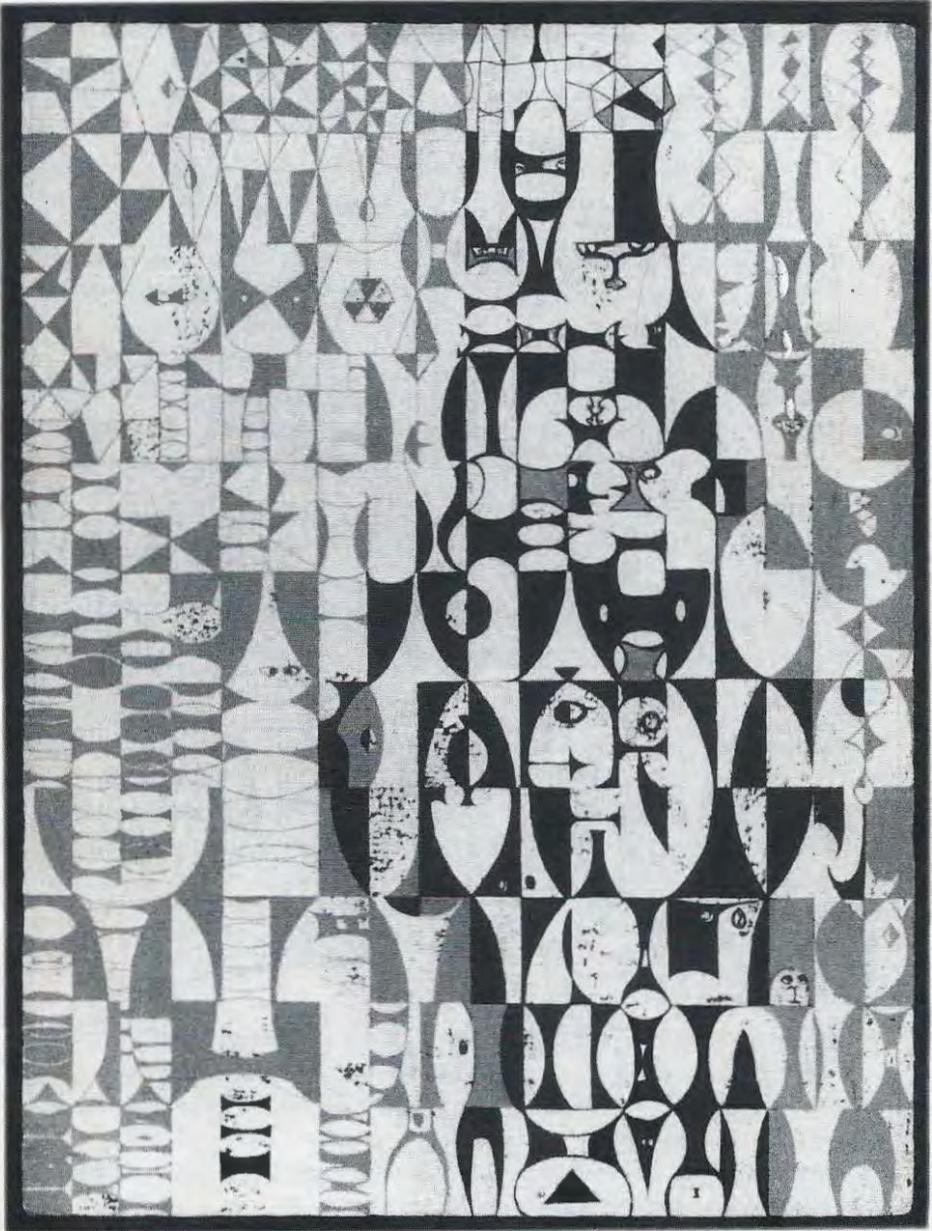


# Wind Bell



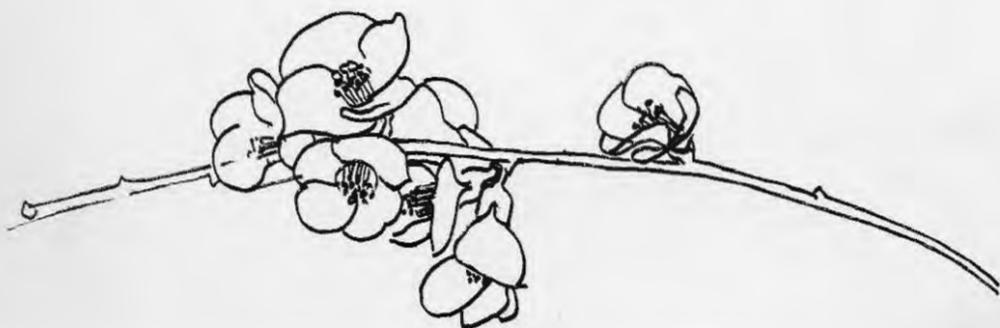
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*The cover photo is of a painting by the late Helen Dunham. The original painting is black, white and a beautiful cool shade of blue. For many years we've used Helen's wonderful line drawings in our various Zen Center publications. For that and much else we thank her.*

## A MESSAGE FROM HIS HOLINESS, THE DALAI LAMA

Brothers and sisters,

We are all just human beings. Like everyone else we seek to find happiness and avoid suffering. This is both our right and the very purpose of our lives. As a Buddhist monk I try to cultivate love and compassion in my own practice and it seems to me that these are the very source of peace and happiness for myself and others.

The force of different circumstances has resulted, at the present time, in increasing interdependence within the global community. On the other hand, we are witnessing a new era of freedom as peoples long suppressed seek to assert their liberty and preserve their distinct identity. At such a juncture, understanding and mutual respect, natural expressions of the love and compassion central to Buddhist teachings, are absolutely necessary for the survival of our world. We must learn to live together in a nonviolent way that nurtures the freedom of all people.

As you know I have a long-standing moral responsibility for the six million Tibetan people, who have suffered under ruthless occupation for decades. They continue to look to me and the international community to help peacefully resolve their predicament. Meanwhile, however, the situation in Tibet remains extremely grave and the very survival of the Tibetan religious, cultural and national identity continues to be at risk.

I feel sure that many friends in the American Buddhist community will share my concern at this crucial time in Tibetan history. Therefore, I ask you and everyone interested in justice and freedom to include in your prayers and activities support for human rights worldwide, and particularly the well-being of the people of Tibet.

March 4, 1994

*Your active help now can really make a difference. Please call your congressional representatives and urge them to keep the pressure on the Chinese to improve conditions in Tibet—U.S. Congress switchboard (202) 224-3121. For information about a new urgent action campaign call the International Campaign for Tibet, (202) 628-4123.*

*Lodi Gyari, Special Envoy of His Holiness the Dalai Lama*



*Suzuki Roshi  
at Sokoji*

## RIGHT CONCENTRATION

by Shunryu Suzuki Roshi

What is Avalokitesvara Bodhisattva? I don't mean a man or a woman. By the way, he's supposed to be a man who sometimes takes the figure of a woman [or a woman who sometimes takes the form of a man is also implied here]. In the form of a woman he helps people. That is Avalokitesvara. Sometimes he has one thousand hands to help others. But if he is concentrated on only one hand, then 999 hands will be of no use.

Concentration here does not mean to be concentrated on only one thing. Without trying to concentrate our mind on something, we should be ready to be concentrated on something. For instance, if I am watching someone like this, my eyes are on one person. Even if it is necessary, it is impossible to give my concentration to others. We say to "do things one by one," but what it means is difficult

to explain. These are my eyes when I'm watching someone, and these are my eyes when I practice zazen. I'm not watching anybody, but if someone moves, I can catch him.

From ancient times, the main point of practice has been to have a clear, calm mind. In short, that is our practice, our belief. By "belief" we don't mean to believe in something like a fanatic. Infatuation is not our practice—rather, to always have a calm, serene mind, whatever you do. Even when you eat something good, your mind should be very calm in order to appreciate the labor of making the food and the effort of making the dishes—chopsticks, bowls, and everything. We should appreciate each vegetable's own flavor, one by one. That is how we make food and how we eat food. So we don't put so much seasoning or flavor on food; rather, we appreciate the quality of each thing.

To know someone is to sense someone's flavor. Flavor is not smell, but something you feel from someone. Each one has some particular personality from which many feelings appear, and each one has his or her own flavor. When we appreciate someone's flavor we can have a good relationship and be really friendly with each other. To be friendly does not mean to possess someone or stick to someone, but to have full appreciation of his or her own personality or flavor.

To appreciate things and people, our minds should be calm and pure or clear. To have this kind of mind, we practice zazen. So when we practice zazen, that is what we mean by "just sitting" without much gaining idea—to be you yourself—to settle oneself on oneself. That is our practice.

You say "freedom," but maybe the freedom you mean and the freedom Zen Buddhists mean is not the same, not exactly. For instance, to attain freedom, we cross our legs and keep our posture straight. We keep our eyes in some certain way and our ears open to everything, without even trying to let our eyes and ears be open to everything. There is some reason for having this readiness, this openness, because by nature we are liable to go to extremes and stick to something, losing our calmness of mind or mirror-like mind. So there must be some way to obtain this kind of calmness and clarity of your mind. It does not mean to force something physically on you and to create some special state of mind. You may think that is Zen practice, and you may think that to have a mirror-like mind is Zen practice. It is so, but if you practice zazen to obtain that kind of state of mind, it is already the "art of Zen."

The difference between the art of Zen and true Zen is that actually, you have it when you do not try. Because you try to do something, you lose it. When you try to do something, it means you are concentrated on one hand out of one thousand hands. You lose 999 hands. So that is why we say just to sit. It does not mean

to stop your mind altogether or to be concentrated on your breathing, although those are a kind of help to have better practice. When you count your breathing, you don't think much; you don't have much gaining idea.

Counting breath doesn't mean much to you. Someone may get bored because counting breath doesn't mean anything. But when you think so, your understanding of real practice is lost. We try to be concentrated or let our mind go with our breathing so that we are not involved in some complicated practice in which we lose ourselves. So to have calmness of your mind, or pure mind, open mind, we apply this kind of practice.

I don't know so much about art, but the art of Zen is to be like a skillful Zen master who has big strength and good practice. Some of you may practice Zen to be like Tatsugami Roshi, for instance. "Oh, I want to be like him. I must try hard." You are learning the art of Zen. You are not practicing true Zen.

How to draw a straight line or how to control your mind—that is the art of Zen. But Zen is for everyone. Even though he cannot draw a straight line, if he can draw a line, that is Zen. And if that line is very natural, even though it is not straight, it is beautiful. Maybe that is more than art. People like some work done by children rather than that done by a famous artist. There's some difference—I don't know how to explain it. So whether or not you like the cross-legged position, or whether or not you can do it, if you know what true Zen is, that you can do. Somehow you will figure out that if you watch Tatsugami Roshi's practice carefully, to learn something from it or with your mind based on a gaining idea, what you learn is the art of Zen. It is not true Zen.

So the most important thing in our practice is just to follow our schedule and to do things with people. Again, you may say this is group practice, but it is not so. Group practice is quite different—it is a kind of art. In wartime, when we were practicing zazen, some young people who were very encouraged by the militaristic mood of Japan told me that in some sutra it says, "To understand birth and death is the main point of our practice." They said, "Even though I don't know anything about that sutra, I can die easily at the front." That is group practice. Encouraged by trumpets and guns and war cries, it is quite easy to die. That kind of practice is not our practice. We practice with people, first of all. But the goal of practice is to practice with mountains and with trees and with stones—with everything in the world, in the universe, and to find ourselves in this big cosmos, and in this big world.

We should intuitively know which way to go. When your surroundings show some sign to go this way or that way, we should intuitively follow it. I am very interested in the words "show a sign." A "sign" is something which is shown by something else to you, and even though you have no idea of following a sign, if

some sign is shown, you will go in that direction. This is the real practice Dogen Zenji meant. If your practice doesn't go with everything—he doesn't say just with your friend, but with everything—it is not real practice.

The way you can practice with everything is to have calmness of your mind. To come to Zen Center and practice our way is good, but you should not make a big mistake. Maybe you have already made a mistake, but you should know that, "I am making a mistake, but I cannot help coming here." Then your practice has quite a different quality. "You," in that case, means the you which is involved in wrong idea. That is you. So I think you have to accept it: "I am involved in wrong practice." "You," in this case, means the you which includes some wrong practice. We should accept it, because it is there already. You cannot do anything about it. There's no need to try to get rid of it. If you open your eyes, your true eyes, and accept it, there is real practice. It is not a matter of right or wrong, but how to accept frankly, with openness of mind, what you are doing. That is the most important point. Then you will accept "you" thinking about something else in your practice: "Oh, something came." You should accept that you. You should not try to be free from the images you have: "Here they come"—that is the kind of eyes I mean. You are not watching any special thing. If someone is moving over there, "Oh, he is moving." But if he stops moving, your eyes remain the same. In that way if your practice includes all things, one after another, and if you do not lose this kind of, you may say, "state of mind," that is your practice.

This kind of practice is unknown to most people and is very important to us. It is transmitted from Buddha to Bodhidharma and to Dogen Zenji. So our practice is not group practice. By means of people we practice, so it looks like group practice. But it is not so, actually. Maybe it is group practice with everything in the world. But then that is not a group any more. "Group" exists in big society: this group, that group—that is "group." Our practice is not Soto practice. Rinzai, Soto, Obaku—those are groups, but our practice is to practice with everything. If there's someone else, we should practice with that person too. So our measure of practice is limitless. When we have this base, we have real freedom.

Each being needs something. But when you measure or evaluate your being, good or bad, right or wrong, black or white, that is comparative value. You will not have absolute value in your being. When you evaluate yourself by a limitless measure, each one of us really will be settled on the real self. That is enough. Because you have a short, limited measure, or a dualistic measure, you lose your value. A black one should be just black, a white one should be just white. It is enough, you know. But you think you need more measurement. We must know this point, and we should know what is real practice, for human beings and for everything.

## DHARMA TRANSMISSION CEREMONIES AT TASSAJARA

by Shosan Victoria Austin

During the September work period at Tassajara, Abbot Sojun Mel Weitsman transmitted the Dharma to Ryokan Steve Weintraub, Myogen Steve Stucky, and Ryushin Paul Haller. This event was the culmination of many years of study, and about eighteen months' preparation. During this time, Mel taught them about transmission and the ancestors, with the help of Zenkei Blanche Hartman.

In our tradition, there are several priest ordinations. The first one, *shukke tokudo*, is a ceremony of leaving home. Although the precepts the new priest receives in *shukke tokudo* are the same as the lay precepts, the foundation of priest ordination is renunciation. While a lay person can express the Dharma through his or her life, a priest expresses his or her life through the Dharma.

The next ordination is being *shuso*, which usually occurs after someone has practiced as a new priest for several years. Both lay people and priests can be *shuso* at Zen Center, but for priests it is a second ordination which celebrates the entry into public life. For a practice period, the *shuso* shares the teacher's seat and responsibility, acts as an example for the other students, and gives Dharma talks in public. At the end of *shuso* training, there is a Dharma inquiry ceremony in which the *shuso* answers questions from residents and from people who have been *shuso* in the past.

*Dempo*, or transmission, is the third ordination, in which the priest is given responsibility for the Dharma and for the lineage. It happens between the *deshi*, or disciple, and a teacher who has received transmission and been abbot of a practice center. In this ceremony, the *deshi*'s and teacher's heart of practice are celebrated as identical with each other, with each ancestor, and with all Buddhas. The priest becomes a new ancestor, which means that he or she can now teach, give the precepts and, in time, train other priests and teachers.

The dempo ceremony is one of the most complex we do at Zen Center, and requires a great deal of equipment gathering and preparation. This time most of the equipment was made locally. Groups of friends at City Center, Green Gulch, Mill Valley Zen Group, Piedmont Sitting Circle and Tassajara helped the three disciples sew *okesas*, *rakusu* and *oryoki* cloths. John Lombardi split wood. Sojun himself made staffs and *kotsu* (the stick carried in service). John Grimes made new *juban* (shirt worn under robes) as gifts. I helped set up work days and produced silk bags for transmission documents and robes, torches and a collection of xeroxes and supplies.

One example of how we worked together was in making the whisks. Although we also wanted to make *hossu* (whisks), we were still very much in the process of developing a workable design and technique for making them. Mel remembered that Paul Higley, one of Issan's disciples, spent his last days whittling a whisk for Issan. Based on Paul's design and one of Suzuki Roshi's whisks, Mel developed a

*From left, Myogen Steve Stucky, Ryokan Steve Weintraub and Ryushin Paul Haller do their bows together at the Tassajara ashes site.*

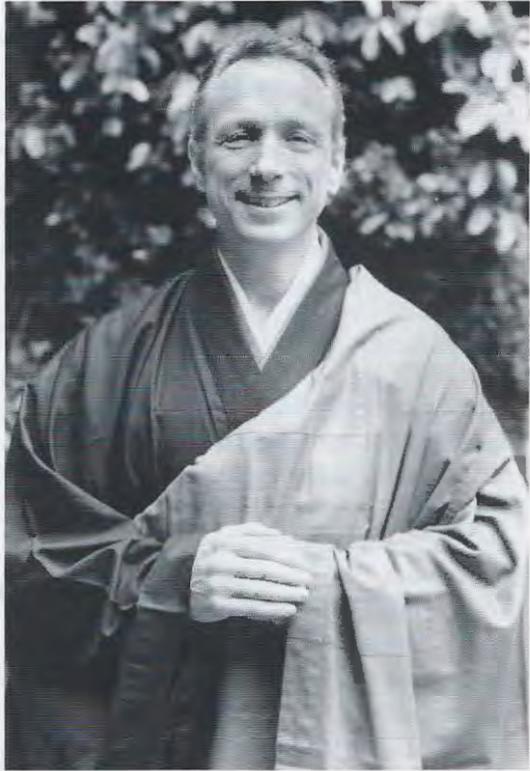


sketch of how he wanted the whisk to look. He and I met with Hector Bezanis, the instrument maker and master wood turner who made oryoki for this year's priest ordination. Hector took on the job and made prototype after prototype, developing an elegant peg-and-press system to attach the whisking end to the handle end. Rick Hoffman from Cremona Violin searched through the supplies at his store to find a pound of horsehair we could use. He finally found some that was too short for violins, but just the right length for whisks. When Hector finished the handles, I began the process of assembly: arranging horsehair around the pegs, gluing and tying the hair with fishing line and trimming the ends, finishing and burnishing the handles, and putting the whole thing together. As I worked in my office with the door open, many people came by to help with the tying and gluing—which I appreciated, because it required at least four hands.

Equipment collected, we all arrived at Tassajara the weekend of September 17th. The three disciples lived together in Stone 1 at Tassajara during the ten-day ceremony, and ate, exercised, and had bath time together to help concentrate their attention. Early in the morning and at various times throughout the day, they offered incense and bowed at altars all around the valley. The first three days they calligraphed their transmission documents directly onto large pieces of white silk. Every day they bowed to the teachers who had helped them, and to all the Bnddhas and ancestors from Bnddha to their teacher. The last three days they received the precepts (*denkai*) and the transmission (*dempo*) in order of seniority. Each day in their procession, one more disciple would appear in brown. The day after *dempo*, at Tassajara's request, each disciple gave a Dharma talk [the talks follow this article].

During the ten days, Tassajara was extremely busy. It was the height of work period. The old baths were being taken apart stick by stick, and the zendo was being re-roofed. Garden 2 was being altered as a temporary bathhouse, and many other large projects were happening. Still, many residents helped at odd times with the sewing, furniture moving, daily cleaning and grounds work around the ceremonial space. The feeling was quick, alert, supportive and festive. It was perfect fall weather, and the moon was growing towards full.

Now Steve Weintraub has returned to psychology practice and residence at Green Gulch Farm. Steve Stucky is back in Mill Valley doing landscape gardening and leading his sitting group. Paul Haller has returned to his position as tanto at City Center. Zenkei Blanche Hartman returned to lead the City Center practice period, which is now over. And Sojun is taking a nap.



Ryokan  
Steve Weintraub

It's a great gift to be here and what a great gift our practice is, our zazen practice and our Buddhist practice. We are so lucky to have found it in our confused and confusing life.

Two stories to start with. One is from the Wizard of Oz—this Buddhist film about resuming true nature. There's one moment where Dorothy is caught in the castle with the Wicked Witch of the West and the three others have climbed onto the rocks outside the castle and they see that they need to go in there. The Cowardly Lion is in the middle and the Straw Man and Tin Man have a plan: "We'll go into the castle and get her and save her, etc." And then the Cowardly Lion, who hasn't spoken up to that point, says, "There's only one thing I have to say," and they ask, "What is that?" and he says, "Le-e-e-et me out of here!" He tries to run away, and they both grab him and hold him down. That's the way our practice may feel also, from inside. "Let me out of here!" "This responsibility is too great for me," we may say. There's something about this Cowardly Lion—of course, this is the way our courage manifests itself. It's funny, we think courage is some attainment beyond fear, but that's not the way it actually is. Actually it may feel inside like "Let me out of here!" But because we love Dorothy, we go and try

to help her get out of the castle. Because of our love of our true nature, because we have an instinct or innate movement toward this true nature, toward who we really are, we practice. There are various things around practice—barricades and demons and innumerable things. But the power of our intention comes from something we can't do anything about. We can only allow it. And when we allow it, we think: how great it is. Well, actually, we may think it's terrible, but that doesn't matter. We think it matters whether we feel terrible or not, inside. Of course it does matter. But also it doesn't matter at all.

I came to San Francisco in the Fall of 1968. I was living around the corner from Zen Center, which at that time inhabited an old Jewish Synagogue on Bush Street. And there were American Zen students around Suzuki Roshi, and then there were Japanese people. Suzuki Roshi had actually been sent from Japan to take care of this Zen mission. He was a missionary to the Japanese Buddhists in America, and to the barbaric Americans. That was his job. We sat zazen there, and on the weekends the Japanese congregation, to raise money, showed samurai movies in the auditorium. One time there was a one day sitting, and Katagiri Roshi (we called him Sensei then) was leading it because Suzuki Roshi was sick. So he was doing *dokusan* (private meeting with the student) behind the movie screen. And Katagiri Roshi's way sometimes was—they have a phrase in China, "A mouth like a bent carrying pole." You know the carrying pole with two big buckets at either end. He was like that sometimes, a very forbidding figure. So I sat down and after awhile he asked, "How is your zazen?" I said "Pretty terrible." And then he said "'Pretty terrible' is pretty good." That was about 23 years ago and still, I am working on it. That was a pretty good thing for me to hear at the time: "Pretty terrible is pretty good." I didn't understand what he meant for a long time. But now I have some feeling for what he meant: he was talking about the spirit of practice.

So Steve and Paul and I have been involved with this Dharma Transmission ceremony with Sojun Roshi and Zenkei Sensei and Shosan Vicki all helping us very much for the last few days and weeks and months and years and decades and lifetimes. And I want to make a distinction—just for tonight, okay? A tentative distinction—between the outer meaning of Dharma Transmission and its inner meaning. The metaphor that is used in Dharma Transmission is lineage, birth, 'your dharma son,' or 'your dharma daughter'. It's a lineage. So there's blood involved. There's blood that runs through the transmission. The meaning of that blood is not something just for Dharma Transmission. The meaning of that blood is for anyone who takes up practice. For anyone who takes up practice, this blood is transmitted. So I ask you: What is this blood?

We can say that the outer meaning of Dharma Transmission is like graduation. The outer meaning is that you have accomplished something. It looks like you

know something or have something. "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" "Oh, he has Dharma Transmission; he must know the answer to that question." But Avalokitesvara is "coursing deeply in the prajna paramita"—she hears all suffering. She is coursing deeply in the prajna paramita, coursing *deeply* in practice. This coursing deeply is the feeling of Dharma Transmission. This blood courses deeply in us. We recognize it and allow it to course deeply in us, and we course deeply in it. It is not some knowledge or ability; it doesn't have anything to do with that. That's just the way it looks. Inside, in fact, it may be 'pretty terrible.' This is what's given from generation to generation, and what's given to each of us—not just in this fancy ceremony. What's given is this opportunity to course deeply.

In the *Fukanzazengi*, Dogen says, "Have no designs on becoming a Buddha." Katagiri Roshi's "pretty terrible is pretty good" is 'have no designs on becoming a Buddha.' That was his instruction. Becoming a Buddha is our strategy. Our strategy of accomplishment, our strategy of improvement. This is what you get a Ph.D. for, this strategy, this figuring things out, accomplishing things. I don't have anything against a Ph.D., in fact I may get a Ph.D. myself. But the great gift of practice is that we *don't have to strategize*. We don't have to do it anymore. We don't have to figure out how to get better. We don't have to figure out how to have deeper concentration or better samadhi or more insight or any of that stuff. What's left when you take that stuff away and take up "coursing deeply" is: throwing yourself completely at your life, okay?

By the way, not having any designs on becoming a Buddha completely includes having designs on becoming a Buddha. Don't worry, you can't escape not having any designs on becoming a Buddha. And what allows this coursing to occur? The great kindness and great compassion and great sympathy of our teachers. So even if you are afraid, your teacher can say to you, "You are afraid, but you are just an afraid Buddha." And you will say "No, no, no, it can't be. Being afraid and being a Buddha don't go together." This kindness is what encourages us, and creates the ground for the fruit of our practice to grow, and allows each thing, each moment, each next event to be the opportunity for us to enter with sincerity. So maybe you could say this commitment to entering with sincerity is what is transmitted. That's the inner meaning of what is transmitted. Ironically this is both a great gift and also, you can't escape any longer. Even if you are afraid, you have to be a Buddha anyway. Even if you are angry, you have to be a Buddha anyway. There is no way to get out; the channel of the coursing blood gets deeper and deeper and deeper, the more you stick around. And I really believe this is, finally, what we most want. This is the response to our "inmost request." Thank you very much.



Myogen  
Steve Stucky

I'm primarily moved by gratitude this evening. I want to talk about gratitude in the extraordinary sense—gratitude for the extraordinary treasures that we have, the three treasures: Buddha, Dharma and Sangha. During the Dharma Transmission process, I felt some clearer sense about how Buddha, Dharma and Sangha work together and how important these treasures are for me.

Usually we think of the Buddha as the teacher, and we place the Buddha outside of ourselves. But I want you to think about Buddha in a radical interior sense, as being your own heart, your own 'innermost request.' Buddha is your own desire for complete intimacy and an understanding of yourself and what is around you, without anything obscuring it, without any trepidation. A few days ago my elder brother Ryokan came into the room and started singing, "Every time I go to town, the people are kicking my dog around. Even if he is a hound, they gotta stop kicking my dog around." Reminded me of Joshu's dog and "Mu." I think we come to practice because we feel that our Buddha nature/dog has been kicked around in some sense. We may have lost track of it in the pain and confusion. That was certainly the case for me.

So I want to tell you a story about a child. Maybe you can picture a Kansas farm with a big red barn and a big white barn and a big white house with a garden around it and right in the center is a windmill. And on the top is a platform and

a propeller that goes around and pumps the water. And this two-and-a-half year old, exploring the place, looked up and wanted to climb up to the top of the tower, wanted to understand what was going on up there. It was a big stretch to get to the first rung of the ladder, but after that it was not so difficult to climb up to the platform. And the child was studying, okay now, what is the next move here, and was interrupted. A man in blue overalls started running from the barn shouting, and that was Grandpa; a woman came running out of the house, and that was Mama. The people said, "Come down from there!" and the child climbed down. There was no discussion about what was so interesting up there, what was there to be learned. I think the people felt that they had saved the day, rescued the baby, but the child felt that there had actually been some separation, and a recognition that there were different interests at stake. I don't mean parents should neglect their kids; parents do need to protect their children, but there is a way of doing it which is also appreciating the intent, the lively 'way seeking' mind that may be present in a child. It takes wisdom to see that interrupting a child's pursuit of understanding is disregarding *Bodhicitta*—the mind that seeks the way.

The windmill incident was the first of a thousand instances of separation. We all have stories about how we lost the sense of our own true heart, about our wound of separation from our own true being. These very divisions bring us to practice. But the true heart can never be destroyed, and as you practice you begin to find it's always there.

Our true heart as Buddha is the first treasure. The second treasure is Dharma, the truth, just the way things are. Dharma has many meanings, but I want to talk about Dharma as teachers and teaching, because I really feel a tremendous gratitude for all the teachers that I have had. I feel a tremendous gratitude for our lineage, as well as all the people in my life from whom I've learned.

I just want to mention a few people who have been important to me. One of them is my grandmother. She was a wise presence when I was a little child, but she had no way to develop it. It was a very patriarchal family. She kept quiet most of the time, and it is only later that I realized that she taught me some things in subtle ways, and that she was possibly a brilliant person. She must have been rather frustrated, but still carried herself with dignity.

For awhile after I left home I lived in a commune in Chicago, and people there kept telling me I should do meditation. "The reason you are unhappy is because you need to meditate." I was kind of dumb, I really didn't pick up the quest, but someone handed me a copy of *The Three Pillars of Zen*. I appreciate those friends who just kept nudging me in this peculiar direction. I came to Zen Center just after Suzuki Roshi died. It was a very interesting time. I really formed a deep love for Richard Baker; he was a wonderful teacher for me until he got too busy. And

Tenshin Reb Anderson taught me many things. I was pretty laid back and undisciplined. I really needed the strict discipline. Other teachers were Katagiri Roshi, Robert Aitken, and now Sojun. Also my family: my wife, Lane Olson, my ex-wife, Lea Asher, who basically taught me that I couldn't convince anyone of anything, and my children, James and Hannah. Hannah, a couple of years ago, was trying to teach me to take better care of myself. She gave me a little sculpture of a sleeping Hotei (Japanese for Putai, Chinese monk—laughing Buddha). “Dad, put this on your desk and remember to get more rest.”

So we are fortunate to have even the idea of Dharma, the idea of profound teaching, a teaching that goes beyond words. And the connection that is established, warm hand to warm hand, communicating this teaching. There is an understanding that is part of this tradition: that the teachers can actually see you as Buddha, as a kind of jewel. Good teachers are actually good jewel crafters; they help people learn how to make the jewel real, the jewel that you already are. And good teachers help people learn to help other people to make their own true jewel nature real, vividly real. Thus a lineage of jewel wisdom is naturally formed.

Here at Zen Center I have felt that people actually could see what I care deeply about, so I thank you all for that—being able to see me and helping me to see myself. This is Sangha. The value of Sangha is in the unified way that we relate to each other, the way that we help each other, giving each other feedback, some guidance, and encouragement.

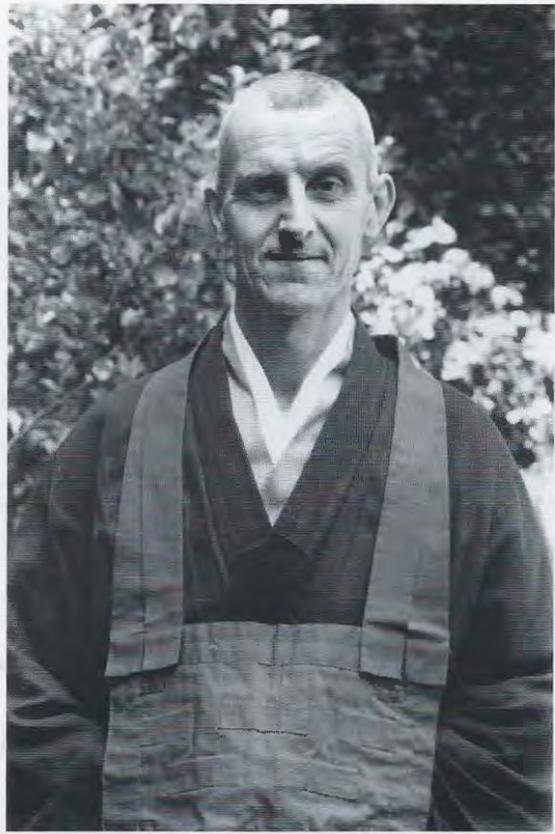
I wrote out a new case for the *Zenshinroku* (“Zen Mind Record”—Tassajara is “Zen Mind Temple”). Very simple. Remember, we were just walking around the monastery this week offering incense. There are three characters here: Ryokan, Noble Bearing; Myogen, Subtle Eye; and Ryushin, Dragon Heart. This actually took place in the afternoon before Noble Bearing's Dharma Transmission. The three were walking single file doing the jundo, the walk around the temple grounds offering incense, going beyond the old baths and the place where the yurt still stood. Ryokan stopped and placed the incense burner in the road. This was the usual place to offer incense at night. When he turned to Myogen for the bowing mat, Myogen said, “Are we not going on up to the ashes site?” “Sure,” nodded Ryokan. He simply turned, picked up the incense burner and continued on up the path. Thus the three trudged along their way, chanting odd bits of mantra from the *Surangama Sutra*, huffing, puffing, and sweating profusely. That's the story. So Ryokan's “Sure,” is a wonderful teaching. We express this kind of thing for each other all the time and don't even know it. Ryokan's “Sure,” is a manifestation of inconceivable freedom. Last night he was telling us how terrible his zazen is. He was being modest. A modest person can say “Sure,” turn, change direction, and continue. Myogen's “Are we not . . . ?” was simply reminding the procedure, and Ryushin's “Going along without saying anything” cannot be measured. This is Sangha.

So we have true heart, the Buddha, our own lively mind. And we have true teaching, the Dharma, this wonderful wisdom culture which we are developing. It's a tremendous gift for ourselves and it's a tremendous gift for the world. It's badly needed, because if we don't have the culture for true understanding, true wisdom, then all of our efforts are kind of screwed up. We are unable to do anything clearly, and by "we" I mean the whole country, the whole species. And we have each other, the Sangha, true friends. It's very important for us to appreciate and recognize each other's whole being, each person's whole capacity. Buddhist scholar Rita Gross calls Sangha "the matrix of enlightenment." I think we can continue to discover and nourish this matrix of enlightenment. I know that together we can work on it.

Please be kind to each other and to children in particular. Clarify your own motivations and really appreciate this indescribable gift that we are all in the middle of together. Then you can take your dog to town without being worried about having your Buddha nature kicked around. My promise to you is that I will do my best to continue being a student of the Dharma, and I ask you all to help me. Thanks very much.

*Steve Stucky with Abbot Sojun Mel Weitsman*





Ryushin Paul Haller

As some of you may know, after we did the opening ceremony, we spent the next three days from early morning till late at night doing calligraphy. We were all novices, copying exquisitely prepared documents in our completely novice hand, attempting to reproduce the precision and neatness of our predecessors, to create the documents that are going to be our permanent, personal rendition of our lineage. I had almost no experience doing calligraphy. It is the skillful coordination of hand, wrist, back, breath, brush, water, ink, and silk. Each component is crucial. As you can imagine, I wanted to do my best; in fact, I wanted it to be perfect. Yet my mind wandered, my effort lost its fluidity—immediately it showed on the calligraphy. Even someone knocking on the door or entering the room, showed in the line I was drawing. So we lived in that world for three days; we gave ourselves to that world, and the three lineage documents were produced.

This is how our practice is. It asks us to respond to the request of each situation. Yet even when we hear that request and respond wholeheartedly, the outcome is beyond our control—the line is still wiggly. Whatever the outcome of today, we go forward to tomorrow. No matter how lonely or how wonderful, you still move on to tomorrow. In this spirit we did our calligraphy and then we moved on to the next phase.

Throughout the days before and during the ceremonies, we did an elaborate *jundo* (procession), sometimes several times a day, to all the main altars of Tassajara. In the zendo we chanted the names of the Buddhas and Ancestors and we bowed at each name. This is to express our respect for the teachings that have been passed down from generation to generation, teacher to disciple, human to human. Another interesting ceremony we did every day was calling forth gratitude. After morning service with you in the zendo, we would join with Sojun Roshi and expressly call forth gratitude for the teachers of this lineage, from Shakyamuni to the founder of this center, Shogaku Shunryu Daiosho, and for all the people who have been teachers for us in our own lives—acknowledging that our lives have been aided and guided by the kindness of many benefactors. Just to recognize them and cherish them. And as the three of us performed these rituals, an amazing intimacy developed between us. The potency of the ceremonies seemed to evoke the same deep response from all three of us.

The next phase was the ordination ceremonies—ceremonies that are completely different from those that we usually do. They happen at an unusual time, in the late evening and at midnight. An exotic environment is constructed, very particular and very detailed. Blanche and Vicki and Mel and many others spent a lot of time constructing this environment, setting forth the ambiance and bringing out the details that were needed for this event. The presence created by entering an environment that's totally different and unusual is striking. There is an unknown, uncertain quality about it that calls forth alertness. The whole process opens, tenderizes, and informs.

Each moment offers an opportunity for this experience. One of the images that came to me yesterday was of a ballerina, a prima ballerina, after twenty years of practice, dancing across the stage. There is something about excellence, total presence, that we all can spot in such a performance. We can watch a prima ballerina and if they have the quality of presence, we can see it, even if we know nothing about ballet. There is something of this in our practice; somehow when we see it's excellence, we know it, even though we may not know how to call it forth. Our practice is not gliding across the stage, but it does have something to do with presence. Discovering the willingness to be completely who you are, and to trust that. To be completely engaged in your activity is an art form, and it is a discipline. It's precise, but it's also dangerously generous. Each moment naturally opens up to the next one. When making the transmission documents, no matter how you draw a particular line in your calligraphy, the next moment is the opportunity to draw another. When each one of us is willing to just be with that line, to draw that line, it's incomparable. We may have judgments about the results of our efforts—consider them superior and become arrogant, or inferior and become depressed, annoyed, or frustrated. We might blame the brush, the ink, the silk. We could blame Tassajara for being too hot, too cold, too crowded,

too sparsely populated; the people for not practicing hard enough, or for practicing too hard; they're not expressive enough, or whatever. There will always be something. This is our nature. So how do we discover expression beyond judgment? How do we trust the completeness of each moment?

The Dharma Transmission ceremony has been built up, layer after layer, for about 800 years. Sojun said, "It's just grown into this form." So layer after layer of particularity, steeped in Soto tradition, has created this lacquered container called Dharma Transmission that absorbs the person placed in it and gives them the experience of just being who they are. Out of its womb, through its umbilical blood line, the gene of Soto Zen is transmitted. To me, it felt very simple, just being human. We have our particular way just as the crickets have their particular way. If you listen to their chirping, it's beauty, it's art, it's music, it's just crickets being completely crickets, and it's beyond our comprehension. Even the transmission of one human heritage requires endless study of the obvious.

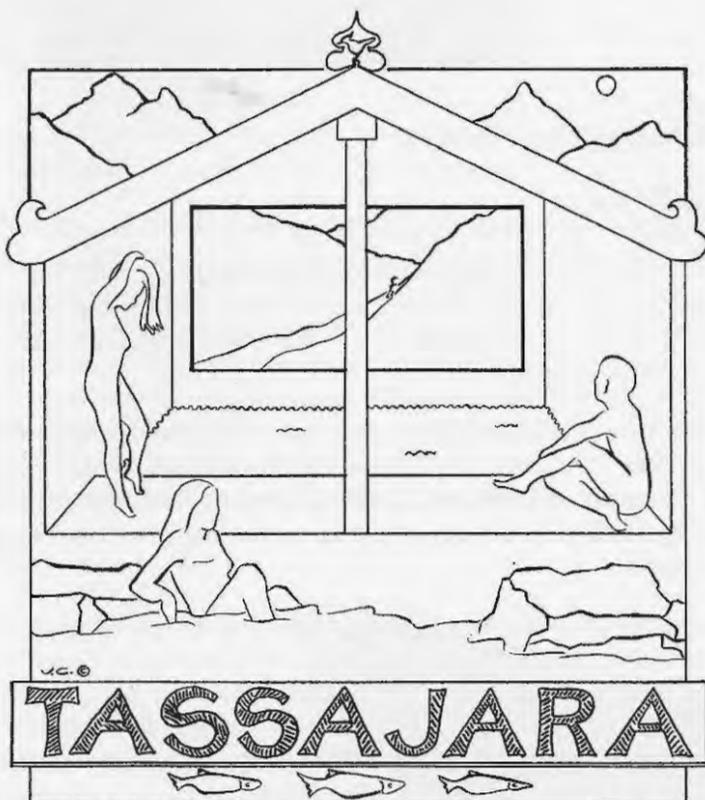
Dharma Transmission goes deep into the heart of being, into the blood, into the womb. And out of that comes human existence. So that's the imagery that arises for me out of this ceremony. And I think I will carry with me images and memories that will form my practice for years.

One thing that has surprised and amazed me is the amount of support and help I have received while preparing for this ceremony. So many people have helped sewing robes and obtaining materials and objects. It's helped me realize that I don't own the robe, that it belongs to all the people who helped in so many different ways. This reminded me of an expression of Suzuki Roshi's; once he held up his glasses and said "These are your glasses. I'm just borrowing them." Somehow it got through to my dumb brain how much help and support I have received in all the time I have been at Zen Center, and that the people who helped are my dharma parents. This is their robe; I am just borrowing it. This helped me to realize that renunciation—to 'not own'—can arise easily from the generosity of others. This is truly a wonderful thing we can do for each other, to be generous to each other and support each other. I would say this in particular to those of you who are going into practice period. Lack of sleep and following an intense schedule are tiring and demanding and you become reactive. It's almost inevitable. One of the most supportive things you can do for each other is to be kind and patient with each other. So please try to do it.

Another aspect I would like to mention is Mel, Sojun Roshi's participation. I was deeply moved when he looked at us and said, "It always amazes me how someone whose practice is as poor as mine can have such good students." I can trust someone who thinks like that. He kept giving us little chatchkas. Throughout the preparations for the ceremony we were greeted by, "I brought this from Japan," and "I bought you this little bronze water holder," and "I brought you this little

thing to put your brush on” and “I made this in the workshop for you.” Just showing how much he cared, not coming on as a great Zen teacher, but just someone who cares. It was wonderful being the recipient; it truly opened my heart. It left me wondering, can we go to this primal, vulnerable place where we know nothing and are totally open unless we are surrounded by kindness?

On that note, thank you very much for your kindness, and I hope that the practice period goes well, and that you don't annoy each other too much. And don't forget that when you do, you can always apologize. It's a well-worn Buddhist tradition. Thank you.



*This design was selected for a T-shirt commemorating the rebuilding of the Tassajara baths. You can buy your shirt while you're visiting Tassajara or call the Reservations Office at (415) 431-3771. The T-shirt is being sold as a benefit for the baths project.*



## HELEN DUNHAM 1911–1994

by Basya Petnick

Helen Dunham sat *Tangaryo* (an extended sitting required of new residents) and was formally entered as a resident of Beginner's Mind Temple (Page Street) when she was 79 years old. She was a dedicated artist, student of the works of Carl Jung, and Zen practitioner.

Before moving to Zen Center, Helen sold her house in San Francisco, put her canvasses (the work of her entire lifetime) into storage, consolidated her possessions by getting rid of almost everything she owned, and moved into a small room in the Page Street building, to spend her remaining years concentrating on formal practice.

Having disciplined herself most of her life to get up at four in the morning to have time to paint before going to work to earn a living, she had little trouble following the morning schedule. Without intending to, she set an excellent example for her fellow residents by persevering in the daily practice of zazen even under some of the most formidable personal conditions—her age and the pain and problems connected with a terminal cancer. She faced these conditions with the same courage and fortitude that she had acquired as an artist facing the constant challenge of the empty white canvas all her life. Many Page Street students remember that they were inspired by Helen's daily presence in the zendo to continue to sit with their own difficulties.

But if that woman was saint, she was a cranky saint. In fact, Helen Dunham might have been the W.C. Fields of Zen Center. As those at City Center who loved her knew well, she scorned some of the usual favorites. She didn't like children, New Age "sharing" or the Heart Sutra chanted in English. Instead, like many zen-style personalities, she seemed to personify the qualities of paradox, contradiction and the truly non-conventional.

In the midst of her long illness she died suddenly on February 15 at the age of 82. She left her entire estate, including her art work, to Zen Center. This generous bequest will help to provide the means for others to continue to practice.

## THE STORY OF THE JAGUAR

by Jemma Rose Binder

*This story came to us rather mysteriously, with only the added biographical info: "Jemma will be nine in December. No kidding! I'm her dad."*

Once upon a time before Buddha was Buddha, he was a jaguar. One day a runaway slave was climbing a mountain to escape from his owners. Just then a jaguar appeared (the jaguar was Buddha). It roared and showed its teeth. It scared the slave's owners and they ran home with fear in them. It was weird because to the slave it only seemed like a smile and a laugh. The jaguar found his human voice and said, "Come with me. I will lead you down safely and there will be a cooked chicken waiting for you." Even though the slave was a vegetarian, he followed the jaguar's instructions. He couldn't think of when he had ever been so hungry. "Farewell," said the jaguar. "Good-bye," said the now freeman.

The End!!



## CONTINUING JOURNEY

by Om Devi

I believe that there is a place in Zen practice for everyone. We each have a journey particular to our practice as we are each different as human beings. When I was five, I had polio, which left me with a disability. This is not the reason that I've come to practice; however, countless practice opportunities have come to me because of it. Finding a place in Zen practice with this

kind of hindrance has been a slow development of determination, of "ready mind," and of a willingness to deal with barriers. I sat alone for many years. Becoming a member at Kannon Do Zen Center in Mountain View six years ago was like coming home—*sometimes the place finds us*. This was the beginning of focused practice with a teacher, Les Kaye.



### Past

sitting is home  
sky above land below  
i breathed all nature  
toddling the adventure road  
loss pushed seeking  
growing I embraced new plowed land  
dizzy harvest sweetness of haysmell  
mellowed earth and sky  
many bours taking it in  
breathing it out  
soothed the bitters of home time

As a child, I felt the interconnectedness of every thing. I wrote poems about nature and danced with it. I started life on a farm with animals, woods, fields, streams and a pond. Loss was also close, with the early death of my grandmother and time spent in the rehab center and hospitals. Loss causes people to consider deeply. Way-seeking mind began for me when trying to know the meaning in bittersweet joys, loss and suffering. My everyday connection to nature was essential, for solitude and quiet contemplation.

I learned how to meditate from a yoga book when I was sixteen years old. My first zazen instruction was in 1971 in a classroom at college, where we were taught by a Soto lay priest. I used crutches and wore a leg brace but did not perceive any barriers to practice. We sat on the floor on make-do cushions. So, no problem. I bowed to the cushion, turned and bowed, sat down and removed the brace and placed it in front of me. When zazen was over I put the brace back on, scrambled up and bowed. When school was over I wanted to keep sitting and decided to go to the Rochester Zen Center. Entering a zendo for the first time, I learned that formal practice could present difficulties. I was shy and easily intimidated. Looking back, I don't think that I felt very welcome.

In this formal setting I didn't know what to do with my *impedimenta*, especially my brace with the attached right shoe. Everyone removed their shoes at the door. I was confused. I didn't know whether to take the left shoe off and keep my brace with the other shoe on. Or take the brace and shoe off. Or leave my brace on and, then, what do I do with the crutches? I was accustomed to surmounting barriers and managing to do whatever I determined to, but this was a setback on the way to formal practice. I thought it wasn't really open to me. I only sat there a few times because an operation and nine months in a body cast interrupted my mobility. I continued to 'sit' at home in the cast and then occasionally with a friend. Shortly after that I moved to California.

Living in the Bay Area I sat at various places. I no longer used a brace and, for a long while before I rode a wheelchair, I used only a cane. I was involved with a yoga ashram which helped me to develop mindfulness toward my body. Even though my mobility was better, accessibility was still a problem. I couldn't walk far and most of these places had steps. I could climb, but paid the price in energy and accumulation of pain. With my disability it takes tremendous effort just to get up in the morning and even more to leave the house. As a friend says, when you're disabled, it is a political statement just to go out your front door. There is no vacation. Since I am always working from a deficit of energy, I have to ask myself, "How much pain am I starting out with today?"

For a long time, I just wanted to sit like everybody else. I had some attachment to performing the outward posture. It was a process of learning compassion for myself to finally give myself permission to do things differently and use the

wheelchair in the zendo when I needed to. I am able to walk, but I use a wheelchair for distance and for long periods of standing or sitting. So, I try to sit with correct form on a cushion until there is too much pain and fatigue; then I use the wheelchair. Even with the chair there is pain, but I try to become friends with it, with my breath and with the moment. Countless practice opportunities arise. For my friends who practice in wheelchairs, there is even less flexibility and choice about form.

I encountered difficulty with continuous sitting when I sat my first practice period at Kannon Do. I knew I could sit a one day sesshin without too much difficulty, but continuous days proved to be another matter entirely. With each day I became less able to hold myself up for more than two sittings. The few muscles in my back were giving out, and arthritis pain was increasing in my lower back. I began taking rests in the afternoons. I felt guilty about this. There was so much emphasis on the posture, I wondered whether my practice was perceived as serious. At one point someone said that because I had so much trouble with the form, perhaps this was not the right practice for me. I have long had a strong feeling of inner certainty about continuing in practice. I try to make my best effort toward posture, awareness and breath.

### Present

coming home by equanimity's light  
with such joy in shared sitting  
all of the same weave  
carrying our everyday lives  
nondifferent

A lot of people, regardless of their disability or their spiritual practice, culture, or race may find themselves with a question, "Am I welcome in the practice?" There have been some difficulties with practice for me along the way and this is a question I asked myself. A lot of my questions about practice are no doubt similar to anyone else's, except where physical barriers are concerned. I knew that I could sit, and I didn't want to have to do something different in order to practice.

If a person can breathe, a person can participate in this practice. But what happens if the person needs to do something *differently* in the zendo, like use a wheelchair? Is it okay to bring it in? Of course it is okay, but can it be done without causing a disturbance or anxiety? Is it acceptable to take time out when needed? To lie down if needed? Or stand up? How does one take the posture if one cannot take the form outwardly? Internally with pure effort?

To those who might wish to participate regularly in Zen practice, dealing with environmental barriers is a daily frustration, and causes feelings of separation. Is one really welcome in the practice if there are barriers to practice? Are there steps

or is there a ramp, is there an accessible bathroom, access to the altar, the bells? Can we provide interpreters for lectures, and is the service available in Braille and on tape? Each person's abilities and limitations can be appreciated. Are we making right effort?

Now, I want to just sit. Now I feel welcome. It's okay to be where I am. To use a wheelchair when I need to. To listen and to stop when my body says to take care and rest. It's okay to question. Besides, I don't want access and disability to be central in my practice, although it is definitely something to take care of. This body is a gift to learn from and taking care is one of the lessons. The disability is like rocks in the stream of my life. The water flows over and around the rocks. The emphasis is practice. At the present moment I am watching what it is that causes resistance. My teacher reminds me that we must be mindful of "stubborn mind that clings to mistaken views."



*Om Devi  
entering  
the zendo*

I find that determination is the core of my practice. Disability simply provides another practice opportunity, and there are times when my determination flags. Thus, my body has been an ongoing koan. Les says, "We don't need some special capacity. We just need determination." The difficulties of practice are similar for everybody, requiring much effort and determination. There is encouragement in what Suzuki Roshi said: "The points we emphasize are not the stage we attain, but the strong confidence we have in our original nature and the sincerity of our practice."

What does access mean? It is not enough to provide physical access. We must understand people's culture, the baggage, the impedimenta that we cannot leave outside. We all have such baggage. We don't have to get rid of anything, we just have to see its nature. A zendo may have a ramp but not be accessible in other ways. Or a zendo may not be perfectly accessible, yet provide other kinds of accessibility to the community.

*Offering  
incense at the  
altar with  
Tom Ireland*



*Om Devi  
at the bell*



What are skillful means to bring to people's attention certain needs that are not met? When a person has to request an obvious accommodation—or a sangha is focused on a person's disability—people feel guilty. It's hard to be the squeaky wheel, and those of us in this predicament look for a non-judgmental way to bring it up. The solutions are not often easy. I believe that with an open attitude and willingness to expand and understand, solutions are created. Everybody has something that is a limitation, and everybody has unique abilities. It is appropriate for us in a spiritual setting to find the means for each individual to access the practice.

Even though I now live in New Mexico, I continue my membership with Kannon Do and a relationship with my teacher. I have people here to sit with, both in the apartment and at the Santa Fe Zen Center of the Maha Bodhi Society. Their zendo does not have any steps and they are very welcoming to all who wish to sit.



## ON BOARD

by Darlene Cohen

When I first came onto the Zen Center Board in January of 1992, it was in the middle of the “abbot question”—whether or not to honor the by-law requiring a change of abbot after two terms (seven years total) or to change the by-law. In my mind that immediately produced the question of whether Zen Center would be primarily Abbot Tenshin’s training temple from which his students would go forth, or whether the abbot position itself would be regarded as a training position for priests in Suzuki Roshi’s lineage. I was inclined toward the latter; it seemed more expansive and inclusive, and I looked forward to being informed further.

Well, I discovered immediately upon attending my first retreat/meeting that not only were the implications of these questions infinitely more complex than I could have supposed, but the forms the questions took were wrapped in incalculable layers of strong emotion. Later I wondered if I ever would get up to speed, that seemingly interminable period between being elected or appointed to the Board and actually being useful.

Well, I never did get up to speed on the abbot question, I mean, I never did understand the emotional issues, being a nonresident and confined generally to the animal realm. Luckily everyone else did and they all articulated them at length. As a new Board member I found myself plunged into a year of painful, perplexing, assumption-questioning pulls and tugs with other Board members as I sought to get to the bottom of our and the community’s deep beliefs about spiritual authority. On the one hand it was tough and painful. On the other hand, again and again I was impressed with how thorough-going and dedicated to deep integration on this issue the Board members were. No one seemed simply to want to “win;” all strove for an answer that would feel deeply satisfying, that would reunite us as a community with a shared sense of what was fitting.

Michael Doyle was our facilitator, robust, huge, with a domination of the situation that matched his physique. He came very close to earning every penny of the

king's ransom that we paid him. We're a very fervent group; it would probably take a stone tablet to remain objective. Michael was not a stone tablet; thus, he got involved up to his elbows and lost his ability to present options objectively. So we lost a facilitator but saved a serious amount of money. For me, a particularly memorable afternoon with Michael was when we individually listed our greatest strengths, the things about Zen Center most important to us, and then wrote them up on the wall on huge rolls of wrapping paper. It turned out for all our arguing and passionate speechifying at each other in an attempt to reach consensus on the abbot question, there it was in black and white: startlingly consistent agreement among us that our central values were zazen, the community's long practice experience together, and activity based on the precepts.

Finally nearly a year after my first retreat/meeting about the abbot issue, we came together at Tassajara to reaffirm the wisdom of the by-law requiring abbot rotation and at the same time to restate our respect and wish to retain Tenshin Anderson as a prominent dharma teacher.

We established the Council of Elders (chosen from ex-shusos) to work out the details, that is, to decide what the Gone-Beyond Abbot does and what the current Abbot does and what their relationship might be. This was a big step for the Board and, I feel, a tremendous boon to the community in general. A Council of Elders could decide religious authority questions that the Board felt reluctant to consider since it is not the acknowledged source of spiritual authority in the Zen Center community. We feel much more comfortable having these decisions made by those to whom people in the community turn for guidance on spiritual questions. As a Board member, I felt immediate relief being off the hot seat on the abbot question. Not that our community as a whole will accept the decrees of the Council of Elders without question, but at least it seems that the proper repository of cumulative wisdom had been located.

The other most interesting issue that has come up for Board consideration since I have been a Board member is our decision to establish an Ethics statement, guidelines, and grievance procedure. These intend to make explicit the values and intentions with which we interact with each other in certain situations. This is very tricky because it means we must define and bring under some sort of scrutiny relationships which we instinctively feel should be deeply private (teacher/student; sexual liaisons). The Board had talked about this frequently vis-a-vis the alleged misconduct of teachers at other Zen centers, but when it was brought up to deal with a situation within our community, some Board members felt queasy just talking about it, maybe feeling that Big Brother was about to pounce. I think, however, that some of these feelings were allayed by a community-wide meeting held July 18 and the enormous care, evident from the beginning, with which the Ethics Committee approached the subject.

At the Community meeting on Ethics a couple of very important truths were presented: Zen Center acknowledges that there are sometimes transgressions on the part of spiritual leaders that deeply hurt and alienate people from practice, and that we are officially ready to hear and address such instances. In the past students who felt violated in some way by Zen Center's leaders just left, feeling traumatized and unresolved, unable to find any forum at all to discuss their grievance. With the establishment of an Ethics grievance procedure and standing committee, people can choose to stay, can continue to be members of their chosen practice community, while they ask to have reviewed any questions they may have about the way they have been treated. From my point of view, as Chairman of the Board, what is additionally important about this is that when people leave with their stories untold, the community itself, partially aware but vested in surface harmony, ties up a great deal of its vital energy in denial. But when the corners are lit, the community continues to enjoy the free flow of its resources energetically. What was particularly poignant to me at the community meeting was the incredulity of some people there that Zen Center needed to address this topic at all, like how could that happen here? This is exactly the kind of faith in spiritual leaders that makes any exploitation an utter outrage, an absolute ravishment.

At the beginning of 1993 I was elected Board chairman since everybody else had more important things to do. It was true I had the requisite enthusiasm, born of addiction to drama. Married to the same person for a long time and our child virtually raised, my own life suffered from a lack of pandemonium. I had been pleasantly drawn into the tumult of the abbot question, suddenly caring very much about questions that had long lay dormant in a life of mundane anguish. When I was confirmed as chairvertebrate, everyone appeared obviously relieved that they were safe from such musty responsibilities for another year, leading me to wonder yet again what is wrong with my life that I am driven to such extremes for stimulation.

Since the fervor attending the abbot question, Board meetings seem ho hum to me now. The drama's gone. I miss it, but the same factors that caused such a rift and high feeling around the abbot issue didn't go away. They're still there, waiting for another galvanizing topic to expose the cognitive dissonance residents live with everyday. When they surface, whether around community demographics or spiritual authority, some of us will passively block the well-meaning intentions of others of us. Some of us will burst into tears at meetings. Newcomers will spend years trying to figure out what people really mean when they say something. But it's all grist for the mill in our slow but inexorable struggle to make explicit the values that are currently implicit in our forms, our treatment of each other, and our deep commitment to the Buddhist practice Suzuki Roshi personified.



*Contractor Gene DeSmidt and architect Helen Degenhardt talk about construction of the new bathhouse at the Tassajara Mountains and Rivers Auction.*

## TASSAJARA BATHHOUSE UPDATE

Construction at Tassajara has been going on apace these last few months. Phase One of the Bathhouse Relocation Project—the main bathhouse, including men's and women's showers, tubs and plunges—has been completed in time for the 1994 Guest Season. The new bathhouse is completely wheelchair accessible, and according to many reports, is even more beautiful than the old one. Please join us this summer and see for yourself.

Phase Two, at an estimated cost of \$100,000, includes outdoor plunges, steam rooms, decks and landscaping. Work on this will begin in the fall and we expect it to be done in time for the 1995 Guest Season.

But we are still fundraising for the whole project. The Tassajara Mountains and Rivers Auction was a great success, bringing in approximately \$60,000. We continue to rely on an intricate web of support from students, donors and friends, and we thank all of you for your generous contributions. Anyone with further donations or fundraising ideas, please contact the Development Office at the City Center.

## COMING HOME TO THE DHARMA

by Ed Brown

After attending the Western Buddhist Teachers Conference which took place at Spirit Rock and Green Gulch in September of 1993, I realized that many of us shared similar experiences “growing up” in Buddhist practice. Any childhood has its joys and disillusionments, and over the years we’ve had to sort things out, to dispel myths. I am reminded of someone’s description that “marriage is about re-owning your projections and finding out who you are living with.” We’ve been living closely with Buddhism now for twenty or thirty years, and it’s not what we thought it was. We’re only beginning to find out what we are living with, and it’s more subtle, mysterious, and larger-hearted than we could possibly have imagined—and nice to have around.

Here is a partial list of what some of us thought Buddhism was:

*A Panacea or If You Do Anything But Practice You Are a Failure as a Student:* Sitting meditation was going to take care of everything. We were not going to

have to learn good communication skills or watch our diets. Even something as useful to sitting as doing yoga was frowned upon. Now we appreciate that healing may take innumerable forms. People get helped by therapy, friends, AA, acting, dance, family, painting, gardening, walking. Buddhist practice works for some people in some situations, but not everything gets resolved or cleared up by “sitting quietly, doing nothing” and doing what you are told.

*Being Enlightened Solves Everything or Enlightenment Means Never Having to Say You’re Sorry.* Once



you have that “Dharma seal” you can never do any harm, and every one of your actions is enlightened activity. Hence, no one can ever question you or hold you accountable for anything you do or say. If anyone has a problem with the way your enlightenment manifests itself, that person must not be enlightened. This brand of immunity is marvelous if you can get it, but Buddhist doctrine seems to indicate that there is still “practice after enlightenment,” and that mistakes are still possible. The *Vinaya*, or ethics, are for everyone, and everyone has a share in enlightenment.

*Practice is About Attaining Perfection, Eliminating All Faults, and Attaining All Virtues.* Once you accomplished that you could stop hating yourself and be happy with who you are. You can work on this one more fully by having your teacher point out your faults and compromise your virtue, thereby getting really caught in a double bind. Your teacher was ‘perfect,’ and one day you could also be perfect, but meanwhile such confusion!

Well, we bought in. We fell in love with our projections. Now we are re-owning them and finding compassion for the less than perfect. We have stopped trying to eliminate all faults, and begun to relate to the fullness and richness of our experience, good and bad. I like it. I think we can value Buddhism immensely without taking on the hubris of thinking that we have nothing to learn from anyone else, or that an apology is somehow bad manners.

Most of us spent a good number of years trying to produce the acceptable, appropriate experience which would certify that we had ‘it’. Getting ‘it’ would be a beautiful, convenient, spiritual way to not relate with the actual messiness of our lives. One day we discovered that, as one teacher put it, “Maybe I ought to pay attention to my own life.”

Maybe we could begin to relate to our actual experience and work with it. Maybe we could sort through the closets full of “stuff,” instead of keeping the doors closed with an attractive spiritual facade.

In my own case, after eighteen years of trying to do it right in meditation, one day the thought arose—out of nowhere, as thoughts do—“I’d like to touch my deepest pain with gentleness and compassion.” So I let my awareness touch what was actually there ‘inside,’ and immediately began to weep, quietly of course, since I was sitting in the meditation hall at the time. No one had ever told me that was the right practice, but it was real, it was mine.

I started doing a kind of meditation which Thich Nhat Hanh had briefly taught us during one of his visits: letting compassion fill your chest on the inhalation, pouring it over your head on the exhalation, letting it percolate down and soothe the pain. Concerned that my practice was not really ‘Zen,’ I spoke with one of my teachers, Katagiri Roshi, about this. His response was quite reassuring. “For

twenty years," he said, "I tried to do the *zazen* (Zen meditation) of Dogen Zenji (the founder of Zen in Japan) before I realized there was no such thing."

Sometimes it takes that long—eighteen years, twenty years—to get to and acknowledge what is actually happening rather than trying to produce the picture of what looks right. It was reassuring to know I had plenty of company.

The conference started on a Wednesday, and Michael Mead had been invited to give a presentation that evening, which for me was marvelous and delightful.

He told a story which echoed what we had discussed that day and foreshadowed what was to come. In the story a servant undertakes and endures a practice, yet still is not freed by the king, in accord with their agreement. The deep pain of betrayal arises, the pain of having done what was asked of you, and yet by a 'loophole' not being properly rewarded with freedom, your own land. It is only with the intercession of an elder (who has assisted the servant all along) that the king finally agrees to free the servant, and everyone joins in a great feast.

Several points were elucidated. Doing the official 'practice' is not what frees you, yet if you do not undertake it you will remain unconscious. Being 'betrayed' is a necessary part of the process. Subsequently, coming to know your own pain and developing your own direct connection (rather than a connection through someone else) to the 'elders' is what frees you.

In a Buddhist sense we might say that one actualizes or activates one's own inherent wisdom and compassion primarily in response to one's own suffering. My teacher Suzuki Roshi put it, "The important point is to own your own body and mind." I think of it as "re-inhabiting your body and mind"—you actually move back into your own being from the fictitious abode of immunity and perfection you had been so assiduously cultivating. Thich Nhat Hanh has referred to "not allowing your awareness to be colonized." You gain your freedom, 'your own land', by not allowing others (or some part of yourself) to "colonize" or "exploit" you.

The smoothness and camaraderie of the first day turned sticky the second. Right away we could not decide how to arrange the chairs in the zendo at Green Gulch. After some formal talks we became enmeshed in a "chaos hour" where people were invited to express whatever they would like to express. Some people expressed that they would rather maintain the schedule and not have open expression.

One person said that in our talks we had been disrespectful of our teachers. A second person (voicing my own response) wondered if that point could be elucidated because he hadn't noticed any disrespect. A third person wanted us to acknowledge that while we may have been disrespectful to the tradition at times,

there were clearly instances where the 'tradition' or specific teachers had been disrespectful of us, having harmed us and abused us. Implicit in this comment perhaps was the sense that if you want respect, you ought to behave in a way to merit it, or that respect really needs to be two way. Yet another pleaded eloquently that we not turn Buddhism into psychology. So many viewpoints.

I wandered in a bit late the third day, which was unfortunate because in some ways the beginning of each day was the most calm and settled part. Someone from each of our three main traditions—Vipassana, Zen and Tibetan—would lead us in chanting the Three Refuges, and then we would sit quietly for fifteen minutes. Even that small amount of time, effort, and devotion helped to create sanctuary, a safe place to acknowledge one's truth, to at last be able to touch the pain instead of burying it.

To bring a wound to light can have tremendous power. One woman teacher told of her childhood sexual abuse and the recurrence of sexual abuse within the context of Buddhist practice. Her description was poignant and poignantly unsettling. Words and feelings were popping out of her with marvelous brightness, vigor, spontaneity. Her speech ended with an impassioned plea that we teachers not betray our students in this way. From her experience she really wanted us to know just how intensely and unnecessarily painful this could be—unnecessary because past trauma need not be repeated in order to be acknowledged and resolved.

Speaking one's truth often allows others to speak their truth. Another woman spoke, and the floodgates opened. She referred to "getting not enlightenment but gonorrhea" from her Buddhist teacher, and the ensuing pain and confusion of not being able to speak about it because of her vows to never disparage her teacher.

The grief that filled the room was incredibly intense, thick, and palpable. At first it wasn't clear whether or not we could stand it, stay with it, allow it space, acknowledge and release it. Someone started crying. We didn't know what to do. Some efforts were made to start chanting. We sang "We Shall Overcome." It wasn't a Buddhist form with which any of us were familiar. We were making it up as we went along.

I found the thought of singing to be rather hokey at first, but sure enough it induced a new depth of composure and resilience, which allowed us to listen to many more stories of betrayal, grief, and sorrow. Words at last were giving voice to what had been left in the dark. What cannot be spoken cannot be looked at. What cannot be looked at remains in the dark. What remains in the dark pulls down and swallows what is living and vital. Few dare to go there, but together we were doing it. Call it a modern day confession and repentance ceremony.

Among the stories I was particularly moved by one person's description of having been in Vietnam. "Stacks of bodies," "looking around and knowing some of us would not be there in an hour, tomorrow, next week." He related that among the men "there was a human being who loved to kill children." His quiet voice was so strong and so eloquent and so incredibly compassionate. Especially compelling was his repeated use of the expression "a human being." Rather than "creep," "asshole," "jerk," or "animal," it was "a human being" who loved to kill children. By that simple expression, that careful choice of words, he gave even that person a dignity, a humanity, Buddha nature. That takes heart. The other men hadn't known what to do with this human being. They would sit around at night sometimes and talk about what they should do, should they shoot him?

I do not think that everyone appreciated the revelation of grief and trauma, but the fact that such a deep level of pain could be expressed was in itself a powerful statement about the quality of safety and well-being which people felt in this group. Anyone who has studied or experienced trauma knows that it can be extremely devastating in ways which the non-sufferer tends to underestimate and not even begin to comprehend. Whether it is Vietnam War veterans, rape victims, or those recovering from childhood abuse, the shared experience seems to be that others simply do not want to hear about their pain, while blaming the victim for having suffered and for not recovering more easily and fully.

This failure to comprehend the suffering of another reminds me of an old high school friend whom I saw recently. About three years ago, he related, he had become afflicted with such severe depression that he couldn't get out of bed in the morning. He had gone bankrupt and moved back in with his mother. Before this happened to him, he said, he never would have been able to comprehend it. He would have had plenty of advice and little sympathy: "Get it together, man. Don't be such a victim. Do something. Snap out of it!" Now he is no longer so quick to attack. Compassion grows.

By the end I couldn't help feeling that Western Buddhist teachers are making a wonderful, sincere effort to make Buddhism their own, to live the Dharma. I recall my teacher Suzuki Roshi's expression that Buddhism is to study and know your own life, and that if Buddhism was not about your life, then you should do something which was. When I mentioned that I felt that my life was separate from the Dharma, he assured me that with continuing practice I would find them the same. Unfathomable.



*A happy but casual procession makes its way to Koshland Park near the City Center for a Buddha's Birthday celebration.*

*Shunbo Blanche Hartman is doshi for the ceremonial bathing of the Buddha.*





*Abbot Sojun Weitsman at Tassajara with the old steam rooms in the background*

## SOME THOUGHTS ON ZEN CENTER AND RACE

by Abbot Sojun Weitsman

I've been thinking a lot lately about problems of discrimination and racial imbalance within the sangha, and the problems that people on the dark side of the racial spectrum have with the people on the light side.

When Shakyamuni Buddha left home he was, as we know, an aristocrat and a Brahmin. He left his aristocratic life and gave up everything, including all kinds of privilege. He had been a highly privileged person, and in order to seek the truth he gave up his station of privilege. He became like the lowest person in the world in order to discover himself, and in this process he went through many difficult practices. He became an ascetic for six years and faced many humiliating experiences.

Buddha's time was a time of philosophical and religious fervor. There were many religious philosophers and religious practices in his time and he seems to have investigated them all. He could see the flaws in each one. He discovered not just his own path, but what he felt was the path of all the Buddha's who went before him. And Buddha's sangha, his following, was made up in the beginning of many family members, extended family members, and aristocrats. According to the

legends, many children from high-class, wealthy families followed him and then later more of the common people followed him. This is often the case with the major religious practices. First it is taken up by the intellectuals, the aristocrats, and the royalty and later it becomes the property of the common people. But Buddha was actually open to everyone and he crossed the caste system in India. When someone became a member of the sangha they were no longer bound by their caste. So his Buddhist practice transcended the caste system in India and allowed Buddhism to become a universal religion.

In our diverse sangha there are people from many backgrounds and ancestries who are acknowledging and paying respect to the Buddhist lineage—our Zen lineage, the lineage of Indian, Chinese, and Japanese ancestors. Not too many of us are of Chinese ancestry. Some are Japanese, a few of Indian and African descent, but most are Caucasian people, or what we think of as Caucasian. But our backgrounds have many subtle differences. We tend to lump ourselves and each other into larger categories on the color spectrum or the geographic spectrum, but I think our backgrounds are much more diverse than we think. Being a tolerant bunch, we tend not to talk so much about our ethnic backgrounds; we put more emphasis on what we have in common. But no matter what our ethnic background or color, each one of us can practice the way as a member of Buddha's family.

Shakyamuni and ourselves are members of the family of all the Buddhas, and we join hands with ancestors from all over the world. At the same time, there will be European ancestors in the lineage as well as from North and South America, Africa, and eventually from all over the world.

Buddhist communities and cultures have of course had their share of blind spots, bickering, corruption, discrimination, and perversion. But the spirit of Buddhism is tolerance, non-discrimination, and a willingness to look clearly at itself and change when appropriate.

When Zen first came to America it was met by a diverse group of people, including intellectuals and later beatniks, hippies, and educated, disenchanted, mostly white people. The "ethnic Buddhists" have always had their own practices, and rarely mixed with the western Buddhists. These groups have always had their own leaders, who respond to both spiritual concerns and the need for cultural preservation. The teachers who came to America to help Americans have had a more universally inclusive attitude about Buddhism and Zen.

I see most of the ethnic groups as being tribal, in the wide sense that Japan is a tribe, the Jews are a tribe, Mexico is a tribe: groups that share a common racial or ethnic background. So I always felt that any religious practice I engaged in had to go beyond the boundaries of race or culture. That is one reason I was attracted to

Buddhism. The first time I entered the zendo I sat down with myself in the utter simplicity of a space I can only describe as "home," right in the center of the universe, with everyone.

Our Buddhist community does include people from many diverse backgrounds, but it is obvious that it is dominated by those on the light side of the spectrum. Often some concern is voiced about why there are not more dark-skinned people. The feeling is that for our practice to be complete and universal it should be inclusive. Why don't we have more racial diversity? Quotas don't make sense, and having token representation is demeaning. Each person comes to practice as an individual through personal motivation. You can suggest to someone that there is a place to practice and a way, but one can never expect anything. It's really not dependent on race or ethnic background; it has more to do with a person's individual propensity and what they are looking for.

Even so, many people are hesitant to come to a place which is set up by white Caucasians who have or seem to have mainstream values and societal privilege that makes association awkward and unequal. If one is on the light side of the spectrum, it is hard to understand how people on the dark side feel. The converse is also true. One may understand to a certain extent, but never completely. And even though we may think we are open to anyone, there is still some problem. It is hard to know ourselves that well, and to know what our cultural and personal prejudices actually are. Even if we feel that we don't discriminate, we should look clearly at ourselves. It may be better to assume that it is possible.

So where do we meet? How do we make this whole thing come together? If you stay aloof, then people feel alienated, but if you make some effort to reach out, people also feel alienated, because it is still you reaching out to them. We reach out a hand and it gets slapped. Why is that? Because it is still them and us or us and them. Until we really know how to identify with everyone, alienated people, homeless people, third world people, nothing will ever change, and the more we try to fix it the worse it will get.

I remember when I was a little kid in the thirties. I was six or seven. It was after school and three mean-looking guys who were a few years older approached me and said, "You're Jewish aren't you?" And I said, "Yeah." I was scared but I had to own up to it. They said, "Don't you know that the Jews killed Christ? You killed Christ!" I was suddenly the recipient of this age-old biblical racial drama being played out in Los Angeles by small children barely old enough to read and write. I didn't know what the significance of Christ was exactly, but I was instantly initiated into the racist, inquisition mentality that was to have such a devastating effect on the world shortly thereafter. That experience made a strong impression on me. I remember that in those days it was not so easy to be openly Jewish. You see people going to the synagogue these days with their yarmulkes on, or stand-

ing out on the street. Very few people did that in those days. There has been a lot of freedom of expression and openness in the last twenty or twenty-five years. That openness did not exist before the fifties.

People accept you as white if you're Jewish. But actually, you can be light or dark. When I was a little kid I was very dark. I thought that people who were very light were sick or ugly. I spent my early youth on the beach, and many people thought I was Mexican. I didn't mind being Mexican, but people didn't think too highly of Mexicans in Los Angeles. So, Jewish or Mexican, neither one of these was the best thing to be. So I had some experience of what it feels like to be Mexican as well as Jewish in this society. My parents were not religious or even culturally connected, and I had no Jewish education; but the fact is, when you're Jewish you're Jewish, and you feel a loyalty to that identity which is strongly reinforced by a long history of persecution which has been the Jewish destiny. In my early twenties I made an effort to become Jewish, but I was already too far gone.

For an African American, crossing over into the white world can be construed as turning your back on "the race." This can be an enormous double bind. If you don't make the effort to integrate you get stuck in the world of poverty and isolation. If you do manage to integrate, you're liable to be seen as a deserter of your brothers and sisters. Whatever you do, there is a price to pay.

So, Jewish people are somewhere in between the light side and the dark side of the color spectrum. But culturally Jewish people have become white, and even the skin has become white. Someone I knew was surprised on entering a synagogue in North Africa to find that the congregation was entirely black. I find it interesting that if a person is half black and half white they are considered as being black even though major physical characteristics may be obviously Caucasian. When Lani Guinier was in the news recently, up for an appointment to the Justice Department, she was identified as African American even though she is half Jewish. Why not recognize the whole person? When a person has some African blood, what do you say to yourself about that person (if you're white)? It's important to examine our thinking and the way we stereotype. We need to be able to meet each person on their own terms just as "this person."

The wonderful thing about this country is it's diversity. That's what makes this country so great. A tribal country can be very strong because it's very cohesive. The Japanese are a very cohesive kind of people. Everybody knows what to do. There are not so many diverse backgrounds to integrate. America is the meeting place of the tribes of the world and it creates a lot of problems, but what can come out of those problems is also progress, toward understanding and appreciating many different cultures. This country is on the cutting edge of human development. All peoples are represented here and if we leave anybody out then it's not complete. So I think what we are working towards in this country,

whether we know it or not, is how to create a harmonious world order. And we can't create a world order "out there" until we create a microcosmic world order "right here." Then people will say, "Oh, I understand what America is doing," and they will be inspired to follow. But if we try to change the world order "out there," everybody will say, "You are hypocrites." No one will respect us. We receive a lot of disrespect in the world because we have been trying to change the world order out there and not dealing with our microcosmic world order right here. So it's good for us to think about why it is that there is not more diversity within this practice.

There are members of our sangha who are half African and half Jewish and gay. What is their identity? Each one comes to this practice with an identity. It's important to have an identity. One is a man, a woman, a lesbian, a Jew, a Catholic, an American, a shoe salesman, a bank president. Who are you? Then we let go of any attachment to this identity in order to manifest our fundamental identity. In order to let manifest our self-nature we must go beyond our personal identity. But in order to go beyond our acquired identity we must first have that identity. Many people have identities which do not bring societal privilege. Since Zen practice doesn't offer any particular status in society, the benefits are obscure. When one's racial or ethnic identity is accepted, one can enter into practice and go beyond it without fear of losing something. As it is said, you have to have a strong ego before you can give it up. Then you can be at ease with being black or Jewish or yellow or red or blue. The main thing is that you feel at ease with yourself with a settled mind.

I feel that we have to look at racism with a clear mind. What are the causes? We must look at the causes; that is the analytical part. But at the same time, we should celebrate and honor the diversity; to synthesize without losing the unique qualities of each one. Every face represents that personal history of each one of us, all the way back to the beginning of the human race. I'm always looking at peoples' faces, wondering about their origin. Where is this person from? Who were their ancestors? What combination of factors went into forming their features, both physical and psychic? We must realize that we are one person with many faces.

One time I asked the sangha to describe their ancestry as much as they knew. Each person talked about where their parents were from and where their ancestors had come from. Some people knew very little and that was also significant. By the time we were finished there was a wonderful feeling of cohesion and intimacy that drew everyone together.

Perhaps the first step to understanding the alienation that people feel is to listen and accept what they have to say. When people are not heard or valued, they feel alienated.

Last Sunday a group of people from Berkeley—members from a mostly African American church, members from the Berkeley Zendo, and others—organized a walk through a neighborhood in Berkeley with a history of drug dealing and street shootings. In this small neighborhood we visited at least seventeen spots where people had been shot and killed in the street. It was very moving. We hung a nameplate on a post or tree for each of the victims, and left a bunch of flowers at each place. It was a powerful and significant statement to the neighborhood and to ourselves. It was an open acknowledgment of what has been happening due to the underlying causes of alienation, isolation, poverty, and abandonment by society. Our society has a long way to go before everyone who might be drawn to Buddhism feels comfortable walking through the door of Zen Center.

This is a problem for us and a challenge, and it needs to continue to be addressed. To listen to people, to acknowledge them, and to celebrate our diversity as well as our unity can help to make our society work and make our practice work better also.

*The official opening of the new bathhouse at Tassajara included an architect's tour of the facility for residents and guests, as well as a formal dedication ceremony. The banner says, "We open our house for all beings to clean and refresh body and mind."*



## RELATED ZEN CENTERS

Buddhism is often likened to a lotus plant. One of the characteristics of the lotus is that it throws off many seeds from which new plants grow. A number of Zen centers have formed which have a close relationship with San Francisco Zen Center. A partial list of these follows:

### Centers with Daily Meditation

#### *Within California*

Berkeley Zen Center, 1931 Russell St, Berkeley, CA 94703, (415) 845-2403  
Sojun Mel Weitsman, Abbot

Hartford Street Zen Center  
57 Hartford St, San Francisco, CA 94114, (415) 863-2507  
Zenshin Philip Whalen, Abbot

Jikoji, in the Santa Cruz Mountains near Saratoga, (408) 741-9562  
Angie Boissevan, Director

Kannon Do Zen Center  
292 College Ave, Mountain View, CA 94040, (415) 948-5020  
Keido Les Kaye, Abbot

Santa Cruz Zen Center  
113 School St, Santa Cruz, CA 95060, (408) 457-0206  
Wednesday: Zazen 7 P.M., lecture/discussion 8 P.M.  
Katherine Thanas, teacher, (408) 426-3847

Sonoma Mountain Zen Center  
6367 Sonoma Mountain Rd, Santa Rosa, CA 95404, (707) 545-8105  
Jakusho Kwong, Abbot

#### *Outside California*

Chapel Hill Zen Group, 131 Stateside Dr, Chapel Hill, NC 27514  
Patricia Phelan, teacher, (919) 967-0861

Hoko-ji, Taos, NM, (505) 776-8677  
Kobun Chino, Abbot

Minnesota Zen Meditation Center  
3343 E. Calhoun Pkwy, Minneapolis, MN 55408, (612) 822-5313

## Weekly Meditation Groups

### *Within California*

#### Malibu Sitting Group

Zazen Sunday mornings, Thursday evenings

Contact Peter Levitt (213) 456-0078.

Mill Valley Sitting Group, 43 Oxford Ave, Mill Valley, CA 94941

Monday evenings. Contact Steve Stucky (415) 383-8863.

#### Modesto Zen Group

Tuesday 6-8 P.M. Contact Stan Cunningham for location (209) 577-8100.

#### Monterey Bay Zen Center

Tuesdays 7 P.M., Cherry Foundation, 4th and Guadalupe, Carmel, CA

Katherine Thanas, teacher

Contact Sarah Hunsaker (408) 649-8084.

Oakland Sitting Group, 4131 1/2 Piedmont Ave, Oakland, CA 94611

Thursday 7 A.M., Contact Vicki Austin (415) 864-2813.

Occidental Sitting Group, 3535 Hillcrest, Occidental, CA 95465

Wednesday evenings and last Saturday of month.

Contact Bruce or Chris Fortin (707) 874-2274.

Orinda Zazen Circle, 88 El Toyonal, Orinda, CA 94563

1st and 3rd Sundays 9-11 A.M.

Contact Fran or Al Tribe (415) 253-9125 before 9 P.M.

Peninsula Sitting Group, Skyline at Hwy 84

Wednesday 8:30 P.M., Tuesday and Friday 6 A.M. followed by service.

Contact Kathy Haimson for directions (415) 851-7023.

Thursday Night Sitting Group, Thursdays 7-9 P.M.

Marin Unitarian-Universalist Fellowship, 240 Channing Way, San Rafael

Contact Ed Brown (415) 752-3905 or U.U. Fellowship (415) 479-4131.

### *Outside California*

Eugene Zen Practice Group, 1515 Hayes, Eugene, OR 97402

Wednesday mornings. Contact Gary McNabb (503) 343-2525.

Nebraska Zen Center, 3625 Lafayette Ave, Omaha, NE 68131-0566

Phone (402) 551-9035

Teacher, Nonin Chowaney

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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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