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Membership at Zen Center

We invite you to join Zen Center as members.

Perhaps you've considered becoming a member of Zen Center but aren't sure what sort of time and financial commitment this entails. The answer is that it's up to you. We encourage you to participate in our activities to the level of your own interest and to support Zen Center according to your interest and ability.

Members receive the Wind Bell magazine twice yearly, discounts on bookstore purchases and practice events and library privileges. Those who have been members for three years also vote to elect Zen Center's Board of Directors.

Membership forms are available at the City Center or at Green Gulch Farm. If you have questions about membership or suggestions about how we can be more accessible to you, please call or stop by and speak to Jeffrey Schneider, the Zen Center secretary.

Walking the Middle Way to Save All Beings

by Abbot Sojun Weitsman

In Soto Zen the basis of practice is "no gaining mind." Suzuki Roshi emphasized this so much. But sometimes people confuse no gaining mind with no aspiration or no goal. What he meant was no selfish mind, no self-centered mind—not adding something to what you already have. Don't try to stick some enlightenment on top of enlightenment; don't try to put another head on top of your own. Sometimes it seems like he was saying, "There's no such thing as enlightenment," or, "You should ignore enlightenment." What he meant was don't bring forth gaining mind, trying to acquire something.

Sometimes people misunderstand and equate aspiration with gaining mind, and they say "Well, if we have some aspiration, isn't that trying to get something?" Practice can only be done with a strong determination to do or to accomplish something, but the goal of practice is not the usual kind of accomplishment or goal. The goal of practice is to let go of selfish desires and to help various beings accomplish the way. Although we have our personal aspiration for enlightenment, the aspiration to save all beings comes first. Dogen calls this "way mind," or *doshin*, way-seeking mind. In our four bodhisattva vows we say "Sentient beings are numberless, I vow to save them." We also say, "I vow to awaken with all beings." Instead of making a beeline for enlightenment, we put the emphasis on saving beings. But enlightenment and saving all beings are not two different things.

What does it mean to save all beings? The Sixth Ancestor Hui Neng, in the Platform Sutra, talks about the four bodhisattva vows:

> Learned friends, I now teach you how to take the four universal vows. All of you should listen attentively. We vow to save countless living beings of our own minds. We vow to put an end to the limitless *klesas* [defilements] of our own minds. We vow to study and learn the endless dharma doors of our own nature. We vow to attain the supreme Buddhahood of our own nature. Learned friends, is it not the idea of the whole assembly that the vow is taken to save countless living beings? If so, how can you save them?

> . . . Learned friends, speaking of the living beings of our own minds, who are they? They 're what we call the erroneous and deluded mind, the deceptive and false mind, the evil mind, the envious and jealous mind, and the wicked and poisonous mind. All these minds are living beings.

When we work on our self, we also are working on the world. When we work on the world, we're working on our self. Practice has these two aspects.

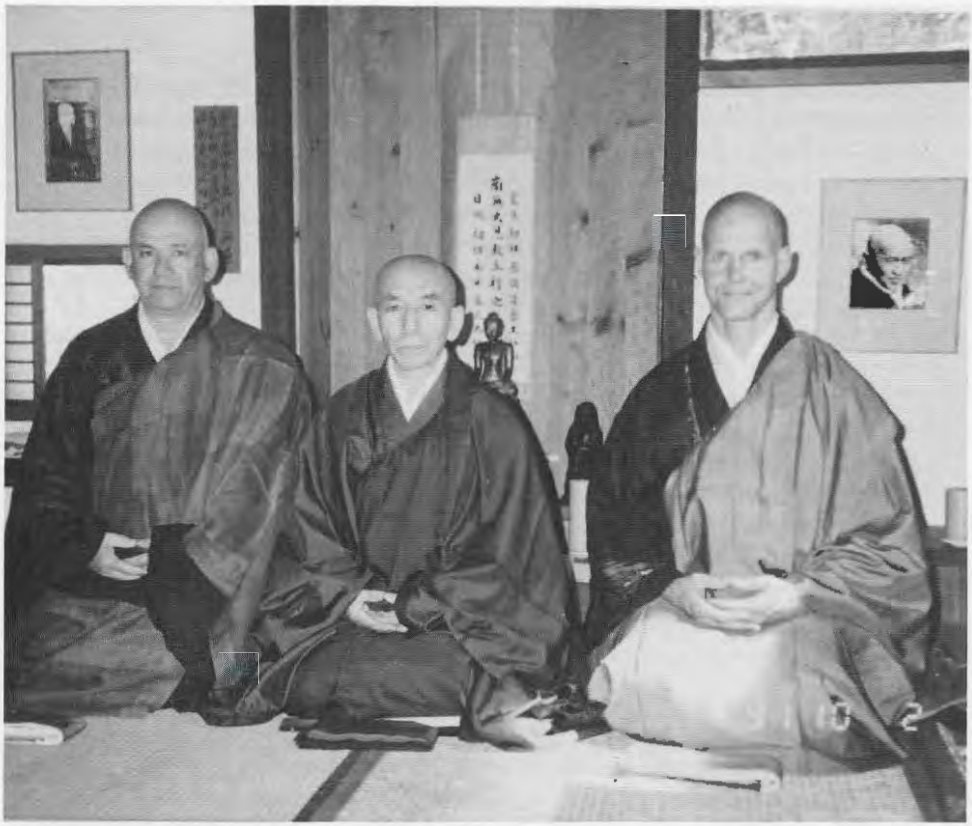
Sometime in the past, Buddhism developed the contrast of Hinayana and Mahayana. Hinayana is the narrow aspect of working on one's salvation. Mahayana is the broad aspect of working for the benefit of all beings. But Hinayana and Mahayana express two aspects of the one practice. When we work on our self, we're also working for the salvation of all beings. This is Hinayana practice with Mahayana mind. And when we let go of self-preoccupation and bring forth the mind to help others, this is itself an expression of enlightenment. It is our original aspiration, which carries us through our entire life of practice. Although our original vow, intention, or aspiration is to seek enlightenment, it's not a selfish or self-centered desire, because inherent in that aspiration is the desire to let go of self. It is a seeking which is a non-seeking; it's going after something which in the end is a no-thing.

The first bodhisattva vow, to save all beings, is a response to the First Noble Truth: life has a tendency toward suffering. Suffering is a kind of catch-all word for *dukkha*, which means not quite right, or, a little bit off, ill-at-ease, painful, unfulfilled, dis-eased, or unsatisfactory. "Things are never quite the way I want them to be, no matter how hard I try." This is the common condition of our human life.

There are various kinds of suffering: not having what we want and having what we don't want; suffering through the body, through the mind and the emotions; and suffering which is caused by impermanence.

And even though we take the bodhisattva vow to save all beings from this kind of suffering, confusion and ignorance, it's very hard to help others. We can sometimes help others physically—that's maybe the easiest, and to help others (and ourselves included) mentally and emotionally is more difficult, but we try. To help others with the problem of impermanence—that's very difficult. Each one of us has to find our salvation through our own effort. Even though we can help each other, it's up to each one of us to find out who we are and wake up to our true self.

In Buddhism we talk about the middle way; the Buddhist path is the middle way. There are two ways to think about the middle way. One way to think about it is: "Don't eat too much, don't eat too little. Don't work too much,



Abbot Mel Weitsman, Ikko Narasaki Roshi and Abbot Reb Anderson at Tassajara

don't work too little." If you take the middle way between extremes then your life will be much more balanced and easy. We will live longer, we won't get so sick, we will be mentally more balanced.

The other way to talk about it is as the middle way between existence and non-existence, the middle way between the extremes of birth and death. In our arrogance we think, "I exist." We take this for granted. We say, "I am alive." That's a kind of half-truth. The other half of the truth is, "I don't exist. There is no me." But we don't usually think in that way. We think, "Now I'm alive and when I die there is nothing." But this is a kind of dualistic way of fooling ourselves.

Until we can deal with the problem of existence and non-existence and walk the middle way, we can never deal adequately with our various other problems, because the basis of our problems comes from this one-sided view of life.

As a process, there's no fixed thing about our life. It's a process in which we are both living and dying. Within this life there's death and within this

death there's life. We call it life, but we could just as easily call it death, because both sides are present at the same time. Yes, I exist, and, No, I don't exist. No, I don't exist, but, Yes, I do exist. And if we fall into one side or the other, we end up with confusion. We human beings are very frustrated because of this one-sidedness. Because of our self-centered attachment to "I exist," we relate to the world as a place to settle down in and exploit for our own comfort, and we lose touch with how to cooperate or harmonize with the true body.

We often say, "Don't misuse sexuality." But another way to express it is, "Don't be attached to fulfillment." Our need for fulfillment extends to all manner of desires. It's not that one shouldn't have fulfillment. But it's too easy to get caught by what we seek. It's hard to be satisfied with what we already have. We're continually looking for fulfillment where it can't be found. When we feel empty, we again seek for something to fully fill us. And if what we want is not ours, we're tempted to take it from somebody else. The vow to save all beings is an aspiration for true fulfillment. This fulfillment comes through the day-to-day living of the vow, without being attached to any final result.

Helping people is very important. But is helping the same as saving? We can help people materially and we can help people emotionally and men-

The newly-renovated Green Gulch zendo was reopened and rededicated in a ceremony on November 22, 1992, which also marked Green Gulch's 20th anniversary.

tally. But it's difficult to help people with the problem of salvation, because the world is run on desire. As a matter of fact, in Buddhism desire is another name for the world.

So when it is said "to escape from the world," it doesn't mean to go to Mars. It means to find some freedom from craving. We think, "I have this." But what we don't see is that what I'm grasping has me just as much as I have it. So how do we let go of grasping and still engage in the world? How can we allow ourselves to see clearly enough how we create our own bondage, so that we can be free of it?

This is what we learn in zazen. To be totally engaged, and at the same time to find perfect freedom within that total engagement. Even though there's pleasure and pain, there's no attachment to pleasure and pain. Even though there are emotions and feelings, there's no clinging to emotions and feelings. Even though there are thought patterns, there's no clinging to thought patterns. All forms come as they come and go as they go. There's awareness and acceptance, but no grasping, no aversion.

To help others is to take care of our own practice. Even though one may not see immediately how that helps, eventually you realize that by not straying from the fundamental, this not straying helps beings. Without being self-centered, our activity becomes illuminated. For a Zen student, it's good to help others materially, mentally and emotionally. But most important is how to find our freedom within birth and death, moment by moment. Just living the middle way and helping beings to do this addresses this first Bodhisattva vow.

So the first order of aspiration is just to connect with the path and stay on it, no matter how much we get tossed around or pulled around by thoughts, feelings, emotions and circumstances. Enlightenment is what keeps us on the path; enlightenment is what keeps us going, through all of our difficulties and all of our backsliding and shortcomings. And when we fall off, enlightenment encourages us back. It's a constant falling off and a constant getting back on. You may think that once you fall off you can't get back on, but falling off and getting back on is itself enlightened practice. There is an old saying, "When you fall to the ground, use the ground to help yourself up." Suzuki Roshi used to say, "Everything is constantly falling out of balance." Each one of us, moment by moment, is falling out of balance and finding our balance. We have to live our life moment by moment. In every single moment of awareness, we have to find our balance and renew our relationship to everything around us. From moment to moment this new relationship may not seem so obvious. It may be very subtle. The changes in our life from moment to moment may seem rather small. But whether they're small or big it's the same: to find our balance, moment by moment, which is to find our place in the world in relation to our surroundings and

not take anything for granted. Because we, myself together with my surroundings, are this person, there's no me apart from my surroundings.

There's a koan in the Mumonkan which many of you are familiar with; I've spoken about it before. It's based on a Chinese folk tale, but Master Mumon used it and adapted it as a koan. It's the story of Seijo and her soul. When Seijo was a little girl she used to play with a little boy called Ochu. Seijo and Ochu were very close, and even when they were very young they said, "When we grow up, we'll get married." And when she did finally grow up, her father wanted her to marry some wealthy businessman whom she wanted nothing to do with. She was really disappointed, and she decided to run away. In the middle of the night she took a boat and headed down the river and she saw this little figure on the shore, waving. She pulled the boat over and it was her boyfriend, Ochu. So Ochu hopped on and they both left together down the river. They stopped in a city downstream and settled there, and they got married and had a couple of children. About five years passed. And Seijo said to Ochu, "I really think I should go back and see my father. I miss him, and I feel some obligation, and I'd just like to see him again." So they came back up the river and stopped at the dock, and Seijo said to Ochu, "Why don't you go up and break the ice, knock on the door and I'll stay here and see what he has to say." So Ochu knocked on the door, and the father opened the door and he said, "Ochu! Gosh, I haven't seen you since you left five years ago." And Ochu told him the story: "Well, we left, and we got married and we had these children, and we wanted to come back and see you." And the father said, "What do you mean?" He looked puzzled. He said, "Seijo left? I don't know what you mean. Ever since that day that you left she's been here in her bedroom asleep, unable to wake up." And Ochu was rather surprised at that, and he said, "No, no. She's down here with me. Come on down and I'll show you." In the meantime, Seijo thought she'd come up to the house anyway. When she arrived the father looked at her and went back into the bedroom and opened the door. Seijo went in, and at the moment that he opened the door, the other Seijo got up out of bed, and the two Seijos embraced and at that moment there was only one Seijo. And the koan is, Which one is the real Seijo?

Suzuki Roshi used to say, "When you are you completely, Zen is Zen." When you are you, through and through, Zen is Zen. Which is the real you? That's the koan. When you find the real you, then at that moment Dharma is transmitted to you by the universe. Then you have your own way.

So, this is our aspiration: no gaining mind, but strong, hard practice to express the way, to become the way. Strong, way-seeking mind. When you have this, then nothing can hinder you. There actually are no obstacles. When you have way-seeking mind and this kind of aspiration, you have your practice, and your security of non-security. Please think about this.

David in Japan

Fumidai

by David Chadwick

"Fumidai" is the last part of the epilogue of Thank You and Okay, Diary of an American Zen Failure in Japan. *It'll be published next year by Viking Penguin Arkana. I don't think that reading the end first will matter in this case.*

I was in Japan for four years and Elin and I lived in Okayama for three-and-a-half years in a house next door to Sogenji, a Rinzai temple. The name of the abbot of the temple is Harada Shodo Roshi. He is one of the few Zen teachers in Japan who has western students. He has a center in Washington State where he goes once a year to do sesshin. Elin and I are now living in Santa Fe with Clay, who will be two in April. She's studying videography and I'm finishing that book. Love to all, David.

(If interested, write: Chi-san, Sogenji, Okayama 1069, Okayama, Japan 703; fax: 81–862–76–6181.)

I was outside making a *fumidai* in the soft pre-sunset light when the call came from Chi-san at the temple next door. "Hojo-san wants to see you after dinner."

I gulped and said I'd be there. I slid the aluminum-framed screen door open, stepped back out onto the swept and cleared cement into my zoris, and walked out from under the corrugated plastic overhang to stand under Okayama's late October sky. The heat was gone and the cold hadn't come. What does he want?

The main hall (hondo) *at Sogenji is 350 years old.*

Then it was back to work on the fumidai. That's the word Okamura-san next door had used when told that the mess of planks at the edge of her drive was going to be a small platform to step up on before entering the house. I didn't know why on earth I'd waited so long to build the thing. I never liked seeing all the shoes and sandals scattered around. The fumidai would take care of that—the fumidai and the *getabako.*

"Getabako" means box for wooden clogs, and that's what Okamura-san called the shoe rack. She thinks it's the neatest thing on earth that we do projects like this around the house. She asked if everyone in America did all their own work on their houses. "Some people do sometimes," I told her.

I was sure that once I got the kitchen door area set up, everything would be in order forever. The idea was to step up on the fumidai from one's foot gear which would then be placed on a shelf. The house would be entered with squeaky clean feet and the kitchen entryway would remain tidy, with plenty of room for our three bikes and two blue plastic trash cans.

Between the house and the neighbor's garden wall, I looked through a stack for some more appropriate wood, watching for centipedes in between the boards. Does Hojo-san want to see me about the letters for Immigration which I had just reminded him of before he went to breakfast? They were to be ready the next day, and only he could write them. One letter verifies

what studies I'm doing in Japan so I can get a cultural visa and my wife can get her spouse visa. Another letter assures that we are upstanding people, that he will be responsible for us, and that if we do anything reprehensible, he will cover for it and fly us back home. He hadn't checked with me about the specifics of the first letter as he usually did. Maybe he had a question on that. But he knew what to say; he was so used to writing these letters for us and his foreign monks and students who live at the temple. Most of us need new visas every six months. And he keeps copies. Hmmm.

Found the board I wanted and took it around to where I was working. It matched its mates just fine. I put it down and started wire brushing off the dirt and loose bark of a rounded end piece scavenged from the trash heap of an old family-owned lumberyard nearby. It would be the outside vertical piece for the getabako and would add a natural touch. It was the sort of quick and funky job I'm best at.

Maybe Hojo-san feels I'm not doing enough, that I gotta shape up or start going to the temple earlier in the morning like I used to, I pondered uncomfortably. It was the first time in three years he had asked to see me. We see each other a lot so there's never been a need to call me up. I turned on the trouble light that hung from the wall—it turned everything yellow in the fading light of day.

I had the handy inches-and-centimeters tape measure which Kelly had brought me in the summer from the U.S. The blond pine floorboards and the brown weathered Lauan shelf pieces were all to be thirty-seven inches, and the supports for both structures were thirty-three inches. Just two lengths—keep it simple. My finger squeezed the trigger of the skill saw and the first length was cut, the remainder falling to the cement surface with a smack. I wanted to get the cutting done before dark, mainly so as not to bug the neighbors, but looking into the kitchen at the clock on the wall, I could tell it was time to see the boss. I hopped inside, walked into the kitchen, and washed up at the laundry sink, After putting on clean pants and shirt in the bedroom, I bid farewell to the baby sitter and baby Clay who were playing on the tatami in Elin's study, and went over to the temple accompanied by apprehension. Elin was downtown teaching at a culture center. What would I have to tell her when she got back?

Inside the temple, I made my way in the semi-dark to the faded landscape on the *fusuma* outside of Hojo-san's room. "Shitsurei itashimasu (excuse me)," I called out politely.

"Hai," he said with oomph. "Go get Chi-san and wait in the *osetsuma*."
Chi-san was in her room.
"Hey Priscilla," I called her by her Christian name.
"Coming!" she answered enthusiastically.

According to my Japanese-English dictionary, an osetsuma is a parlor or drawing room, but it's awfully plain to be called by such a dignified name. It's the abbot's comfortable everyday meeting room—small and slightly cluttered with cushions, tea paraphernalia, books, an open cabinet with papers and tapes of his lectures. Chi-san was typically attired in old, grey, baggy pants and an unironed white blouse hanging out. All forty-five years of her was as cheery as usual. I was smiling without feeling, tapping my fingers on a knee as I sat on my shins in *seiza* on the flat blue cushion she slid over to me. Chi-san gave no hint as to why we were there and I got the feeling she had no idea. I didn't ask. We made small talk. How's the baby? from her; how's the kiln? from me.

Hojo-san came in. He was humming. Good. I scanned him quickly for more vibes. His eyes were clear and intense as usual. The tightness in my chest released and I felt my breath lowering. He seemed in a good mood.

He was wearing a loose, light brown cotton *samue* (monk's work outfit). It doubles as temple leisure wear though they'd never call it that. He was holding a grey set of the same and had been sewing a patch on one of the elbows. Looking at the patch and the thread that connected it to the worn sleeve, I knew that these materials wouldn't be there if he was angry with me. I watched him finger the patch.

"A true monk," I said in Japanese.
"A true monk," agreed Chi-san.

Hojo-san was still standing. At half a century he holds himself well, with confidence but not the arrogance that can go with being the abbot of a big temple. The top of his shaved head reaches to something more than five feet, but it's hard to estimate because his presence makes him seem taller than he is. He looked down at me where I sat and, ignoring our lighthearted praise, gave the first hint. But I didn't understand.

"What did he say?" I asked Chi-san.
"He said, I hate to tell you what I've got to tell you when I look at your face."

Oh god what could that mean? He can't write the letters for me for Immigration because he doesn't want to exaggerate anymore. The new head monk insists that I come every morning at four A.M. or not at all. A jealous neighbor has told him lies about us. What? . . . What? . . . I leaned toward him largely ears, wanting to hear it quick. He complied.

"It's your landlord, Tsuda Sensei. His wife called. They want to sell the house. They want to sell it before the end of the year, and they want you out by then. That's less than two months." He stopped and looked at me gravely.

Why hadn't I thought of it? Our wonderful home and garden next to the temple, our irreplaceable castle by the bamboo grove which we lovingly restored and nurtured, our place to live, love, and work is now to be pulled from under us.

"I thought this was going to be something bad," I said. "This is just a . . ." I fished for the word in Japanese. Technical? No. Realistic? No. . . "What is it in Japanese, Chi-san? A . . . yes, this is just a *practical* problem."

He chuckled and then quietly made us all the usual—thick, sudsy, stimulating *macha*. We drank it and talked on about the ramifications of the news. The Doctor was sick I knew, lung cancer I thought. His wife had told me secretly about it. He'd had it for years. Was the home to be sold because of inheritance taxes or what? Anyway, we had to get out if they insisted because it had been rented to us dirt cheap as a favor to the temple and without the usual exorbitant key money.

Hojo-san was so kind and concerned. I remembered the paranoid thoughts I'd had of him being tired of us or angry at me or dissatisfied with my participation. Nothing like that. He just wanted to help us get through this smoothly.

He asked me what we would do if we lost the house. "I don't know," I said. "Maybe go back to the States earlier than we'd planned."

Clay and David

Bodhi, the young head monk from India, came in to report on the events of the day and to check up on a few things. I slipped him the rest of my tea treat as I knew well that chocolate was Bodhi's favorite object of desire which was compatible with his vows. I excused myself. Hojo-san and I agreed to talk the next day after I'd gotten hold of the landlords. He said he'd have the documents ready for me at eight in the morning to take to Immigration. I'd forgotten all about that. I thanked him, standing and bowing in the hall, and was just about to step off when Mark, a tall, good-natured young monk from Southern California walked in with a box of chocolates he'd just received from his mother. He asked me to come back in and have some but I declined.

Hojo-san looked at me and said something else I didn't understand.
"Do you know what that means?" asked Chi-san.
"No," I said. "Something about leaving early."
"Yes," she said and repeated his quip: " 'They who leave early . . . ' It refers to an old saying which goes something like, 'They who leave early may miss out on something.' "

I headed back home, buzzing internally. On the way I looked at the lights of our house shining through the temple bamboo grove—so cozy. We had just completed a new reorganization to accommodate the fact that Clay would soon be crawling. We'd bought some second-hand cabinets and fixed up the kitchen and prepared a baby room. Oh, change, I thought. I am so attached to all these fleeting things, things I love to collect and build and fix and write about. "And things that will disappear," I said out loud, standing on the darkening temple grounds.

I walked up the driveway to the side entrance by the kitchen, looked at the materials and tools about, sighed, and wondered if I should even bother to finish the fumidai and getabako. So much has happened here. It's been a good three years in Okayama; is it time to move on? Yeah, I guess so; it's time, I thought. I was somewhat sad, but also relieved of the burden of various petty thoughts and memories that had been bothering me just hours before. Why do I let such trivia get to me? I wondered. After all these years of Zen. What good is it? What have I learned? I shook my head. Looking into the evening sky I felt light and imagined my family and me going way, way up there in a balloon, empty and free. Then I glanced down at the wood before me and smiled. It looked so good I wanted to eat it. And so, returning to the full life I am enslaved by, I picked up a board and went back to work.

History of Zen Center

During the series of community meetings we had last fall I was struck by how little was known of Zen Center's history by those new to the community. Thus the following article, abbreviated and inadequate as it may be.

—Michael Wenger

There are several beginnings to the San Francisco Zen Center. Besides Buddha's enlightenment 2500 years ago and the immigration of Asian Buddhism in the 1800s, there were the Beat poets and artists who prepared the way. Pioneers of American Buddhism like Alan Watts and those who continue to this day—Gary Snyder, Phillip Whalen and Ananda Dalenberg—were manifestations of and co-creators of an environment friendly to Buddhism. Still, May 23, 1959 was the day that Shunryu Suzuki arrived in San Francisco at Sokoji Temple on Bush Street in Japantown to serve the local Japanese Soto Zen congregation. At first only a few western students came—young people, school teachers, and painters. He emphasized way-seeking mind, a big open attitude, and zazen, seated meditation. Little by little, by word of mouth, people came to study with Suzuki Roshi. In August 1962 Zen Center was formally incorporated with the state of California.

By 1966 Zen Center had grown into a stable practicing community, and Suzuki Roshi felt that the time was right to look for some land for a retreat center. Tassajara was purchased in 1967 and named Zenshinji (Zen Mind/Heart Temple). It became the first training temple outside of Asia and students arrived in great numbers.

In 1969, with the growth of Zen Center and the ensuing tensions between the Japanese congregation and the young American "hippie" practitioners, Zen Center moved from Sokoji to its own facility at 300 Page Street, close to San Francisco Civic Center. Suzuki Roshi named it Hoshinji—Beginners' Mind Temple. In 1970 Suzuki Roshi's book *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind* was published and became the largest selling book on Zen in English. *The Tassajara Bread Book,* written by Ed Brown, was published in the same year; it became a perennial Bay Area best seller and contributed to the renaissance of homemade bread. Ed later followed in 1973 with *Tassajara Cooking* and in 1985 with *The Tassajara Recipe Book.*

Suzuki Roshi's health began to weaken and in November of 1971 he gave Dharma Transmission to Richard Baker and named him as his successor. Suzuki Roshi died at Beginners' Mind Temple in December 1971, during a sesshin. Before his death Suzuki Roshi suggested the idea of a farm practice place. In 1972 Richard Baker (now) Roshi was instrumental in orchestrating Zen Center's purchase of Green Gulch Farm—Green Dragon Temple—near Muir Beach. With this Zen Center had three main practice places.

Under Baker Roshi's leadership Zen Center continued to grow, with a large resident population (in the mid-1970s over 50 people lived at Tassajara and the City Center respectively and 40 or so people lived at Green Gulch) and a large non-resident following. Zen Center's self-support base at the time consisted mostly of the Tassajara guest season and student fees and donations. In 1975 the Green Gulch Green Grocer was opened. In 1976 the Tassajara Bakery was founded and in 1979 Greens restaurant was opened as well as other businesses—Alaya Stitchery, Cole Valley Graphics, and the Whole Earth Access bookstore.

The mid- and late '70s and early '80s were a time of great growth and activity. A Buddhist study center was created at City Center. Most of the Japanese chants and ceremonies were translated into English. National and international figures (Governor Jerry Brown, Gregory Bateson, the Dalai Lama, Thich Nhat Hanh, Yamada Mumon Roshi, Joan Baez, Erick Erickson, Huey Newton, and Linda Ronstadt, to name a few) visited and spent time at Zen Center.

By April 1983 however, many problems which had been in the background came to the fore. Abbot Richard Baker, who had spearheaded much of the growth of Zen Center, became the focus of questioning and controversy when it was learned he was having a sexual relationship with a married resident woman student. Many issues rose to the surface. At the time of Suzuki Roshi's death Richard Baker was the first among many students who had studied several years with Suzuki Roshi. Many of them left; Richard Baker distanced himself more and more from his peers and then from the rest of the community. He delegated few decisions, his life-style and compensation had become increasingly luxurious compared to the rest of the community, and he was less and less available to the students. The ensuing uproar in the community and his resignation was a painful time and led to a deep re-examination of Zen Center.

Small discussion groups were formed and met for almost a year, discussing what had happened, exploring feelings, and looking to the future. This culminated in a community-wide two-day meeting in March 1984.

In December of 1983 Richard Baker resigned as Abbot. A group of senior Zen Center practitioners began to design a new governing structure, led by an elected Board (previously the Board had been appointed by the Abbot). In 1984 Katagiri Roshi, who had helped Suzuki Roshi run Zen Center and had left to start the Minnesota Zen Center soon after Richard Baker became Abbot, returned to become Abbot for a year.

In the fall of 1984 the first election of the Zen Center Board was held, with potential members drawn from those who had been members for 5 years or more and elected by those who had been members for at least 3 years. In

January of 1985 Tenshin Anderson was installed as the new abbot of Zen Center for a four-year term with a renewable second three-year term.

From 1983 to 1985 the population of Zen Center decreased. This change was felt very strongly in the businesses. There were fewer students working in them, and they needed more expertise. Wages also needed to be raised, and the tax laws had changed. In 1985 Everyday Inc., a separate corporation which was a licensee of Zen Center, was set up to run the restaurant, bakery and the grocery. (Earlier the managers of Alaya had purchased that business.) Tassajara Bakery's expansion into the wholesale market was begun in 1987 and proved to be a mistake, leading to its 1992 sale to Just Desserts. Everyday still runs Greens, which continues to be a successful, highly rated vegetarian restaurant. The restaurant has produced *The Greens Cook Book* and has just published a second cookbook, *Fields of Greens*.

In the spring of 1987 Abbot Tenshin Anderson was held up at knife point in the Page Street neighborhood; he was arrested for brandishing a fire arm after chasing his attacker into a public housing project. Tenshin was required to do thirty hours of community service and took a six month leave of absence from teaching and administrative responsibilities. While the Abbot's remorse was quite evident and accepted by the community, the incident led to further discussion of religious leadership. Abbot Tenshin and the Zen Center Board asked Sojun Mel Weitsman, abbot of the Berkeley Zen Center and an early student of Suzuki Roshi, to join Tenshin as abbot. Thus Zen Center's two-abbot system began.

In the spring of 1987 Zen Center funded and began what became the Zen Hospice Project, consisting of a volunteer training and placement program and a small hospice at 273 Page Street.

Today Zen Center is a dynamic institution with three main residential centers, several related sitting groups, a study center, and a large non-residential practicing community. Tassajara is the most monastic of the centers with two three-month practice periods and a four-month guest season. The City Center, in the middle of San Francisco, has residents, a large public zendo, a library and a Buddhist study center. Green Gulch has a farm and garden, a guest and conference facility, as well as the central meditation and retreat programs for both residents and non-residents.

In the 33 years since Suzuki Roshi came to America the San Francisco Zen Center has gone through many changes and American adaptations. We feel the Buddhist spirit as embodied by Suzuki Roshi has taken root and remains alive today.

The Handless Maiden

A lecture by Jiko Linda Cutts

There's a word in Buddhism, in Sanskrit it's *kaliyanamitra*. Kaliyanamitra means "good friend." It is very important to have good friends—understanding friends who help you and share your way are a great blessing. The sutras say that five things are important in order to practice: precepts, time to study the teaching, diligence, understanding, and good friends. And the first four do not work unless you have good friends. "If you wrap sweet kusala grass around a rotten fish, it will soon smell like rotten fish. But if you wrap a leaf around a piece of incense, the leaf will soon smell just like incense." And it's the same with people, for we are strongly influenced by those around us. I want to tell a story about someone who was a very good friend.

Once upon a time there was a terrible famine and drought in the land of the Comanche tribe, and many, many people had died. A drought is always hardest for the oldest and the youngest; among the few children left was one little girl whose mother and father had died and whose grandparents had died. Other people in the tribe took care of her, and they named her She-Who-Is-Alone. All she had left from her family was a doll, a beautiful

doll that her mother had made of buckskin, with beaded leggings and bright blue feathers from the jay that her father had brought. She-Who-Is-Alone lived in someone else's tepee and she kept that doll with her and she loved it very much. Spring arrived and the rains still hadn't come; the drought went on and on. The shaman decided to go up the mountain to talk to the great spirits and ask for help. "What are we to do in this terrible time of famine, when everyone is dying?" The people prayed and asked for guidance, and after three days of singing and praying the shaman had a vision and an answer. The people gathered together and the shaman said, "The Great Spirits say that the people have become selfish. We are just taking from the earth and we now have to give back. The most important thing, the most valued possession has to be offered as a sacrifice and burnt in the fire, and the ashes are to be scattered to the four directions. When this sacrifice is made drought and famine will cease."

So the people heard this, and everyone was thinking as they left the gathering, "I wonder what that could be." One man said, "Well, I'm sure it couldn't be my new bow and arrow. It couldn't be that." And then a woman said, "It's probably not my special blanket. I'm sure that they don't really want that. I wonder what it could be?"

Everyone went back to their tepees except for She-Who-Is-Alone. She looked at her doll, thinking, "I know what it is that the Great Spirits want; they want you. You are the most important thing to me, so I know that this is what they want." She waited till everyone was asleep and went to the fire, found an ember, caught a stick on fire, went up the mountain, and made a little fire. Then she took the doll that she loved so much and said "Oh, Great Spirits, here is my doll. This is the only thing I have from my family who died in the famine. It is the most important thing to me; please accept it." And she offered it; she just put it in the fire. When the fire was cool, she took the ashes and scattered them in the four directions all over the mountain, then she fell asleep. In the morning when she woke up, all the hillside was covered with beautiful bright blue flowers the color of the jay. This flower is called lupine; it grows at Tassajara and all over. When the people woke up, they saw it as some kind of a sign; they rejoiced and knew that she must have sacrificed something. And then they saw the rain cloud coming and the rain began to fall. They renamed the little girl She-Who-Dearly-Loved-Her-People.

In the Fukanzazengi it says, "When the least like or dislike arises the mind is lost in confusion." And so it was with the man and his bow and arrow and the woman with the blanket—they were bound by their preferences. They were lost and could not help. She-Who-Is-Alone acted not out of like or dislike; she knew what she needed to do and was a good friend to her whole community.

I have been thinking a lot about community lately, and the words communicate and commune.

These words come from the same root, meaning "common." The word communicate has some rare meanings: to sit at the Last Supper, to administer the sacraments, and to receive communion. So the original thrust of communication is a sacred event between people. And in Buddhism community is one of the Triple Treasures: Buddha, Dharma, and Sangha. The sangha is the community of those who are practicing, but a more inclusive understanding of sangha is all sentient beings. The entire universe is sangha, not just people, but animals and plants and the place where you live. We hold all of this in common with all sentient beings and we commune with other beings or share this intimacy, the web of community, with them. We cannot extricate ourselves. Community is the way of our human life. "Well, we don't have anything in common with those people over there," and yet we breathe the same air. If the ozone layer is destroyed we all will go blind. And in Buddhism we take refuge in the Triple Treasure.

The community, some people might find, is the most difficult and perhaps irritating part of practice. Especially if you are living with people in a very

close way—all the difficulties of social life do come up. So how is it that Sangha is one of the Triple Treasures in which we take refuge? It harkens back to the importance of the *kaliyanamitra*, the importance of having good friends to practice with. Our tendency, if we do not have people around us, is to set up our lives in a way that is egocentric, based on likes and dislikes. We skillfully create a space where situations won't arise that irritate us. But sangha life, a practice community, is not set up to enhance egocentric activity, but rather for the common good, for the development and enhancement of everyone's practice. We do not always get to do what we like or avoid what we want to avoid. And then you have to deal with anger and frustration, and you have an opportunity to bring forth the practice of patience and giving and the other virtues.

So, like a stone tumbling in a polisher, you rub away all these little areas. You can't even reach them if you're by yourself; they're blind spots. When you are with other people who are good friends, not flattering you or doing things in order to get approval, but actually committed to practicing with you in a real way, you are going to rub against these areas, shine light on these blind spots. This is a priceless treasure; you can't do it by yourself.

I attended a conference put on by the Buddhist Peace Fellowship called "Practicing Community." Some of the questions that were raised at this conference were, What is community? What does it mean to practice community? What are your resistances to and fears about being in community? And my question was, What makes a community stale?

Each morning we did experiential work led by Joanna Macy. One exercise had been created by a group working with battered women. Everyone was asked to go to one side of the room, and then Joanna Macy would say, for example, "All those of Jewish descent, please go to the other side of the room." And then if this referred to you, you moved across to the other side of the room. And then she would say, "Look on either side of you to see who's there. Look to see who's on the other side of the room. Please come back together." And then she would call other categories, "Those whose parents did not go to college, please step to the other side of the room." And in a formulaic way she would say the same thing each time, very calmly. And at each mention of a particular aspect that may be in one's life, different people would pull away and separate out and then come back.

"All those who had violence in their childhood, please step to the other side of the room." And for that category it was as if the whole room almost tipped over as maybe seventy-five percent of the people moved out across the floor. "All those of African-American descent . . . Latin American descent . . . Native American descent." "All those who have been called fat." "All those who were sexually abused or have good reason to believe that they were sexually abused, please go to the other side of the room." Back

and forth, back and forth. The exercise was designed to help those people who feel unempowered and subordinate and dominated, devalued and discounted, to actually step forth and say, This is part of me, and to see others who are with you.

In any community each person is dealing with—and brings to the situation—their own pain and suffering, their own personal stream, their own past history; no one is exempt. When you have a sangha life, when you have community life, you have all this unspoken suffering. So to untangle the tangle of our lives together is not easy. To sit together and work together, recognize each other and help each other: this is the practice of the good friend and of everyday Zen.

And there are myriad opportunities for practice—numberless, measureless opportunities. We are immersed in the practices. What are these practices? Being friendly, bowing when passing each other, washing up your dishes, taking care of your posture, being on time, washing your feet. These are just regular old, every minute, every second Zen practices that abound. And yet if we don't make the effort to practice, we don't realize this. It is not that they abound in and of themselves, they abound when you come forward with effort to practice. I know that some people think that the real practice is somewhere else, it's at Tassajara or somewhere. To me this is like a person who is very thirsty sitting in the middle of a clear spring saying I'm thirsty, I'm thirsty. The Dharma that abounds in each one of us is revealed through our constant effort and this effort is practice-realization. This has nothing to do with being a dutiful daughter or a good little boy. It has to do with compassion and understanding the life of community.

I have another story that I'd like to tell called "Olive." The theme of this story is found in stories throughout the world: the theme of the handless maiden. The handless maiden always reminds me of people who come to practice.

Once upon a time a rich man lost his wife in childbirth and didn't feel he could take care of the baby, a girl named Olive. He found a farming family who was willing to take the baby and said, "Please take care of this child. I'm going to tend to my affairs, and I'll come back when I can. If I don't show up in ten years time, just think of the child as your daughter; that will mean I won't be coming back." So Olive grew up with this farming family. She was an affectionate and cheerful child and the family grew to love her dearly. Always in the back of their minds was the knowledge that she might have to leave them. Finally her tenth birthday arrived and passed and her father didn't show up to reclaim her, and they rejoiced; now she could really be with them as their daughter. Olive was happy and they all lived together, their minds at rest.

Well, on her eighteenth birthday a stranger came into the farmyard and asked to see the young girl named Olive. "I've come for my daughter," he said. It was her long lost father. And the family said, "How can you do this? You promised if you didn't come in ten years she would be our own daughter. You can't take her away." But he said, "I don't care. I'm here, and she's my daughter." He took it to court in the village and was granted custody—since she was his own daughter she had to go with him. Right before she left, her mother gave her a book of religious poetry and said, "Take this special present; whenever you're sad read this and it may be of some comfort." So Olive tucked it away and went off to a distant city with this virtual stranger. But he had seen the book and said, "If I ever catch you reading that book I will beat you, and the next time I will cut off your hands and turn you out of the house."

Olive found that this book was her only comfort. She had her maid watch and warn her if her father was coming, and she would read it in her room. But one day the maid was out and her father was spying on her. He came bursting into the room and caught her. He threw the book into the fire and beat her terribly. This did not discourage Olive; she asked her maid to buy her a second book. But the same thing happened; he caught her again, and without a word he led her to the workbench and with a sharp knife cut off her hands. Then he ordered her taken into the forest and abandoned.

So there she was in the forest in great distress, with no hands, just these stumps at the ends of her arms. She walked and walked and walked, and eventually she came to a wall enclosing a garden. In the garden was a beautiful pear tree with beautiful ripe pears hanging. She couldn't get to it, so she stood outside the wall crying. Then somehow the wall parted and the pear tree bent down; she was able to bite around the pears, not using her hands, and eat as many as she wanted to. She did this day after day. It turned out it was the king's garden, and when he found that someone was eating his pears, he set out to watch and see what was happening. And she was so beautiful and all, he invited her to live in his palace. He fell in love with her and they married.

But Olive was unwelcome in the palace. Later on when she gave birth to twins, her mother-in-law fooled her husband, saying she had died in childbirth. She took Olive from the childbed, thrust a baby under each arm, and had her taken back into the forest.

So there she was again, handless in the forest, with the two babies, without food and water, in a desperate situation. She wandered until she came to a pool of water where a little old woman was washing clothes. "Oh please, good woman," said Olive. "Squeeze a little water from that cloth into my mouth, I am dying of thirst." "No," said the woman. "Do as I say. Kneel down and drink right from the pool."

"Don't you see, I have no hands, I can't do it. I must hold my babies."
"That doesn't matter. Go on and try."

So Olive kneeled down, and as she did the babies fell out from under her arms and went down into the water. Olive cried, "Oh, my babies, my babies, they'll drown. Help me, help me."

"Fish them out."
"I can't, I can't. I have no hands."
"Plunge in your stumps, plunge in your stumps."

And Olive immersed her stumps, and she could feel her hands growing, growing, growing, and she was able to grab her babies and save them. And the old woman said, "Now you have hands and can do for yourself, so go." The story goes on and Olive is reunited with her husband. (She forgives her mother-in-law, which is unusual in folktales.)

So to me, this is the practice of sangha and community life: plunge in your stumps. Everyone has stumps, is handless, in some way. There is no one who is outside of suffering. And this is our practice—plunge in your stumps. Whatever it is you bring to the situation, whatever difficulty you have, whatever is in your past, for whatever reason you would have crossed over to the other side of the room—with that, you plunge in your stumps, and you enter the practice, with whatever and whoever you are, no holds barred. And out of this, from the living water of our practice and from what it takes for you to do this over and over again, every minute Zen, this will allow your hands to grow. And then, when you've got your hands, you can help yourself and other people.

And this old woman who said, "No, I'm not going to do it for you"—she wouldn't squeeze water into her mouth, she's not going to save those babies—she said, "Just do it, do it." This is being a true good friend. Katagiri Roshi always used to say, "Just do it!" And you might say, do what? what? what? Nobody can tell you what it is. I'm not talking about our preferences, what our personal history is, what we're drawn to, or what our affinities are. I'm talking about when the least like or dislike arises, you plunge in. And there is trust there. This is zazen mind, where you allow and communicate with whatever is coming your way. It's a sacrament. And when you make this effort, what it takes for you to make this effort is the miracle. Miracle comes from a root which means, "to cause someone to smile." It's wonderful. And that's what happens in practice, wonderful things happen. You grow hands, you know. So plunge in your stumps.

Thank you very much.


LOMBARDI

Green Gulch Memorial Gardens

by Yvonne Rand

It is said that in the ancient western world gardens originated from the practice of tending graves. The garden at Green Gulch in its aspect as a memorial garden is in the mainstream of this heritage. It is a place to remember loved ones who have died. Among the many gardens at Green Gulch, the memorial garden manifests via plants, shrine houses, benches, nooks, and dells established in remembrance of particular persons. The presence of the memorial gardens is elusive, subtle, and yet palpable as well: here a pair of memorial benches; there a beautiful cherry tree with unusual peeling bark planted in remembrance of a husband and father lost at sea; here a dark rose planted in remembrance of a leader of an AIDS spiritual support group and shrines and altars that are focus points for ceremonies for children who have died from abortion, miscarriage, or at birth, or before reaching maturity.

We can sit in the garden, secluded from the wind by the plantings of bamboo, cypress and pine. We can enjoy the evidence of care and attention which the garden reveals as it is coming into its maturity. We can be inspired by the plantings for our gardens at home. We can be quiet and remember whoever and whatever wants remembering.

If you are interested in discussing the possibility of arranging a memorial gift or planting, please call Green Gulch Farm.

"Without Second Thought"

by Basya Petnick

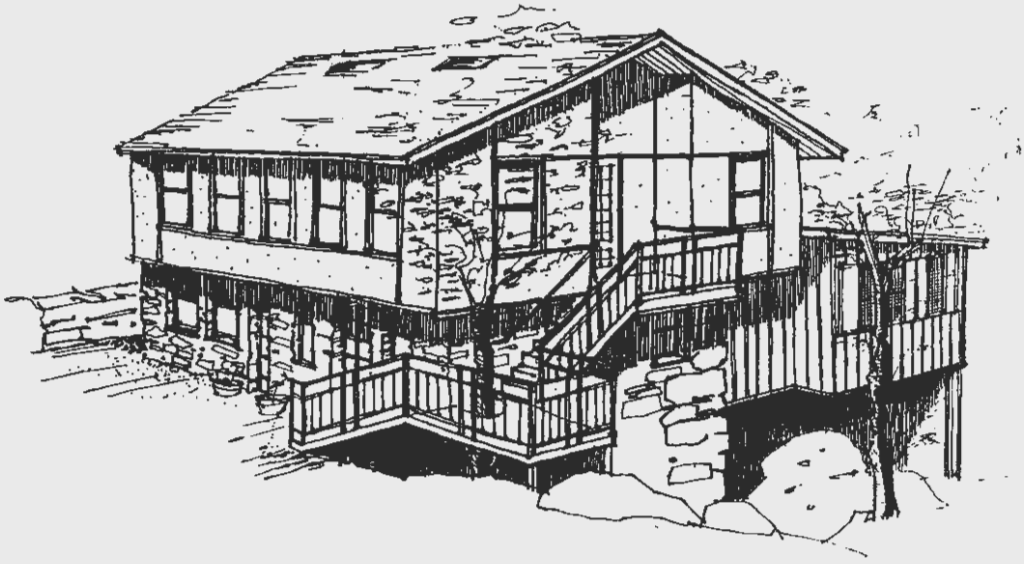
Hazel Mueller died on March 17, 1991, two weeks before her 78th birthday. Only a few people at Zen Center knew her and none knew her well, so Zen Center officers were surprised when they received a letter from her attorneys, notifying them that Hazel had died and left a generous gift to Zen Center in her will.

Hazel and her husband Arthur Mueller had been long-time students of Nyogen Senzaki, whom they met quite by accident in the late forties or early fifties. The Muellers were deeply impressed by Senzaki, not because their new friend was a Zen teacher—they didn't know what a Zen teacher was; not because he was Nyogen Senzaki—the now famous name would have meant nothing to them. Apparently they were impressed by the indescribable experience of meeting "a true man of no rank" in a Los Angeles park.

The Muellers became ardent Zen students and maintained a regular sitting practice for many years. They copied vast portions of scripture by hand and recorded inspiring quotes from their teacher's lectures on sign boards posted around their house. A note from Arthur to Hazel reads: "Empa Buddha: Thank you for taking care of the sauce. . . . Our body is a very fine tool, without it one could not awaken to realization of Buddha Nature!"

Hazel made generous gifts to Zen Center. After the 1981 storm that badly harmed Green Gulch's water systems, she appeared at the farm and wrote a check on the spot to help with the cost of the repairs. Among her many gifts were several important pieces of art work including a Nishiki brocade scroll of Bodhidharma that now hangs by the entrance to the Buddha Hall at City Center; after Arthur's death, Green Gulch received his fine woodworking tools. A note from Hazel Mueller quotes Senzaki, graciously thanking Zen Center for accepting "these offerings which are given 'without second thought'. . . ."

To honor Hazel and Arthur and express Zen Center's gratitude and appreciation, Robert Lytle, Wendy Johnson and a group of Zen friends conducted a memorial service and tree-planting ceremony at Green Gulch Farm. Wendy selected a willow-leafed magnolia which flowers each year in March close to the anniversary of the Muellers' 1955 *jukai* when Nyogen Senzaki and So-yen Nakagawa named Hazel *Empa*, "Misty Sea" and Arthur, *Sho Zan* "Mountains in the Dawn." The buds of this memorial tree—whose lineage goes back more than five million years—opened on the day of the ceremony. The Mueller magnolia now stands in the Peace Garden alongside a rare azalea dedicated to Maurine Stuart-roshi and near a stately white camelia planted in memory of Dainin Katagiri-roshi.



Rebuilding the Tassajara Stone Dining Room-Dormitory

The work of the first generation of Zen Center students was to establish Suzuki-Roshi's practice and to purchase the practice centers. These were literally the soil into which Zen Center helped to plant Buddhism in America. The work of our present generation is to preserve, develop, and share that which was so generously given to us.

Having recently completed the major rebuilding and seismic upgrading of the Green Gulch zendo, our concern and energy now turn, by necessity, towards Tassajara Zen Mountain Center. We are preparing to rebuild both the Stone Dining Room-Dormitory and the food service area. Affectionately known as the upper and lower shacks, the food service area contains a dishwashing facility and rooms for food storage. Quickly built after the fire of 1978, the "shacks" were always intended as temporary buildings.

The Stone Dining Room-Dormitory, however, has a more ancient and dignified lineage, dating back to the late 1800s. The existing stone work, composed of rocks from the creek and mountainside, is unusual and rare. Tassajara is included in the inventory of Historic Building Structures in California. We believe that the simple character and quality of this building reflects the character of Tassajara itself and should be preserved.

No other building at Tassajara contains the variety of functions provided by the Stone Dining Room-Dormitory, serving the needs of both students and guests. All year round the upstairs dormitory provides housing for nine students. During the monastic winter months the dining room is always in use, for study, classes, sewing, "day-off" meals, and as work space during inclement weather. Eighty summer guests each day eat breakfast, lunch, and dinner within its cool enclosure, and workshops use this space for afternoon sessions.

While we value the Tassajara Stone Dining Room-Dormitory just the way it is and would not have chosen to rebuild it, the reality is that it must be strengthened in order to withstand a major earthquake. We spent hundreds of hours considering many alternatives, along with all the problems and costs that attend each idea, and we gathered recommendations from residents, builders, architects, and engineers. After considering many possibilities we think that the reconstruction of the Stone Dining Room-Dormitory is the best plan for long-term maintenance and preservation of Tassajara.

Part of the expense of any construction work at Tassajara is created by the complexities of building in such a remote canyon. Many unusual problems arise requiring unique solutions. To help meet these challenges we've hired Helen Degenhardt, architect and Project Manager of the Green Gulch Zendo, and Gene DeSmidt, contractor for the Tassajara Bath House and Stone Room renovations; they are both familiar with the construction problems we face in our Ventana Wilderness location.

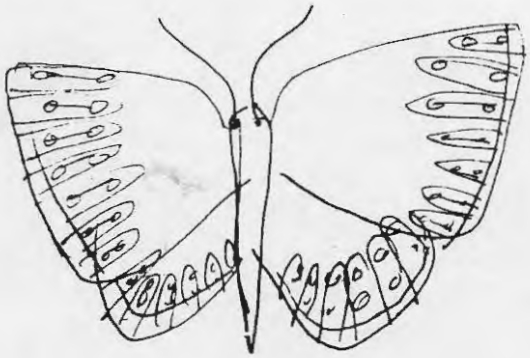
We are fortunate that architects and engineers have made many generous contributions to the project. Charles Davis and John Rutherford, architect and engineer, respectively, for the Monterey Bay Aquarium, have donated much of the architectural and engineering consulting time. Iva Copeland, John Rutherford's associate, has agreed to do the engineering drawings and calculations purely on a volunteer basis.

The practice centers were acquired with a combination of great difficulty and great joy. Hundreds of students, and thousands of members and supporters all over the world united in an immense effort to establish the material basis for what is known and appreciated as Zen Center. The preservation task of our generation is obvious and an equal effort is needed to raise the necessary funds for Tassajara.

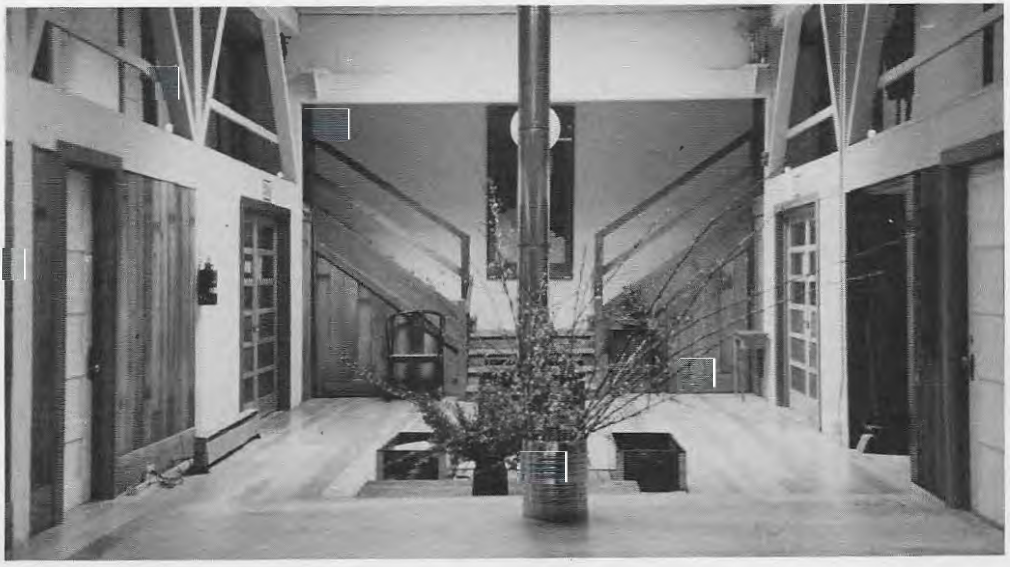
We are planning an auction for next spring to benefit the Tassajara Stone Dining Room-Dormitory Project. If you would like to donate a gift to the auction or join one of the several working committees to make the auction a success, please contact the Development Office in San Francisco.

Alaya Loses Lease

This spring the Alaya clothing store on Cole Street will close. The Zen Center stitchery business started in the early seventies in the basement of Page Street, making and selling zafus and fat pants, and moved, a few years later, to its Cole Valley location just half a block from the newly-opened Tassajara Bakery. In 1983 the store was sold to two Zen Center members. Current owner Karin Gjording has opened another store at 1265 Ninth Avenue near Irving. She invites any of us with fond memories of the Cole Street store to come by and enjoy the garden one last time.



The newly-remodeled gaitan at Green Gulch is light and bright with a beautiful new floor. It is no longer a public passageway to the zendo but a private hall for residents.



Annie Somerville at Greens

New Greens Cookbook

Greens Head Chef Annie Somerville spent the last year working on a new Greens cookbook. *Fields of Greens* will be in bookstores in April and contains about 300 recipes from the current Greens repertoire. Grilled Potato Salad, Tuscan White Bean Soup, Artichoke-Leek Lasagne, Spinach and Mung Dal Fritters, along with green salads, bean salads, pizzas, sandwiches, desserts, and more—now just a shopping trip away from actualization in your home.

The book emphasizes the connection between garden and table, and contains a chapter on gardening at Green Gulch Farm, written by Head Gardener Wendy Johnson. Wendy also put together growing information for about forty vegetables, herbs, and edible flowers, including such favorites as borage, bloomsdale spinach, and black peppermint. These descriptions are sprinkled throughout the book in "boxes."

To test the recipes, create illustrations, and prepare the manuscript, Annie assembled a high-spirited, light-hearted team of current and former Greens personnel, including this editor. It was a glorious group effort in true Greens style. The book promises to be an indispensable addition to coffee table and kitchen.

Update on the Abbacy

At its November and January meetings the Zen Center Board of Directors continued the discussion of the terms of the abbots. The resolution passed by the board at the February 1992 meeting (see *Wind Bell*, Spring 1992) was left essentially the same with the following additions and changes: "In recognition of and deep gratitude for their enormous contribution to the furtherance of Suzuki Roshi's way, the board wishes to invite and support Tenshin Anderson and Sojun Weitsman to be Dharma teachers at Zen Center for life." The extension of each of the abbots' terms for two additional years was reaffirmed and the following resolution adopted: "All other issues regarding religious leadership including the abbots' and former abbots' roles will be reviewed by a council of elders convened by the board from a pool of former shusos." The board also asked the abbots' transition committee to suggest both names for the council and a formal charge to it.

At the January board meeting the committee proposed to the board the following resolutions which were approved:

*That the following persons be asked to serve as the initial members of the council:

Tenshin Anderson	Blanche Hartman
Linda Cutts	Lou Hartman
Norman Fischer	Leslie James
Paul Haller	Sojun Weitsman

*That this group (minus, at their request, the current abbots) add to the council at least four more members from among the former shusos . . .
*That the council propose a candidate for abbot to the board by June 1, 1993;
*That it propose a candidate whenever the position becomes vacant; and
*That it propose a description for an on-going council of elders to examine the structure of religious leadership at Zen Center.

After its first meeting the council invited the following persons to join the group:

Layla Bockhorst	Ed Brown
Les Kaye	Yvonne Rand
Steve Stucky	Teah Strozer
Katherine Thanas	Steve Weintraub

All of those invited agreed to serve.

The full text of the board resolutions is posted at each of the three Zen Center practice places. You may also request a copy by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Zen Center Secretary Jeffrey Schneider at 300 Page Street.

Practice period participants at Shogoji

Shogoji First International Practice Period

by Taigen Leighton

Dainin Katagiri Roshi, the late abbot of the Minnesota Zen Meditation Center and also a former teacher and abbot of the San Francisco Zen Center, dreamed of establishing a training center in Japan where Americans and Japanese could practice the traditional Japanese Soto Zen monastic life-style together. In the summer of 1992 his dream was realized with the completion of construction of the traditional *sodo*, monks' hall, and the first formal practice period at Shogoji in the remote mountains of Kyushu, the southern island of Japan. This was possible thanks to the strong effort and guidance of Katagiri Roshi's friend and mentor, Ikko Narasaki Roshi, abbot of Shogoji and of its headquarters temple Zuioji, a major training center of Soto Zen in Japan.

The sodo is the center of traditional Zen monastic practice; practitioners do zazen, eat, and sleep at their assigned places. Along with the beautiful new sodo, the attached monks' study hall building (*shuryo*) where practitioners study, rest, and bathe, was also completed during the practice period.

Shogoji has a notable history, having been first established in the fourteenth century by Daichi Zenji (a descendant of Soto Zen founder Eihei Dogen) after his return from extended study in China. Shogoji was revived early this

century after a long period of disuse. It is home to a memorial peace stupa containing ashes of twenty thousand World War II dead of all nationalities, and a world peace ceremony is conducted twice a month. Shogoji (literally "Temple where the Sacred is Preserved") is situated high up on the steep pine-covered sides of Hogi ("Stately Phoenix") Mountain. Farmers from the small village below climb up the road to cultivate rice and shiitake mushrooms, the main local crops. Shogoji is reminiscent of Tassajara in its remoteness; there is no telephone, no electricity (save for a tiny generator usually used only once a week to power a washing machine), and no propane gas. All cooking is done on wood stoves, so work in the kitchen includes chopping wood.

Peace stupa

The Japanese participants in this first practice period included half a dozen monks on loan as part of their training at Zuioji. The practice period was led by Ikko Narasaki Roshi, who has been abbot of Zuioji for over forty-five years; his warmth and depth of experience were readily apparent. The director of Shogoji is our old friend Rev. Ekai Korematsu, who spent a number of years at Page Street and Tassajara, and who provides English orientation and translates the lectures. In addition to Narasaki Roshi's frequent lectures, a large number of fine priests from all over Japan visited to practice with us and give lectures. They provided an interesting range of viewpoints and examples of Japanese teaching.

The western participants included Katagiri Roshi's widow, Tomoe-san, whose strong spirit was a great inspiration throughout. Most of the dozen other westerners were disciples of Katagiri Roshi, along with one German layman and this Californian. We were about equal in numbers of women and men and of lay people and priests. Although Shogoji specializes in the traditional forms of daily priest or monk training, the Japanese teachers and monks went to great lengths to welcome and accommodate us. Lay people slept in rooms in the Buddha Hall, but otherwise participated quite fully. Women and men priests had separate sitting platforms in the sodo, where we could all sleep as well as sit

and eat. We had the opportunity to learn and experience many unfamiliar aspects and forms of traditional Japanese practice. The schedule was quite rigorous and challenging, with 3 A.M. wake up and a full regimen of meditation, chanting, lectures, and work. Although zazen is a central aspect of the practice, the emphasis is more on finding the satisfaction and intensity of zazen in all daily activity through "continuous practice."

Shogoji is small enough to operate on a traditional system in which work positions are rotated once every five-day week. This kept us on our toes and allowed us to experience a wide range of the temple's activities, training with the Japanese monks in such positions as *tenzo* (cooking), *jisha* (attendant for the officiating priests), bath attendant, and *shoten* (giving signals for the schedule throughout the day). The latter position, relatively simple at Tassajara, is important and complex at Shogoji; the daily schedule seems to be in constant flux, varying according to the different monthly services and also with the shifting sunrise and sunset times.

All the meals at Shogoji are provided with money raised in *takuhatsu*, the traditional monks' begging rounds. Each month three days are spent doing takuhatsu at Kikuchi, the nearest large town, and three days at Kumamoto, the closest large city. There is no cultural context that would allow this practice in America so it was fascinating to have the opportunity to do takuhatsu for Shogoji. The traditional uniform for this formal practice includes robes, a large bamboo hat encouraging individual anonymity, and straw sandals worn without socks and with toes extending past them. Walking door-to-door or occasionally standing on a busy street, chanting continuously with bowl extended, one accepts whatever is given as a means for allowing lay people to express generosity and support for Buddhadharma. The effect is of an intensive walking, chanting sesshin, which calls for mindfulness of feet and voice.

One of the main themes of the practice period turned out to be the difficulty of crossing cultural barriers in our different styles of practice. Although we westerners arrived with the intention of doing our best to follow the Shogoji program, differences of language as well as of cultural manners and expectations created many challenges. But over the course of the ten-week practice period Narasaki Roshi and the Japanese monks stretched way out of their way to accommodate us. By the closing, which included two days of frank mutual evaluation and feedback, we all had a deep feeling of warm encounter.

As an example of contrasting practice styles, we Americans would frequently ask questions, wanting to understand the meaning and background of the many new practices. Although our queries arose from our interest and full respect and were welcomed by the Shogoji instructors, they were generally shocking to the Japanese monks! In the Japanese educational sys-

tem, students are all trained never to ask questions but to simply absorb the teachers' instructions. In training monasteries the focus is to enact the practice physically, instead of merely understanding intellectually. Questioning is considered disrespectful. On the other hand, the Japanese monks practice to develop impeccability in their manner by very frequently correcting each other as they engage in the many everyday forms. While their attitude toward this is based on respect and dedication to the Buddhist tradition, to westerners it often seems very harsh, rude, and disrespectful.

We all ended up feeling that Japanese and western practitioners have much to learn from each other. It is clear why Katagiri Roshi so strongly desired a place where such concentrated exchange could be nurtured. I feel very grateful to Katagiri Roshi and Narasaki Roshi for providing us with this extraordinary opportunity to connect with our Japanese practice roots.

American practitioners are welcome at Shogoji year-round, but the special practice period will be continued annually, sometime between April and July, and this is definitely the best time to get a concentrated taste of Japanese monastic life. Again, the rigors and difficulties should not be underestimated, but people who have experience of Tassajara practice periods or a number of Zen Center sesshins will find it a rewarding visit. As I parted from one of the Shogoji instructors I'd become friends with, he asked me to "tell Americans we are waiting for you."

Monks' Hall (sodo) *at Shogoji*

All of a Piece: A Conversation with Homeless Advocate Tony Patchell

by Laurie Senauke

"I was drawn to practice because I needed it, I desperately needed it. It was during the sixties, which I think were as much a terrible time as a great time: Kent State, Vietnam, civil rights murders, people overdosing on drugs right and left, riots. It seemed that inner and outer states were accurately reflecting each other. And I wondered, What's the most basic thing I could possibly do? Probably the most basic thing I could do would be to sit down and look at a wall until I couldn't stand it, and then continue to look at it."

In the summer of 1969, Tony Patchell left his home in San Francisco to go to Cambridge, Massachusetts to sell drugs. He was in a bar, the kind of place where people sat around and drank beer all day and talked about important things. He picked up a book—*Three Pillars of Zen*, by Phillip Kapleau. It also happened to be the bar where Darlene Cohen worked. They met and became involved with each other, and with Zen practice. They sat zazen in their own apartment and at a small zendo in Cambridge, in the home of Elsie Mitchell. And they've continued practicing to this day. "It seemed to me to be the only thing a person could do. I still think that."

Tony read an early *Whole Earth Catalog* containing a letter from Peter Schneider about eating with oryoki at Tassajara, about it being ecological, an example of how to recycle. They moved back to California with their dog, Dylan, planning to go to Tassajara as soon as possible. They stayed with friends in the Sierras and came down to Page Street. "The minute we walked in the door, the director of Zen Center told us that there was no way we could possibly practice Zen as long as we owned a dog. Darlene started to cry and I got really angry." They went back to the Sierras and started fund raising to establish their own zendo in the foothills. But they kept coming down every other month for sesshin and graduàlly got drawn into Zen Center. They went to Tassajara in the fall of 1972, Dylan in tow by permission of Abbot Richard Baker.

From Tassajara they moved to Green Gulch, where Tony had a very difficult time. He'd hurt his back building a stone wall at Tassajara, and "in those days, a bad back was no excuse. You sat, no matter what. It was just 24-hour pain." His son Ethan was born and Darlene was on the "inside track" at Zen Center, taking key positions and getting involved in the administration. With Tony more and more estranged from the community, their relationship was under a terrible strain. In June of 1976 they separated and Tony was asked to leave Green Gulch. He was told that he was not contributing to the community, that he was taking more than he was giving. "In retro-

spect, I think my practice at that time was the most fruitful and the most sincere. I felt like I was in the belly of the beast."

After floating around San Francisco for several months, Tony moved into 191 Haight in the Page Street neighborhood and started working at the newly opened Tassajara Bakery. With exercises his sore back was improving, and it got a big boost from Peter Overton, the manager of the bakery, the very first morning that Tony went to work: "Listen. I know you have a bad back. If you can't . . . if for example you have to lift a bag of flour, and you can't do it, even if it means that the bread won't be baked that day, and that means that the bakery will fail, and that means that Zen Center will go bankrupt, and that means that there'll never ever be Buddhism in the west again, don't lift the bag." Tony says, "I felt such relief. It was the first time anyone at Zen Center had acknowledged that I had a problem. That alone reduced the pain by about fifty percent." Tony worked at the bakery for about eight years, usually on the early morning shift. After he'd been there for a couple years, Darlene suffered a bout of ill health and moved back to the city. Over the next few months she and Tony got back together; they were married in January of '81.

During this period, Tony was seeing a Jungian analyst. As Tony was leaving Green Gulch, Richard Baker had said, "American men in their late thirties or early forties reach a point where either they have to grow or they just die, although their body may go on living. You're at that point. You either change or die." Richard Baker made an appointment with a Jungian recommended by Joseph Wheelwright, saying that Tony would like Jungian therapy because "it has a lot of drama in it." Tony took to heart Baker Roshi's admonishment, but he wasn't interested in therapy. He agreed to go one time, and to his surprise he and the therapist hit it off; they worked together every week for four years. Very quickly this work and Zen practice became all of a piece. "I was presented with koans right and left, from my dreams." Over that four-year period something like the shift Richard Baker

had been talking about took place. "Basically I relaxed a little bit and became more generous."

Around 1983, Tony started to feel "like I was in high school and I would never get out, unless I just did it." He left the bakery and tried various jobs. He worked for a private eye. "It was fun, because it wasn't a normal job, the hours were irregular. But it was also a little too sleazy for me. A little sleaze is okay, but not when I was the one who was creating it!" He did construction work for quite awhile. Eventually he decided to go back to school and get a graduate degree in psychology. "I felt that it would be a great thing to do, accompany people on their inward journeys." He got the degree and did an internship at a low-fee community clinic in Haight-Ashbury where he saw mostly young people with all sorts of terrible problems—incest survivors, alcohol or drug addiction. He then did an internship with a private therapist for a year and a half, seeing people one-on-one.

But Tony was feeling more and more concerned about what was happening in San Francisco. "I found it very difficult to go downtown and step over bodies on the sidewalk. I didn't know how to deal with panhandlers; I didn't know how to deal with women and children sleeping on the sidewalks. My friends were getting AIDS. So I began to formulate what I would like to do: work with people who had no resources. I looked around for some way to do that." Rick Levine, a physician who had been a student at Zen Center for many years, was the medical director of the Tom Waddell HIV clinic. He mentioned an opening for a case manager/therapist; Tony applied and got the job. "Working with homeless people is somewhat like being in a MASH unit. What you do all the time is triage: who is so hopeless that you'll come back later and see what you can do; who has a problem that you may find a solution to; who doesn't really need any help this minute. You have to make snap judgments all the time. This wears on a person after a while. Our clients are homeless, psychotic, IV drug using, alcoholic, with AIDS. Our program is designed to work with the folks who other people for whatever reason cannot or will not work with. So we're the bottom line; or, the other way around, we're the first step up."

Tony described a typical day on the job.

"It was a Wednesday, the day I work a late shift, from noon to eight P.M. At nine in the morning I got a call from a social worker. There was a guy I had been trying to get housing for, a man in his forties who had a family. Some months before their apartment building had burned down. The family had no resources; they had to split up and go to various shelters. I was having problems getting housing for them. This guy had been found in a narcoleptic coma on the sidewalk. He was taken to General and did not come out of the coma; they called me to say that he'd died. I called Marion, a social worker with whom I work closely, and told her. She burst into tears

on the phone. Later she came by and we went to St. Luke's [hospital], where we had put a woman in the psych. unit. (Part of my job is to walk around the Tenderloin and try to coax psychotic bag ladies into some sort of care and shelter.) This woman, a forty-two year old schizophrenic, had at one time been a writer and married to a successful attorney. When we found her she was so dirty that she looked like a coal miner. She went around barefoot with a rag hanging off of her. When she had her period, she just let the blood run—she walked around with caked blood on her legs and feet. She did this to keep the predators away. Every isolated homeless woman downtown is at any moment vulnerable to rape, murder, whatever. This was her mode of self-defense, to be so filthy that even the most depraved predator on the street wouldn't touch her. No one else would either, of course, no one would talk to her. Marion and I gave it a shot, we connected with her, and we got her to St. Luke's so she was safe and secure, on medication, and so on. We went down to see her, then we took the number 42 bus back downtown. While we were on the bus, a guy started falling into a diabetic coma. We said, 'What can we do to help you?' 'I don't want no one to help me.' So we got off with him to follow him; the guy could hardly walk, but he did not want to be helped. He finally got on a 31 Balboa and took off, never to be seen again. Then we were supposed to go down to a vacant lot at Golden Gate and Jones where a bunch of people were hanging out smoking crack, thirty or forty people. They were establishing little camps with cardboard and pieces of plastic. I'd noticed, walking by, that there were at least three or four young women there—teenagers, pregnant and smoking crack. So we thought we'd try to break into that, see if we could get someone to do something. We weren't successful. By that time, it was about 4:30 and we went to a Vietnamese restaurant for our weekly meeting. Those of us who work in the Tenderloin are a very close interdisciplinary team. We get together every Wednesday afternoon to regroup, catch our breath, and see what we have to do. After that we went to the shelter, the old Channel 7 KGO building on Golden Gate—a huge cavernous room full of cots. I went there to see this client, Joe, who's an ex-con, former biker, has AIDS, IV drug user, amphetamines; zero T-cells. Joe had been assaulted; a couple guys had beat him with two-by-fours and he was covered with lacerations and bruises. I went to see how he was doing. At the same time, one of my co-workers went to see this older man Ed who has alcohol-related dementia. For years when he has gone to pick up his social security check, as soon as he walks out the door there's this line of guys, saying, 'Ed, you owe me ten bucks.' 'Hey, Ed, where's my money?' By the time he's gone twenty feet, he's out of money; he sleeps on the sidewalk. We had been talking to him; we wanted to be responsible for his money. That way we could get him into a hotel, pay his rent, and he's off the street. But he's a fiercely independent person; most older homeless people are extremely independent. They may be absolutely bananas, but they're very independent. So picture this huge big room with lots of activity, people milling around. It's like lithographs you see of Bed-

lam in England in the 1820s or something. And there's a woman we know, Angel, and this other woman went up and punched Angel right in the face; why, I don't know. So Angel punches her back. The shelter staff broke up the fight and threw out the assaulter and they also threw Angel out. I said, 'Wait a minute, she was just sitting there, all she did was defend herself!' 'Well, if you're in a fight you're out.' But she couldn't get out the door because the other woman was waiting for her. So Marion called the cops and

said, 'Could you come by and pick us up so we can take this woman to another shelter?' And they showed up in about five seconds, these two great cops. One cop kept the other woman away, she's flailing away, and the other cop, me, Angel, and Marion get into the car and take off. We only have to go 2 blocks, down to St. Anthony's. We get Angel into St. Anthony's and as we're standing there on the corner of Golden Gate and Jones, truly a

depressing place, outside the shelter is this guy with four kids. They'd just been evicted and there was no room at the shelter. The rain was falling down, and I thought 'Oh, god . . .' And then the cops said, 'That's okay, pile in and we'll take you to the family shelter in the Haight.' So we crammed dad and the four kids into the car, closed the door, the cops waved, and off they went. As we walked back up Market Street we saw a teen-age girl. She was a runaway, about thirteen, sitting there on one of those black granite blocks. Off in the shadows there were about six guys just waiting for things to slow down so they could grab her. I said to her, 'You can't stay here. Do you know what's going to happen to you if you stay here?' She was so out of it, so numbed by her situation, she didn't say anything. So I called Larkin Street [Youth Center]; they have an outreach van in the evening, and we stayed with her until they came. On that same day, the city made available 170 rent-assisted apartments for families. 1200 families applied that day. That's a typical day. Sometimes it's worse, sometimes it's better. I never know what I'm going to do when I go to work.

Tony went on describing the job:

"It's exhausting to be homeless. Everyday I see acts of courage. I don't know how some people do it. If there's a job available, how do you get it? Where do you get twenty cents to make a phone call? Where do you find a public phone that works? Where do you get clean clothes, a haircut? Where do you get a resume? Where do you clean the dirt out from under your fingernails? Once you're out of the loop, the societal loop, it's hard to get back in. I think it requires more courage and perseverance than most of us have. Every single homeless person on the street (and there are between eight and eleven thousand in San Francisco) at one time lived somewhere. Everybody lived somewhere. What happened? And what you will discover for almost every person who is homeless, is a series of things: bad luck, and then more bad luck. For example, a low-paying job. You get sick, no insurance, you lose the job. You can't pay your rent and you're evicted. Wrong choices, using drugs. Often there will be one or two terribly traumatic events that just shattered someone's life. There's one guy, a Vietnam combat vet, so he had all those problems. He came home to his wife and two kids, and when he was home about two months, they were on the freeway and were in a terrible accident. He was thrown clear only to watch his family burn to death in front of his eyes. It drove him mad. Most of the women, easily ninety-five percent, have suffered abuse—not one or two isolated incidents, but long histories of physical abuse, sexual abuse, psychological abuse, from parents and partners. Most women are on the run from something like that. And I would guess that at least seventy percent of the men I see were sexually abused as children."

When I asked Tony if he had any advice for his fellow practitioners at Zen Center, he commented that he works hard at trying not to judge others. "I

would hope that people who are more fortunate, and I count everybody at Zen Center in that group, would really make an effort to be aware of people who are less fortunate." He mentioned that he has difficulty finding people in the mental health field who are willing to take on a client who has no money, whereas it's relatively easy to find a doctor or lawyer.

Several of the people Tony has worked with over the past three years have some religious or "practice" background. His closest work partner was a nun for 15 years. The differences between them and the other people in the program are not great. "We may sometimes be able to meet our daily calamities with a little more equanimity. I don't tend to freak out or burn out as quickly; I don't tend to burn out in a disorganized way." I asked him if it seemed artificial to try to bring out the practice aspect. "I don't feel it's artificial, but it's hard to articulate. The relationship between this work and practice is something I always think about. In a way, it's simple: there's a terrible amount of suffering, I'm involved in it. I don't have to look for the connection, it slaps me in the face every minute. It's very intense. I think it is for everybody; it certainly is for our clients. If someone were to say, Oh, you're such a bodhisattva, I would feel a little odd. I'm no more nor less that than any of my work partners, or the people with whom we work. It's all of a piece. We work very closely together; a lot of distinctions get lost. There are numerous bodhisattvas around who never heard of Buddhism. They may go, 'Huh, Zen? What's that?' But in fact, that's what they are."

Tony Patchell

Zazen Is Like Going to the Rest Room

Suzuki Roshi lecture
March 29, 1970

How do you feel right now? I just thought of a funny thing. I don't know how you feel, but I feel as if I just finished in the rest room. As I am pretty old, I go to the rest room often. Even when I was young, I went to the rest room more than the usual person. I had some advantage because of that; when I went to Eiheiji monastery and sat in *tangaryo* [a period of continuous sitting for several days, required for entering a Zen monastery], I could go to the rest room without any guilty concern—because I had to! I was so happy to go to the rest room. I think that to go to the rest room is a good way to look at our practice.

[Zen master] Ummon may have been the first one to make some connection between our practice and rest room. "What is our practice? What is Buddha?" someone asked him. He answered, "Toilet paper." Actually, nowadays it is toilet paper, but he said, "Something to wipe yourself with after finishing in the rest room." That is what he said. And since then many Zen masters are thinking about it, practicing on that koan: What is toilet paper? What did he mean by it?

Anyway, our practice is closely related to our everyday life. Physiologically it may be to go to the bathroom, but psychologically I think we have to practice zazen. In our everyday life, we eat many things, good and bad, sometimes fancy and sometimes simple, something tasty or something tasteless like water. But after having this kind of food in our everyday life, without practicing zazen, our thought will eventually become very unhealthy. It is necessary for us to make our mind blank before we study something. It is like drawing something on white paper; if you do not use clean white paper, you cannot draw what you want. So it is necessary for you to go back to your original state where you have nothing to see, nothing to think about. Then you will understand what you are doing.

The more you practice zazen, the more you will be interested in your everyday life. At the same time, you will find out what is necessary and what is not; what part should be corrected and what part should be emphasized more. So by practice you will know how to organize your life more and more. We organize our life for some purpose, but it is more important to observe our situation clearly. We should clear our mind and start from original starting point. That is how to go to the rest room.

In comparison to the way people usually enjoy their lives, our way may be very different. Our culture is based on some gaining idea—to accumulate

something. Science, for instance, is the accumulation of knowledge. I don't believe that modern science is greater than science or scientists in the 16th century. The difference is that we have accumulated our scientific knowledge. We human beings know how to accumulate it. That is a good point and at the same time dangerous. We are in danger of being buried under all our accumulated knowledge. It's like trying to survive without going to the rest room. We are almost buried; we are already swimming in the pond of polluted water and air. We are talking about air pollution, but that is just human picture. Actually we can hardly survive in polluted knowledge.

Each one of us should know how to go to the rest room without attaching to something we have in our bodies. If we realize that we already have everything, we will not be attached to things. Actually, we do have everything. Without going to the moon, we have it. To try to go to the moon means that we think the moon is not ours. Our mind, as Buddha told us, is one with everything. Within our mind, everything exists. If we understand things in this way, then we will understand our activity. To study something is to appreciate something. To appreciate something is to be detached from things. When we become detached from things, everything will be ours. Our practice is to obtain this kind of Big Mind; in other words, to go beyond each being including ourselves, and let our self work as it works. That is zazen practice. When we practice zazen, we actually clean up our various attachments.

We are very much afraid of death. But death is something which should happen to us when we are mature enough. When you are young you may be very much afraid of death. And if you die, that is a terrible thing. It is so. But if I die, it is not such a terrible thing. For me and for you, too. Because I am mature enough to die. I understand my life pretty well and I understand what is human life—what it is to live one day and what it is to live one year and what it is to live sixty or one hundred years. So anyway, when you become mature, experienced, when you eat many things in this life, I think you will be happy to die as if you go to rest room. It happens in that way.

An old man, eighty or ninety, hasn't much problem. Physically, old men may suffer, but that suffering is not as big a thing as you see. When they're young they think about death as something terrible, so when they're dying they think it is terrible. But actually, it isn't. There is some limit to our capacity to endure suffering, physical suffering. And mentally there is a limit to our capacity, but we think it is limitless. We have limitless suffering because we have limitless desire. That kind of desire, as Buddha says, creates our problems. We are accumulating our problems one after another with limitless desire, so we have bottomless fear.

Actually, there is not much problem in our lives if we understand our lives clearly. If we only know how to clear up our mind, we will not have as

many problems. As we go to the rest room everyday, we have to practice zazen every day.

In monastic life, the best practice will be to clean the rest room. Wherever you go, whichever monastery you go to, you will always find some special person cleaning the rest room. We do not clean our rest room just because it is dirty. Whether it is clean or not, we should clean the rest room, until we can do it without any idea of clean or dirty. When that is so, it is actually our zazen practice. And to extend this practice to everyday life may seem difficult, but actually it is quite simple. It is not so difficult, but since we are lazy and we don't continue it, that laziness makes it difficult, that's all. That is why we put emphasis on endurance, to continue our practice. There should not be any cessation of practice; practice should go on, one thing after another.

Some students who practice zazen very hard are liable to ignore everyday life. If someone attains enlightenment, they may ignore everyday life. "I have attained enlightenment under some great Zen master, so whatever I do is okay. I have complete freedom from good and bad. Only those who do not have enlightenment experience stick to the idea of good and bad."

Newly-ordained priests Christina Lehnherr, Pat Leonetti and Teah Strozer receive help with their okesas from Fu Schroeder and Steve Weintraub.

Speaking in that way, they ignore their everyday life. They do not take care of their life. They do not know how to organize their life or know what kind of rhythm they should have. To know the rhythm of our lives is to understand what we are doing. It is necessary to see our activity with a clear mind, through zazen experience.

I came to America because I was almost disgusted with Buddhist life in Japan. I had too many problems. I don't know, but perhaps that is why I came to America. When I was in Japan, I didn't practice zazen as I do here. As a matter of fact, since I came to America, I have very different problems than I had in Japan.

Anyway, my mind is like a garbage can. So even though I am in America, which is called a free country, my mind is a garbage can—even though I am practicing zazen with you. I am a Japanese and I have many Japanese friends here. So I have enough of the problems most Japanese have, in addition to some other problems. Sometimes I wonder what I am doing here. But when I know what I am doing clearly, without any overestimation or underestimation, very honestly and truly, I have not much burden in my mind. Zazen practice especially has been a great help. If I hadn't been practicing zazen, I wouldn't have survived in this way.

I started my practice when I was pretty young, actually. But even more, I think I started my practice in its true sense after I came to San Francisco. I think you have a pretty difficult time with me. I know that, and I'm doing something which makes your practice difficult. But this kind of effort to understand things from another angle is not possible without communicating with people who are brought up in a quite different cultural background. To understand things just from some certain egoistic personal or national viewpoint is our weakness. We cannot develop our culture in its true sense. When our culture comes to this point, the only way to make it healthy is to participate in the cultural activities of various human beings. Then you will understand yourself better, as I understand myself and zazen better since I came to San Francisco.

If you understand yourself better and others better, there is not much time to study—just be yourself. And just to be a good American is just to be a good Japanese. Just to be a good Japanese is just to be a good American. Because we stick to Japanese way or American way, our mind becomes a garbage basket. I think that if you notice this point, you will understand how important it is to practice zazen. Fortunately or unfortunately, even though you don't like it, we should go to the rest room, stinky rest room. I'm sorry, but I think we have to go to the rest room anyway, as long as we live.

If I were young I would like to sing a Japanese folk song right now, about rest room. Thank you very much.

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SCHEDULES

SAN FRANCISCO

MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
5:25–7:05 A.M. Zazen & Service
5:40–6:30 P.M. Zazen & Service

SATURDAY MORNING
6:30–7:40 A.M. Zazen & Service
7:40 Temple Cleaning
7:55 Zendo Breakfast
8:45 Zazen Instruction
9:25–10:05 Zazen
10:15 Lecture & Discussion
12:15 Lunch

SUNDAY
No schedule

GREEN GULCH FARM

SATURDAY THROUGH THURSDAY
5:00–7:00 A.M. Two Zazens & Service

FRIDAY THROUGH WEDNESDAY*
5:15–6:05 P.M. Zazen & Service

FRIDAY
6:30 A.M. Zazen & Service

SUNDAY MORNING
5:00–7:00 A.M. Two Zazens & Service
8:30 Zazen Instruction
9:25 Zazen
10:15 Lecture
11:30 Discussion
12:45 Lunch

* Schedule may change through the year. Please call (415) 383–3134 to confirm.

ONE DAY SITTINGS: once monthly; SEVEN DAY SITTINGS: twice yearly; THREE AND FIVE DAY SITTINGS: offered periodically. Each year there are residential practice periods of two–three months' duration at Green Gulch, City Center and Zen Mountain Center. For more information, please call or write to Zen Center at 300 Page Street, San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 863–3136.

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