate successors of the Viññānavādins, who put their philosophy into practice and thus created the vast edifice known as Tantrism. It came actually into existence through the Siddhas.

But the Siddhas played another important role. They were the first who made use of paradoxes to highlight the incommensurable nature of life by reversing the lowest and the highest, by using their logic to refute logic, by leading the human mind into situations which could not be solved rationally or epistemologically, by showing reality as outside the laws of linear logic and causal thinking. But their use of paradoxes was never casual or arbitrary, it only pointed to surprising situations which flash-like revealed the true nature of things. When the mind is baffled and thrown out of its habitual thinking, it may suddenly see the truth in an unex-



KHADGA-PA

(Figure 5)

tib.: KARGA-PA

pected occurrence or situation. This was actually the beginning of Ch'an or Zen, and from scriptural evidence we may come to the conclusion that there was an historical connection between the Siddha-tradition and what we now know as zen Buddhism. In order to prove it, I will recount one very characteristic Siddha story and its equivalent in zen scriptures as reported by D. T. Suzuki. Here is the Tibetan version (*Grub-thob-brgyad-bzhihi nam-thar*):

“There was once a great hunter called Shavari (see Figure 3). He was very proud of his strength and his marksmanship. The killing of animals was his sole occupation, and this made his life one single sin.

One day, while he was out hunting, he saw a stranger, apparently a hunter, approaching him from afar. 'Who dares to hunt in my territory?' he thought indignantly. As he approached the stranger, he found the latter was not only as big and sturdy as himself, but — what surprised him still more — looked exactly like him!

'Who are you?' he demanded sternly.

'I am a hunter,' said the stranger, unperturbed.

'Your name?'

'Shavari.'



MAHI-PA

(Figure 6)

'How is that?' the hunter exclaimed. 'My name too is Shavari! Where do you come from?'

'From a distant country,' the stranger said evasively.

Shavari regained his self-confidence and, trying to impress the stranger, he asked, 'Can you kill more than one deer with the shot of a single arrow?'

'I can kill three hundred with one shot,' the stranger answered.

This sounded to Shavari like tall talk, and he wished only for an opportunity to expose his rival's ridiculous claim.

However, the stranger — who was none other than the Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara, who had assumed this shape because he felt pity for Shavari — immediately created a herd of five hundred deer through his magic power.

Shavari, who was delighted when he saw the deer emerge from the forest at not too great a distance, asked gleefully, 'Will your arrow be able to go through all those deer?'

'It will go through all five hundred!' the stranger replied; but Shavari suggested, 'Let your arrow miss four hundred and kill one hundred only.'

The stranger accomplished this feat with the greatest of ease, but now Shavari began to disbelieve his eyes.

'Fetch one of the deer,' said the stranger, 'if you have any doubt.' And Shavari went as he was told.

But, alas! When he tried to lift one of the deer, he found it so heavy that he could not move it from the spot.

'What?' exclaimed the stranger, 'You, a great hunter, cannot even lift a deer!' And he laughed heartily.

Now the hunter's pride was completely broken. He fell at the stranger's feet and asked him to be his teacher.

Avalokitesvara agreed. 'If you want to learn this magic shooting art,' he said, 'you must first purify yourself for a month by not eating meat and by meditating on love and compassion toward all living beings. I will return and teach you my secret.'

Shavari did as he was told, and when the teacher returned, the hunter was a changed man, though he did not yet know it. He asked the guru for his promised initiation into the secret art of shooting.

The teacher drew an elaborate mandala (a concentric diagram, used as an aid in meditation), decorated it with flowers, and told Shavari and his wife to look at it carefully.

Since both of them had seriously practiced meditation for one full month, they gazed with undivided attention upon the mandala, and lo! the ground below it seemed to become transparent, and it was as though they looked right into the bowels of the earth. There was smoke and fire, and agonizing shrieks pierced their ears.

'What do you see?' asked the guru.

The hunter and his wife were unable to utter a word. But when the smoke had cleared away, they saw the eight great hells and the agony of innumerable beings.

'What do you see?' the guru asked again.

And when they looked closer, they recognized two painfully contorted faces.

'What do you see?' the guru asked for the third time.

And suddenly, full comprehension came over them like a flash, and they cried out, 'It's ourselves!'

They fell at the feet of the guru, imploring him to show them the way of liberation. But they entirely forgot to ask for the initiation into the secret shooting art.

Shavari continued to meditate on love and compassion and became one of the Eighty-four Siddhas."

It is interesting and instructive to see the main features of this story in the garb of Ch'an or Zen, as related in *Chuan-teng Lu* and translated by Prof. D.T. Suzuki in his *Essays on Zen Buddhism*:

"Shih-kung was a hunter before he was ordained as a zen monk under Ma-tsu. He strongly disliked Buddhist monks, who were against his profession. One day, while chasing a deer, he passed by the cottage where Ma-tsu resided. Ma-tsu came out and greeted him. Shi-kung asked, 'Did you see some deer pass by your door?'

'Who are you?' asked the master.

'I am a hunter.'

'How many can you shoot with one arrow?'

'One with one arrow.'

'Then you are no hunter,' declared Ma-tsu.

'How many can you shoot with one arrow?' asked the hunter in his turn.

'The entire flock with one arrow.'

'They are living creatures, why should you destroy the whole flock at one shooting?'

'If you know that much, why don't you shoot yourself?'

'As to shooting myself, I do not know how to proceed.'

'This fellow,' exclaimed Ma-tsu, all of a sudden, 'has put a stop today to all his past ignorance and evil passions!'

Thereupon, Shih-kung, the hunter, broke his bow and arrows and became Ma-tsu's pupil.

When he became a zen master himself, he had a bow and arrows ready to shoot, with which his monks were threatened when they approached him with a question.

San-ping was once so treated. Shih-kung exclaimed, 'Look out for the arrow!'

Ping opened his chest and said, 'This is the arrow that kills; where is the one that resuscitates?'

Kung struck three times on the bow-string. Ping bowed. Kung said, 'I have been using one bow and two arrows for the past thirty years, and today I have succeeded in shooting down only a half of a wise man.'

Shih-kung broke his arrows and bow once more, and never used them again."

In this story we find that paradoxes are used on a new level. They consist in the unexpected and sudden jumping over a number of logical conclusions, thus demonstrating the suddenness of spiritual understanding or sudden enlightenment. Thus paradoxes are not merely confronting the mind with baffling or miraculous situations, but with something that in the first moment seems to defeat logic, because it arrives at a result which leaps over several stages of gradual logic and, therefore, appears to us paradoxical. This is in conformity with the oldest buddhist teachings. The *Paticcasamuppada*, for instance, was not always taught with the usual twelve links, but we find that the Pāli texts very often leave out a number of links, in order to show that each link can be followed by any other link and that our gradual logic is merely a supporting device of our thinking process, but not a law of nature.

Another strange parallel, but this time to an older source, either through Jewish, Christian or Mohammedan tradition, is the story of Minapa, which apparently is borrowed from the biblical story of Jonah and the whale. Both men are swallowed by a big fish which later is caught by a fisherman who discovers, on opening the fish's stomach, the living victim. According to the buddhist story, the fish had gone to the bottom of the sea, where it hid below the palace of the Ruler of the Sea. In this way Minapa heard the secret teachings which one of the gods or bodhisattvas was giving to the Ruler of the Sea. When he was freed from the stomach of the fish, he jumped out and, remembering what he had heard, became a saint. What astonishes me in the rendering of this scene (see Figure 4), is the use of a style which not only completely differs from the classical Tibetan style, as we find it on thankas and frescoes, but that it uses bold foreshortenings in order to indicate the swift movement, and also typical Indian features, a characteristic which is found in most of the old stone engravings of this series. This shows that we have to do here with a very old tradition and that the stones must have been gathered long before they were fixed in the courtyard of a monastery, or overpainted by later generations. It would have been logical to dismiss the name of this Siddha as a later invention in order to arrive at the number eighty-four, which is certainly a conventional number, like our dozen or one hundred or one thousand. But the fact that this Siddha is well-known under his Indian name, namely as Matsiendranath and is closely connected with Goraksha, another well-known Indian saint, proves his historicity. Even nowadays, the caves in which this saint lived are well preserved and visited by many pilgrims (including the writer of this article.)

Yet, the miracles which were performed by many of the Siddhas are either symbols of spiritual attainment or summaries of their teachings, though sometimes these are given in longer or shorter dissertations. Many of the writings of the Siddhas have been lost, and only those which were preserved either in Apabramsa or in Tibetan translations have survived. They were the first who wrote in the popular language of their time, instead of Sanskrit which was understandable only to scholars and clergy. Thus they became the fathers of an indigenous literature which later developed into present-day Hindi and Bengali, etc. Their movement was, thus, of far-reaching importance, and many more of the Siddhas may one day be discovered in old Bengali literature. People like Anirvan, a saintly scholar of



KRISHNACHARYA

(Figure 7)

NAG-PO CHOS-PA

our days, about whom Lizelle Raimond, a well-known Swiss writer has written extensively, show that the teaching of the Siddhas is not yet extinct, and also Swami Muktananda refers to himself as a follower of the Siddhas. Buddhists and Hindus alike sing their praises. Though the stories contain all sorts of magic feats and miraculous properties or forces, acquired by assiduous meditation and dedication, yet each of them makes it clear that all the so-called Siddhis or supernatural accomplishments lose their value for those who have reached enlightenment. This is because a fully enlightened one has no more need to demonstrate his superiority over the laws of nature, because he has realized the necessity of these laws and

finds that his liberation does not consist in defeating but in understanding them. Nirvana is not eternal happiness or an escape from this world but, as Lobzang Latungpa points out, the complete understanding of Samsāra. This is demonstrated in many of the stories of the Siddhas, whose accomplishment consisted not in the display of miracles, but on the contrary in the overcoming of miracles and magic and in showing the greater achievement, namely that of ultimate liberation and enlightenment. The following story is typical. It is the story of Siddha Kadgapa, the "Sword Siddha" as he was later called (see Figure 5).

There was once a robber, who wanted to be the most powerful man. One day he met a yogi on the road, and as he had nothing that was worth robbing, he asked his advice, how he could acquire the invincible sword that would make him the mightiest man in the world. The yogi answered, "That is not difficult if you follow faithfully my advice. In the vicinity of Benares, there is a very famous stūpa, which you cannot miss. Go there, and circumambulate the sanctuary, which displays the image of Avalokiteshvara in a niche that opens in its middle. If you circumambulate this stūpa for three weeks, reciting the mantra of Avalokiteshvara and performing the Sādhanā (religious practices) which I will give you, with full devotion and unflinching concentration, without diverting your thoughts, — then at the end of the third week, a deadly black snake will emerge from the opening of the stūpa. It will devour you, unless you seize the snake immediately behind the head, before it has time to emerge completely from the opening. If you fail to do so the snake will swallow you. But if you have faithfully carried out your Sādhanā and my instructions, the snake will not harm you, and will transform itself into the invincible sword."

The robber thanked the yogi and did as he was told. He devoted himself heart and soul to the religious exercise, and when the snake finally emerged from the hollow of the stūpa, he seized it behind the head, and lo! — he held in his hand the invincible sword of wisdom. But he had no more interest in miraculous powers, because, in the meantime, he had become a saint, and as such he had no more use for an invincible sword.

A similar thing happened in the story of Mahipa (see Figure 6). He was by profession a wrestler and it was his ambition to become the strongest man in the world. He, therefore, asked a yogi what he could do to achieve his aim. The yogi said, "You must meditate on the infinity of space. Once you have succeeded and have become one with it, you will be invincible." The wrestler followed the yogi's advice to the letter and was so successful that his mind became as wide as space. But in this moment there was no longer anyone to fight. He had become as the whole universe, and there was nothing more to oppose him. He had become a saint and was forthwith known as the Siddha Mahipa.

But not everybody was led to liberation through miraculous powers or magical achievements; the story of Nagpochöpa (Figure 7) makes clear that acquisition of magic powers may also constitute a great danger insofar as they can divert us from our real aim. They are like blackberries which we pluck along the path, without

being diverted from our path. Nagpochöpa is generally depicted with honorific umbrellas descending from the sky, but riding on a witch. The umbrellas acknowledge his powers, the witch signifies that he is still fallible to temptation. So, for instance, it is said that one day he walked on the water, and suddenly it came to his mind: "Look here! I am able to walk on water! What a great achievement!" But at this moment he sank down into the water and would have drowned if his guru had not saved him at the last moment. When his guru was about to die he nevertheless gave him a chance to save his life by allowing his pupil to fly to the Himalaya in order to bring him some life-saving herb that only grew in high altitudes. Nagpochöpa immediately flew to the Himalaya, found the herb, and was on the return journey when he heard some crying and wailing, as if somebody was in deep distress. He was seized by compassion, forgetting the purpose of his flight and, descending to where the cries came from he gave away the precious medicine, which he had collected for his guru. Hardly had he done so than he realized that he had been deceived by a witch who had assumed human form to prevent him from saving his guru. By the time he went back to the Himalaya it was too late and the guru died before his return. The story demonstrates that compassion without wisdom is as disastrous as wisdom without compassion. Therefore Dölma or Tārā is shown with the eye of wisdom in her giving hands because giving without wisdom can lead to great unhappiness and not to the noble purpose as intended. We must give not only with an open heart, but with open eyes.

In this way the stories of the Siddhas contain valuable truths, and if we understand them properly we will not regard them as fairy tales of "sorcerers" but as a valuable contribution of Buddhist literature and iconography. These few examples may suffice to convince future historians and all those who see more in Buddhist literature than a mere subject for academic studies.





SCHEDULE

	SAN FRANCISCO	GREEN GULCH
ZAZEN AND SERVICE	<p>MONDAY through FRIDAY: 5 - 7:10 am 5:30 - 6:30 pm (8:30 - 9:10 pm)</p> <p>SATURDAY: 5 - 7:10 am 9:10 - 9:50 am</p>	<p>MONDAY through FRIDAY: 5 - 7 am 5:30 pm / 8 pm zazen (except FRIDAY evening)</p> <p>SUNDAY: 5:30 - 6:30 am 9 - 9:40 am</p>
LECTURE	SATURDAY: 10 am	SUNDAY: 10 am
SESSHINS	<p>ONE-DAY SITTINGS: usually in first weekend of each month except June and October. SEVEN-DAY SESHINS: usually in in June and October. (Please phone to confirm)</p>	<p>ONE-DAY SITTINGS: May 19, June 16, Aug. 25, Sept. 15, Oct. 13 SEVEN-DAY SESHINS: July 28 - August 4 (Please phone to confirm)</p>
WORK	Regular residents' schedule	<p>Open to non-residents: SUNDAY-THURSDAY: 8:30 - 4 pm FRIDAY: 8:30 - noon</p>
ZAZEN INSTRUCTION	SATURDAY: 8:30 am	SUNDAY: 8:30 am
		NOTE: Green Gulch will be closed to the public on SUNDAYS during August.

ZEN MOUNTAIN CENTER Fall Practice Period: September 15 to December 15
 Spring Practice Period: January 15 to April 15
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