



Wind Bell

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C O N T E N T S

DHARMA TALKS

- 3 First Sesshin Lecture on Genjo Koan *BY Shunryu Suzuki Roshi*
- 8 Everybody Can See Who You Are—You Might As Well See It Yourself
BY Abbess Zenkei Blanche Hartman



NEWS AND FEATURES

- 18 30th Anniversary of Green Gulch Farm *BY Mick Sopko*
- 34 Santa Cruz Mountain Seat Ceremony *BY Patrice Monsour*
- 36 Kobun Chino Otagawa 1938–2002
BY Zenkei Blanche Hartman
- 37 Funeral for Kobun Chino *BY David Schneider*
- 40 Philip Whalen's Cremation and Funeral Ceremonies
BY Zentatsu Myoyu Richard Baker
- 43 When You Open the Gates *BY Norman Fischer*
- 43 For Philip Whalen d. 26 June 2002
BY Gary Snyder
- 44 Flower Garland Froth
BY Michael McClure
- 45 Related Zen Centers



COVER: *Manjusri in the old barn zendo at Green Gulch, 1972*

Errata: Drawing on Page 24 of last issue, attributed to Philip Whalen, was actually drawn by Stan White.

First Sesshin Lecture on Genjo Koan

Shunryu Suzuki Roshi
Sokoji Temple, San Francisco
May 1966

THE SECRET OF ALL THE TEACHINGS of Buddhism is how to live on each moment, how to obtain absolute freedom moment after moment. Moment after moment, we exist in interdependency to past and future and all existence. In short, if you practice zazen, concentrating on your breathing moment after moment, that is keeping the precepts, helping yourself and helping others, and attaining liberation. We do not aim for or emphasize some particular state of mind or some particular teaching. Even though it is a perfect and profound teaching, we do not emphasize the teaching only. Rather we emphasize how we understand it, and how we bring the truth into practice. This practice also does not mean some particular practice only. When we say "Zen," Zen includes all the activity of our life.

Dogen-zenji said we are like water and milk when we practice. When each one of us is concentrated on Zen practice, we are not just separated beings. The oneness of all the students or monks is there. When you live in each moment, each one of you is an independent being, and at the same time, each one of you attains absolute independency. You attain the same buddhahood that Buddha attained. Living in each one's absolute freedom, we attain the same attainment. Each one of us is independent in the same realm. When this realm is understood, there are students, there are teachers, there is someone who serves tea, there is someone who drinks tea, and there are independent beings. We are practicing the practice which was started by Buddha. In this way, Buddhism is carried forth.

Though Buddha was born 2,500 years ago, Buddha is right here when we practice his practice. Buddha lives in our age with us. Buddha is Buddha, and we are a student. So you may say there is student and teacher, but we are all the same—we are all practicing the same practice the same way as our Buddha ancestors did in their time. Actually, we are practicing the same practice *with* them. Whatever we do, that is Buddha's practice, and this is how we keep the precepts.

In Buddha's day, the practitioners' way of life was Indian—in China there was the Chinese way of life, in Japan there is the Japanese way of life. Although the way of living is different, actually what we do is not different from what Buddha did because we express absolute freedom. There are not two absolute freedoms.

In China when they were too interested in Buddhist philosophy, they ignored how to live in Buddha's way. In other words, they ignored how to

keep the precepts. To keep the precepts is not to keep the Indian way of life. When you eat here, you should eat here. You cannot eat in India all the time [laughs]. Strictly speaking, if you want to keep the precepts literally, you have to go to India [laughs]. Then you can keep the precepts completely. There is an interesting story about a monk from India [laughs]. When he came to China, he could not observe Indian precepts because the customs were different. So he returned to India because he was very much afraid of breaking Indian precepts [laughs].

If you do not know how to observe the precepts, or if you emphasize just written precepts without knowing how to keep them, then Buddhism will die immediately [laughs]. If you know how to keep the precepts, Buddhism will continue and will develop as Zen developed in China. Various Mahayana schools were lost in China because they were too interested in the philosophy of Buddhism without knowing how to actualize the teaching. So eventually they ignored precepts, though they said they did not ignore them. "Zen students ignored them," they may say, because Zen students did not observe them literally. Some Mahayana schools observed them as Indian Buddhists did. They thought that this is Buddha's way. So Buddha's way eventually separated from their everyday life. Zen students understood the precepts as their way of life, so they did not mind the formal way of life. They were sure that their way of practice was how to actualize Buddha's teaching—in short, to live on each moment. That is the conclusion of Mahayana philosophy—to live in this moment, to attain enlightenment. To be Buddha is to attain perfect freedom. How to attain perfect freedom is how to live in this moment.

In China Zen Buddhists established new precepts, which are called pure rules. For other Buddhists, precepts were some rules Buddha observed, but for them precepts were their own way of life: how to live in this moment in this place. When we are not so sincere about our practice or about our way of life—about ourselves, we may say, "I am a priest, but they are layman" [laughs]. "I am a priest, and Buddhist teaching is written in some particular book." If you understand Buddhism in this way, you ignore the precepts. But if you realize that religion is for everyone, that is our way of life. Precepts which are written in some particular book cannot be actualized—cannot be brought into everyday practice. When we become sincere about our everyday life and the meaning of religion, we cannot live with old precepts which were set up for some other person. We should have our own precepts.

Thus, Hyakujo-zenji established Mahayana precepts in the eighth century. Mahayana Buddhism was introduced in China in, maybe, the fourth century. For many years, Indian precepts were observed. It is impossible for Chinese people to observe Indian precepts [laughs]. It is ridiculous. They observed it just for the priests only, ignoring the usual life of ordinary people.

Zen Buddhists were very serious about their way of life and people's way of life—they renewed the Indian precepts. In India, you know, maybe they could practice zazen all day long, because the monks were supported entirely by people. After they finished their household life, they became monks, and their boys and girls supported them. But Chinese monks, who supported themselves, could not sit all day long. Whatever they did should be Zen. So they developed the practice more to everyday life. Chinese Zen was more practical. They knew how to apply Zen in everyday life.

How to apply Zen in everyday life is not difficult. If we live on each moment, that is Zen. Whether you are sitting or working, when you live on each moment as you practice Zen, that is how to practice Zen. Zen is in our everyday life. You may say the Indian way was a rather lazy way, not active enough. Naturally Indian Zen emphasized some mysterious state of mind, but in China they emphasized having direct experience.

In this way, Buddhist philosophy was actualized in Zen practice. The oneness of zazen practice and everyday activity was brought to our society. So Zen is the source of the philosophy, and the source of art, and the source of religious life.

In "Genjo-Koan," in the first paragraph, Dogen-zenji gives us the whole pattern of the Buddhist way:

When all things are Buddhist phenomena . . .

—when all things are Buddhist teaching, you may say—

. . . we have enlightenment and ignorance . . .

—something to study or something to observe—precepts, or sutras, or a problem for philosophical discussion of life and death, or enlightened one, or ignorance.

When all things are without self, we have no ignorance, no enlightenment, no buddhas, no people, no life, and no death.

When all things are without self all that we do is done in the realm of selflessness, like milk and water; there is no water or no milk. When the whole textile is woven completely in various colorful threads, what you see is not pieces of thread, what you see is one whole textile. Do you understand? There is no need to say "this is water" when you drink milk. Do you say this is water and this is milk? You just drink milk, and there is no water or milk.

Dogen continues:

When all things are without self, we have no ignorance, no enlightenment, no Buddha, no people, no life and death.

The Buddhist way is beyond being and non-being. We know each colorful thread, and we know the whole woven textile. We observe things in two ways without any contradiction. But when we are not sincere enough, you may say, "This is Buddhism [laughs], and this is another religion. We are monks, and they are laymen, that's all." You don't understand the whole beautiful textile.

The Buddhist way is beyond a thread or a textile. Therefore we have life and death, ignorance and enlightenment. Still we see the various colors in the woven textile, and we appreciate the pattern of the textile.

He continues:

We have life and death, ignorance and enlightenment, people and buddhas.

—so many interesting colors on the one whole piece of cloth.

However, flowers fall with our attachment and weeds grow with our detachment.

Even though we are Buddhist, we live with people seeing the flower fading away day by day. We bring out the weeds day after day with our detachment.

That we move ourselves . . .

—he explained more about it. Here in the second paragraph, there are various ideas and various practices, not only Zen but also Pure Land school. But those are, for him, one beautiful textile. A piece of thread is not useful. When you make a beautiful cloth with it, it becomes useful—it becomes perfect religion.

Each of the schools of Buddhism and various religions finds its own meaning in big human religious life. It makes sense. It is to weave a beautiful cloth with thread. Each religion is just a piece of thread. Maybe it is colorful, maybe it is beautiful, but if you weave something with it, you can make a beautiful dress.

In this sense our way has two facets. One is as a secret of the religion: how to find the meaning—true meaning of religion. And, on the other hand, we remain as one of the schools of Buddhism—one of the many ways of practice.

I have two facets. I belong to the Soto school. I am just a piece of thread [laughs]. I know how to make myself a piece of useful material. This is the Soto way. Without knowing how to make ourselves useful, to observe some lofty activity does not make much sense.

So in the second paragraph he says:

That we move ourselves and understand all things is ignorance.

He gives the definition of various threads—this is red thread, this is pink, this is blue—like this. “That we move ourselves and understand all things is ignorance.” Then what is enlightenment? Enlightenment is:

*That things advance and understand themselves—that is enlightenment.
It is buddhas who understand ignorance.*

Who is Buddha? Buddha is someone who understands ignorance. Who are people? People are ignorant of enlightenment. He says:

It is people who are ignorant of enlightenment. Further, there are those who are enlightened about enlightenment—and those who are ignorant of ignorance—When buddhas are truly buddhas, they are not necessarily aware of themselves as buddhas. But they are enlightened ones and advance in enlightenment.

We are not just Soto priests. We are Buddhists [laughs]. But we cannot practice all the ways of practice. Although we practice just the Soto way, we are, nevertheless, Buddhist [laughs]. That’s all.

Here you will find out how important it is to live in each moment. To live on each moment makes everything possible—makes doing the precepts possible, makes attaining enlightenment possible, makes attaining absolute freedom from sectarianism possible. This practice makes it possible to attain perfect, complete satisfaction in our life.

Shunryu Suzuki Roshi’s grandson, Shungo Suzuki, was married to Kumi Hirano on May 11, 2002 in Japan. Shungo will eventually succeed his father, Hoitsu Suzuki Roshi, as head priest of Rinso-in, the Suzukis’ home temple in Japan.



Everybody Can See Who You Are— You Might As Well See It Yourself

*Abbess Zenkei Blanche Hartman
City Center March 20, 2002*

WE JUST FINISHED A SEVEN-DAY GENZO-E SESSHIN. Shohaku Okamura-sensei, director of the Soto Shu Education Center, lectured twice a day on the "Mountains and Waters Sutra" from Dogen Zenji's *Shobogenzo*. Immediately following that sesshin, I began an okesa sewing sesshin with Daya Goldschlag, who came down from Washington to sew a brown okesa for Darlene Cohen's dharma transmission. So every spare moment I've been over in our sewing room, working on this okesa with Daya, and today I completely forgot the practice period tea. I worked over there until 5:30, and I came home and I had a hot bath (laughs). When I came down to dinner, I saw some cookies over on the table and I thought "Aaah! It was tea today, wasn't it?" So, please excuse me.

I have been engaged nonstop in this okesa-sewing project, which is a wonderful way to work—just to do it. I've gone to the meetings I have to go to, but the rest of the time, I've been in the sewing room working with Daya on this okesa. We've been having a great time, and various people have come over to put some stitches in. If you want to do that, you can. Daya will be over there working all day tomorrow.

As Daya and I were sitting there working, she was thinking of her thirty years or so of practice. She said, "You know, there's not much different except that I feel more settled on myself. It takes a long time to get settled on yourself." I recalled that, the first time I came to Sokoji temple, Katagiri-roshi was giving zazen instruction, and as part of zazen instruction, he said, "We sit to settle the self on the Self and let the flower of our life-force bloom." Something about that really moved me, so that I still remember my feeling that day at Sokoji. It struck a deep chord in me—"To settle the self on the Self, and let the flower of your life-force bloom"—something in me said "Yes!"

It's true, it takes a long time to settle the self on the Self, to really be willing to be who you are. One of the things about this practicing together in residential practice is that we sit together and we eat together and we work together and we live together and pretty soon everybody can see who you are. You might as well see it yourself. This is what Mel said to me when I asked him, "What's the big deal about Tassajara?"

"Everybody can see who you are. You might as well see it yourself." I love it. It's hard sometimes, to see ourselves, because we have a picture of our self. I was going to say, we have this beautiful idealized picture of our



Transiency—four pictures of Blanche Hartman

self, but that's not always the case. Sometimes we have this really crummy picture of our self; I can't tell you how many people express the feeling of not being good enough. And that's really sad. But it's not an uncommon experience, to feel, "There's something wrong with me." I've mentioned this book by Cheri Huber to some of you, *Regardless of What You've Been Taught to Believe, There's Nothing Wrong With You*. That's hard to believe for some of us; we're really convinced that there's something wrong. That's a source of a lot of pain and suffering.

Another thing that's happened this week is that my granddaughter Rebecca is out here to visit. Last time when she was living out here, she went rummaging among the various family photographs, and scanned a bunch of them into Photoshop on her computer. She plays with them, and she sent me a card. Some of you may have seen this; I put it up this afternoon under the title of "Transiency." I don't know where she found this little picture of me, when I was about eleven, and another one when I was about nineteen, and another one recently. There are some similarities, and there are a lot of differences. So I'm going to pass this around. One of the things I think you'll notice as you look at those on the left, is someone who's really eager to Make a Good Impression, really wanting to please people. Really trying to be what she thought other people wanted her to be. We could have had another one in there from twenty years later and it would have looked about the same, only probably more so.

That's something that stayed with me, was a major motivator of my life, for close to seventy years. I really recommend to you, don't do it that long. (Laughs) Don't let concern about whether you're pleasing other people or being who they want you to be, or being good, or somebody's expectations, or coming up to your own expectations, or making a good impression, or however it is for you— don't carry that around with you all your life. It gets in the way of you settling the self on the Self and letting yourself bloom as the very one you are.

Suzuki-roshi said, "When you are you, zen is zen," and "The important thing is for you to be you yourself," and "At least with your teacher you should have the courage to be exactly who you are." A great deal of our practice is this being with each other, and being more and more exposed: giving a way-seeking mind talk; being shuso; getting up here and giving a dharma talk; various ways we become more and more exposed and people can see us just as we are. But in order to be willing to have people see us "just like this," we have to be willing to be "just like this." To be just this one. To be as we are.

Now we might as well be willing to be as we are, because, Guess what? that's who we are! (laughter) We are who we are. And we've come to be "just this one," as-it-is, through innumerable causes and conditions. At this moment, this is who you are. You may be all too aware of your inability to be the perfect awake being. Although you intend to be kind, you say or do something unkind. Although you are determined not to get angry again, anger flares up. Although you want to see clearly, confusion arises. But right there, in the midst of our karmic accumulations, is the Self—which includes everything, which is not separate from anything. Big mind. Find out how to settle on that and express it fully, and let it bloom. This very being is Buddha. How can you allow just this to bloom and flower, as Buddha? A monk named Hui Ch'ao said to Fa Yen, "My name is Hui Ch'ao, and I ask the teacher 'What is Buddha?'" And Fa Yen said, "You are Hui Ch'ao."

Are you willing to be you? Is that OK with you? If it's not, what do you think is wrong with it? Can you be compassionate enough with yourself to actually embrace yourself as you are? That is the biggest opening to being able to grow and flower fully, into your whole self. First be willing to be This One, not looking outside there to find out, "Who am I?," not looking outside there to find out, "Am I alright? Is this what you want? Is it OK?," but looking inside. Check inside. Really, our effort in practice is to work with this question of, "How do I want to live this life?" This is a very precious life. It is brief and transient. Take a look. It goes from childhood to old age in a flash. How do you want to live this life? Not "Who do I want to be?" but "How do I want to live?" Check it out, from inside.

During the practice period we've been talking about precepts. Check out where they come from. Are these precepts some rules that somebody made up that I'm supposed to follow? Are these precepts an effort to find words for how I want to live? What do you think is the source of the precepts?

I walked into dokusan once, and the abbot said to me, "I can see by the way you walk in that door you're trying to impress me." I wanted to smash him—I was so angry. Because he was right. (Laughter) He was just telling me what he saw when I walked in the door, but I was thinking, "That arrogant son-of-a-gun!" And so I studied this problem for a while, and I came



Work leader Kosho McCall cleans out the Stone Rooms rain gutters at Tassajara.

up with the kind of rational discussion that, "Well, if I'm trying to be what other people want me to be, I actually don't know what that is. I don't even know what Lou wants me to be, and I've been with him for fifty-four years. All I know is what I think he wants me to be. And then there are so many people. If I want everybody to love me, and they probably all want

something different—it's not possible. So give it up." That's one kind of argument, but really you have to give it up more deeply than that. Not "give it up because it's what I'd really like to do but can't," but give it up because it's not the point. The point is, what do I want to be? How do I want to live? What's the most important thing here, for me, for This One?

One time Ed Brown asked Suzuki-roshi, "Roshi, what's the most important thing?" And he said, "To find out what's the most important thing." (Laughter) Each one of us needs to do this for our self: "What do I really care about? What really matters to me?" and let that guide my life. Trust that. You can trust yourself because this flower of your life that is blooming in you, as you settle your self on your Self, is the flower of universal life. It's the life we share with everything. It's one life that we share, but this is the particular efflorescence of this universal life, here, in this person. So for you, what is the efflorescence of this universal life, where you are? How do we let this life bloom to its fullest? Having been given the gift of this life, what is the gift that we give back to this life?



This fall Darlene Cohen received dharma transmission from Michael Wenger. Abbess Zenkei Blanche Hartman served as preceptor for the ceremonies.

I was inspired by those death poems Uchiyama-roshi wrote years before he died that Shohaku-san passed out during the sesshin last week, and I wrote my first death poem.

Breathing in
 Receiving life from the entire universe
 Breathing out
 Returning the gift with gratitude

Having been too busily engaged in sewing to prepare fully for this lecture, I'd like to ask what you would like to talk about. Are there some questions or comments, or something you'd like to bring up?

Student 1: How old are you in the middle picture?

BH: In the middle picture—nineteen. Just about the time I met Lou, actually. I had just gotten a permanent so I'd look like the other girls. (Laughter).

Lou Hartman: I didn't even notice. (Laughter)

BH: No, you did! You said, "I don't like your hair that way." (Laughter)

Student 2: In Michael's book of koans he quotes Suzuki-roshi as saying, "You're all perfect exactly as you are, and you could all use a little improvement." So what about the "little improvement?"

BH: Well, you know, he said both of those things. I never heard him say it one-two like that, although I know Michael uses it that way. But he said "You're perfect just as you are" and he also said "Zen is about making your

best effort on each moment, forever." This was a question I carried with me for a very long time. Dogen Zenji carried the question, "If we're already Buddha, why do we need to practice?" This was the big question that drove his practice, and he explored it through practice. And for me, What kind of effort do you make if you're already perfect?" or "What kind of effort do you make with no gaining idea?" was a very important koan. I don't think it's fair for me to say, "My answer is . . ." because I think that's a really good question to ponder. There is a line in Dogen Zenji's "Zazenshin," "Realization, neither general nor particular, is effort without desire."

To answer you right now, I think one improvement is to get more settled on being exactly who you are. Because he also said, "The important thing is to be you, yourself," When I heard him say, "You're perfect just as you are," I said to myself, "Well, he doesn't know me; I'm new here." (Laughter) He kept saying things like "You have everything you need." No kidding? Really? He kept pointing in that direction, and I kept saying, "What's he talking about?" At the same time that I said, "He doesn't know me," I believe that something in me heard that and went "I want to hear more about that." It connected with something in me even though my immediate response was, "He doesn't know me." Something in me heard that, "You're perfect just as you are," and said, "I want to hear more about that." I often say, "This is the Buddha that you've been given to take care of this lifetime. And how will you present it in the world?" So, I think the improvement is looking at how you get stuck, so that you can't really engage with the world in the way that is satisfying to you. Where do you get caught? Can you let go of whatever it is that's holding you back? "How is it that I'm not able to fully express, or fully allow, the life-force to flower as Buddha? What is impeding that, how could I help that happen, how could I open up to that possibility?"

Student 3: If you had been at the tea this afternoon . . . (Blanche laughs) . . . what would you have mentioned about your own experience during the past two weeks of suffering, that would have given you some information or informed you about the precepts of compassion?

BH: Well, let me tell you about my suffering of the past two weeks. It's around greed; it's around wanting to do everything, wanting to have it all. About two weeks ago I was offered the opportunity to do a special sesshin in Japan in May, when I already had something else planned, and I really wanted to do it! There were several aspects: I really wanted to do it because there are going to be some Japanese teachers there that I really like; and I really wanted to do it because I was flattered at being invited; and I really wanted to do it because I wanted to be with some of the other, non-Japanese teachers who have been invited. There was a whole lot of ego stuff in there.



A cook collects herbs at Tassajara.

So I said, "Oh I'll rearrange my schedule," and I got the calendar and I looked at it and it was already full of commitments and I was still trying to add one more thing. Then I thought, "You're nuts! You're not forty anymore, you're seventy-six. This is not a way to live—this is just too much greed!" So that's been the suffering. I finally said, "I'm not going," and it was a great relief. I still would like to go, but, there you go. (Laughs) Anyhow, my suffering often is around greed. Around wanting to do it all, and part of this transiency thing is that I can't do as much as I could ten years ago, twenty years ago, thirty years ago. And I think I can, and it's crazy.

Student 4: When you said that we share a universal life force—don't know why but what came to mind was a picture that was in the front page of the paper some days back of a young Palestinian boy sitting on the bottom of some steps where there was still some blood where his father and grandfather had gotten killed. (Blanche sighs deeply.) And I haven't been able to shake that image out of my mind. So how do I allow my life force to bloom at the same time that it's being shared by that little boy, and how's that image an expression of universal life? I just don't get it.

BH: If you didn't share universal life with him, you wouldn't be moved by that image.

Student 4: Yeah.

BH: It's because you share this life with him, and with his father and grandfather, that you are moved by that image.

Student 5: What happens when your true self saunters into conflict

with the community or the society in which you live. For example, let's say my true self loved to sleep in till 10 a.m. (Laughter)

BH: Well, you know what? I think if your true self loved to sleep in till 10 a.m., you wouldn't have decided to live in a place that wakes up at 5 a.m.

Student 5: But, it is OK to give up some of these things to work on things that you think will help you to bloom later on?

BH: Yes, I don't think "your true self" means "whatever whim comes along." Actually, as Dogen-zenji says, "To study Buddhism is to study the self." What is this? What is this true self? What is the truest thing about this? When I was getting up at 4:30 and going to the Berkeley zendo every morning, I said, "Why am I doing this?" and then I told Pat I would pick her up every morning. When I would wake up and say, "Well, maybe not—oh Pat's going to be standing on the corner. Oh damn, OK . . ." and I'd get up. Sometimes she'd be there and sometimes she wouldn't, but I was up and I went to the zendo, and I thought, "Who did that?" (Laughter) Who told Pat that they would pick her up? So the "something," is more my true self than the one that wants to stay in bed, I think. There's something here that knew that's what I needed to do, even though I didn't always feel like getting up.

It's just like Shohaku-san saying he doesn't like to talk, to teach in English, but he knows it's what he needs to do. It happens to be his karma to be a bridge between Japanese Zen and American Zen. It's what his teacher asked him to do, and he spends his life studying how to translate Dogen-zenji into English, but he doesn't like speaking in English! (Laughter) He said, "I can't believe I spent twenty hours talking in English, I can't believe it!" (Laughs.)

Somebody reminded me that in that little book *Shine One Corner of the World*, there's an exchange with Suzuki-roshi in which someone said to him, "What's Hell?" and he said, "Having to read out loud in English." (Laughter)

Student 6: This may sound like a strange question, but, I know sometimes I think I'm being myself, but really I'm just B.S.-ing myself by being something else. How do you see who is the background?

BH: Well, you keep studying that. You keep studying that so you can spot when you're B.S.-ing yourself and when it's really coming from your deepest intention. Part of what we do is question "What is my deepest intention?" That's what I mean when I say, "What's the most important thing," or "What do I really care about?" Then you catch yourself B.S.-ing and say, "I gotcha," but you don't say, "Bad, bad, bad!," you say, "Hey, good, I gotcha, and now I don't have to do that." There are two ways to

catch yourself doing some habitual trip that you know is not very helpful: one is to notice and then dump on yourself for it. And if you do that, you're not going to allow yourself to notice very frequently, because you don't want to get dumped on all the time. But if when you notice, you say, "Oh, good, I noticed; now I don't have to do that," then you might allow yourself more frequently to catch yourself when you're B.S.-ing, and say "Oh, OK. That trip again. Let's drop it." We all do it. And part of what we're doing in practice is to see how we cause our self and others suffering by following those delusional habits. Try to spot it and say, "Oh—not today." OK?

Student 6: Yeah.

Student 7: When the photos were coming around, I looked at it, and the question sprung in my mind, "Where is that little girl now, Blanche?"

BH: That's a good question. Actually, she's still here. She's not so bedeviled by wanting approval. She's a little more settled on herself, as Daya said this morning. Completely settled on herself? Probably not. But a little more settled on herself, a little more willing to be Just This One, and to be seen as Just This One, and not trying to make such a good impression walking in the door, as Roshi said. Not quite as much.

From left, front row, Chuck Hotchkiss, Dana Velden, Hilda Gutierrez-Baldoquin and Mark Lancaster received tokudo priest ordination on September 8, 2002 at City Center from Abbess Zenkei Blanche Hartman, Michael Wenger and Paul Haller (back row).



JUDY BUNCE

Student 7: How do we know when we're just dragging around a story about who we were twenty years ago? Or if that's really us now?

BH: One way to tell is to notice "Hmmm—I've heard that story before." Of course what happened to you twenty years ago affects you now. Lots of impressions are stored in the storehouse consciousness from everything we've experienced throughout our life, and those impressions color the way we see things now. But when you recognize a repetitive pattern, you might suspect that you're not seeing clearly what's actually in front of you.

Once at Tassajara someone said, "It's not fair to only have new students give way-seeking-mind talks. Why don't some of the senior people do them too?" So I said OK. It happened to be at a time when one after the other of the way-seeking-mind talks had been about "the misery of my childhood," and "that's why I'm here, because my childhood was so miserable." And I was thinking that I could tell the story of my deprived childhood, or I could tell the story of my idyllic childhood, and they would both be true. Both those elements are there. There were those wonderful times when I went out stargazing with my father, or we went on camping trips together, or he showed me how to use tools so that we made a boat together. We did great things. And then there was none of the "nice" people letting their kids play with me because my father was a very active civil rights worker in the South in the '30s. So there was that side too. There was the upside and the downside, and I could tell them both, but neither one of them is the story of my life. They're just a part of that stream. They've colored the stream, they've perfumed the stream, but my life is everything that's happened up until now. What I am now is a product of everything upstream from here. (Laughs.) All of it.

Student 8: So is it something like, the brown robe you now have was already that stream?

BH: No, this brown robe was sewn for me by people in this sangha. (Laughter) I think Barbara Kohn and Lin instigated it, but a lot of people worked on it. This came into the stream in 1996, with my Mountain Seat ceremony. So many things, all kinds of things, keep flowing into the stream, until we die.

Student 9: Can you say the poem once more?

Breathing in,
Receiving life from the entire universe.
Breathing out,
Returning the gift with gratitude.



The zendo looked like this for many years, until the most recent structural upgrade was completed in 1992.

30th Anniversary of Green Gulch Farm

*Mick Sopko
November 28, 2002*

AWAKENED

*By this Japanese bell
The sky-headed sea-tailed
Green Gulch Dragon
Stirs the fine mists and rains
Of right dharma
For East and West*

*Farming and greeting guests
The pre-voice of this old bell
Is not hindered by the wind*

*—Zentatsu Richard Baker, 1975
Inscribed on the Green Gulch Obonsho,
the large cast bronze bell overlooking the pond*

SHORTLY BEFORE SUZUKI ROSHI DIED he said that we should have a farm as the next step in the development of the community of men, women, families and children that had formed through its continuing Zen practice and especially through the founding of Tassajara. This community of serious students, who really wanted to train in the way that in Asia had been the traditional reserve of monk professionals, was something new to Buddhism. This was not the young, single, male-only monastic institution that had trained Suzuki Roshi, nor was it anything like the traditional lay support-congregation of a Japanese temple, either. For this new student community there was no precedent, no guidelines from traditional Buddhism. Suzuki Roshi accepted it and guided it.

With the help of Huey Johnson (then with the Nature Conservancy), Tom Silk, Greg Archibald and Dick Sanders (George Wheelwright's lawyer and friend) the virtual gift of Green Gulch to us by Mr. Wheelwright became a fact in the summer of 1972, less than a year after Suzuki Roshi's death. Unlike our other two centers—Tassajara, which came equipped with cabin space for sixty people and an established income source in the summer guest season, and 300 Page Street, a completely equipped living facility for fifty people—Green Gulch had been a single family ranch with older housing for ranch hands, a barn, and some outbuildings. We were going to have to remodel and build our own facilities, and find a way to pay for them.

Now, 30 years later, we can look back and see what has been done: we've created housing for a thriving community of single people and families; transformed the barn into a zendo, then redesigned and seismically retrofitted it; built a kitchen and 100-seat dining room, the Wheelwright Conference Center and Lindisfarne Guest House, an authentic Japanese tea house and tea garden, and numerous workshops and greenhouses. To supply all these buildings with water, electricity and septic lines, we've laid enough pipe and conduit for a small town: almost two miles of trenches, three miles of pipe and electrical line, and a 20,000 gallon water tank, with wells, springs and catching basins.

We created a unique Green Gulch practice period and have had 40 of them in the last 20 years. Hundreds of people a year pass through here as guest students, and over the past 10 years we've developed a farm apprenticeship summer training program that provides land-conscious people with a singular gateway to our practice. Recently we've expanded this idea to form a work practice apprenticeship program that people can apply for and join at any time of the year. Our Buddhist study programs have become broad and varied and are well-attended by both residents and members of the greater sangha. Among the welcome benefits of all these activities is keeping our own viewpoint challenged and fresh.

Outreach also occupies much of our energy: Each Sunday, between 100 and 200 people attend our visitors' program which is staffed primarily by non-resident supporters; throughout the week we welcome the daily help of many volunteers and continually conduct tours for schools, gardeners and individuals; we regularly host conferences for the Elder Hostel, for bank and university administrators and for lawyers studying mediation; we hold workshops for women, for business people, schoolteachers, artists and those of varied religious traditions; since 1987 we've sponsored Family Days several times each year and have a children's' lecture one Sunday a month. A chapter of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship has formed here and includes a prison outreach program.

We've been honored by the presence and guidance of many teachers over the years, including His Holiness the Dalai Lama, Thich Nhat Hanh, Katagiri Roshi, Tara Tulku Rimpoche, Maezumi Roshi, Aitken Roshi, Maureen Stuart Roshi, Robert Thurman, Jack Kornfield, Pema Chodron and Aya Khema. Throughout this time we've also been surely guided by our resident teachers, including former Abbots Tenshin Reb Anderson and Zoketsu Norman Fischer.

We've learned to weather the storms and transitions that define each season, not only the physical ones that have flooded the valley, cracked and uprooted trees and left us without power, but the more emotional ones like Baker Roshi's resignation in 1985 and the death of our fellow-residents Suzy Clymer and Jerry Fuller. Many people have been married here and many have gone off to form their own dharma groups or to become teachers, business people, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, doctors, artists or farmers. A number of our children have grown into adulthood and are raising children of their own. Some young men and women have joined our practice periods and sat sesshin beside senior students who had listened in on them when, as toddlers, they slept at home while their parents were sitting in the pre-dawn zendo.

We formed a land stewardship committee in 1994 to develop a bio-regional awareness in the management of our physical plant. As we construct replacements for our aging student housing we're considering just how many people our watershed can support. With each passing year we have to spend thousands of dollars to cull the sick, dying and dangerous trees that surround us while considering the implications of every tree we plant to take their place. We're currently collaborating with the Park Service on a plan to restore the marshland in the lower fields.

And we've been farming. Not expertly at first, but we've had good teachers from the beginning. Alan Chadwick, who came to us in our first year, infused us with what he would call "imaginative energy," teaching us the fundamentals of his biodynamic and French-intensive style of organic horticulture, and then left for other projects before returning and staying

with us during the last six months of his life. Through the introduction and inspiration of our friend and neighbor Yvonne Rand, Harry Roberts, with his diverse expertise in everything from soil agronomy to welding and basket weaving, began living with us and teaching during the last five years of his life. Now Alan's ashes rest under a stone on the south hill, Harry's on the north hill, as though watching together over the valley and people that had received the bequest of their final work.



Building tans for zazen in the barn zendo

This is how Jiko Linda Cutts, co-abbess of Zen Center, remembers the early days:

It was June of 1972 and I had just graduated from Berkeley. I had been living at City Center in San Francisco during this last year and a half of college and now the only thing that I wanted to do was to go to Tassajara. Everyone had to pay for practice period, so I began to look for a job to save up money to fund me for a year. My first day out looking for work I landed what I thought was a great job at a candle shop at Ghirardelli Square. That same evening Yvonne Rand, who I believe was the president of Zen Center, came to my room to ask if I would be willing to go to Green Gulch Farm, which we had just gotten, and be there for the summer on scholarship working in the kitchen. I said yes enthusiastically, and very soon after my parents gave me for a graduation present a year at Tassajara so I didn't need that candle shop job after all.

There were only five of us who first went out to "homestead" Green Gulch. There were still a few people living here from Synanon, a group that George Wheelwright had explored selling the property to, and that had not worked out. They all left within a few days. Our little band was Bill Lane who was the caretaker, Tommy Issan Dorsey who was the head cook, Ulysses Lowry, Sheila

McCarty, and me as the assistant head cook. We sat zazen in what is now the library and Sheila and I shared what is now the student lounge. We had our own bathroom. There were many Fuchsia bushes all over and the humming birds were thick. The banana slugs were also thick and slick and they would climb up the glass doors of the smaller original dining room every night.

From the very first, Sunday was a time for people to come out to Green Gulch. Mr. Banducci grew irises in some of the fields and there were many cows still grazing the hillsides. I remember the feeling of Zen Center having this place as a dream come true. It was unbelievable that this beautiful country property was going to become a practice place. Strangely enough, that very winter of '71, I had driven to Davis with Deborah Madison on Highway 1 and as we drove past Green Gulch she said, "This is the most beautiful place I have ever seen, I would love to live here." Her dream came true.

In the next few weeks more people came to live there including one family with a baby. I loved cooking with Issan. For the breakfast cereal in the morning he would always throw in a cube of butter because he thought the "kids" would like that. Everyone was a kid to him since he was much older than most of us. Zentatsu Baker came for visits and brought his friends to see the place. I remember him showing Ram Dass around one afternoon, both of them without shirts, wearing Buddhist beads around their necks.

Alan Chadwick came later in the summer and many other people came to work with him as apprentices. We had a wonderful couple who only ate what they could graze in the fields and at mealtime would "juice" fruit at the table leaving tall piles of rind and pulp by their plates. Alan also brought a glorious peacock and peahen couple that roamed freely about the grounds expressing themselves with wails and tails.

Alan Chadwick was like a force of nature. I was quite nervous to be around him because of his intensity and temper. Even then we had a schedule of community work in which the kitchen crew went to work one day a week in the garden. Luckily, when I went, he approved of the way I had sowed a bed and attributed my skill to working in the kitchen where we were used to sprinkling things. Whew! So much of what he said sounded like poetry to me: sharp sand, leaf mold, turf loam.

At the end of the summer I packed my backpack and headed off to Tassajara, returning to Green Gulch twenty-one years later.



Two hundred years ago the Green Gulch valley was covered by willows, alders, oak and, in the deeper canyons, redwood. Its original inhabitants included the Miwok people, a hunting and gathering culture that lived lightly on the land and shore. Their obsidian blades and arrowheads still turn up as the fields are cultivated each season. In 1838, William Richardson received a Mexican land grant of twenty thousand acres and



Steve Stucky, who was head of the fields at Green Gulch in 1975, drives a matched team of draft horses pulling a plow.

established what was known as Rancho Sausalito. To help develop the area, he hired Portuguese ranchers and workers from the Azores, who began to settle here and buy land, eventually forming a section of five interlocking dairy ranches, of which Green Gulch was one. The strongest landowner was Constantine Bello, after whom Bello Beach (now Muir Beach) was named. It was a rough and tumble area that was a drop-off point for spirits during prohibition. During the Second World War, bunkers were established on the hills above the beach and enlisted men were billeted in Muir Beach homes.

The Green Gulch blacksmith, circa 1975





Then-abbot Richard Baker strikes the newly cast Obonsho bell for the first time in a dedication ceremony July 31, 1976.

After the war, George Wheelwright and his wife Hope were driving past Green Gulch Ranch and thought they'd like to live there. Mr. Wheelwright was an energetic and creative person. He was a physicist and inventor (and was to become a rancher and a literal earth-mover). While teaching physics at Harvard, he and his student Harold Land opened up a laboratory together and created what became known as the Polaroid Land camera. During the war, Mr. Wheelwright was a navigator in the Naval Air Force and developed sophisticated navigational devices and systems.

The ranch was owned by Ray Button, a horse trainer. Some of the steep hillside roads and trails that are still in use around Green Gulch were put in by him to help develop the qualities of his gaited horses. What is now the zendo was originally a hay barn and the area below what is currently office space was where horses and eventually cattle were stalled. The Wheelwrights were able to purchase the property and it wasn't long before the inventor/tinkerer mind of George began to come forward. He decided to raise cattle and began to study the best ways he could do it. Not only did he consult with the Agricultural Extension Services but he also traveled to different countries along the 36th parallel to see what kind of cattle and forage would do well in this environment.

He eventually brought several prize Hereford bulls from England and began to bulldoze the hillsides and seed them with drought-resistant bunch grasses from New Zealand. With the help of his connections to the Army Corps of Engineers he began to bulldoze the valley floor—straightening out the creek, creating an interlocking system of ponds and reservoirs including

an underground dam in the 3rd field, filling in the lower wetlands and damming it with a levee to prevent salt water from coming back into the fields.

The cabin on the eastern hill overlooking Green Gulch, which we call Hope Cottage, is really "Hope's Cottage," and was built by one of Hope's sons, Turo Richardson, as an engineering project. The elder Wheelwrights used it as a periodic retreat from the hard work on the ranch. If an emergency required their presence down below, one of the children would ring the railroad bell to summon them back down.

Lou Hartman is the husband of co-Abbess Blanche Hartman and is head chiden at the City Center. These are some of his recollections:

My memories of the early days of Green Gulch cluster around the zendo. The first time I saw Mr. Wheelwright's old barn, there were still a few bales of hay where the altar now stands. But even then I had a sense that the space which surrounded me would support my zazen in different ways than the zendos at Tassajara or Page Street. This expectation was realized when the first winter storms made the identity of inside and outside a palpable experience. Sometimes more than wind came in through the cracks. Torrential winter rains were common in the early days. One morning—before the tea house was built—the parking lot culvert jammed, and when I stepped off the tan to do kinhin, I was in mud up to my ankles.

Cows came in too. Boyd Stewart used to run cattle up on the hills and once, during a sesshin, someone left a gate open, and when I went into the gaitan [now Cloud Hall] it was full of Black Angus cows. Opening and closing a black umbrella herded them out again but not without a few mementos of their visit. The gaitan was also a place for storage of tools and work boots and the general clutter associated with a farm. The floor was full of knot holes and when Harry Roberts, our live-in agronomist, began getting his crutches stuck, I nailed the ends of tomato juice cans over the holes.

Everybody used to work in the fields in those days. After zazen I'd serve hot rolls and cocoa to get people through the work before breakfast. The first year or so, before the cabbage butterflies found us, we raised cabbages so big they couldn't be sold from the cart down at Tam Junction. So Vanja Palmers showed us how to make sauerkraut.

When the dining room in the main house was enlarged, the plan was to return the kitchen to its original location—what is now the small dining room. The idea was that in the interim we'd cook in the kitchen of the abbot's house. I said it would be a lot easier to run a gas line out to where the stove was in the car port. "There's a sink out there already and we'll camp out for the summer." We were still there when the rains came and since the drain for the back area was right under the kitchen table, the cooks had to work in knee boots. Bit by bit, walls were built, but no matter how often the tenzo asked for a floor there was

always something more important to do. Until one day Charlotte Selver came in, fell down and sprained her ankle. Within hours, Ken Sawyer and the carpenter crew were hard at work. (Charlotte and Charles lived in the bunkhouse then and some mornings they made themselves bacon for breakfast and the aroma blended with the smell of incense.)

When the densho bell arrived there was no master plan to say where it should be hung, so it was left suspended in its crate up by the shops. During stormy weather it wasn't always possible for the shoten to hear the han for the robe chant. One day there was a long wait. Then we heard the fukudo, Jerry Fuller, run through the gaitan and yell, "Hit it!"

The old barn for me maintained an organic connection between meditation and the fields. The fields blended into the ocean and the sound of the waves and the smell of the rain surrounded my zabuton with a space that was not bounded by the zendo walls. My last memory of that zendo was sitting afternoon zazen with only one other person—David Lueck, I think—and listening to the altar lamps tinkle in the aftershocks of the Loma Prieta earthquake, which, without actually demolishing the zendo, set in motion other forces that led to its transformation and dissolved a space that once contained all the barns in which I used to take refuge during my youthful wanderings through New England.



After developing cancer, Hope passed away in the late '60s, and Mr. Wheelwright decided he wanted to give away the land on which as a couple they shared so much special time. A number of non-profit and helping organizations were considered over the succeeding years but nothing quite worked out until, through the effort and support of Huey Johnson and the Nature Conservancy, Tom Silk, Dick Saunders and Richard Baker, 115 acres of the Green Gulch Ranch were sold to Zen Center for a small sum and with conditions. The two main requirements we have to honor in perpetuity are to maintain a working farm—this is part of Mr. Wheelwright and Hope's request—and in the spirit of the surrounding Golden Gate National Recreation Authority property, to allow public access to trails that pass through Green Gulch. Zen Center had at this time already proved itself with Tassajara as an able steward of an inholding surrounded by wilderness. This was a major reason why we were allowed to have another inholding in the midst of public parkland.

After selling Green Gulch, Mr. Wheelwright was still an active presence on the land. He came over almost every day just to be here and also to give advice, which most of the time was truly needed and appreciated by the young urban farmers and land managers. Even at age 70 he was an active person, taking up skiing and rowing daily from Belvedere to Angel Island. He got along well with both Baker Roshi and Harry Roberts. He became a regular fixture at the weekly Sunday public lectures in the old barn, having



Chickens were raised at Green Gulch for a time.

his reserved chair in the corner. He didn't claim to understand anything about Zen but thought that the new folks were nice enough people. He wound up living here for two years under our care as his health declined before moving to a convalescent home in Tiburon, where he died in 2001 at the age of 98. We had a large funeral service for him at Green Gulch, with 200 friends and family, many of them coming great distances to pay tribute to his life and the often powerful effect his words and deeds and especially his kindness had on their lives. A part of his ashes was scattered up by Hope's Cottage, where he joins Alan Chadwick and Harry Roberts in looking down on the valley he loved so much, which winds like an untamed, fertile dragon out to sea.

Alan Chadwick originally came to Green Gulch in 1973 and helped establish the first formal Zen Center gardens on a bare southwest-facing slope up in Spring Valley. Trained in classical horticulture in England and in France, and a Shakespearean actor as well, Alan was also a disciple of Rudolf Steiner and Krishnamurti. But most importantly, he was a passionate gardener working to bring forth the Garden of Eden on modern ground. After staying a season here he continued up the spine of Northern California and then finally out East to his last project at New Market, Virginia, leaving a trail of glorious gardens in his wake. In the early winter of 1979, he returned to Green Gulch at the invitation of then-Abbot Zentatsu Richard Baker. Terminally ill with cancer, Alan dedicated the last

six months of his life to teaching and offering his vision of the garden to a lively team of students gathered at his bedside. He died in May of 1980.

Harry Roberts was a friend and teacher of Yvonne Rand and her family for a number of years before he was invited to come to live at Green Gulch in 1973. He was a part-Native American and part-Irish botanist who had been trained in the Beauty Way by his mentor, the Yurok high teacher, Robert Spot. He was a man of many and varied accomplishments. His primary training had to do with the study of fish. As a young man he was a turquoise trader. He was also a rumrunner during prohibition and in the 1930s was a cowboy who worked in the Green Gulch valley. He was Ginger Rogers' first dance partner. He was a fine machinist and silversmith and during the war collected spider webs to be used as the cross-hairs in gun-sights. He started the first native plant nursery in California near Guerneville and along with Charles Borden planted many of the trees currently growing in Muir Beach. He was very gifted in solving problems in the physical world and suggested that before undertaking any task you should know the answers to three questions: What do you want? How much does it cost? Are you willing to pay the price? Once you have the answers, get to work. He advised us to think of our projects and their effects over a timeline of 500 years. He had read Suzuki Roshi's *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*, had annotated it and found it similar to his own training. He stayed at Green Gulch until 1981 when he passed away.

Eric Larsen lived at Green Gulch in the early days and has recently been helping us think about our stream restoration project:

In early 1972, I lived in Bolinas, a half-hour north of Muir Beach, and was writing poetry. Knowing that Richard Baker was involved with poetry, I asked, on one of my visits to the Zen Center in San Francisco, to talk with him about my work. He suggested we meet half way between San Francisco and Bolinas, at the Wheelwright ranch. When I arrived he was walking with an intense man wearing shorts, accompanied by two young apprentices. I joined the small group walking up each valley as they discussed what sorts of plants could grow where. Later, we sat in the grass (where the Wheelwright Center is now located) and ate lunch out of a wicker basket that the man, Alan Chadwick, had brought. I naively asked if he had grown the tomatoes. Scoffing, he assured me he had. When we finished, I left without talking about poetry.

One day as I was driving Harry Roberts in his pickup up from Muir Beach into Green Gulch, Harry asked me to park in the turnout at the top of the driveway. He often liked to sit and look. He looked over at the hillside above Spring Valley. After a while, he said, as if he were talking to himself, "You know, Eric, the earth is alive. It is moving, changing." It struck me that if I had it to do over again, I might have trained to understand the land. Later, I left Green Gulch, went back to school, and became a research geologist.



The early population of Green Gulch was made up of a diverse group of people: those who had already spent some time at Tassajara, families, new students, many of whom considered themselves outside the main stream of contemporary culture. The Vietnam War years were problematic and dangerous times that called up questions about how Zen practice could stay connected to the world. There was an expansive and raw-edged quality to the life and vision of the community. About 75 people lived here as residents. The single and newer students slept in the zendo (for up to 5 years), the seniors stayed in Cloud Hall and the families wherever adequate space could be found. There was a desire to develop Green Gulch according to the growing environmental and political awareness of the time. We got involved with a number of pilot projects for the use of alternative energy, including a big sail windmill, composting toilets, and an organic farm that included horse-drawn cultivation, chickens, ducks, goats and cows.

We learned a lot from these experiments, including accepting the possibility of not continuing them if they weren't sustainable. We eventually gave up our animal husbandry, for example, not only for ethical reasons, but also because we realized that given the transiency of our community, we weren't able to provide the degree of commitment required to care for the animals in the most responsible way.

Katharine Cook, who now has her own gardening business in San Francisco, remembered her early days at Green Gulch:

Back in San Francisco from Tassajara, I attended an Alan Chadwick work day at Green Gulch. I was astonished at how much energy this charismatic figure brought to his vision and how quickly the horse corral we now call Spring Valley became double-dug raised beds. All of us college-educated middle-class city folk were enchanted to be asked to roam the hillsides with burlap sacks collecting cow dung for the compost heap. It was a terribly exciting time, full of new ideas and a new aesthetic, a new approach to understanding what Nature might be and how to respect and work with natural forces. We felt as if we were being shown some ways into the invisible world, connecting with realities we could infer, but could not see or hear, as well as their expression through seed, soil, plants and food in ways we had not hitherto been exposed to. Alan was offering us a kind of school in relating with life forces, in spirit training.

My daughter Amber and I moved to Green Gulch in the fall of '72, six months after Green Gulch opened. After a highly unsatisfactory living experience in what is now the tenzo's office, which then served as a passageway between the kitchen and the back porch, we were able to move to the Airstream in Spring Valley, which became our first home at Green Gulch. Before long I began work under Mark Harris, who had been Alan's apprentice. I was very grateful to just be

so physically tired out at the end of the day from hauling manure and digging beds that I couldn't think. Suzuki Roshi had told me to try not to think so much. Alan Chadwick was gone by then but he had left behind scarlet runner beans climbing the deer fence all the way around the whole corral, a sweet pea line underplanted with Bloomsdale spinach down the entire length of the valley, and whole beds each of blue and yellow viola. These memories of stunningly beautiful garden sights are but a few of a treasure store from which I draw inspiration over and over again.



Green Gulch drew people who knew how to, or wanted to, work hard. The early residents had to figure out how to combine their formal Zen training with the demands of managing the land and improving a rickety infrastructure. Some people stayed for a number of years and left to become priests and dharma teachers in their own right, to become entrepreneurs or consultants or householders. Some stayed at Green Gulch for many years and cultivated their vision, transmitting it on to the succeeding generations that passed through. People like Steve Stuckey, John Coonan, David Cohen, Peter Rudnick and Emila

Heller were among the pioneers who developed and refined our present field system. Katharine Cook, Virginia Baker, Skip Kimura, Wendy Johnson and Sukey Parmelee carried our teachers' energy into the present garden location. Throughout the '70s, Zen Center had an incredible carpentry crew, led by Paul Discoe, a disciple of Suzuki Roshi who had studied traditional temple carpentry in Japan for five years. Ken and Michael Sawyer, Jerry Fuller, Barton Stone and others worked together

Ann McDonald, Michael Wenger and Katherine Thanas in the Green Gulch kitchen, circa 1977



INOR BOB

over the years to build an impressive array of structures throughout Zen Center: the Tassajara kitchen and zendo, Greens Restaurant, and at Green Gulch, the Wheelwright Center and Lindisfarne Guest House.

Michael Sawyer, who lives at Green Gulch with his wife, co-director Emila Heller, remembers an early carpentry experience:

One day at Green Gulch I was building a planter box and was down on my knees nailing boards together. My nephew, Micah Sawyer, who was born here, came by and watched silently for awhile and then said to me, "Uncle Mike, why aren't you going to use that one?" He was pointing at a three-inch nail that was bent quite sharply in the middle. I told him that it was bent and unusable. He was maybe two then and always asking "why" questions.

He asked me for my hammer. He took it in his right hand and with his left hand took the nail and placed it firmly on a flat concrete surface with the bend pointing directly upward. Then he struck the nail five or six times and handed it back to me. "Uncle Mike, you can use it now." (Today, Micah is a partner with his father Ken in their construction business in Sonoma).



We wanted to be self-sufficient but also to honor our covenant: to maintain an agricultural presence and to take care of an interested public. Our meditation practice was always central and from the beginning we maintained at least one public day a week when instruction was offered and a lecture was given. Similarly, our farming efforts have always included tours and classes to pass on what we have learned and our produce has always been offered to hungry people, both at restaurants and markets, as well as to soup kitchens.

Over the succeeding years, as we've continued to farm and learn about what works best, we've modified our techniques and approaches. Some of our garden area is now planted and cultivated according to Permaculture principles. While most of the farm is devoted to tractor-cultivated row crops, we've gradually given over the second field to intensively planted, hand-cultivated vegetables and flowers. It's from this area that we currently supply baby lettuces to Greens Restaurant. During the long dry days of the growing season we have a big crew and devote ourselves to planting, cropping and marketing. But as the rains come and the underground runoff from the hillsides soaks the fields, we're more willing to simply plant our beds to cover crops and refrain from working (and compacting) the wet soil so much, choosing instead to turn our attention more inward, like the earth itself, and enter more fully the intensified winter zendo schedule.

During the early years, the tremendous work Mr. Wheelwright did on the land was consistent with his vision and also reflected the mindset of

the time—molding the natural world to do our bidding. Nowadays we have a somewhat different view of our fragile ecology and are reexamining some of these projects. Working closely with the Park Service we've been studying the ecology of our watershed and asking ourselves questions about how the land might look and behave if left to itself. We're increasingly concerned with native species of plantings. We're considering the riparian habitat around Green Gulch creek and what it would be like to let the lower part of the stream flow down through the last fields freed from the concrete channel that now holds it. This ties in with the Park Service plan to restore the lower fields to their original wetlands state.

People come to Green Gulch for many reasons and we encourage them however we can to do so. Just to be in this valley, so close and accessible to the urban area and yet so far from it, in its connection to the natural world and the practice of slowing down, is an opportunity we're always trying to provide. Our Guest Program has been developing since the early '80s. We host a busy schedule of conferences, large and small, single- or multi-day, throughout the year. People can also come here individually to stay overnight or for a period of time in the Guest House or Wheelwright Center rooms. They're free to participate in the community's zendo schedule and to join us for our daily vegetarian meals. We also have a Guest Practice Retreatant program where people stay overnight as guests for a reduced rate and join us for a portion of the day in our work practice as well as in the zendo. There are no TV's, radios or phones in their rooms, no swimming pool or even hot tubs, but we can provide an abundance of fresh air, fresh vegetables and bread and a finely structured opportunity to wake up before the sun to enter the day in a quiet, respectful way. The Guest Program has matured to the point that it's now the major source of revenue for Green Gulch.

Our practice life has developed since 1981 to include two formal, monastic-style practice periods every year. They're two months long each, with regular lectures, interviews, classes and study time as well as a full meditation schedule and daily work. Between fifteen and thirty people are usually participating, some coming from outside, taking a leave from their workaday lives, some coming from within the Zen Center community, passing through the formal paths and gates of residence. During the rainy season the entire community, even though we're still caring for the land and hosting guests, turns its attention toward supporting the activities of the practice period.

For the past seven years we've been setting aside the month of January for a period of residential practice. This is normally a slow time for guests and conferences and we actually close Green Gulch to the public (except for our usual Sunday program) so the whole community can come together in following the same intensive monastic schedule. There's also room for



The sailwing windmill, designed specifically for the needs of Green Gulch and made of readily available materials, was built in the late '70s by Green Gulch students, with the help of Ty Cashman, to pump water for the irrigation system.

experienced practitioners from outside to join us.

On the one hand, thirty years seems like a long time, and looking back on what has happened at Green Gulch is to see a full catalogue of fresh ideas, fueled by raw energy and determination and combining both an idealistic

view of what it means to live and practice together, and the will to try those ideas out. On the other hand, it seems that the dust has only just begun to settle and that our considerable work now has just begun: to tend to, cultivate and build on the efforts of those who came before us.

Through our growing experience in farming and greeting guests, in practicing intimately in this particular corner of the earth household, we've come to acknowledge and appreciate the mystery of plants and the cycle of seasons, their complexity, and the close connection of their study with that study of ourselves which is Buddhism.



Much of the history presented in this article was provided orally by friends and neighbors, especially **Yvonne Rand**—who was a dynamic presence in the early years as an administrator and fundraiser and who today has her own practice center at Muir Beach—and **Wendy Johnson**, who with her husband **Peter Rudnick**, developed and coordinated the garden and farm operations for over 20 years. Previous issues of the *Wind Bell* itself, going back to 1972, were a treasure store of information and insight.

Mick Sopko came to Green Gulch in 1977, and after living at the other practice centers and working at the Tassajara Bakery, returned with his wife **Sukey Parmelee** in 1993. He is currently a co-director of Green Gulch.



Santa Cruz Mountain Seat Ceremony

Patrice Monsour

SUNDAY JULY 21 BROUGHT a large gathering of dharma friends to Santa Cruz Zen Center for the installation of Sobun Katherine Thanas as our first abbot. Warm hearts traveled from far and near to welcome the new abbot and celebrate the joyful occasion. Teachers and friends from California practice centers mingled with dignitaries from Japan, including Rev. Hoitsu Suzuki-roshi and Mitsu

Suzuki-sensei (Shunryu Suzuki-roshi's son and widow). They were accompanied by Rev. Suzuki's wife, Mitsu Sensei's daughter, and two of Suzuki-roshi's disciples, one from Japan and one from Seattle.

The ceremony took place on our newly landscaped grounds and began with a formal procession through the inner gate of the temple. (Through this ceremony our practice center became a temple.) The new abbot, accompanied by temple officers and five attendants, visited several altars where she made statements and offered incense. During a recess to the abbot's room, the documents and seal of the new temple were inspected. Our new temple names, Quiet Grove Mountain/Warm Jewel Temple (*Jorinzan/Gyokuon-ji*), were given by Hoitsu Suzuki-roshi. As the ceremony continued, the new abbot received a new robe sewn by the sangha and heard supporting statements by Rev. Gengo Akiba, bishop of the Soto Zen Administrative Office of North America, representing the wider Zen sangha; Rev. Gil Fronsdal, teacher at Insight Meditation Center of the Mid-Peninsula, representing the greater Buddhist sangha; and Pamela Jackson, representing friends of the new abbot. Rev. Akiba proclaimed the new abbot to be "daiosho," a "great teacher." Following the supporting statements, the new abbot was invited to present her teaching and to respond to questions

posed formally by an invited group of participants. The ceremony concluded with heartfelt thanks from the new abbot and concluding statements by Hoitsu Suzuki-roshi, Mitsu Suzuki-sensei, Abbess Zenkei Blanche Hartman, Abbess Jiko Linda Ruth Cutts, Abbot Sojun Mel Weitsman, and Rev. Edward Espe Brown. The assembly then chanted the "Enmei Jukku Kannon Gyo" for protecting life.

As the overall coordinator for the ceremony, I can attest to the innumerable labors that occurred over many months in preparation for the event. Our deepest gratitude is extended to all who were so kind in giving support and assistance. Tenshin Reb Anderson-roshi was most generous and patient in his role as master of ceremonies, guiding us in ceremony development and instructing us in the forms. Zenkei Blanche Hartman served as the head sewing teacher for the new robe. Kokai Roberts and Daijaku Kinst provided valuable assistance, support and instruction throughout the development of the ceremony.

Crew coordinators included Gene Bush, whose talented crew of builders, carpenters, and landscapers completely renovated the Zen Center grounds. Gene and Dana Takagi built the mountain platform. Carl Christiansen was the master gardener who skillfully undertook the labor-intensive work of transforming the grounds. Kathy Whilden and Sue Walter served as sewing teachers, instructing sangha members from Santa Cruz and Monterey. Cathy Toldi served as liaison and coordinator, and Beth Austin and crew organized the welcoming tea for honored guests. Judy Pruzinsky, Alheidis Gumbel, and Scott Morgensen coordinated the altars and flowers. Beata Chapman coordinated donations and supervised an enthusiastic crew of greeters. Steve Palmisano and crew arranged the reception, to which many volunteers generously contributed food and drink. Mark Hammersly provided the sound system and technical sound. Kathryn Stark designed and printed the ceremony program. Rev. Patrick Teverbaugh provided overall assistance and liaison support. Many thanks to the host of volunteers who mailed invitations, took photographs, arranged flowers, and served on the set-up and clean-up crews.

Many donations were gratefully received from groups and businesses in Santa Cruz and the surrounding community, including Holy Cross Catholic Church, the Adobe Bed and Breakfast Inn, the 7th Avenue Community Center, Earthbound Farms, Green Gulch Farm, UCSC Farm and Garden, Dos Osos Multifloro, Orchard Supply Hardware, San Lorenzo Lumber, Santa Cruz Community TV, and Mission Linens.

The new abbot and entire sangha extend deepest thanks to all whose generous contributions of time, goods and financial support made this beautiful and memorable event possible.

Kobun Chino Otogawa 1938–2002

Zenkei Blanche Hartman

KOBUN CHINO OTOGAWA came to America to help Suzuki-roshi establish monastic forms at Zenshinji (Zen Mountain Center at Tassajara), the first Zen monastery outside of Asia. Suzuki-roshi asked for him by name. He was then responsible for training the monks in the monks training hall (sodo) at Eiheiji Monastery in Japan. Roshi sent some of his students there to train, and they must have mentioned to him how compassionate Kobun was. One story I heard was that when he was asked to take the position of training the monks in the Eiheiji sodo, he said, "I will do it if I can do it without the *kyosaku*; I can train them without the *kyosaku*." A *kyosaku* is a large flat stick used to encourage monks who are sleepy or daydreaming by hitting them on the muscle between the neck and shoulder. Although Suzuki-roshi called the *kyosaku* "Manjushri's compassionate sword, cutting through delusion," Kobun must have felt that it was being used too roughly or capriciously at that time.

Kobun made the trip by ship, bringing with him a huge drum, bell, and *mokugyo* which were the gift of Eiheiji to the new monastery (these instruments all burned in the zendo fire of 1978, including the bell which melted into a puddle of bronze). He was very young, 27 or 28, and shy, but he taught us most of the zendo forms we use today—*oryoki*, how to sound the *han*, the drum, the bells and so forth.

Later Kobun assumed the leadership of the Haiku Zendo in Los Altos, the group which had formed around Suzuki-roshi. This group grew to become Kannon Do in Mountain View and Jikoji near Los Gatos. He also developed sanghas in Santa Cruz, Taos, and in Austria, and taught at Naropa and Rocky Mountain Dharma Center.

While he was a university student, Kobun sat a *sesshin* with Sawaki Kodo-roshi, who was a strong advocate of revitalization of *zazen* as the central practice of Soto zen. Kobun appreciated Sawaki-roshi so much that he returned to Kyoto for graduate school so he could sit and study with him at Antaiji temple there. Since Suzuki-roshi had a high regard for Sawaki Kodo-roshi, this connection may also explain why he asked for Kobun to help him here.

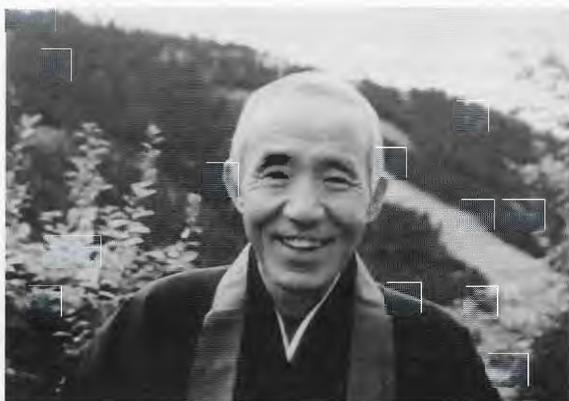
Over the years, after Suzuki-roshi's death, Kobun was a great help to Zen Center. He taught us how to do all the ceremonies as the occasions arose: ordinations, *jukai*, funerals, *segaki*, etc. He did the calligraphy on all the early *rakus* and on the stupas marking the ashes burial sites.

Our sewing teacher, Kasai Joshin-san, was a disciple of Sawaki Kodo-roshi, and *tenzo* at Antaiji. Kobun and I became close because of this connection. He sent his students to sew with me, and I went to Jikoji to teach

the sewing of Buddha's robe (okesa and rakusu). I also helped the sangha there make an eleven jo okesa for him.

His teaching was profound and poetic. "The precepts are Buddha's mind itself. When you realize how rare and how precious your life is and how it is completely your responsibility how you live it, how you manifest it, it's such a big responsibility. Naturally such a person sits down for a while. It's not an intended action, it's a natural action."

His brother once said, "Everyone respects me, but everyone loves Kobun."



Kobun Chino Otogawa

Funeral for Kobun Chino

David Schneider

THE FUNERAL FOR KOBUN AND MAYA took place last evening, Tuesday, 30 July, at the home (a country place, not his main Lucern house) of Vanja Palmers, who is one of Kobun's senior Dharma heirs. It was at Vanja's house that this terrible accident occurred. This house is in Engelberg, an extremely beautiful ski valley an hour's train ride out of Lucern. The ride is so steep that for a considerable distance the train is hoisted up by cable.

I arrived at the house about 6:45 p.m., the same time that Baker-roshi arrived with his wife, and with a car full of ceremonial gear. We went in to see the bodies. They were lying in a simple, white-silk-lined coffin on a broad patio to the side of the house, under a large picnic tent. It was completely heartbreaking, because, despite the autopsies performed the day before, both Kobun and Maya looked very beautiful.

Kobun was dressed in robes, with an heirloom brocade rakusu, holding a *nyoi* [teacher's stick]. His chin was tucked in, and he looked very much there, as if he were doing zazen in an horizontal posture. I kept expecting him to pop his eyes open, but he didn't. Lying curled up beside and slightly on top of him was Maya. It seemed like father and daughter had just taken an affectionate nap together.

People gathered on this terrace as they arrived, some standing looking at the bodies, others began doing zazen on the cushions around. It was a cool evening, with a light but steady rain. Beyond the patio, one saw green hills, a few houses, mountains. Baker-roshi and Vanja talked over the possibilities for the ceremony with a few of us in an upstairs room. Vanja listened carefully, and also factored in the advice he'd been getting on a daily basis from Kobun's older brother, a priest in Japan.

It seemed there were 40 or 50 people there when the ceremony began, mostly zen students from Germany. To Kobun and Maya's right side sat Katrin, with one of her little children (the other one was exhausted and sleeping.) Beside Katrin were Yoshiko (Kobun's older daughter) and Taku (the older son, who is a Christian missionary).

There were offerings of food, tea, sweet tea, drink . . . there were mountains of flowers, and many candles all around the coffin. There were also flower-petals inside the coffin. I'd brought the most expensive fancy incense I had, and Vanja used it for the ceremony. The shrine was fulsome and elegant.

Vanja led the ceremony impeccably: he was thorough, clear, emotional, completely from the heart. Kobun would have been very proud. One part of the event was to ordain Maya and give her a rakusu and a name. She is called "Water Phoenix." ("Phoenix" is also a character in Kobun's dharma name.)

We chanted a number of sutras and dharanis to the accompaniment of

"Pine Trees"
by Fran Thompson



the big drum, after which the ceremony was opened for people to make statements and offerings. At this point, the rain began to fall harder, which made it tough to hear, but had the additional effect of pushing everyone much closer, under shelter.

The family spoke first, then guests. I spoke on behalf of Shambala, and said how much Kobun had given us through the years, in teachings, friendship, and example; and that his death was a further teaching for us. I also offered on our behalf the best kata I could find—a big, pure white one—and draped it over them.

After the statements, there was more chanting, ending with the Heart Sutra, and extensive dedications of merit. Then each person came up and offered incense. The whole thing was extremely touching and affecting. A small reception had been prepared in the house, but most people stayed outside on the terrace and sat zazen. The atmosphere out there was drenched with samadhi. It was quite easy to sit still, with a clear, open, unbothered mind. Time didn't make much difference in this state. Some people sat through the night.

Right in front of the patio where the ceremony was held, one saw the pool in which Maya and Kobun had drowned. It is not a large pool, perhaps ten yards by twenty, and about two yards deep. It is artificial, with fairly steeply sloping sides and a border of golf-ball-size rocks. There is a wooden deck on one side, and some reeds growing among the rocks. No one looking at it could really understand what happened. We all spent a lot of time looking at it.

The next morning early, I got back to the house to help with the cremation. We cleared the flowers, and just before the man in the van came, Vanja and I closed the lid of the coffin. We didn't open it again. During the closing of the coffin, and the carrying of it to the hearse, we chanted the Heart Sutra, which is what Kobun had done during a similar procedure when we had taken Issan Dorsey out to be cremated. When the coffin was loaded, we went on with the chant until its end, during which time the driver stood respectfully by. We then drove in convoy for an hour through the mountains: the family and Vanja in one car, Mathias, myself, and Emila Heller (Vanya's first wife).

The crematorium was very clean and modern, and had a good place for us to gather around the coffin. There we all offered incense again, and chanted some more—a longer dharani. I put the other good kata I'd found over the coffin, and then it was mechanically and very rapidly slid into a hot oven. It burst into flames, as the oven door clanged shut. At this point, Katrin, who had seemed very very strong all throughout, showed obvious distress, and wept quietly. We stayed a few moments there, and then went to the cars, while Vanja arranged for the pickup of the ashes, and for the papers necessary to transporting them internationally.

Philip Whalen's Cremation and Funeral Ceremonies

Zentatsu Myoyu Richard Baker

The Cremation Ceremony:

This is not a ceremony I ever thought I would perform. Of course, I knew I might, but I have always been so related to Philip's life and poetry and Mind, his wit, and his Bizarre Wisdom Vision and Big Heart, that the truth of this someday-ceremony was not my truth with Phil, with *Zenshin Ryufu* (Zen-Heart Dragon-Wind). But here we are commending his body to fire, to the elements, to the wind and to the world he loved so much, to the world he gave everything of himself to, through his poetry, his beautiful, inventive, unprecedented, poetry; his serious, deep Zen practice; his loving practice with others, and simply Phil's brilliance and goofing around conversations that continued up until the last. Only his body can be commended to this fire, all else we commend to ourselves and to all those touched by him. One of the last things he asked for was Socrates' Milkshake. This wish he gave himself, he stopped eating, he stopped willing his life against his doctor's orders. And he asked "to be laid out, cremated, on a bed of frozen raspberries." And we have raspberries here to give him one of his foolish last wishes.

He wrote at Tassajara:

Purple flags for the luxurious color
Extravagant form; and then I calmly
Empty dead tea leaves into the toilet
I hate the world I hate myself the dragon wind
I allow everything to happen.
I want luxury, extravagance, to use
To give to you,
A wild naked leap in moonlight surf
Wildflower meadow, swim in alpine lake
Stand under waterfall.

He also wrote at Tassajara:

The 'shooting-star' flowers that Mama used to call 'bird-bills'
Bloom around the Hogback graveyard
Suzuki Roshi's great seamless monument
Wild cyclamen, actually, as in the Palatine Anthology
I go home to mend my rakusu with golden thread.



Funeral procession for Philip Whalen at Green Gulch Farm

So we assist you Philip, Zenshin Ryufu, a handful of fire, burning this phantom body. Rujing, Dogen Zenji's teacher said:

All things return to the one. Living is like wearing your shirt;
 where does the one return to? Dying is like taking off your pants.
 When life and death are sloughed off and do not concern you at
 all, the spiritual light of the one path always stands out unique.
 O the swift flames in the wind flare up all atoms in all worlds do
 not interchange. The Original Face has no birth or death; spring is
 in the plum blossoms, entering a painted picture.

Go home and mend your rakusu, Phil, with Golden Thread.

The Funeral Ceremony:

On September 1, 2002, Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, and Norman Fischer joined me in performing Phil's Funeral Ceremony at Green Gulch. Phil's presence touched our lives, sometimes filled our lives, sometimes moved our own presence to a new touching of the world and of ourselves. It's hard to accept that he is dead. Yet it's easy to accept. We knew he was dying. He knew he was dying. It's an ancient tradition—in Asia and in the West, especially for poets—to see their own death and to accept and predict it.

Phil practiced a long time at Tassajara Zenshinji:

Here our days are nameless
Time all misnumbered
Right where Mr Yeats wanted so much to be
Moving to the call of drum, bell and
semantron, rite and ceremony

Art oozes forth from fractures in planes of solid rock
Hurrah for Karamazov, I
Totally insane, sprung loose from all moorings
Wander about, a cup of coffee in hand,
Chatting with students at work in warm spring rain.

Zen Master Hongzhi said:

A patched-robed monk is not bound by life and death. In upright practice, let go of the edge of the high cliff, without grabbing any thing. In wholeness take one step. Reed flowers and bright moonlight are mixed. Oars pulled in, the solitary boat drifts past without difficulty.

We cremated you not long ago, pushed your body into the flaming torch of a furnace. Again we acknowledge your passing with a torch. (The torch was a paper flame on a branch of aspen. I turned the torch in a large circle in front of Phil's ashes and photograph, three times clockwise and three times counterclockwise. Saying goodbye, joining him and all of us in this circle of flame we call living.)

Sprung loose from all moorings.

"O, the swift flames in the wind flare up. Original Face has no birth or death; spring is in the plum blossoms, entering a painted picture.

Goodbye, Phil, fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well.

"Mustard"
by Fran Thompson



FLOWER GARLAND FROTH for Zenshin Ryufu Philip Whalen, in honor of
the 25th anniversary of his ordination. With gratitude to the Avatamsaka Sutra.

Michael McClure

THROUGH THE SKANDAS, THE BUNDLES
OF BRIGHTNESS AND HUNGERS,

arises

more FOAM

making foam with no origin
but mutual reflection

Taste hunger perception thought

NO

JOKE

not even traps

gorgeous manacles

((physical form-bubbles
sensation-bubbles
perception-bubbles
conditioning-bubbles
consciousness-bubbles

FALCON SHAPES WOVEN IN GRAY SILK

Tension of plum buds
in night fog
Stars a trillion years
from the mist

BUBBLES

all in one
ONE
IN ALL

Hidden in moss
in the redwoods
near a Butterfinger wrapper

WHEN
YOU
OPEN
THE
GATES

Norman Fischer

For Philip Whalen 1923–2002

When you open the gates
To speaking
Distance swallows you
The dangling words
Like columns of smoke
Ascending
Not trying to build a boat
Or threaten with a jawbone
You don't materialize as someone
Which is a relief, only the body
Like soft fur pulsing
Constantly, undulating air
Like silky water
Tumbling over a rock
Moves quiet through the mist—
Being that but not knowing it
So you could say so
Other than jabbering
Broken-open syllables
Which sound beyond intelligibility
You pass through singing

BARBARA WENGER



FOR PHILIP WHALEN,
D. 26 JUNE 2002

Gary Snyder

*(and 33 pine trees that died
of the bark beetle
and were transported off to the mill)*

Load of logs on
chains cinched down and
doublechecked
the truck heads slowly up the hill

I bow *namaste* and farewell
these ponderosa pine
whose air and rain and sun we
shared
for thirty years,
struck by beetles
needles turning rusty brown and
moving on.

decking, shelving, siding,
stringers, studs, and joists,

*I will think of you
pines from this mountain
As you shelter people in the valley
years to come*

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

Arcata Zen Group, 740 Park Ave., Arcata 95521. Contact: 707-826-1701.

www.arcatazencenter.org

Berkeley Zen Center, 1931 Russell St., Berkeley 94703. Contact: 510-845-2403.
Sojun Mel Weitsman, abbot.

Dharma Eye Zen Center, 333 Bayview St., San Rafael 94901. Monday through Friday 5:15 a.m. zazen and service; Mondays 7-9 p.m. zazen, tea and discussion. Call for sesshin schedule or zazen instruction: 415-258-0802.

Myogen Steve Stucky, teacher. www.dharmaeye.org

Hartford Street Zen Center, 57 Hartford St., San Francisco 94114.

Contact: 415-863-2507.

Jikoji, in the Santa Cruz Mountains near Saratoga. Ryan Brandenburg, director.

Contact: 408-741-9562.

Kannon Do Zen Center, 292 College Ave., Mountain View 94040.

Keido Les Kaye, abbot. Contact: 650-903-1935. www.kannondo.org

Santa Cruz Zen Center, 113 School St., Santa Cruz 95060. Wednesday zazen

7:10 p.m., lecture/discussion 8 p.m. Katherine Thanas, abbot,

831-426-3847. Contact: 831-457-0206.

Sonoma Mountain Zen Center, 6367 Sonoma Mountain Rd., Santa Rosa 95404.

Jakusho Kwong, abbot. Contact: 707-545-8105.

Vallejo Zen Center (Clear Water Zendo), 607 Branciforte, Vallejo 94590.

Contact: Mary Mocine, 707-649-2480. www.vallejozencenter.org

OUTSIDE CALIFORNIA

Austin Zen Center, 3014 Washington Square, Austin, TX 78734. Daily schedule

starts 5:30 a.m. Saturday program includes introduction to zazen and lecture.

Sesshins, residential program, and July month-long intensive.

Seirin Barbara Kohn, teacher. Contact: 512-452-5777 or

kohnbarbara@netscape.net. Website: www.austinzencenter.org

Chapel Hill Zen Center, Use mailing address to request information—

P.O. Box 16302, Chapel Hill, NC 27516.

Meeting location: 5322 NC Hwy 86, Chapel Hill NC 27514.

Taitaku Patricia Phelan, abbess.

Contact: 919-967-0861.

Hoko-ji, Taos, NM. Contact: 505-776-9733.

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

Nebraska Zen Center, 3625 Lafayette Ave, Omaha, NE 68131-1363.

Nonin Chowaney, abbot. Contact: 402-551-9035. E-mail nzc@aol.com.

Website: www.geocities.com/Tokyo/temple/7228

One Pine Hall Zazen Group, Seattle, WA. Zazen, kinhin and service. Monday through Friday 6:30–7:30 a.m. Contact Robby Ryuzen Pellett, 206-720-1953. Need to bring own cushions.

WEEKLY MEDITATION GROUPS

WITHIN CALIFORNIA

Bolinas Sitting Group, St. Aidan's Episcopal Church, 30 Brighton Ave, Bolinas.

One Saturday a month (usually the second one) 9 a.m.–5 p.m. Contact Taigen Leighton, 510-649-0663 or Liz Tuomi, 415-868-1931.

Crystal Springs Sangha, Mercy Center, 2300 Adeline Dr., Burlingame.

Thursdays 7:30–9 p.m. Contact Darlene Cohen, 415-661-9882.

Empty Nest Zendo, 54333 Two Hills Rd, North Fork 93643. Wednesday

5:45 p.m. class, sitting and Sunday 8:45 a.m. One half-day sitting per month. Contact Grace or Peter Shireson, 559-877-2400.

grace@emptynestzendo.org

Everyday Zen Foundation, www.everydayzen.org. Zoketsu Norman Fischer, teacher. Contact: Elizabeth Sawyer 707-874-1133 or esawyer@er1.net, 3533 Hillcrest Ave., Sebastopol CA 95472.

For dharma seminars contact James Flaherty at H: 415-431-1844 or

W: 415-221-4618 or james@newventureswest.com, 711 Duboce Ave., San Francisco 94117.

To register for the monthly all-day sitting contact Elizabeth Sawyer.

Fresno River Zen Group, Unitarian Church, 4144 Millbrook, Fresno.

Tuesdays 6:30–8:30 p.m. Contact Grace Shireson, 559-877-2400 or grace@emptynestzendo.org

Monterey Bay Zen Center, meets at Cherry Foundation, 4th and Guadalupe, Carmel. Tuesdays 6:30 p.m. Mailing address P.O. Box 3173, Monterey, CA 93924. Katherine Thanas, founding teacher. Contact: 831-647-6330.

wildini@aol.com

Mountain Source Sangha, Wednesdays 7–8:30 a.m. at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 1123 Court St., San Rafael; Wednesdays 7:30–9 p.m. at St. James Episcopal Church, 4620 California St., San Francisco. Monthly one-day sittings, sesshins, and classes. Taigen Dan Leighton, teacher. Contact: 510-649-0663 or cleolucky@aol.com. Website: www.mtsource.org.

North Peninsula Zen Group, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church,

1600 Santa Lucia Ave, San Bruno. Meets Thursday evenings 7:30–9 p.m. Contact Darlene Cohen, 415-552-5695.

Occidental Sitting Group, Sebastopol Community Center, 425 Morris St., Sebastopol. Sundays 9–10:30 a.m. zazen, kinhin, lecture, discussion. Contact Bruce Fortin, 707-874-2234.

Peaceful Sea Sangha, 75 Sequoia Road, Fairfax 94930. Tuesdays 7–8:30 a.m. and Wednesdays 7:30–9 p.m. Zazen, kinhin, and talk. Contact Ed Brown, 415-485-5257. Please call ahead to confirm times.

Salinas Sitting Group, zazen 7:15 p.m. Wednesdays. Contact: 831-647-6330.

OUTSIDE CALIFORNIA

Ashland Zen Center, 246 4th St, Ashland, OR 97520. Zazen, kinhin, service, lectures, discussion. Contact: 541-552-1175. www.gmrdesign.com/sangha. Website: www.geocities.com/Tokyo/Fuji/4024/clearspring.html

Elberon Zen Circle, 1032 Woodgate Ave., Long Branch, NJ 07740. Zazen, kinhin, service, classes, discussion. Contact Brian Unger, 732-870-9065.

Eugene Zen Practice Group, Weekly meetings. Contact Gary McNabb, 541-343-2525 or garymcnabb@2west.net

Silver City Buddhist Center, 1301 N. Virginia St., Silver City, NM 88061-4617. Zazen, service, classes, discussion, ceremonies. Contact Dr. Paul (Oryu) Stuetzer, 505-388-8874 or 505-388-8858.

Silver Mountain Ranch, Zen Retreat, 51 Turkey Creek Rd, Gila NM 88038. An affiliate of Silver City Buddhist Center, 25 miles north of Silver City. Daily zazen, library, organic produce, personal and group retreats. Contact Shawn (Ryushin) Stempley, guestmaster, 505-535-4484.

The last day of guest season in the Tassajara dining room



DAVID HAYE



SAN FRANCISCO ZEN CENTER

300 PAGE STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

WIND BELL, published twice yearly by San Francisco Zen Center, is available for subscription at a cost of \$4.00 per issue. Please send subscription requests to *Wind Bell*, 300 Page Street, San Francisco CA 94102.

San Francisco Zen Center is comprised of three practice places: Beginner's Mind Temple (also known as City Center) in San Francisco, Green Gulch Farm in Marin County, and Tassajara Zen Mountain Center, near Carmel Valley, California.

For information about Beginner's Mind Temple or Tassajara Zen Mountain Center, please contact Zen Center at 415-863-3136, 300 Page Street, San Francisco CA 94102. You may contact Green Gulch Farm at 415-383-3134, 1601 Shoreline Highway, Sausalito CA 94965.

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Design—Rosalie Curtis

Nonprofit
U.S. Postage
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San Francisco CA
Permit 8459

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266 West St
Sebastopol CA 95472-3702**

